

The World's Story

Africa

VOLUME TWENTY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 20
Africa

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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CONTENTS

NORTHERN AFRICA

I. LEGENDARY HISTORY AND THE STORY OF CARTHAGE

ULYSSES IN THE LAND OF THE LOTUS-EATERS (TRIPOLI) *Homer* 3
From "The Odyssey of Homer"; translated by George H. Palmer

ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE . . . . . *Virgil* 4
From "The Æneid of Virgil"; translated by William Morris.

THE CUTTING OF THE AQUEDUCT . *Gustave Flaubert* 16
From "Salammbo."

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE . *Alfred J. Church* 25
From "Lords of the World."

II. LIFE AND CUSTOMS IN NORTHERN AFRICA

HOW THE BARBARY PIRATES LEARNED TO RESPECT THE AMERICAN FLAG . . . . . *John Bach McMaster* 39
From "History of the People of the United States."

TRADITIONS OF THE SHEIKHS OF MOROCCO . . . *T. H. Weir* 47
From "The Sheikhs of Morocco in the Sixteenth Century."

MOROCCO LAW . . . . . *Edmondo de Amicis* 57

ONE DAY IN MOROCCO . . . . . *Edmondo de Amicis* 63
From "Morocco, its People and Places."

THE GREAT MARKET OF TRIPOLI . . . *George E. Thompson* 74
From "Life in Tripoli."

III. THE MYSTERY OF THE DESERT

THE HOUR OF PRAYER IN THE DESERT *Gilbert Watson* 81

THE OASIS OF THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER . *Gilbert Watson* 88

THE MUSIC OF THE DESERT *Gilbert Watson* 96
From "The Voice of the South."

WESTERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA

I. UNVEILING THE DARK CONTINENT

WRITING A CHARM . . . . . *Mungo Park* 113

A ZEALOUS MISSIONARY . . . . . *Mungo Park* 115
From "Life and Travels of Mungo Park."

A VISIT TO KING MOSELEKATSE . . *Anne Manning Rathbone* 118
From "Heroes of the Desert."

CONTENTS

THE MOUNTAIN WITH SEVERAL CAVES . *David Livingstone* 126
A MAGIC LANTERN IN AFRICA *David Livingstone* 128
THE ELECTRIC WIND OF THE DESERT . *David Livingstone* 129
THE MERMAN MISSIONARY . . . . . *David Livingstone* 131
From "Missionary Travels in South Africa."
HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE *Sir Henry M. Stanley* 133
From "How I found Livingstone."

II. ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

THE VILLAGE OF DWARFS . . . . . *Paul du Chaillu* 141
From "The Country of the Dwarfs."
CROSSING AN AFRICAN BRIDGE *Paul du Chaillu* 163
CONSULTING THE MAN IN THE MOON *Paul du Chaillu* 168
DU CHAILLU THE FIRST, KING OF THE APINGI *Paul du Chaillu* 172
From "Lost in the Jungle."

SOUTH AFRICA

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA *Anthony Trollope* 179
From "South Africa."
A MODERN BATTLEFIELD . *Julian Ralph* 200
From "Towards Pretoria."
IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN ARMY *Gustav Frenssen* 207
ADVANCING UPON THE ENEMY *Gustav Frenssen* 217
From "Peter Moor's Journey to Southwest Africa."

NORTHERN AFRICA

I

LEGENDARY HISTORY AND THE STORY OF CARTHAGE

HISTORICAL NOTE

ACCORDING to legend one Pygmalion of Tyre murdered the husband of his sister Dido. By this crime he had expected to become master of the vast wealth of his brother-in-law; but Dido, seizing her husband's treasure, fled with many followers to northern Africa, near where Tunis now stands. She asked the natives for as much land as a *byrsa*, that is, a bull's hide, would inclose. They agreed, and the wily Phœnicians cut the hide into strips, and upon the ground which these could be stretched to inclose they built a citadel and named it Byrsa in memory of the act. This was the beginning of Carthage, which became the greatest city of northern Africa. It is thought to have been founded about 826 B.C.

While the city was yet young, Æneas and his companions, refugees from the downfall of Troy, landed on the Carthaginian coast and were received by Queen Dido with all honor. When, after enjoying her hospitality for many months, Æneas refused her hand and sailed away in search of the Hesperian Kingdom which had been promised him by the gods, Dido threw herself upon a funeral pile, and there met her death.

Such is the early story of Carthage, a mingling of fact and legend. The wonderful growth of the city is not legend, however; for it not only extended its dominions in northern Africa, but also won holdings in Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and Spain. Its greatness aroused the jealousy of Rome, and in 146 B.C., after three bitter wars, it was leveled with the ground. Julius Cæsar planned to restore it; and this plan was carried out by Augustus in 29 B.C. The new city became large and prosperous. In 439 A.D. it was made the capital of the kingdom of the Vandals, but was conquered by Belisarius a century later. In 647 the Arabs destroyed it, and now only a few ruins remain.

ULYSSES IN THE LAND OF THE LOTUS-EATERS (TRIPOLI)

BY HOMER

THENCE for nine days I drifted before the deadly winds along the swarming sea; but on the tenth we touched the land of Lotus-Eaters, men who made food of flowers. So here we went ashore and drew us water, and soon by the swift ships my men prepared their dinner. Then after we had tasted food and drink, I sent some sailors forth to go and learn what men who live by bread dwelt in the land, — selecting two and joining with them a herald as a third. These straightway went and mingled with the Lotus-Eaters, and yet the Lotus-Eaters had no thought of harm against our men; indeed, they gave them lotus to taste; but whosoever of them ate the lotus' honeyed fruit wished to bring tidings back no more and never to leave the place, but with the Lotus-Eaters there desired to stay, to feed on lotus and forget his going home. These men I brought back weeping to the ships by force, and dragging them under the benches of our hollow ships I bound them fast, and bade my other trusty men to hasten and embark on the swift ships, that none of them might eat the lotus and forget his going home. Quickly they came aboard, took places at the pins, and sitting in order smote the flaming water with their oars.

ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE

BY VIRGIL

[AFTER Troy in Asia Minor had been overthrown by the Greeks, Æneas, a Trojan prince, led a company of refugees over the Mediterranean Sea in search of a new home. They were driven by a storm upon the shores of northern Africa, where Queen Dido reigned. She had fled from Tyre and from a wicked brother who had slain her husband, and she was now making for herself a new kingdom. Æneas, by favor of his goddess mother, Venus, was hidden, together with his companion, Achates, in a mist which veiled them from the eyes of others. So says the ancient story.

The Editor.]

BUT therewithal they speed their way as led the road along;
And now they scale a spreading hill that o'er the town is hung,
And looking downward thereupon hath all the burg in face.
Æneas marvels how that world was once a peasants' place,
He marvels at the gates, the roar and rattle of the ways.
Hot-heart the Tyrians speed the work, and some the ramparts raise.
Some pile the burg high, some with hand roll stones up o'er the ground;
Some choose a place for dwelling-house and draw a trench around;

Some choose the laws and lords of doom, the holy senate choose.
These thereaway the havens dig, and deep adown sink those
The founding of the theater walls, or cleave the living stone
In pillars huge, one day to show full fair the scene upon.
As in new summer 'neath the sun the bees are wont to speed
Their labor in the flowery fields, wherever now they lead
The well-grown offspring of their race, or when the cells they store
With flowing honey, till fulfilled of sweets they hold no more;
Or take the loads of newcomers, or as a watch well set
Drive off the lazy herd of drones that they no dwelling get;
Well speeds the work, and thymy sweet the honey's odor is.

"Well favored of the Fates are ye, whose walls arise in bliss!"
Æneas cries, a-looking o'er the housetops spread below;
Then, wonderful to tell in tale, hedged round with cloud doth go.

[The two men come to a grove within the town; and behold, on the walls of a temple standing in the grove are representations of the Trojan battles and the heroic deeds of Trojan heroes.

The Editor.]

But while Æneas, Dardan lord, beholds the marvels there,
And, all amazed, stands moving nought with eyes in one set stare,
Lo cometh Dido, very queen of fairest fashion wrought,
By youths close thronging all about unto the temple brought.
Yea, e'en as on Eurotas' rim or Cynthus' ridges high
Diana leadeth dance about, a thousand fold anigh
The following Oreads gather round, with shoulder quiver-hung
She overbears the goddesses her swift feet fare among,
And great Latona's silent breast the joys of godhead touch.
Lo, such was Dido; joyously she bore herself e'en such
Amidst them, eager for the work and ordered rule to come;
Then through the goddess' door she passed, and midmost 'neath the dome,
High raised upon a throne she sat, with weapons hedged about,
And doomed, and fashioned laws for men, and fairly sifted out
And dealt their share of toil to them, or drew the lot as happed.
There suddenly Æneas sees amidst a concourse wrapped
Antheus, Sergestus, and the strong Cloanthus draw anigh,
And other Teucrians whom the whirl, wild, black, all utterly
Had scattered into other lands afar across the sea.
Amazed he stood, nor stricken was Achates less than he

By joy, by fear: they hungered sore hand unto hand to set,
But doubt of dealings that might be stirred in their hearts as yet;
So lurking, cloaked in hollow cloud, they note what things betide
Their fellows there, and on what shore the ships they manned may bide,
And whence they come; for chosen out of all the ships they bear
Bidding of peace, and, crying out, thus temple-ward they fare.

But now when they were entered in, and gained the grace of speech,
From placid heart Ilioneus the elder 'gan beseech:
"O Queen, to whom hath Jove here given a city new to raise,
And with thy justice to draw rein on men of wilful ways,
We wretched Trojans, tossed about by winds o'er every main,
Pray thee forbid it from our ships, the dreadful fiery bane.
Spare pious folk, and look on us with favoring, kindly eyes!
We are not come with sword to waste the Libyan families,
Nor drive adown unto the strand the plunder of the strong:
No such high hearts, such might of mind to vanquished folk belong.

NORTHERN AFRICA

There is a place, Hesperia called of Greeks in days that are,
An ancient land, a fruitful soil, a mighty land in war.
Œnotrian folk first tilled the land, whose sons, as rumors run,
Now call it nought but Italy from him who led them on.
And thitherward our course was turned,
When sudden, stormy, tumbling seas, Orion rose on us,
And wholly scattered us abroad with fierce blasts from the south,
Drave us, wind-swept, by shallows blind, to straits with wayless mouth:
But to thy shores we few have swum, and so betake us here.
What men among men are ye then? what country's soil may bear
Such savage ways? ye grudge us then the welcome of your sand,
And fall to arms, and gainsay us a tide-washed strip of strand.
But if menfolk and wars of men ye wholly set at nought,
Yet deem the gods bear memory still of good and evil wrought.
Æneas was the king of us; no juster was there one,
No better lover of the gods, none more in battle shone:
And if the Fates have saved that man, if earthly air he drink,
Nor 'neath the cruel deadly shades his fallen body shrink,
Nought need we fear, nor ye repent to strive in kindly deed
With us; we have in Sicily fair cities to our need,

And fields we have; Acestes high of Trojan blood is come.
Now suffer us our shattered ships in haven to bring home,
To cut us timber in thy woods, and shave us oars anew.
Then if the Italian cruise to us, if friends and king are due,
To Italy and Latium then full merry wend we on.
But if, dear father of our folk, hope of thy health be gone,
And thee the Libyan waters have, nor hope Iulus give,
Then the Sicanian shores at least, and seats wherein to live,
Whence hither came we, and the King Acestes let us seek."

So spake he, and the others made as they the same would speak,
The Dardan folk with murmuring mouth.

But Dido, with her head hung down, in few words answer gave:
"Let fear fall from you, Teucrian men, and set your cares aside;
Hard fortune yet constraineth me and this my realm untried
To hold such heed, with guard to watch my marches up and down.
Who knoweth not Æneas' folk? who knoweth not Troy-town,
The valor, and the men, and all the flame of such a war?
Nay, surely nought so dull as this the souls within us are,

Nor turns the sun from Tyrian town, so far off yoking steed.
So whether ye Hesperia great, and Saturn's acres need,
Or rather unto Eryx turn, and King Acestes' shore,
Safe, holpen will I send you forth, and speed you with my store:
Yea and moreover, have ye will in this my land to bide,
This city that I build is yours: here leave your ships to ride:
Trojan and Tyrian no two wise at hands of me shall fare.
And would indeed the selfsame King himself, Æneas, with us were,
Driven by that selfsame southern gale: but sure men will I send,
And bid them search through Libya from end to utmost end,
Lest, cast forth anywhere, he stray by town or forest part."
Father Æneas thereupon high lifted up his heart,
Nor stout Achates less, and both were fain the cloud to break;
And to Æneas first of all the leal Achates spake:

"O Goddess-born, what thought hereof ariseth in thy mind?
All safe thou seest thy ships; thy folk fair welcomed dost thou find:
One is away, whom we ourselves saw sunken in the deep;
But all things else the promised word thy mother gave us keep."

Lo, even as he spake the word the cloud that wrapped
them cleaves,
And in the open space of heaven no dusk behind it
leaves;
And there Æneas stood and shone amid the daylight
clear,
With face and shoulders of a god: for loveliness of hair
His mother breathed upon her son, and purple light of
youth,
And joyful glory of the eyes: e'en as in very sooth
The hand gives ivory goodliness, or when the Parian
stone,
Or silver with the handicraft of yellow gold is done:
And therewithal unto the Queen doth he begin to speak,
Unlooked-for of all men:
"Lo here the very man ye seek,
Trojan Æneas, caught away from Lybian seas of late!
Thou, who alone of toils of Troy hast been compassion-
ate,
Who takest us, the leavings poor of Danaan sword, out-
worn
With every hap of earth and sea, of every good forlorn,
To city and to house of thine: to thank thee to thy
worth,
Dido, my might may compass not; nay, scattered o'er
the earth,
The Dardan folk for what thou dost may never give thee
meed:
But if somewhere a godhead is the righteous man to heed,
If justice is, or any soul to note the right it wrought,
May the gods give thee due reward. What joyful ages
brought

Thy days to birth? what mighty ones gave such an one to day?
Now while the rivers seaward run, and while the shadows stray
O'er hollow hills, and while the pole the stars is pasturing wide,
Still shall thine honor and thy name, still shall thy praise abide,
What land soever calleth me."
Therewith his right hand sought
His very friend Ilioneus, his left Serestus caught,
And then the others, Gyas strong, Cloanthus strong in fight.

Sidonian Dido marveled much, first at the hero's sight,
Then marveled at the haps he had, and so such word did say:

"O Goddess-born, what fate is this that ever dogs thy way
With such great perils? What hath yoked thy life to this wild shore?
And art thou that Æneas then, whom holy Venus bore
Unto Anchises, Trojan lord, by Phrygian Simois' wave?
Of Teucer unto Sidon come a memory yet I have,
Who, driven from out his fatherland, was seeking new abode
By Belus' help: but Belus then, my father, over-rode
Cyprus the rich, and held the same as very conquering lord:
So from that tide I knew of Troy and bitter Fate's award,

I knew of those Pelasgian kings — yea, and I knew thy name.
He, then, a foeman, added praise to swell the Teucrian fame,
And oft was glad to deem himself of ancient Teucer's line.
So hasten now to enter in 'neath roofs of me and mine.
Me too a fortune such as yours, me tossed by many a toil,
Hath pleased to give abiding-place at last upon this soil,
Learned in illhaps full wise am I unhappy men to aid."

Such tale she told, and therewith led to house full kingly made
Æneas, bidding therewithal the gods with gifts to grace;
Nor yet their fellows she forgat upon the sea-beat place,
But sendeth them a twenty bulls, an hundred bristling backs
Of swine, an hundred fatted lambs, whereof his ewe none lacks,
And gifts and gladness of the god.
Meanwhile the gleaming house within with kingly pomp is dight,
And in the midmost of the hall a banquet they prepare:
Cloths labored o'er with handicraft, and purple proud is there;
Great is the silver on the board, and carven out of gold
The mighty deeds of father-folk, a long-drawn tale is told.



ÆNEAS AT THE COURT OF DIDO

BY PIERRE NARCISSE GUÉRIN

(*France.* 1774–1833)

THE scene here pictured is that in which Queen Dido bids Æneas tell her the story of the fall of Troy and his seven years of wandering over land and sea. All are silent and gaze upon him eagerly. "O Queen," he said, "you are bidding me revive sorrows which cannot be fully expressed. You bid me rehearse how the Greeks overwhelmed the Trojan kingdom. I saw this, I was a part of the conflict; but no Greek, not even one of the ferocious followers of Odysseus, could tell such a tale without tears. And yet, if you wish so earnestly to know my misfortunes and the last struggle of Troy, then, even though I shudder to relate them and would fain escape the suffering, I will begin."

From the terrace on which they sit may be seen the sea and the harbor of Carthage, its promontory crowned with a lighthouse, while in front is a temple of Neptune with a statue of the god bearing his trident. Dido reclines upon a couch, her arm about the young Ascanius, son of Æneas. Her sister Anna leans upon the arm of the couch, and Æneas begins his tale.

THE CUTTING OF THE AQUEDUCT

BY GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

[IN 241 B.C. the First Punic War came to an end. But Carthage was by no means free from her troubles. The greater part of her soldiers were barbarians, lured from distant lands by the promise of pay and of pillage. As her treasury was exhausted, she proposed to the troops that only a part of what was due them should be paid. Naturally, the mercenaries, or hired soldiers, rebelled. They chose Spendius and Matho for their commanders, and induced some of the native African tribes to join them. For a time Carthage was in extreme danger, and it was not until after three years of warfare that Hamilcar succeeded in overpowering them.

The Editor.]

THE Carthaginians rejoined their lines and entered the enormous gate, that resoundingly reclosed behind them. It did not yield; the Barbarians plunged and battered against it; and during the lapse of some minutes the entire length of the army presented an oscillation that became gentler and gentler, and at last entirely subsided.

The Carthaginians, having stationed soldiers on the aqueduct, commenced hurling stones, balls, and beams. Spendius averred that it was useless to persist; therefore they pitched their encampment at a greater distance from the walls, fully resolved to besiege Carthage.

Meanwhile the rumor of the war had traveled beyond the confines of the Punic dominion; and from the Pillars of Hercules, as far as the other side of Cyrene, the herdsmen guarding their herds dreamed of it, and the cara-

vans talked about it at night in the starlight. This grand Carthage, Mistress of the Sea, splendid as the sun, awful as a god, had found men who dared to attack her. Even her downfall had frequently been reported, and all had believed it probable, as all were longing for it, — the subject peoples, tributary villages, allied provinces, and independent tribes: those who cursed her for her tyranny, or who were jealous of her power, or who coveted her wealth.

The bravest had very quickly joined themselves to the mercenaries. The defeat at the Macar, however, prevented all the others. Finally they regained confidence, and gradually making advances, had come nearer; and now the inhabitants of the eastern regions had posted themselves in the sand-hills of Clypea, on the other side of the gulf.

As soon as the Barbarians appeared, they showed themselves.

These were not the Libyans from the environs of Carthage, who had for a long time constituted the third army, but the Nomads from the plateau of Barca, bandits of the Cape of Phiscus and the Promontory of Derne, and those from Phazania and from Marmarica. They had crossed the desert, sustaining themselves by drinking from the brackish wells built of camels' bones: the Zuæces, covered with ostrich plumes, had come in their *quadrigæ;* the Garamantes, masked with black veils, riding far back on their painted mares; others mounted on asses, on onagers, on zebras; or on buffaloes; and some dragged the roofs of their cabins, shaped like a shallop, with their families and idols.

There were also Ammonians, whose limbs were wrin-

kled by the hot water of the fountains; the Atarantes, who cursed the sun; the Troglodytes, who laughingly interred their dead under branches of trees; and the hideous Auseans, who ate locusts; the Achrymachidas, who ate lice; and the Gysantes, painted over with vermilion, and who ate monkeys.

All were ranged on the seacoast in a great, straight line. They advanced in succession, like whirlwinds of sand raised by the wind. In the middle of the isthmus their crowd stopped; the mercenaries established before them near the walls did not wish to move.

Then from the direction of Ariana appeared men from the west, the people of Numidia, — for, in fact, Narr' Havas only governed the Massylians; and furthermore, a custom permitting them after a reverse to abandon their king, they had reassembled on the Zainus, then at the first movement Hamilcar had made, they had crossed it. First were seen running all the hunters of the Malethut-Baal and of the Garaphos, clothed in lions' skins, and driving with the shafts of their pikes little, thin horses with long manes; following these came the Gaetulians, encased in breastplates made of serpents' skins; then the Pharusians, wearing tall crowns made of wax and resin; these were followed by the Caunians, Macares, and Tillabares, each holding two javelins and a round buckler of hippopotamus hide. They halted at the base of the Catacombs, near the first pools of the Lagoon.

But when the Libyans had moved off, on the ground that they had occupied there appeared, like a cloud, lying flat on the earth, a multitude of Negroes: they had come from White-Haroush and Black-Haroush, from

the desert of Augîla, and even from the vast country of Agazymba, which was four months' journey to the south of the Garamantes, and even more distant! In spite of their redwood ornaments, the filth on their black skins made them resemble mulberries that had been rolled a long time in the dust.

They wore breeches made from the fibers of bark, tunics of dried grass, and on their heads the muzzles of wild animals; they howled like wolves, shaking triangles ornamented with dangling rings, and brandished cow-tails on the end of a pole by way of banners.

Behind the Numidians, the Maurusians, and the Gaetulians, thronged the yellow men who were scattered over the country beyond Taggir in the cedar forest. Cat-skin quivers beat over their shoulders, and they led in leashes enormous dogs as tall as asses, which never barked.

In short, as if Africa had not sufficiently emptied itself, and in order to gather up more furies, they had even recruited the lowest races: in the rear of all the others could be seen men with profiles of animals, who laughed in an idiotic manner, wretches ravaged by hideous diseases, deformed pygmies, mulattoes of doubtful sex, albinos blinking their pink eyes in the sunlight, — all stammering unintelligible sounds, and putting a finger in their mouths to signify their hunger.

The medley of weapons was not less confused than the people, or their apparel. Not a deadly invention that could not be found here, from wooden poniards, stone battle-axes, ivory tridents, to long sabers toothed like saws, slender, and made of a pliable sheet of copper. They wielded cutlasses divided in many branches, like

antelopes' horns; they carried billhooks attached to cords, iron triangles, clubs and stilettoes. The Ethiopians of Bambotus hid in their hair tiny poisoned darts. Many had brought stones in sacks; others, who were empty-handed, gnashed their teeth.

A continual surging swayed this multitude. Dromedaries, daubed with tar like the hulls of ships, upset the women who carried their children on their hips. Provisions were spilled out of their baskets; and in walking one stepped on morsels of rock salt, packages of gum, rotten dates, and *gourou*-nuts. Sometimes on a bosom alive with vermin could be seen, suspended from a fine cord, a diamond, a fabulous gem worth an entire empire, which satraps had coveted. The majority of these people did not know what they desired: a fascination, a curiosity impelled them: the Nomads, who had never seen a city, were frightened by the vast shadows cast by the massive walls.

Now the isthmus was obscured by this multitude of men, and the long span of tents, resembling cabins during an inundation, spread out to the first lines of the other Barbarians, who were streaming with metal, and symmetrically established on the two flanks of the aqueduct.

The Carthaginians were still in terror of those who had already arrived, when they perceived coming straight towards the city, like monsters, and like edifices, with their shafts, weapons, cordage, articulations, capitals, and carapaces — the engines sent for the siege by the Tyrian cities: sixty *carrobalistas*, eighty *onagers*, thirty *scorpions*, fifty *tollenones*, twelve rams, and three gigantic catapults, with the capacity of throwing rocks weighing fifteen talents.

Masses of men clutched at their base, pushed, pulled, and toiled to propel the engines, that quivered and shook at each step: thus they came in front of the walls. But it would still require many days to complete the preparations for the siege. The mercenaries, forewarned by their previous defeats, did not wish to risk themselves in fruitless engagements; and on neither one side nor the other was there any hurry, as all knew that a terrible action was about to ensue, which would result either in victory or complete extermination.

Carthage could hold out for a long time; her broad walls offered a series of salient and reëntering angles — an arrangement full of advantages for repelling an assault. However, on the side of the Catacombs a portion of the wall had crumbled; and during obscure nights, between the disjointed blocks could be seen the lights in the dens of Malqua. In certain places they overlooked the top of the ramparts, and here lived those who had taken for new wives the women of the mercenaries chased by Mâtho out of the camp. When the women saw again their own people, their hearts melted, and they waved from afar long scarves; then they came in the darkness to chat with the soldiers through the rift in the walls, and the Grand Council were apprised one morning that they had all taken flight. Some had crawled between the stones; others, more intrepid, had descended by ropes.

Spendius finally resolved to accomplish his cherished project.

The war, by keeping him at a distance, had, up to the present, debarred him from it; and since they had returned before Carthage, it seemed to him that the townsmen suspected his enterprise; but soon they diminished

the sentinels on the aqueduct, as they did not possess too many guards for the defense of the *enceinte*. During many days the former slave practiced aiming arrows at the flamingoes standing on the lake shore. Then one evening, when the moon shone bright, he entreated Mâtho to have lighted during the middle of the night a huge bonfire of straw, and cause all his men simultaneously to utter shrieks; then taking Zarxas, he went off by the shore of the gulf in the direction of Tunis.

When abreast of the last arches they turned back, going straight towards the aqueduct. As the road was exposed, they advanced, creeping along up to the base of the pillars. The sentinels on the platform patrolled tranquilly.

High flames darted up; clarions were sounded. The soldiers in the watch-towers, believing that it was an assault, rushed towards Carthage.

One man remained. He appeared as a black figure against the dome of the sky; the moonlight was behind him, and his disproportionate shadow fell afar on the plain, like a moving obelisk. They waited until he was exactly in front of them. Zarxas seized his sling, but Spendius stayed him, actuated by prudence or ferocity, and whispered: "No! the whirring of the ball will make a noise! I will do it!" Then he strung his bow with all his might and supporting the end against his left instep, took aim and the fatal arrow flew.

The man did not fall. He disappeared.

"If he were wounded, we should hear him," said Spendius, and he sprang fleetly up, story after story, as he had done the first time, by the aid of the harpoon and cord, and when he reached the top, beside the corpse, he

let the cord fall. The Balearian fastened to it a pick and mallet, and returned. The trumpets no longer sounded: all had subsided into perfect quiet. Spendius had lifted one of the stones, entered the water, and replaced the stone over himself.

Estimating the distance by paces, he came exactly to the spot where he had previously noticed a slanting fissure, and for three hours—in fact, till morning—he worked in a continuous, furious way, breathing with great difficulty through the interstices of the superior stones; assailed with violent pains, twenty times he believed he was dying.

At last a cracking was heard, an enormous stone bounded on the inferior arches and rolled down to the bottom — and all at once a cataract, an entire river of great volume, fell as from the sky into the plain! The aqueduct, cut in the middle, was emptying itself. This was the death of Carthage and the victory of the Barbarians.

In an instant, the Carthaginians, aroused in terror, appeared on the walls, the housetops, and on the temples. The Barbarians gave vent to joyous shouts, danced around the vast waterfall in delirium, and in the extravagance of their delight wetted their heads in the rushing water.

At the summit of the aqueduct a man was perceived wearing a torn, brown tunic, leaning over the edge, his hands upon his hips, gazing beneath him to the very bottom, as though astonished at his own work.

Then he stood erect, traversing the horizon with a proud, impressive air, which seemed to say — "Behold! this is all my work!" Applause burst from the Bar-

barians. At last the Carthaginians comprehended the cause of their disaster, and howled in despair. Spendius ran from end to end of the platform, distracted by pride, raising his arms, like the driver of a victorious chariot in the Olympian games.

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE

[146 B.C.]

BY REV. ALFRED J. CHURCH

[ACCORDING to legend, Carthage was founded by Queen Dido in the ninth century B.C. The city prospered, and by the middle of the fourth century before Christ, the Carthaginians ruled the northern coast of Africa from the "Pillars of Hercules," or the Straits of Gibraltar, to what is now Tripoli. Their commercial settlements stretched along this whole coast, but their special domain was that part of the shore which is nearest Sicily. Here were numerous towns and also their capital city. For many years the Romans had been jealous of the rising greatness of Carthage, and in 264 B.C. war broke out between the two countries. After more than a century of warfare, broken twice by some years of peace, Carthage was utterly destroyed.

The Editor.]

THE actual fortifications of the upper city did not offer any serious resistance to the assailants. They were of extreme antiquity, and were not only greatly decayed, but were inadequate to meet, even had they been in the best condition, the improved methods of attack which had been introduced since the time of their erection. Some attempt had been made to put them into repair within the last few months, but to very little purpose. Nothing short of a complete reconstruction would have been of any practical use. The Roman battering-rams had not been at work for a day before it became evident that several breaches would speedily be made in the walls. In fact, so many weak spots had been

revealed, that even the most determined and powerful garrison could not have hoped to make them all good. In the course of the night the whole line was evacuated.

Still, Carthage was not to be taken without a desperate struggle. Twice already had her mother-city Tyre defended herself with fury against assailants of overwhelming strength,[1] and the world was to see a still more terrible scene of rage and madness some two centuries later, when the Hebrew people defended its last stronghold, Jerusalem, against the legions of Rome. The Carthaginians were now to show themselves not unworthy of these famous kinsfolk.

The upper city was penetrated by three streets, all of them built on steep inclines, and converging on the summit of the hill. On this the citadel stood, itself crowned by the famous Temple of Æsculapius. This was built on a rock, three sides of which displayed a sheer descent of some sixty feet, while the fourth was ascended by a long flight of steps. The three streets were built to suit the Oriental taste, perhaps we should rather say the Oriental need, which prefers shade to the circulation of air and light. They were so narrow that the inhabitants of opposite houses — the houses commonly inclined outward — could almost shake hands from their windows. The houses were not of equal height, but they were all lofty, sometimes having as many as seven or eight stories. At the back of these main thoroughfares was a wilderness of lanes and alleys, consisting for the most part of smaller houses, with now and then a paved yard or small garden.

Up these streets the Romans had to force their way.

[1] Against Nebuchadnezzar in 598 B.C., and against Alexander in 331.

Almost every house was a fortress which had to be separately attacked and separately taken. The first danger that had to be encountered was a shower of tiles and bricks from the roofs and upper stories. These missiles, heavy themselves, and falling with tremendous force from the lofty buildings, would have been terribly destructive, had not the assailants protected themselves by the formation of the *testudo* or tortoise. This was made by the men ranging their shields over their heads in a close impenetrable array, under cover of which they broke down the doors of house after house. Sometimes even the *testudo* reeled under the shock of some more than usually heavy mass; more than once it was actually broken when the defending party contrived to detach and send down upon it the whole of a parapet. Whenever this happened no small loss of life was the result.

When an entrance had been forced into the house, every story became the scene of a fresh conflict. Driven at last to the roof, the defenders would sometimes prefer to hurl themselves down to the street below rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. Some would take a desperate leap across the space that separated them from the houses opposite; others crossed on bridges of planks or doors which they hastily made, or, in some cases, had prepared in anticipation.

It is needless to say that a conflict of such a kind was fought with the greatest ferocity. It was a struggle, for the most part, between a people and an army. The inhabitants, seldom, if ever, protected by armor, and furnished with the weapons that chance supplied, often, indeed, reduced to nothing more effective than sticks or

household implements, fought desperately against well-protected, well-armed, well-disciplined men. The women were even more frenzied than the men. Driven to bay, they flew like wild cats at the Romans, and bit and scratched till they were slain or disabled. There was no question of quarter; it was not even asked. The assailants, as they slowly advanced, winning their way yard by yard, left a lifeless desolation behind them, with the dead lying as they had fallen, on every staircase and in every chamber.

This battle of the streets lasted with unabated fury for six days. The besiegers, of course, fought in relays; there were three detachments, and each had its regular time of service, four hours twice in the day, for of course no cessation of the attack was possible. One man allowed himself no rest, and this one man was Scipio. During the whole of the six days he never slept, or, at least, never composed himself to sleep, for nature would sometimes assert itself, untiring as was the spirit which dominated his physical frame, and he could not help a brief slumber as he sat at his meals. These he took as chance gave him the opportunity. They were hurried repasts of the simplest kind — a piece of dried flesh, a crust of bread, or a biscuit, with now and then a bunch of raisins. His drink was rigidly limited to water, for in battle he always acted on the principle which made Hector refuse the wine-cup which his mother proffered him in an interval of battle.[1]

[1] "'Far hence be Bacchus' gifts,' the chief rejoined;
'Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.'"
—*Iliad* (Pope), VI.

At sunset on the sixth day the upper city was practically held by the Romans. Nothing but the citadel remained to be taken, and that was so arduous an undertaking that the attack was necessarily postponed till the troops had had some rest.

But the spirit of the Carthaginians was at last broken. Just as the troops told off for the first assault had finished mustering, and before the trumpets had sounded the signal for the advance, a procession, headed by a herald who carried a flag of truce in his hand, was seen to be descending the steps that led from the Temple of Æsculapius. Lost to sight for a short time as it came under cover of the outer wall of the citadel, it next became visible as it issued from one of the gates. Scipio, who was about to address his troops, went forward to meet the newcomers. Their leader, whose style and title were given by the herald as chief priest of the Temple of Æsculapius, addressed him, his words being interpreted by a Roman prisoner.

"Leader of the armies of Rome," so ran the speech, "the gods have given thy country the final victory over her rival. Four centuries ago Rome felt it to be an honor to be acknowledged by Carthage as an ally on equal terms.[1] Since then there has been continued rivalry and frequent war between the two nations. More than once it has seemed likely that the Fates had decreed that the seat of empire should be in Africa rather than in Italy. But this was not their will. We have long been convinced that we were not to rule; we now perceive that we are not even to be permitted to exist. But though it is necessary for the honor, if not for the safety, of Rome,

[1] A treaty was made between Rome and Carthage in the year 509 B.C.

that Carthage should be destroyed, it is not necessary that a multitude of innocent persons, whose sole offense is to have been born within the walls of a doomed city, should also perish. There are some, a few thousands out of many, who have, it is true, committed the offense of defending their country; these also implore your mercy. That they can resist your attack they acknowledge to be impossible; but they can at least claim this merit, that by a prompt surrender they will save the lives of some of your soldiers. Your nation, man of Rome, has been ready beyond all others to show mercy to the conquered, and your family, Scipio, has been conspicuous in this as in all other virtues. Be worthy, we beseech you, of your country, your house, and yourself."

It was without a moment's hesitation that Scipio replied to this harangue. Nor had he to use the services of an interpreter. With that indefatigable energy which distinguished him he had employed the scanty leisure allowed by his duties to learn the Carthaginian language, of which at the beginning of the siege he had been as ignorant as were the rest of his countrymen.

"I will not use many words, for time presses, and there is much to be done. The multitude of unarmed persons may come forth without fear. Their lives are assured to them. Nor do we bear any enmity against brave men who have fought against us. They shall not be harmed. I except only from my offer of mercy those who have betrayed their country by deserting it."

The answer had scarcely been spoken before a huge multitude, to whom its purport had probably been communicated by some preconcerted signal, poured out from the gates. Seldom has a more piteous sight been

seen. With faces wan with famine, and clothed, for the most part, in squalid rags, the long lines of old men, women, and children defiled before the Roman general as he stood surrounded by his staff. True to his gentle and kindly nature, he busied himself in making provision for their immediate wants. The whole number — there were fifty thousand in all, a great crowd, it is true, but pitiably small in comparison with the supposed total of noncombatants when the siege began — was divided into companies, each of which was assigned to the commissariat department of one or other of the legions. At the same time instructions were given to the officers in charge of the stores that their immediate necessities — and many of them were actually starving — should be relieved.

The non-combatants thus disposed of, the soldiers that had surrendered followed. There may have been some six thousand in all, of whom five sixths were mercenaries, one sixth only native Carthaginians. They were in much better case than the rest of the population; in fact, as far as provisions were concerned, they had not been subjected to any hardship. The mercenaries had, for the most part, an indifferent look. It was depressing, doubtless, to have been serving for now three years an unsuccessful master, and to have missed the good pay which they might have earned elsewhere. But this was one of the chances of their profession, and they might hope to recoup themselves for their loss by another and more fortunate speculation. The Carthaginian minority were in a different temper. There was no future for them. Their country was gone, and if the love of life, which asserts itself even over the fiercest and bitterest pride,

had bent their haughty temper to supplicate for mercy, it could do nothing more. Each man as he passed in front of the general laid down his arms upon the ground. These, again, were piled in heaps, to be carried off in due time to the stores in the Roman camp.

This business was just completed when a solitary figure was seen to issue from one of the gates in the citadel walls, and hurriedly to approach the Roman lines. As he ran he was struck by a missile from the walls. The blow leveled him to the ground, but he regained his feet in the course of one or two minutes, and hastened on, though with a somewhat limping gait. It was observed that he was dressed as a slave, and, as he came nearer, that his face was so closely muffled that his features could not be recognized. Nevertheless, his figure, which was short and corpulent, seemed to many to be familiar. Reaching the Roman lines, he threw himself at Scipio's feet, caught him by the knees, and in broken Greek begged for his life. The general, stretching forth his hand, raised him from the ground. It was Hasdrubal, the commander-in-chief of the armies of Carthage.

A murmur of disgust at his poltroonery ran through the ranks. Here and there the kinsmen or comrades of the unhappy prisoners whom he had done to death in so barbarous a fashion a few months before, gave vent to more menacing expressions of anger. Scipio silenced these manifestations of feeling by an imperative gesture of command.

"Your life is spared," he said. "See that you make a due return for the boon."

It must not be supposed that the Roman general was disposed to regard with any kind of leniency Hasdru-

bal's baseness and barbarity. It was from policy that he spared the miserable creature's life. In the first place, it was the custom, from which it would be injudicious to depart, to make the king or chief general of a conquered people an essential part of the triumph which would celebrate the victory. Secondly, he was aware that the prisoner would be useful in many ways; that there were important matters about which he could give the best, or, it might be, the only available information.

As to the boon of life, it seemed to his own noble nature to be a very small thing indeed. For himself he felt that, had such a situation been possible, he would far sooner have died than survived to face such shame and ignominy; the craven clinging to life which dominates such mean natures as Hasdrubal's was simply incomprehensible to Scipio. But if he despised Hasdrubal while he spared him, there were others among the Carthaginian leaders for whom he felt a genuine admiration and respect, and to whom he was willing to offer honorable terms of surrender.

"Where," he asked Hasdrubal, "are your colleagues in command, and the chief magistrates?"

"They are in the Temple of Æsculapius," replied the Carthaginian.

"Think you that they will be willing to surrender? They are brave men, and have done their best, and they shall be honorably treated."

"I know not what they intend," muttered the fugitive, with as much shame as it was in his nature to feel.

"I will at least try them," said Scipio, and he advanced towards the citadel, followed by some of his

staff. Hasdrubal, much against his will, was constrained to accompany them.

A number of figures could be seen on the roof of the temple, which, as has been explained, formed the summit of the citadel. As soon as he came within earshot of the place he bade one of the prisoners step forward and communicate his *ultimatum* to what may be called the garrison of the temple.

"Scipio offers to all free-born Carthaginian citizens, life on honorable terms. To all those who have deserted he promises a fair trial, so that if they can show any just cause for having left their country, even they may not despair of safety."

To this appeal no answer was made. After a while, as Scipio and his attendants waited for a reply, thin curls of smoke were seen to rise from the temple. Next a woman, leading a young boy by either hand, approached the edge of the roof. She was clothed in a flowing robe of crimson, confined at the waist by a broad golden girdle. Her long hair, which streamed far below her waist, was bound round her temples by a circlet of diamonds that flashed splendidly in the sun.

"By Baal," cried the Carthaginian prisoner who delivered Scipio's message, "it is the Lady Salamo herself."

"Who is it, say you?" asked Scipio.

"The Lady Salamo," answered the man, "the wife of my lord the general."

It was indeed the wife of Hasdrubal.

"Man of Rome," she began in a clear, penetrating voice, which made itself heard far and wide, addressing herself to Scipio, who was conspicuous in the scarlet

cloak worn by generals commanding armies, "man of Rome, to thee there comes no blame from gods or men. Carthage was the enemy of your country, and thou hast conquered it. But on this Hasdrubal, this traitor who hath been false to his fatherland, to his gods, to me, — whose shame it is to have been his wife, — and to his children, may the gods of Carthage wreak their vengeance! And thou, Scipio, I charge thee, fail not to be their instrument."

She then turned to Hasdrubal.

"Villain," she cried, "and liar, and coward, as for me and these children, we shall find a fit burial in this fire"; and as she spoke a great flame sprung up for a moment among the gathering clouds of smoke; "but thou, that wast the chiefest man in Carthage, what dishonorable grave wilt thou find? This only I know, that neither thy children nor I will live to see thy disgrace."

Turning from the wretched man with a gesture of contempt, she drew a dagger from her girdle and plunged it into the heart first of one and then of the other of the two children who stood at her side. Then flinging the bloody weapon from her, she leaped into the midst of the flames, which by this time were rapidly gaining the mastery over the whole building. All her companions shared her fate. The Carthaginian nobles were too proud to live under the sway of Rome; the deserters were conscious of their guilt, or distrusted the justice of a Roman tribunal. Anyhow, not a single individual out of the desperate band to which Scipio had addressed his appeal availed himself of the opportunity.

II
LIFE AND CUSTOMS IN NORTHERN AFRICA

HISTORICAL NOTE

CHRISTIANITY was promptly introduced into northern Africa, and for some years the country was a stronghold of the Church. Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, were among the Christian leaders of those centuries. Here, too, it was that the first translation of the Bible into Latin was made. In the seventh century, however, the Mohammedans overran the land; and in less than a hundred years they had made converts of the greater part of the native tribes. Early in the eighth century the Moors crossed from Africa into Spain, and soon conquered that country. When finally driven out they withdrew to northern Africa and took up the business of piracy, first in revenge against the Christians, but later as a lucrative profession. Vessels passing through the Mediterranean Sea were in imminent danger of being seized and having their crews held for ransom in most revolting slavery. It had become the custom to pay tribute or redemption money, and this the United States was forced to do for some years for lack of a navy. In 1815, however, a navy had been prepared. Decatur was sent against the Dey, and soon brought him to terms and put an end to the piracy. During the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth, control of Algeriaand Tunis was gradually assumed by France, and a protectorship over Morocco jointly established by France and Spain. Tripoli was a vilayet or province of the Ottoman Empire until 1911, when it was seized by Italy.

HOW THE BARBARY PIRATES LEARNED TO RESPECT THE AMERICAN FLAG

[1815]

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

DURING seventeen years the United States had been paying an annual tribute to the Dey; but as the Moors computed time by the moon, while all Christian people reckoned it by the sun, the Moorish year was the shorter, and this difference in the course of the seventeen years amounted to some six months in favor of the Dey. According to his mode of measuring time, he was therefore entitled to twenty-seven thousand dollars more than he had received, and for this sum a demand was made, and instantly complied with by Mr. Tobias Lear, the American consul. It now became necessary to find a new cause of complaint, which the Dey accordingly did. The stores, he said, sent by the United States in place of money were bad in quality, and notified Mr. Lear to depart at once. The consul might possibly have quieted the Dey even on this point; but, unhappily, two ships loaded with cables and anchors, powder and shot, and naval stores, a present from Great Britain, reached Algiers, and the Dey sent forth his corsairs, armed and equipped by England, to prey on American commerce in the Mediterranean. There was little to be destroyed, yet they made prize of the brig Edwin of Salem, sold the crew of ten men into slavery, and dragged an American citizen from the deck of a Spanish vessel.

While the war with England lasted, these outrages had to be endured; but, five days after peace was proclaimed, Madison asked that war be declared against Algiers. Congress willingly complied, and two fine squadrons, in charge of two gallant seamen, were soon assembled at Boston and New York. Captain William Bainbridge commanded that in the port of Boston. Captain Stephen Decatur commanded the fleet at New York. He was first to get under way, and with ten vessels, mounting two hundred and ten guns, put to sea on May 20. A short run across the Atlantic by way of the Azores brought the squadron off the coast of Portugal, where a sharp lookout was kept for the enemy. The foe was indeed not to be despised, for the Algerine fleet consisted of five frigates, six sloops of war, and a schooner, carrying, all told, three hundred and sixty guns. The crews were well drilled and thoroughly trained. The vessels were well equipped with every appliance of modern naval warfare and, what was quite as important, were commanded by Rais Hammida, the terror of the Mediterranean. Though every ship fell in with was spoken, nothing was heard of the enemy till June 15, when Tangier was reached, and Decatur learned from the American consul that the Algerian admiral had passed the straits two days before in the forty-six-gun frigate Mashouda. Not a moment was lost in giving chase, and that same day the fleet anchored off Gibraltar, where Decatur was told that the vessels he sought were to be found off Cape Gata. As one dispatch boat had been detected making for the cape to notify Rais Hammida of the presence of the American squadron, and another had been seen making all sail

toward Algiers, Decatur again weighed anchor without loss of time, and, standing up the Mediterranean before a good breeze, sighted the Mashouda in the early dawn of June 17. She was lying to off the coast, and as everything about her showed that her commander had no suspicion of the character of the squadron, Decatur gave the order, "Do nothing to excite suspicion," and bore steadily down upon her. But the order was misunderstood by the officers on the Constellation, who, when about a mile from the enemy, hoisted the American flag. Every other ship instantly displayed the English colors; but the Moor was not deceived, and crowding on all sail he made for Algiers, till the Constellation, which happened to be nearest, opened fire at long range and placed several of her shot upon his deck, when he came about and headed for Cartagena. Decatur in the Guerrière then bore down to close with him, and, reserving fire till his ship just cleared the yardarms of the Mashouda, he poured in two broadsides in quick succession. The slaughter was dreadful. Rais Hammida was killed and the deck covered with dead and wounded. Yet the Moors would not surrender, but, putting up the helm, made every effort to escape. In doing so they crossed the path of the gun brig Épervier, which, though vastly inferior in size and armament, fired broadside after broadside till the Mashouda struck her flag. She was sent to Cartagena while the fleet sailed on in search of the remainder of the Algerian squadron supposed to be near at hand. No enemy was seen, however, till June 19, when a sail was descried not far from Cape Palos and chased. A hard run of three hours' duration brought the stranger into water so shallow that none but the Torch,

the Spark, the Spitfire, and the Épervier could follow, and as these kept in hot pursuit, the Moors ran their brig aground and took to their boats. The prize, which was floated off and sent to Cartagena, proved to be the Estido of twenty-two guns and a crew of one hundred and eighty men, of whom eighty-three were taken prisoners.

As enough had now been done to make the Dey listen to reason, Decatur led his squadron toward Africa, and on the 28th of June sighted the glittering pile of houses which formed the city of Algiers. By the little fleet which approached it, the place would have seemed to an onlooker to be impregnable. The artificial mole which made the harbor bristled with two hundred and twenty heavy guns. Almost three hundred more were mounted on a wall of immense thickness which surrounded the city. Decatur, however, paid no attention to the dangers of the task he had to perform, but marched boldly in with a white flag at the foremast and a Swedish flag at the main, and in a few hours had the Swedish consul and the captain of the port on board. "Where," said Decatur, addressing the Algerian, "is your squadron?" "By this time," was the answer, "it is safe in some neutral port." "Not all of it," was the reply, "for we have captured the Mashouda and the Estido." At first the captain of the port would not believe it. But when the lieutenant of the Mashouda stepped forward and confirmed the news, he asked what were the terms of peace, and proposed that those charged with the duty of concluding it should land and begin negotiations. His purpose was so plainly to gain time that Decatur stoutly declared that peace must be made on the deck

of the Guerrière or not at all, and the Moor went back to consult his master.

Next day he returned with full powers to negotiate, and was informed of the terms. The Dey must renounce all claims to future tribute; must set free all American prisoners without ransom; must repay in money the value of the goods and property taken from them; must pay ten thousand dollars to the owners of the Edwin, and guarantee that the commerce of the United States should never again be molested by Algerian corsairs. The agent of the Dey protested that the terms were too hard; declared that it was the late Dey, Hadji Ali, and not his master, Omar Pasha, who began the war; and claimed, now that Hadji Ali was dead, that Omar was not to blame. His protests and his arguments were of no avail, and, finding that Decatur would abate nothing, he asked for three hours' delay. "Not a minute," said Decatur, "not a minute"; and the captain of the port hurried ashore with the understanding that if the Dey accepted the terms he would return with a white flag in his boat.

When he had been gone about an hour, an Algerian ship of war loaded with Turkish soldiers was seen approaching the harbor. At the sight of the ship the Guerrière was cleared for action and was on the point of getting under way when the boat of the captain of the port was descried coming rapidly toward the Guerrière, with a white flag in her bow, and in a few minutes the treaty and the ten liberated prisoners, doomed to a yet more terrible fate, were on board. With as little delay as possible, the men, rejoicing in their new-found liberty, were transferred to the Épervier, which, with a copy of

the treaty, sailed for the United States. Lieutenant John Templar Shubrick was in command, and on July 12 passed the Straits of Gibraltar, never to be seen again. The British West Indian fleet reported having seen a brig of her description during a very heavy gale, in which it is believed she foundered. But when and how she met her fate is still a mystery.

After the departure of the Épervier, Decatur sailed for Tunis and dropped anchor before the town on July 26. During the war the American privateer Abellino had sent prizes into Tunis, a neutral port. But the Bey had suffered the British cruiser Lyon to retake them, and for this Decatur demanded the payment of forty-six thousand dollars within twelve hours. The terms were accepted, the money was paid, and Decatur went on to Tripoli, which he reached August 5. Tripoli had doubly offended. The Bashaw had suffered the British cruiser Paulina to take out two prizes sent in by the Abellino, and had forced the American consul to lower his flag. Decatur therefore demanded thirty thousand dollars for the lost prizes and a salute of thirty-one guns to the flag. The Bashaw blustered, refused, gathered an army of twenty thousand men, manned the batteries, and threatened to declare war. But when he saw Decatur taking soundings, he recalled the bombardment of 1804 and made peace. The money indemnity was reduced to twenty-five thousand dollars, and in consideration of this the Bashaw released ten Christians held as slaves. Two were Danes and the others Sicilians.

As all differences with the Barbary Powers now seemed honorably settled, Decatur repaired to Gibraltar and joined the squadron under Bainbridge. Lest a with-

drawal of all the ships should be followed by a renewal of the war while the Dey, the Bey, and the Bashaw were still smarting under their punishment, the squadron was divided. Part returned with Bainbridge and Decatur to the United States. Part wintered at Port Mahon.

The precaution proved to be a wise one. During the winter and early spring of 1816 the Dey of Algiers saw many reasons for disliking the treaty. Flatterers and agents of all sorts were very busy persuading him that it was disgraceful to so humble himself before Christian dogs. The brig Estido, which Decatur had promised should be returned to him, and which was actually delivered to his officers, had been seized by the Spanish authorities as a ship captured within their waters, and for this the Dey blamed the United States. But more than all was the treaty made with Lord Exmouth by which Great Britain was forced to pay four hundred thousand dollars for the liberation of twelve thousand Neapolitans and Sardinians held in captivity. Decatur had secured the release of captives without paying a dollar. When, therefore, the squadron left Port Mahon in April and anchored off the mole at Algiers, and the American consul presented the treaty duly ratified by the Senate, it was returned by the Vizier with such insolence that the consul hauled down his flag and took up his abode on the Java.

Captain John Shaw, who commanded the fleet, instantly put his ships in position to bombard the mole, arranged his boats in two flotillas to attack the land and water batteries, selected the night for the attack, and was about to move when the commander of a French frigate discovered his preparations and sent word to the

Dey, who at once submitted. A visit to the Bey of Tunis ended the naval operations on the Mediterranean, and in October all the ships save four sailed for home. The task was thoroughly done. At last our flag was respected not merely by the Barbary Powers, but by the nations whose dominions lay along the north shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

TRADITIONS OF THE SHEIKHS OF MOROCCO

[Sixteenth century]

BY T. H. WEIR

[THE sheikhs, or mystics, were those who sought to know God directly, and not through a third person or through a book.

The Editor.]

I. THE MIRACLE OF THE PALM TREE

THE sheikh of Ibn Mubarak was a worker of miracles. On one occasion a number of tribesmen arrived at his abode (so it is related), and he ordered gruel to be cooked for them all in baskets made of palm boughs, which they placed upon the fire, for all the world as though they had been pots of iron.

When fighting broke out between the tribes and civil wars arose, Ibn Mubarak would send to them, bidding them desist and lay down their arms. And condign punishment overtook all who ventured to set at naught his commands. Moreover, he set apart three days in every month in which the carrying of arms was prohibited altogether, and a man was forbidden on them to quarrel with his neighbor.

The people called these days "the days of Ibn Mubarak," and on them a man would foregather with the murderer of his father, and with the murderer of his child, and not be able to speak with them. This was the recognized custom, both amongst the Arab and amongst the Berber tribes of the Soos, and the country towards

the south. During these peaceful days, even the beasts of the forest were safe from the hunter. It is said that an Arab found a jerboa on one of these days, and his companions bade him, "Let it go, for this is a day of the days of the peace of our Lord Ibn Mubarak." The Arabs, however, could not desist, and shooting at the jerboa, wounded it in the foot. But at the same moment, the Arab shrieked with pain, for his own foot was broken, and he never walked upon it more.

One of the sheikhs who belonged to the great Berber tribe of the Masmoodah, to which Ibn Mubarak also belonged, used to relate the following instance of his wonder-working skill. He told it to his son, who in turn recounted it to Ibn Askar: —

"I was once," said he, "encamped in a grove of palm trees, along with thy mother, and I went aside to perform the legal ablution, leaving thy mother where she was, amid the palms. As she sat there, her eye fell upon a cluster of dates at the top of a lofty palm, far beyond her reach, so tall and straight was the palm tree trunk. Thereupon she said aloud, 'By thy leave, O my Lord Ibn Mubarak, I would to God He would send me one who would cut off for me yonder bunch of dates.'

"And thereupon she turned herself, and, behold, behind her a man, who stretched forth his hand towards the head of the palm tree, and the palm tree bowed down its head towards him; and he cut off the bunch of dates, and, casting it towards the spot where the woman was sitting, 'Eat,' said he, 'thank God, and honor thy husband.' He then vanished from her sight like a glance of the eye; and the palm tree returned as it had been before, erect and tall.

"The mother," continued the narrator, "remained speechless with astonishment. 'This is a miracle which I have witnessed,' at length she exclaimed; and when she had related to me the adventure, I asked her what manner of man he was that had appeared to her; and when she had described him, 'It was Master Ibn Mubarak,' I said, 'by the Lord of the Kaabah!' — for I knew him."

II. THE SHEIKH WHO WAS AS GOOD AS A TIMEPIECE

The fame of more than one of the saints and sheikhs rested upon the sweet tones of the voice in the reciting of the Koran. One such was the sheikh Aboo Hafs Omar, who belonged to one of the Arab tribes of the country, but who had taken up his abode in the city of Meknes; and there also he died, about the year 1540. He was a man much given to asceticism and to seclusion from the world.

Every night he spent the interval between the two evening prayers in the recitation of the Koran, opening and closing the recital with a prayer. He would begin immediately after the sunset prayer, and complete the prescribed portion immediately before the night prayer. And so accurately did he gauge the interval that the moment he ceased reading people knew that the hour for the night prayer had come; and the next instant, the call to that prayer would ring out from the minarets. This happened not occasionally, but night after night. He never came to the end of the prescribed portion a moment too soon, nor a moment too late; for all that the call to prayers in that city of Meknes is sounded with the extreme of punctuality.

III. THE SHEIKH WHO MUST BE OBEYED

The sheikh Aboo Rawain was one of the wonders of the age and the marvel of his generation after the way of the school of the Mulámateeyah, or Cynics. His words were the words of the covetous, and his talk the talk of the miser, yet he would rise in the morning rich and go to bed a beggar. All he had he gave to the poor, and distributed his goods to the needy. He passed his days in ecstasy and walked the world as in a dream. If he chanced to meet a prince or happened upon any of the great ones of the earth, "Buy thine office of me," he would say to him, "for so much!" And if the prince gave heed to his words and paid the price he asked, "Thou art secure," he would tell him; but if he disregarded his demand and refused his price, he would tell him, "Thou art deposed." And his word would come to pass as if by the predestination of God.

Now when the Sultan Muhammed the Sheikh had conquered the town of Meknes, and was making persistent efforts to take by storm the city of Fez, one day Aboo Rawain appeared before him and stood in his presence.

"Buy Fez of me for five hundred *dèenârs*," said Aboo Rawain to the Sultan.

But the Sultan scorned his demand and refused his price. "God has never laid such a condition upon any sultan," quoth he; "neither is there anything like it in the law."

"By Allah," swore Aboo Rawain, "thou shalt not enter Fez this year!"

Weeks passed and months slipped by, and the Sultan

made no progress with the siege of Fez, nor any advance except into deeper despair of ever taking the town.

At last the Prince Abd el Kadir gave good counsel to his father and spoke before him wise words.

"O my father," said he, "do as the sheikh Aboo Rawain has bid thee, and pay him the price he has asked; for he is indeed a mighty sheikh and a holy one of the saints of God." And he slacked not to urge his father, nor ceased to goad him on, until he yielded to his importunity and gave him leave to make terms with the sheikh.

"Pay the money!" was all the sheikh would say, and he abated not a *dirhem* of his price; so the Prince Abd el Kadir yielded him the bargain and paid him the money.

"By the end of the year," said Aboo Rawain, as he received the money and closed the transaction, — "by the end of the year God will finish the matter; and my affair is in the hand of God — exalted be his name!" And forthwith the sheikh scattered the money amongst the poor and distributed it to all who were in want, and did not keep for himself so much as a *dirhem*. And from that very day the Sultan began to have the upper and not the under hand, until when the year had passed and its months had come to an end, he took possession of Fez and entered the city in triumph.

Many are the anecdotes related of Aboo Rawain and the tales told concerning him. To pick one berry from the cluster, and choose one grain out of the bushel, it is related by more than one of the fakeehs of Al Kasr how, when the government of that town was in the hand of the Kaid Abd el Wahid the Aroosee, and he shared it

with a company of his relatives of the Benee Hameed, then Aboo Rawain arrived in the town and abode in it one night. But no sooner had he entered its gates and set his foot within its walls than he went straightway into the mosque, and gat him up to the top of the minaret. There he stood looking down upon the town, and the people in the streets could see him standing. Then he called at the pitch of his voice, and cried aloud so that all could hear: "O Benee Hameed, buy of me Al Kasr — or get you gone from it this very year!" And the people heard the sheikh's words and spoke them in the ears of the Kaid Abd el Wahid.

"If Al Kasr belonged to him," said the Kaid when he heard them, "and if the town were in his hand, he might deprive us of it or drive us forth from it. When we have no other matter to think of nor aught better to distract our attention, we will attend to the words of an imbecile and obey the commands of a madman."

The next day the sheikh left the country; and as he left he said: "The Kaid Abd el Wahid will go out of this town, and the Benee Hameed will be driven forth from it, and they will not return to it again forever"; — and the event befell as the sheikh foretold, even so it came to pass in the providence of God — whose name be exalted.

There was in Meknes a famous fakeeh and preacher, Harzooz by name, and to him the sheikh Aboo Rawain one day sent a message by a messenger. "Buy thy soul of me!" wrote Aboo Rawain; but the fakeeh Harzooz closed his ears and steeled his heart, and the sheikh's messenger returned to his master and told him.

"Go back to him once more," said Aboo Rawain,

"and say to him, 'Thou wilt be slaughtered like a beast, thou and thy son, and ye both will be hanged over the door of your own house in the Gharb.'"

When the fakeeh heard these words, he was seized with panic, and his heart became like wax. He girded up his skirts and ran forth, going like an ostrich; and he neither stayed to rest nor stopped to drink, until he came to the sheikh's house, and stood before Aboo Rawain.

"O my Master," said he, "what is this that thou sayest, and what are these ill-boding words?"

"Some error hath occurred," quoth Aboo Rawain; but he spake in bitter jest, and the fakeeh knew it.

"O sir," cried he, "we will do all that thou layest upon us."

"There will not be but what has been," answered Aboo Rawain.

Time went on until three months had passed, and the matter delayed and the sheikh's words had not come to pass. But when three months had come and gone, the prophecy was fulfilled and the threat was executed, as we shall show when we come to the story of the fakeeh and preacher Harzooz of Meknes, if God will — exalted be His name!

To the son also of this fakeeh and preacher Harzooz did the sheikh Aboo Rawain foretell their dreadful end. For as he sat one day at the door of his house and the street before it ran with mud and mire, Aboo Rawain passed by, clad in his finest clothes and decked in his best attire, for he was on his way to the mosque, and was proceeding to the place of prayer.

Then the soul of the son of Harzooz was smitten with

envy, and he thought to spoil the sheikh's fine raiment. "If thou love God," quoth he, "roll in this mud," and he pointed to the street before him, and indicated the flowing mire.

And Aboo Rawain rolled in that mud, even as a mule rolls in the sand, and all because the other had adjured him by the name of God.

"Art content now?" asked Aboo Rawain.

"Content," returned the son of the fakeeh Harzooz.

Then said the sheikh Aboo Rawain: "Even thus shalt thou roll, thou and thy father, in chains!" And the thing fell out as he had said, and the event occurred as he had predicted.

Many a similar story is told of the sheikh Aboo Rawain, and many a like tale is handed down concerning him.

IV. THE SHEIKH ZEETOONEE AND THE BEES

The sheikh Zeetoonee was a great traveler and a worker of miracles. He was black of color and blind, and one whose prayers were always answered. Some of the mystics, indeed, used to call him "the blind serpent" (which does not bite those whom it stings), on account of the rapidity with which the answers to his prayers came.

He it was who escorted the caravans from the West, in the pilgrimages to the Holy House of God in Mecca and to the grace of his prophet. And even the Arabs of Angad and the Zab and of Tunis, for all their courage and rebellious spirit, dared not attack the caravans led by the sheikh Zeetoonee, for they saw the wonderful things which God brought to pass at his hands and experienced the extent of his power.

One of the excellent among those who traveled with him, a man of worth and veracity, gives the following description of an incident which befell their caravan and an adventure which they met with: —

"In one of the sheikh Zeetoonee's journeys with the pilgrims," he says, "no sooner had we alighted on one occasion in the Zab than we found ourselves surrounded by the horsemen of the wild Arabs on every side, intent on plunder, bent on spoil. In our distress, we begged the sheikh for aid and told him what had befallen us.

"'And from which side did they come?' he asked.

"'From every side,' we replied.

"The sheikh thereupon took up a handful of dust and threw it towards his right side, and then another which he threw to his left, then a third handful which he threw before him, and a fourth which he threw behind his back. And immediately there came forth from that dust as it had been an inundation of bees, which scared the horses of the Arabs, and they vanished from our sight as a mist vanishes before the sun; and the people were astonished and marveled greatly.

"When the day was over, the Arabs appeared once more on foot, bringing with them their wives and children, and driving before them herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats, being desirous to be reconciled to the sheikh and to obtain of him his blessing, such was their terror of those bees. And the Arabs of those parts relate how, on coming for plunder to a caravan in which the sheikh Zeetoonee was, they would find it surrounded by a wall which none could scale nor any dig through."

The following is the sheikh Zeetoonee's recipe for rendering an encampment impregnable, as it is given by his

pupil Ahmad Zarrook. He would commence by saying, "I take refuge in God from Satan accursed." Next he would begin to march round the encampment, reciting as he did so the ninety-seventh chapter of the Koran, until he sealed the circuit at the point where he had begun. Then, verily, the camp would be safe and secure from robber and thief, and God would indeed build around the encampment a wall which no thief could either scale or dig through. This is of the things as to which there is no doubt, and a fact which is beyond question.

MOROCCO LAW

[Sixteenth century]

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

I HAVE discovered that one of the soldiers of the palace guard has lost his right ear, and they tell me that it was cut off legally, and in the presence of witnesses, by another soldier whom he had deprived of the corresponding ear sometime before. Such is the law of retaliation as it is interpreted in Morocco. Not only may any of the relatives of a murdered man kill the murderer on the same day of the week, at the same hour, on the spot where the crime was committed, and with the same weapon, but whoever loses one of his members by violence can inflict a similar injury upon him who did the deed. In this connection I was told by an attaché of the French legation at Mogador of a very curious incident that occurred at that place some years ago, one of the persons concerned being personally known to him. An English merchant of Mogador was returning to the city on the evening of a market day, and arrived at the gate just when a crowd of peasants were pouring through, leading their asses and camels. Although he shouted "Bal ak! Bal ak!" (Make room! Make room!) until he was tired, an old Moorish woman was thrown down by his horse, striking her face against a stone. As ill-luck would have it she knocked out the last two remaining teeth in her underjaw. For a moment she seemed dazed, but recovered herself quickly and rose to her feet in a

furious rage. Bursting into a torrent of abuse and curses, she followed the Englishman to his house, and then went off in search of the kaid to demand, in accordance with the law of retaliation, that the Nazarene's two corresponding teeth should be knocked out. The kaid endeavored to pacify her and advised forgiveness, but finding that he could do nothing he finally dismissed her, promising to see that justice was done, hoping that little by little she would calm down and abandon her project. But at the end of three days back she came, angrier than ever, to demand her rights, and insisting that a formal sentence should be pronounced then and there upon the Christian. "Remember," said she, "you have promised." "Eh!" cried the kaid, "you must take me for a Christian, too, if you suppose that I am the slave of my word!" For three months did that old woman continue to present herself daily at the entrance to the citadel, crying out, threatening, and making such a noise generally that the kaid at last, to get rid of her, was forced to give in. Sending for the merchant, he set the matter before him, the old woman's grievance, her rights under the law, and the duty required of him by his promise, ending by begging him to put a stop to the affair by consenting to have two of his teeth drawn, any two, it made no difference which, so long as, in accordance with the law, they were incisors. But the merchant declined, not only as regarded his incisors, but his eye-teeth and his molars as well, and there was nothing for the kaid to do but send the old woman off and tell the guards not to allow her to set foot in the kasbah again. "Very well," said she; "since there are only degenerate Mussulmans left here, and Mussulman women, the

mothers of the Sherifs can no longer get justice done them against dogs of infidels, I shall go to the Sultan, and we will soon see if the Prince of the Faithful abjures the law of the Prophet as well." True to her word she set forth on her journey, entirely alone, with an amulet in her breast, a staff in her hand, and a knapsack strapped across her shoulders, and succeeded in walking the entire hundred leagues which divide Mogador from the sacred city of the empire. On reaching Fez she demanded an interview with the Sultan, and proceeded to state her case, demanding, in accordance with her rights as laid down in the Koran, an application of the law of retaliation. The Sultan exhorted her to show forgiveness, but she persisted. He then explained to her the grave difficulties that stood in the way of satisfying her demands; — how the English consul would never give his consent, and the Government would consequently find itself involved in a serious lawsuit; how impossible it was for so trifling a cause to jeopardize the peace of the entire empire and disturb the good understanding which then existed between the Government of the Sherifs and powerful England. The old Moor remained inexorable. She was now offered, on condition that she would abandon the matter, a sum of money large enough to support her in comfort for the rest of her life. She refused. "What do I want with your money?" said she. "I am old and accustomed to poverty. What I want is two of that Christian's teeth. I want them, I have a right to them, and I demand them in the name of the Koran; and the Sultan, Prince of the Faithful, head of Islamism, father of his people, cannot refuse to render justice to a Mussulman woman." This obstinacy placed the Sultan

in a very awkward position. The law was precise, and her rights under it incontestable, while the popular excitement had been wrought to such a pitch by her inflammatory speeches that it would be dangerous to refuse her demands. The Sultan — it was Abd-er-Rahman — wrote to the English consul, asking him as a favor to try to persuade his fellow-countryman to allow two of his teeth to be knocked out, to which the merchant replied that he would never agree. Then the Sultan wrote again, promising to concede any mercantile privilege that he might wish in return for his consent; and this time, having been approached through his pocket, the merchant gave in. The old woman left Fez blessing the name of the pious Abd-er-Rahman and returned to Mogador, where, in the presence of herself and a large gathering of witnesses, two of the Nazarene's teeth were knocked out. When she saw them fall to the ground she gave a howl of triumph and seized them with savage joy. The merchant, however, thanks to the special privileges he enjoyed, made a large fortune in less than two years and returned to England, toothless but happy.



HAWKING IN ALGERIA

BY EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

(*French painter.* 1820–1876)

FOR hawking, or falconry, falcons are so trained that after making a capture they will surrender it to their masters. This is one of the most ancient sports, and has been practiced for many centuries. In the days of the Norman kings in England, hawking was treated as seriously as a science, and a man's rank was indicated by the character of the falcon which he bore on his wrist. Falconry has its own language. A mature hawk is a *haggard;* a young one taken in its migration is a *passage hawk.* To train these birds is called *reclaiming;* to flutter is to *bait;* to fight with one another is to *crab;* to sleep is to *jouk;* the prey is the *quarry.*

In northern Africa falconry is as much delighted in as it ever was in the earlier days. The best hunter is the female of the peregrine falcon, the fiercest of all birds of prey. The birds are always loosed with the cry, "In the name of Allah [God], the great Allah," as no animal may be lawfully eaten by Mohammedans over which these words have not been pronounced before its slaughter.

The illustration presents a characteristic hawking scene in Algeria. The Arab hunters are pausing at the foot of a rocky precipice, their falcons held aloft on their wrists. They are mounted on superb horses, the white one in the front of the picture, where every curve of his perfectly moulded figure stands out against the dark background. The two riders, and also their steeds, are giving close attention to the attendants at the left, who are caring for some small animal that has already been captured.

ONE DAY IN MOROCCO

[Nineteenth century]

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

WE made an early start for Zeggota, inspired by the thought that on that day we should behold the mountains of Fez in the distance. There was an autumnal freshness in the air, and a light mist obscured the surrounding country. A crowd of Arabs wrapped in their cloaks formed two wings at the entrance to the camp. The soldiers of the escort were huddled together in a close chilly group behind us, and the children of the neighboring *duars* gazed out with sleepy eyes from behind the tents and hedges. Erelong, however, all this changed, the sun came out, spectators crowded around us, the horsemen scattered in all directions, the air resounded with shouts and the rapid reports of firearms, and everything became suddenly bright, animated, full of life and color, while the autumnal cold was succeeded, as is always the case in that climate, by the burning heat of summer. Among my notes of that morning I find one which says laconically: "Grasshoppers, sample of Selam's eloquence." I remember, in fact, to have noticed a field some distance off that seemed to be in motion, an effect produced by an enormous number of green grasshoppers coming towards us in leaps. Selam, who happened to be riding beside me just then, gave me an admirably picturesque description of the incursions of those terrible insects, which I remember word for word;

but how can I possibly render the effect of his gestures, his expression and the tones of his voice, which really told more than the words themselves. "It is frightful, signor; they come from over there," pointing to the south, "like a black cloud; the noise is heard from afar. They come, they come, and at their head their sultan, the Sultan Jeraad, who leads them on; they cover the roads, the fields, houses, *duars*, forests. The cloud grows; larger and larger, on, on, on, gnawing and consuming; over rivers, over ditches, over walls, through fire; the grass is destroyed, the flowers, the leaves, the fruit, the grain, the bark of the trees; on and on, no one can stop them, not flaming tribes, not the Sultan with his army, not all the people of Morocco assembled together. Heaps of dead grasshoppers. Forward go the living. Do ten die? A hundred are born. Do a hundred die? A thousand are born. Such sights at Tangier! streets covered, gardens covered, seashore covered, sea covered, everything green, everything in motion; living, dead, decayed, offensive; a plague, a pestilence, a curse from God!" And this is really so. The fetid odor arising from myriads of dead grasshoppers sometimes produces a contagious form of fever; and, to cite one instance, the terrible plague which in 1799 fairly depopulated both the towns and country of Bombay broke out just after one of their visitations. When the advance guard of the invading army appears the Arabs go forward to meet it, in parties of four or five hundred, with sticks, clubs, and firebrands, but only succeed in forcing the enemy to deviate somewhat from its course; and it occasionally happens that when one tribe drives them back thus from their own into the district of a neighboring tribe, the

grasshopper war is converted into a civil war. The only thing that frees the country from this curse is a favorable wind; this blows them into the sea, where they drown and are swept up on the beach for days afterwards in great heaps. When the favorable wind still delays, the only possible consolation left the inhabitants is to eat their enemies; this they do before they have laid their eggs, boiling them and adding a seasoning of salt, pepper, and vinegar. They taste a little like sea-crabs, and as many as four hundred can be eaten in a single day.

About two miles from camp we overtook that part of the caravan which was bearing Victor Emmanuel's presents to Fez. White camels were harnessed together, two by two, in tandem fashion, by long poles attached to either side of the saddle, from which swung the cases; they were in charge of some Arabs on foot and some mounted soldiers, and at their head was a wagon drawn by two oxen, the only wagon we had seen in Morocco! It had been especially made at El Araish upon the model, I should say, of the first vehicle that ever appeared on the earth's surface; squat, heavy, ill-formed, with wheels composed of solid blocks of wood, and the most curious and absurd-looking harness that could possibly be imagined. But to the inhabitants of the *duars*, most of whom had in all probability never seen a wheeled vehicle before, it was a marvel. They ran to behold it from all directions, pointed it out to each other, followed behind and walked in front of it with visible excitement. Even our mules, unaccustomed to the sight of such objects, showed great reluctance to pass it, some planting themselves stubbornly on their fore feet and others

wheeling completely around. Selam himself regarded it with a certain complacency, as though saying, "That was made in our country"; and this was excusable, seeing that in all Morocco there are very likely no more wagons than pianos, which, if the estimate of a French consul is correct, would reduce the number to about a dozen. There seems, indeed, to be a certain antipathy to vehicles of every kind. The Tangier authorities, for example, forbade Prince Frederick, of Hesse-Darmstadt, when he was there in 1839, to ride out in a carriage. The Prince wrote to the Sultan offering to have the principal streets paved at his own expense, provided the permission refused by the authorities were granted him. "I will grant it most willingly," replied the Sultan, "but upon one condition — that the carriage shall have no wheels, since as Protector of the Faithful I cannot permit my subjects to be exposed to the risk of being run over by a Christian." Whereupon the Prince, to turn the whole thing into ridicule, took him at his word, and there are people in Tangier now who remember seeing him going about the town in a carriage without wheels, suspended between two mules!

At last we reached that blessed hill for which for three days past the caravan had been looking with such longing impatience. After making a tedious ascent we passed through a narrow gorge called in Arabic, Ben Tinca, which we were obliged to take single file, and came out above a charming valley, flowery and solitary, into which the caravan descended in festive style, filling the air with shouts and burst of song. At the foot of the valley we came upon another body of soldiers belonging to the military colonies, come to relieve the first. There

were a hundred of them, very old and very young, dark, long-haired, some of them mounted on enormous horses with housings of unusual splendor. Their kaid, Abou-ben-Gileli, was a sturdy old man of severe aspect and curt manner, of whom, and of his soldiers, one might have said as Don Abbondio did of the anonymous leader and the assassins: "I can well understand that to control such faces as these nothing less is needed than such a face as that." Without so much as a glance at the fields of ripening wheat and barley that lined the road on either side, the soldiers urged their horses forward, and scattering in all directions on a full gallop, began the powder play, five and ten firing at a time into the air, wheeling to left and right, turning about in their saddles in every conceivable manner, and yelling all the while like demons. One of them whirled his gun around with such rapidity that it could hardly be seen; another, as he flew by, shouted in a tremendous voice, "Here comes the thunderbolt!" a third, whose horse had swerved a little, came within a hair's breadth of landing in our midst and throwing us all to the ground with our heels in the air. At a certain point the ambassador and captain, accompanied by Hamed-ben-Kasen and a few soldiers, separated from the rest of the caravan and went off to make the ascent of a mountain a few miles away, while we continued our route. A few minutes later an incident occurred which I am not likely ever to forget.

A half-naked Arab boy, about sixteen or eighteen years old, came towards us, driving two recalcitrant oxen, by the aid of a heavy stick. The kaid, Abou-ben-Gileli, stopped his horse and called him. We learned afterwards that the oxen were to have been attached to

the wagon which we had passed not long before, and that they were several hours behind time. The unfortunate boy approached trembling, and stood before the kaid, who put some question to him I did not understand. The lad stammered a reply, and went white as death.

"Fifty lashes," said the kaid curtly, turning to his men.

Three powerful fellows at once leaped from their horses, and the poor wretch without waiting for them to lay hold of him, without uttering a single word, or so much as raising his eyes to the countenance of his judge, threw himself flat on his face, as the custom is, with arms and legs extended. All of this had transpired in an instant; but the stick had not been lifted in the air before the commander and some of the others, dashing into the midst of the group, had made the kaid understand that they could not think of permitting such a brutal punishment to be inflicted. Abou-ben-Gileli inclined his head, and the boy arose, pale, with convulsed features, gazing alternately at his deliverers and the kaid with an expression of mingled fear and astonishment.

"Go," said the interpreter, "you are free."

"Ah!" he cried with an intonation that cannot be conveyed, and quick as lightning, disappeared.

We proceeded on our way, but I must say that, although I have seen a man killed, I have never experienced such feelings of profound horror as when I beheld that half-naked boy stretched out on the ground to receive his fifty lashes; and after the horror of the thing my blood began to boil, and I denounced the kaid, the sultan, Morocco and its inhumanity in the most violent terms. It is, however, undoubtedly better to wait for

second thoughts. "But how about ourselves?" I presently reflected. "How many years is it since we abolished whipping? And how many since it was abolished in Austria? and in Prussia? and throughout the rest of Europe?" These thoughts had the effect of somewhat curbing my righteous indignation, and I was left with only a strong feeling of bitterness. If any one cares to know how whipping is conducted in Morocco, suffice it to say that when the operation is completed it sometimes happens that the victim is carried to the cemetery.

During the remainder of the ride to Zeggota the caravan passed over a succession of hills and valleys, the road running between fields of wheat and barley and bright green pasture, bordered with aloes, Indian figs, wild olives, dwarf oaks, ivy, strawberry trees, myrtles, and flowering shrubs. Not a tent was in sight, not a living soul to be seen. The country was as luxuriant, silent, and deserted as an enchanted garden. Once on reaching the top of a certain hill we descried the blue summits of the Fez Mountains, which, however, immediately disappeared again as though they had merely raised their heads a moment to see us pass. In the hottest part of the day we arrived at Zeggota. This was one of the most exquisite spots we saw throughout the entire trip. The camp was pitched on the mountain-side, in a great rocky cavity, shaped like an amphitheater, and worn by the successive passage back and forth of man and beast into innumerable paths, one above the other, whose more or less regular lines had the effect of graduated seats, and as a matter of fact these tiers were at that very moment crowded with Arabs, who sat on the ground in semicircles, like spectators in some actual

amphitheater. Below us lay a wide, basin-shaped plain, whose cultivated fields made it look like a huge checkerboard, with squares of green, yellow, white, red, and purple silk and velvet. Looking through field-glasses we could see on the more distant hills here a row of tents, there a *kubba* half-hidden among the aloes; in one place a camel, beyond it an Arab lying on the ground, a herd of cattle, a group of women; sluggish, infrequent signs of life, that made one feel more forcibly than their entire absence would have done the profound peacefulness of the scene. Above all this loveliness a white, blazing, blinding sky, forcing one to bow his head and half-close his eyes.

But it is not so much the beauties of nature that make Zeggota an undying memory with me as a certain experiment I made there with *kiff*.

Kiff, let me say for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with it, is the leaf of a sort of hemp called *hashish*, celebrated throughout the East for its narcotic qualities. It is much used in Morocco, and it may generally be taken for granted that those Arabs and Moors, so frequently to be seen in the towns, gazing at the passers-by with dull, unseeing eyes, or dragging themselves along like persons stunned by a blow on the head, are victims of this pernicious plant. Most people smoke the *kiff*, mixed with a little tobacco, in tiny clay pipes, or it may be eaten in a form of confectionery, called *madjun*, made of butter, honey, nuts, musk, and cloves. The effects are very peculiar. Dr. Miguerez, who had tried it, had often told me of his experiences, recounting, among other things, how he was seized with an irresistible desire to laugh, and how he seemed to be lifted off the

ground, so that in passing through a doorway, about twice his own height, he had bent his head for fear of striking it against the lintel. All of this so aroused my curiosity that I several times begged him to give me a little piece of *madjun*, just enough to make me see and feel some of these curious things without absolutely losing control of myself. The worthy doctor at first excused himself, saying that it would be better to make the experiment at Fez, where we would be more conveniently situated, but on my persisting he at length, a little unwillingly, handed me at Zeggota a plate on which lay the much-desired sweetmeat. We were seated at table: if I mistake not, both Ussi and Biseo took a little at the same time, but of its effect on them I have no recollection. The *madjun* was like a bit of paste, violet-colored and smelling like pomatum. For about half an hour, from the soup, that is, to the fruit, I felt nothing at all, and began to chaff the doctor about his fears, but he only smiled and said, "Wait, wait." And sure enough, as the fruit was put on the table the first symptoms of intoxication did begin to manifest themselves. At first they took the form of great hilarity and rapid talking; then I began to laugh heartily at everything I or any one else said; every word that was uttered seemed to me the most exquisite witticism. I laughed at the servants, at the looks of my companions, at my chair as it tilted over, at the designs on the china, at the shapes of certain bottles, at the color of the cheese I was eating, until all at once, becoming conscious that I no longer had command of myself, I endeavored to think of something serious in order to regain my self-control. Remembering the boy who was to have been whipped that morning, I

felt the greatest interest in him. I would have liked to take him back with me to Italy, to have him educated, to give him a career. I loved him like a son. And the kaid, Abou-ben-Gileli, poor old man. Kaid-Abou-ben-Gileli? Why, I loved him too, like a father. And the soldiers of the escort! They were all good fellows, ready to defend us, to risk their lives in our behalf. I loved them like brothers. And then the Algerians! I loved them as well. "Why not?" I thought. They are of the same race as the Moroccans, and after all, what race is that? Are we not all brothers, made after one pattern? We should love one another. I love people, and I am happy, and I threw one arm around the doctor's neck, whereupon he burst out laughing. From this cheerful mood I fell all at once into a state of profound melancholy. All the people whom I had ever offended rose up before me. I recalled every pang I had caused those who loved me; was oppressed by feelings of remorse and unavailing regret; voices seemed to whisper in my ear in accents of affectionate reproach. I repented, begged for pardon; furtively brushed away the great tear which I felt trembling in the corner of one eye. Then a succession of strange, disconnected memories began to course wildly through my brain; long-forgotten friends of my childhood; certain words of a dialect I had not spoken for twenty years; women's faces; my old regiment; William the Silent; Paris; the editor Barbera; a beaver hat that I had worn as a child; the Acropolis at Athens; my bill at an inn in Seville; a thousand queer fancies. I have a vague recollection of seeing the company look at me smilingly. From time to time I would close my eyes and reopen them without knowing whether I had been

asleep or no, whether minutes or hours had elapsed in the interval. Then a clear idea came into my head at last, and I began to speak.

"Once," I said, "I went to . . ." Where was it I went? Who went? It had all escaped me. Thoughts sparkled for an instant and expired like fireflies — crowded, mixed, confused. At one moment I saw Ussi with his head elongated, like the reflection in a bad mirror; the vice-consul with a face two feet wide; and the others tapered off, swelled out, contorted, like extravagant caricatures, making grimaces at me that were inexpressibly comic; and I laughed and wagged my head, and dozed, and thought that they were all crazy; that we were in another world; that nothing I saw was real; that I was not very well; that I did not know where I was; that it was getting strangely dark and silent — When I came to myself I was lying on my own bed in our tent, with the doctor seated beside me, holding a lighted candle and regarding me attentively.

"There," said he, smiling, "it is over, but this must be the first and last time."

THE GREAT MARKET OF TRIPOLI

[Latter part of nineteenth century]

BY GEORGE E. THOMPSON

IT is early morning, as I walk on the wide expanse of sand extending along the shore outside the white walls of Tripoli. The sun already shines with a fervent heat from a sky of cloudless blue. It shines on a busy scene. The usually quiet shore is tenanted by hundreds of Arabs, Negroes, and their animals; camels, donkeys, and cattle. They still pour in by the various lanes leading through the orange groves and palm forest from the distant oases of the desert; and as they arrive, they settle down on the shore in groups, some close to the water's edge, — for there is scarcely any tide here, — others farther in, their place being regulated according to the nature of the produce they have for sale. A refreshing breeze blows in over the clear waters of the bay, renewing the life of the tired travelers of the night.

Everything is conducted with precision and in perfect order by this ancient people, whose manners and customs change not, who are the same now as they were centuries ago. There may be directors or policemen about, and they may have their eye upon me; but if so, I know them not. I wander down the long lines of Arabs, watching and marveling as the market grows up rapidly, here and there staying to take a photograph with my hand camera. Finding the folk pleasant and interested rather than otherwise, I rush back to my hotel for the

tripod camera, and am soon at work among the various groups. By this time the vast market has assumed the air of an industrial exhibition. It is now in full swing, and booths are erected in long rows, to shelter the occupants from the sun's rays.

Beginning at the far end, we find a fine herd of camels for sale; then come cattle: cows, sheep, and goats. Here, on the golden sands, are pictures of Arcadian, pastoral, or Old Testament life, brilliant with delicious coloring, calm, reposeful, and beautiful; long-bearded, fine-looking Arabs squatting in their *baracans* or blankets amidst a few clean sheep and goats, quietly awaiting purchasers. No push, no hurry, no noise. We leave these groups, with their delicate coloring, lights, and shadows, and pass down a narrow avenue between the booths of the fruit-sellers. Here are heaps of oranges, bananas, melons, and many a strange product of which we know nothing, laid out in long rows on the sand: no tables! The owners squat behind their goods under a small tent. The buyers swarm down the narrow path, sometimes seated on a donkey, shouting "Balek" — make way. And so we move on.

There are the blacksmiths at work, and on the sand, too; in the center of each group a small charcoal fire burns. An Arab boy works a pair of bellows looking like two concertinas, which he moves alternately. A small anvil stands in the sand, and filing is done on a large ox-bone, used as a bench.

A double row of shoemakers' tents follows. The occupants are all at work; highly colored red and yellow slippers — some of them embroidered — are being turned out by the dozen.

The meat stalls are the only unpleasant feature of this fascinating market, for on erections of bamboo canes there are hung up, alongside good joints of meat, the most loathsome-looking entrails — yes, and it all sells too! Let us pass on and see what is the center of the crowd yonder. Another picture from Arcadia! Pan with his pipes! Arab musicians playing on double reeds! — not high-class music, but ancient, and pleasing to native ears.

Close by is the pot market; water-coolers, wine jars, oil cisterns large and small, mostly with pointed bottoms for placing in the sand. Then there are the basket-makers, many of them Negroes of the blackest hue. There are large basin-shaped baskets for fruit, round, conical-shaped dish-covers, and small wicker baskets closely made and interwoven with bits of colored cloth. The Negro women make the latter, and so closely that some of them will hold water. One woman has two little babies — ebony — with ivory teeth and eyes, fat, black, merry, India-rubber sort of babies, with little woolly heads, and a bracelet or string of red coral for clothing. One of these was frightened by the white man, and hid its face while I bought a basket from its mother. I coaxed it with a copper, and left it thinking that the white man was not so bad after all — *as* a white man.

There were touching sights, too, on the sand that day; I saw one poor Negro woman and her baby, both tired out; they lay sleeping in each other's arms in the sunshine. There were the donkeys, poor things, that had traveled many a mile in the early hours of the morning from distant hamlets; numbers of these lay on their sides, stretched out and fast asleep. Ropes are pegged

into the sand, forming square inclosures, and the donkeys' feet are tied thereto, so that they may not stray. For the most part they looked well kept and tended.

Next we come to the oil merchants with their long, pointed earthenware jars stuck in the sand; and there are charcoal fires, where food is being prepared for the evening meal.

All goes on in a quiet and orderly fashion; no drunkenness, no unseemly rows, for these people are barbarians on the burning sands of Africa, not Christians in the slums of London or Liverpool.

I passed on among that dense crowd of Arabs, Negroes, and Turks, camera in hand, and they made way — nay, helped me! "Balek," "Balek" — polite and kindly, for are they not barbarians and children of the Desert?

III

THE MYSTERY OF THE DESERT

HISTORICAL NOTE

ACCORDING to the notions of the early geographies, the Sahara was a broad, low-lying expanse of sand, silent save for the soft footfalls of camels bearing loads of the treasures of the East. Even within the last forty years it was supposed to be so far below the sea-level that there was serious talk of flooding the western part and changing the climate by digging a canal south of Morocco and letting in the waters of the Atlantic. Fortunately before the shovels were set to work, it was learned that the Sahara is a tableland lying from thirteen hundred to sixteen hundred feet above the ocean, and that the lowest part of the region which was to be covered by the waters of the Atlantic is five hundred feet above sea-level.

Numerous streams flow into the Desert from the Atlas Mountains through deep valleys; but generally the water sinks till it reaches a stratum which it cannot penetrate. There it remains, in mighty underground lakes, and wherever this water is brought to the surface an oasis is produced. Many caravan routes run through the desert, the camels carrying manufactured articles to the oases of the desert and returning loaded with gold, ostrich feathers, ivory, iron, and salt. This trade is made possible by the lines of wells that have been supplied with water from the underground lakes. The desert is by no means uninhabited. In the west are the Moors and Arabs, dwellers in tents, hospitable to their friends, but with no compassion upon their enemies. In the middle of the wilderness are the Tuaricks, who, in the fashion of the Barbary pirates, demand toll from all caravans crossing their country. In the east are the Tibbus, who live in fixed abodes, raise flocks and herds, and cultivate the ground. More than half of the Sahara belongs to France; the rest is held by Egypt, Morocco, Tripoli, and Spain.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER IN THE DESERT

[Latter part of nineteenth century]

BY GILBERT WATSON

LIGHTLY Biskra shook off the dreams of the tropical night. The white walls of her houses showed like blanched faces in the dawn — silent as fire-worshipers awaiting the sun. The fringe of palms facing the east stole on the sight, pale as phantoms, motionless, their drooping leaves awash with silver. Behind the town, the oasis massed itself in impenetrable obscurity. Far off, a neutral-tinted line spoke of the desert.

Day after day had this line beckoned to me, decking itself in elemental jewels like a siren seeking to please. And it was not only to the material eye that it appealed, but to that infinitely more subtle sense, the eye of imagination. That penciled line known as the horizon had been to me a daily source of wonder and speculation. Could I but reach it! Could I but see beyond it! What golden lands lost in sunlight might I not discover. A sense of mystery, almost of awe, as though one stood within the doors of some great cathedral, held anticipation breathless.

It is not that which we see in life, but that which we hope to see, that causes the heart to beat and the eyes to sparkle. To my ears the word "desert" sounded magical as did "fairyland" when I was a child; a name to conjure with, picturing forth a land full of delightful possibilities, a world of wonder shining in a heaven of dreams. And I was to see it at last!

Athman had proved himself an efficient organizer. I found myself master of three camels — two as mounts for my guide and myself, the third to be used exclusively for baggage. I beamed upon them with an air of happy proprietorship. To possess camels was to my mind a fall of fortune almost too good to be true. To be able to say "Come" and have three camels coming; and to be able to say "Go" and have three camels going, appeared to me the height of human bliss — envy itself could not reach higher. The only crumpled roseleaf in my bed of satisfaction lay in the fact that Abdullah, the real owner of my perambulating property, trudged in our rear, and also that the camels themselves appeared to regard me with considerable suspicion.

As we moved away, my thoughts reverted to my introduction to this new world, when on a beautiful afternoon, scarce a week ago, I had caught my first glimpse of the desert. It was an experience I was little likely to forget, and now that I was actually embarked on the high sea of sand, my memory rested on that salient moment with conscious pleasure. El-Kantara, the gateway to the desert, lay before me — the beautiful golden gate which many a traveler has delighted to extol. Behind, in the desolate valley, the hot metal of the gauge winks defiance to the African sun, — a sterile and unproductive land baring its nakedness to the day, — but in front, the semicircle of cliffs is rent in twain as though a Titan's axe had cleft their granite bones, leaving the wound a subject of marvel to all eternity. And, gazing through this giant gate over a blur of sunlit oasis, one sees the desert.

Another scene, too, connected inseparably with that

radiant afternoon returned to me. Standing in the river-bed of the Oued-Biskra with my back towards the desert I had looked northwards. Among the boulders that mirrored themselves in the stream were two Arab boys. Overhead, a palm tree bent above the water and gazed at itself in the little pools that lay arrested among the rocks. In the background the scene opened, not with the sheer abruptness, the brusque violence, of the cleft as seen from El-Kantara, but with a gentle suavity of introduction, leading the eye along shining waterways, between lines of palms, onwards, upwards, to where, in the blue of the distance, the hills slept in a mantle of sunbeams.

Slowly we left Biskra behind us. Life was beginning to awake in the drowsy streets, — a dog crept from under a clump of aloes, a child watched us from behind a cactus hedge, — while overhead in the clear spaces of the sky a band of swallows wheeled ceaselessly.

As we passed the Negro village we met an Arab mounted on a diminutive donkey, driving two other donkeys before him. As the twelve tiny hoofs pattered along the *mane*, the dust rose in dense clouds. It obscured the distance, it veiled the bamboo hedge, it shrouded the little party in a diaphanous mist of silver. There was something extremely dainty in the diminutive animals and their dusky owner. Seen thus in the dim light, they resembled silver-point drawings, mere indications of life, silhouettes sketched with a wet and speedy brush on a background of pearl.

Silently we stalked forward. The sponge-like feet of the camels and the sandals of the Arab passed inaudibly over the dusty ground. Gradually the desert opened out

before us. It dawned upon the sight from between faint headlands of verdure. To the right Alia and Filiah — two small oases — showed like islands of misty greenery floating in a sea of pale gray light. Volcanic rocks, suggesting the action of primeval fires, lay tossed around, interspersed with dwarf bushes powdered with silver dust. The camels avoided these obstacles with the leisurely grace of movement peculiar to them — swaying their long necks pendulously and placing their feet with care on the level ground between the ruts. The air was exquisitely cool and clear — its purity, freshness, and faint odor, as of thyme, breathed of infinite space. A sense of solemn expectancy pervaded the scene. In the far distance a herd of camels was to be observed. At times they appeared but as slowly moving dots, and at others they stood out hard and sharp against the skyline.

Once we met a family proceeding Biskra-wards. They attracted the eye from afar on account of the glint of color that focused attention. I gazed at them as we approached, gazed as we passed, turned in my saddle and gazed again as they receded into the distance. It seemed to me that I could not gaze my fill, that the time taken in the encounter was all too short to sear them upon my memory, so picturesquely did they stand out in trenchant contrast to their surroundings. Foremost came an Arab mounted on a donkey. He was clad in a burnous of a dirty gray color, the hood of which partially concealed his face. His long and naked legs dangled but a couple of inches above the dust of the road. He returned my stare with a look of utter indifference. Behind him paced a camel laden with sacks, cooking-utensils, and

baskets. Perched high upon these family gods were two semi-naked children clutching a couple of fowls. Over the camel's body, in lieu of a saddle-cloth, trailed a parti-colored sheet of alternate red and yellow stripes. In the rear plodded a woman dressed in an orange robe, a baby bound upon her back. When we were come within a few yards of her she raised her head. Her eyes fell on us with a dull, unmeaning stare, as though she had long since ceased to take interest in objects beyond the pale of her sad and sordid life. She gave us but a fleeting glance to enable her to avoid us, then her eyes dropped again to the dust. She was unveiled and of pitiable plainness; a face old before its time, seamed with many wrinkles. She walked with a limp; one naked foot, partially covered with a bandage, showed signs of blood, and her air was the air of one both despondent and weary. The child upon her back wailed, but she had no time to still its cries, for already the steady advance of the animals had left her many yards behind. Slowly they crept into the distance, the donkey picking its way daintily among the ruts, the camel with stately motion and outstretched neck, the woman limping with bent back and downcast eyes.

The sun rose and deluged the plains with light. Barely had his upper rim showed in a line of fire above the horizon than at a cry from their master the camels came to a standstill. The man strode forward and hanging on to the neck of Athman's mount brought the animal to its knees.

"It is the hour of prayer," said Athman.

I watched them as my camel cropped the *terebinth* shrubs by the wayside — watched them with a feeling of

alienation, conscious that from their spiritual world, from their inner life, I was indeed an outcast, destined to remain forever in an atmosphere of semi-comprehension.

Athman's love of finery revealed itself even in his devotions. He unfastened a parcel from behind his saddle which, when unrolled, proved to be a small praying-rug. This he spread on the ground — not on the track where the dust lay deep, but on the higher and firmer ground among the shrubs. Discarding his burnous and kicking off his yellow slippers, he stepped in his white socks on to the mat and stood erect. At the distance of a couple of yards, with naked feet, stood Abdullah. The contrast between them was striking. The one with dark, rough-hewn face and splendid figure, the other with fine Arab features, his weather-worn frame gaunt to emaciation — the one in a pale-mauve costume lined with crimson, his jacket stiff with embroidery and bright with rows of glass buttons, the other covered only with a gray burnous ragged and dirty beyond words.

I watched them prostrating themselves until their foreheads touched the ground, rising to their full height, prostrating themselves anew, and gave ear to the subdued sounds of prayer flowing ceaselessly from their lips.

The sun circled ever higher. His beams fell full on the two men and flung their shadows far across the dust of the track. The red lining of Athman's jacket glowed like a thing of flame. Near by, the camels waited in attitudes of inimitable patience.

There was something singularly impressive in the simplicity of their devotions. The absence of self-consciousness; the unfeigned earnestness; the force of long

habit that concentrated attention upon a set form of words, accompanied by a set form of movements — all were calculated to strike the least observant. These men, insignificant in themselves, were yet part of a spiritual power so mighty as to ring the world with prayer.

El Islam was awake. At that selfsame hour, far beyond our vision, over leagues of untraversed space, countless voices were raised in supplication, countless eyes were turned with longing to the radiant east — the site of the Holy City, symbolized perchance within simple minds by the invariable brightness and majesty of the rising sun.

From populous cities, from obscure villages, from oases lost in the Sahara, from caravans far out in the desert — the cry was still the same, "Allah!"

"Allah!" It rose and fell. The melodiousness of the word lulled the mind. It soothed the soul. It whispered of divine protection. Was it not the angel of Hope fluttering her rainbow wings, even within the sanctuary of the Spirit?

"Allah!" It came again, stealing through the sunlight, vibrating around us in waves of sound. We were no longer alone. All the little voices of the desert awoke into praise. It was as if a thrill of gladness ran through the weary earth. There was a joyous presence in the morning that made itself felt — that stirred the heart to worship. Of their own accord my lips, too, framed the universal prayer. "Allah!" I murmured, "Allah Akbar! Allah il Allah! Yes, truly, God is great."

THE OASIS OF THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER

[Latter part of nineteenth century]

BY GILBERT WATSON

ATHMAN was in a state of high excitement. We were due to arrive at the oasis of his great-grandfather in the course of an hour.

It was the second day after our departure from Maghier. We had camped on the preceding night at Nza Ben Rzig — which, being interpreted, signifies the place where Ben Rzig died. Who the temporary possessor of this name had been, or what he had done to merit renown, Athman was unable to inform me. My charitable guide, however, was fully convinced that the deceased gentleman had passed a life of the greatest sanctity, and was in every way worthy of the candle which we presented to his tomb.

The ground over which we passed was sacred soil in the eyes of Athman. Not a hill, heaving itself out of the dun monotony, but held memories for him. Not a village, or clump of palms shimmering in the glare, but whispered to him of the past. A tiny oasis, called "The Mother of the Falcons," was pointed out to me with great pride, as belonging to a distant relative; a place where he, Athman, had spent many happy days. A well in the desert, known as "Ain Kerna," or "The Well of the Fig Tree," was hailed with ejaculations of affection, which, be it confessed, came perilously near to tears when he discovered that the familiar fig tree was no more.

It was, however, upon his home — the oasis of Zaouiet Ribah — that Athman lavished the pent-up tenderness of his heart.

"O Sidi!" he cried, "to think that in one little hour I shall see it again — the dear oasis that I remember so well. Ah, it is beautiful — but so beautiful! Imagine to yourself the dome of the holy tomb, as it were a bubble of camel's milk floating in the air; and behind, the fresh green of the palms. Ah, my great-grandfather's palms —"

"You call them his still, Athman?"

"But certainly, Sidi, since they belonged to him."

"But he has been dead so long."

"It matters not," he gesticulated with animation. "They are still his. Listen; I will tell you the story of them. When my great-gradfnather died he left many palms, for he was rich, and this was what he said: 'I leave all my palm trees, firstly — to the upkeep of my tomb; secondly — to give hospitality to strangers.' Sidi, these were his very words. Oh, it is a beautiful idea — although dead, he still feeds the hungry. How kind that is! how like my great-grandfather!"

Athman's face glowed — his voice rang with enthusiasm.

In a little while he spied the oasis. Unrest seized him. Nothing would do but that he must dismount and assist Abdullah to urge on the baggage-camel, who, it must be confessed, was inconsiderately lazy that morning. When that unaccountable animal utterly refused to quicken her steps — having no such incentive to exertion as an expectant tomb — he was all for mounting again, being convinced that were he but perched aloft

as before, he could effectively spur the progress of the party.

Then, as though to pass the lazy-pacing time, he took to feverishly counting on his fingers.

"*Un, deux, trois,*" etc. But every time he reached the number five, he stopped and scratched his head. In answer to an inquiry, he replied: —

"My presents, Sidi, my presents. Oh, I hope I have enough!"

"Presents!" I ejaculated. "What presents?"

He turned on me a reproachful eye.

"For my relations, of course; I hope I have forgotten no one; it would be sad to forget even a little one of whose birth I knew nothing."

He groped in the hood of his burnous, and drew from thence a parcel. Opening this, he submitted the contents to my inspection.

"Is n't that pretty?" — He held a tiny looking-glass at arm's-length. It was circular — set in red leather; — a flap covered the glass. I expressed unqualified approval. Athman was delighted.

"It is for my aunt," he chuckled with gusto. "How she will cry out with joy when she raises this flap and sees her own face. And this! and this! and this!" One after another he dangled before my eyes a variety of articles; a bag of camel's skin, covered with cheerful embroidery; a chain of beads, that absolutely winked in the morning sun; a charm for the cure of stomach-ache, wrapped in emerald green silk, of so delightfully mysterious a nature that even to see it was to be seized with longing to explore its philanthropical contents.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"I should think so," he assented, nodding his head gravely. "I know they are beautiful, because I am sorry to part with them."

We were by this time come to within a short distance of the oasis. Among the palm trees, the dome of a *marabout's* tomb was to be seen. Covered with the usual whitewash, it shone conspicuous in the sunshine. Athman had become silent, but his parted lips and active eyes told of the feelings that glowed within him.

"They are perhaps working in the fields," he said at length; his voice scarce raised above a whisper. Even as he spoke, I caught sight of a man engaged in irrigation. A primitive hoe was in his hand; his *haïk* was kilted round his waist; his naked feet splashed in the muddy water. Athman, shielding his eyes from the sun, gazed at him intently.

"It is Aouïmer," he cried in delight. "Hola! Aouïmer! Aouïmer!"

The man, quitting the little patch below the palms, sprang to the pathway. The hoe fell from his hands — he stared at us open-mouthed, like one who sees a ghost.

"*Alouï!*" he screamed. And without another word he wheeled where he stood, and set off running towards the village.

Athman laughed aloud.

"He is my cousin," he explained in a voice tremulous with satisfaction. "He has gone to tell them that I am here. But how he has grown! I would not have believed it. Did you see his beard? Ah, he is a fine fellow. That is his garden! What healthy trees! Yes; he was always a worker. O Sidi! is it not all beautiful? Did not I tell you true? *Mon Dieu!* how slow these camels are! I

long to be there. Quicker! quicker!" And leaning down he beat the animal's neck with his open palm.

Gently we swayed along the narrow pathway. On either hand we were shut in by mud walls topped with the prickly points of palm leaves. Before we had gone far, the village came into sight. At the same time cries were heard, and a crowd of men came racing to meet us. Athman was out of his saddle in a twinkling. The crowd surrounded him with glad shouts of welcome. They caught at his hands — at his burnous — and, when that fell off, at his *haïk*. Not a soul but clamored for his attention. All spoke at once — no one waited for a reply. The noise was deafening. Athman was tossed among them like a cork on an agitated sea. But — he enjoyed it. His black face turned this way and that, radiating happiness. He kissed one — embraced another — reached an enthusiastic arm over three intervening shoulders, and clasped hands with a third. Joy was universal — it was, indeed, a red-letter day for the tribe of Ben Salah.

At length we turned our steps villagewards. Athman, surrounded by relatives, walked in front. An old man leaned upon his shoulder — Aouïmer still retained possession of his hand. Hemming him in, marched others, listening open-mouthed to his words, and replying in chorus to his eager questions. Hovering upon the outskirts of the procession were children in a state of excitement and nudity. These little people listened for the sound of his voice, which, when heard, so filled them with joy that they felt themselves forced to turn somersaults in the dust. Even Abdullah joined the ranks of admirers. The camels and I followed modestly in the rear.

My tent had been pitched as usual beneath palm trees on the outskirts of the village. Seated within it I awaited the return of Athman. Zaouiat Ribah had received him unto itself. The narrow lane that plunged into the labyrinth of mud huts had swallowed, not only my popular guide but the entire crowd as well. The camels and I were forgotten. These patient animals, hobbled for the night, stood disconsolately each on three legs, more than ever persuaded that times were out of joint and that the terrestrial globe was by no means a planet fitted for the habitation of camels.

The scene was deeply penetrated with the sentiment that haunts the approach of night. Across the tender spaces of sky flew flocks of little birds. They came from the desert in search of the water that lay beneath the palm trees. As they passed overhead I could hear their glad twittering and the rhythmic beating of their wings. Other sounds, too, broke upon the ear. From somewhere deep within the oasis came the noise of a camel's roar. The weird, melancholy cry stirred into consciousness strange feelings connected with far-away lands, it voiced all that was unfamiliar in my surroundings. Suddenly the beating of a drum attracted my attention. It came from the direction of the village. Feverishly it throbbed — ceased — then throbbed again. As I listened to it, a laborer passed silently on naked feet. His coarse *haïk* kilted to his knees revealed the naked brown of his limbs. The level sunlight splashed him with stains of fugitive color. For a time the scene before me was radiant with luminous green and gold, steeped in transient glory in which the stems of the many palm trees glowed like flames in a dark sanctuary of shadow. Then, all at

once, everything grew wan and gray. A veil of mystery fell from the sky. Only on the far horizon over dim spaces of desert a thin line of light told of the sun.

The sound of flying footsteps aroused me. It was Athman. Breathlessly he burst into the tent.

"O Sidi," he panted, "come quickly."

"Where, Athman?"

"To the village, of course. There is a feast to-night in my honor."

His manner was full of self-importance.

"Come, Sidi, come," he entreated, holding the tent flap open to its widest. "I have told of your great kindness to me. My uncle desires to thank you himself. All my relations will be present, also many friends. I wish to present them to you. I have told them that you are a prince in your own country."

"A prince!" I cried aghast.

Athman chuckled at my surprise.

"But certainly, Sidi, they are ignorant people; it is necessary to impress them. They will do you much honor. Besides, if they think you are a prince, they will be very pleased that I am your guide. And, moreover, the feast— Oh, *mon Dieu!* that is worth seeing. The women and children are making *cous-cous* now. Many fowls are to be killed. Then, Sidi, there is a Negro from the South, a black man with a droll turban and a drum. It is most fortunate that he is here to-day. He will make you die of laughing, for when he beats his drum he dances and sings all at the same time. He is doing it now; we were all looking at him in the street in front of my uncle's house. Oh, please come, Sidi, he may have finished by the time we get back."

I shook my head. Despite the heartiness of the invitation, I made up my mind to refuse. The presence of a stranger, however well intentioned, could not but impart a touch of restraint to so purely domestic a gathering. They would, I felt assured, enjoy themselves better without me.

For long Athman combated my resolution, but I was not to be persuaded. At last he desisted, and reluctantly bade me good-night.

"You have everything that you wish for, Sidi?" His eyes roamed round the tent. The firewood stood ready; my saddle-bags lay open to my hand.

"Everything, Athman. Good-night, and enjoy yourself."

His impatience to rejoin the merry-makers was very visible; still, for a moment he lingered.

"I wish much that you would come, Sidi. The Negro is really very funny. And I shall not be able to return here when the feast is over."

"You sleep in the village to-night, then?"

"No, no, to-night I do not sleep at all. To-night I watch and pray. Watch and pray." He repeated the words solemnly, eyeing me at the same time as though he hoped that I was duly impressed. "Yes, Sidi, to-night I burn many candles at the holy tomb of my great-grandfather. It is an occasion I have looked forward to for many years. It may be that God will forgive my sins on account of his great holiness."

His voice sank to a whisper of veneration; his open palm pressed his forehead — then, recovering his wonted manner, he bade me good-night and ran at full speed towards the village.

THE MUSIC OF THE DESERT

[Latter part of nineteenth century]

BY GILBERT WATSON

THE long afternoon was drawing to a close. The sun was on the point of leaving us. In half an hour it would be dark, for in these lands of the South there is but little afterglow. No lingering twilight drains the life-blood, drop by crimson drop, from out the veins of day. She is radiant, smiling, to the last golden moment — then, of a sudden, she swoons. The sun-god has her in his clutches. His burning arms are around her. In fiery haste he plunges with her behind the dark horizon. For a minute there is an agony of dying color — far continents leap into flame; then, peace; for lo! a star already twinkles in the sky.

And what is even more remarkable is the silence. In Northern lands there are so many audible indications of approaching night. But in the desert — nothing. The tyrant sun has killed all sound; beaten it down with fierce, reiterated blows until it lies as lifeless as the sand. The silence is deep — unbroken. It enters into your bones; it weighs upon your spirits; it becomes a living presence, a power to be reckoned with.

Slowly we climbed rise after rise, and wound our way into the intervening valleys. The track had ceased to be a road; the ruts of wheels had stopped at Sidi Okba, and only a stony channel such as might well be mistaken for a water-course remained to indicate our line of march.

THE MUSIC OF THE DESERT

The monotony was unbroken, yet it was full of fascination. The sun, sinking slowly, still deluged the world with light; the wind still swept over the wide expanse; the sand still drifted like golden smoke across our track.

Suddenly I was awakened out of a brown study by the sound of Athman's flute. The dying sunlight streaming past me fell full upon him. His blue burnous, fallen from his shoulders, draped the hind-quarters of his camel. The scarlet lining of his jacket and the warm red of his fez glowed hot in the sun. His eyelids, semi-closed, revealed the dreaming blackness of his eyes. Mechanically his fingers moved over the stops.

The air which he played fascinated me. It was wild, barbaric, unfamiliar, full of unexpected turns and sudden inexplicable changes. Heard thus, as we swayed through the sunset, it unconsciously associated itself in the listener's mind, not only with the forms of things visible, but also with the influence of things unseen. There were notes of invitation, low, inarticulate calls, that were the voice of the horizon; there were breathless gasps, sound beaten down by exhaustion, that suggested weary marches over desert sands; there were passages full of dreams that whispered of longing for that which always lay beyond.

And through it all, linking sound to sound, ran a thrill of emotion, a soft but imperative call that reminded one of spring.

With a smile at my too vivid fancy, I essayed to curb my imagination, to think of the music but as an assemblage of unmeaning sounds. The effort was unsuccessful.

"What music is that?" I asked in a low voice.

"It is the music of the dancing-girls, Sidi. But not of

Biskra; no, of the Far South — *dans le désert du grand Sahara.*"

His words chimed well with the melody. Instinctively I strained my eyes towards the south. There, where sky and desert met in a golden haze, my thoughts flew like homing birds into the unknown. How full of fascination it seemed! How impregnated with mystery! How alluring! How barbaric! Might it not be, as Athman suggested, the birthplace of passion hot and unrestrained as its sun?

"I learned it long ago, Sidi," — he paused to jerk his camel from a bush; "I have never forgotten it. I love it for its own sake, not because it reminds me of dancing-girls. They bore me. You are surprised, Sidi? You think: 'An Arab, and not to love dancing-girls!' But it is true. My friend Hamel who is dead mocked me often. But, you understand, I am a poet." He drew himself up with a gesture of much dignity. "Fatma, for example, was beautiful; but there was no imagination in her dancing, no grace — only contortions. Now this —" He played a bar with expression that was all but passionate. "This is altogether different. This excites me."

"Did n't Fatma dance to that air?" I asked.

"No, Sidi, never. Her music was quite ordinary; what one may hear any day in the cafés. I have never seen any one dance to this music. I sometimes think it is lost."

"Lost?" I cried.

"But, yes, perhaps I am the only one who can play it now. Who knows? An aged man taught it to me under the palms of Zaouiat Ribah. He came from the South. Unexpectedly he came out of the desert, and unexpect-

edly he went back to it. No one knew aught of him. He told me that this music was an old, old air, born in the sun — but long ago, when the world was young. Beautiful women have danced to it, but they are all dead. To dance as one should to this music one should have feet light as moonbeams and a soul full of melody, and, *voyez-vous ?* such a woman is difficult to find. The old man feared that it would die, it was so very old. So, finding that I could play on the flute, he taught it to me. Then one morning he went away towards the South. I watched him go with tears in my eyes. He never came back. No; I looked for him often when the sun sank behind the palms, but I never saw him again — never."

Athman sighed. A small brown bird flew unexpectedly from under a bush. His camel raised a startled head and snarled faintly. Again Athman turned to me.

"Sidi," he cried in a voice of enthusiasm, "how I wish you had heard him. He played! Ah, yes, he played! It was like water running in moonlight. Your soul ran with it. I, do you see, I play. I amuse myself with the flute; but it is a bagatelle — a nothing! *Pouf!*"

He blew on his bunched finger-tips as though he were blowing a feather into the air. Then becoming serious, he waved an arm towards the South.

"It is strange," he murmured half to himself, "this music; one would say that it has a soul — the soul of the desert; not here, but there, far away, *là bas, au sud.* Yes, that is it; to me it is the Voice of the South."

I started. How strange it seemed to hear my unspoken thoughts returning to me from Athman's lips. His words awoke memories. I, too, had felt something of the feelings that swayed him. I, too, had heard the selfsame

voice luring me ever farther towards the South, as though it were a living presence, a something tangible, a hand drawing one irresistibly sunwards.

I had all but forgotten my surroundings when they snatched me back from dreamland by a strain of music. I started in amazement; yet there was no mistaking the sounds. It was the music of the Southern dancing-girls — the music that Athman loved. I listened, wondering. How often had I heard it — on the march — in the camp beneath the palms — in the night watches. It seemed strange to hear it in this café, played by other fingers, for I associated it with Athman, and had come to look upon it as peculiarly his own.

His hand clutched my arm.

"Sidi!" he cried. "You hear! You hear! My music!"

His face shone with excitement; his eyes expressed wonder and pleasure. With his disengaged hand he kept time to the melody. I turned to the orchestra. The tom-tom players were still there, but the Negro had given place to an old man. He was seated cross-legged on the dais, a little in advance of the other musicians. He had the air of a wizard. His turban and robes were black, and presented a striking contrast to his silvery hair and thin white beard. Age had set her seal on him in many wrinkles, in shrunken frame and toothless gums; but the fire of enthusiasm burned still within his eyes, deep-sunken though they were and overshadowed by eyebrows coarse and white as frosted thatch. His hands twitching on the stops of the flute resembled vultures' claws. It was plain to the least observant that his whole

being lived and breathed in the music. At times he swayed violently in sudden jerks as though shaken by strong, invisible hands.

"*Mon dieu!* it is he!" exclaimed Athman.

"Who?" I demanded; but even as I spoke, I remembered. This could be none other than the old man who had taught Athman the melody under the palms of Zaouiat Ribah, long ago — the old man whom he had fancied dead, because he had lost sight of him during the busy days at Biskra. How strange that they should meet here, at Tougourt, after the lapse of so many years. I was about to speak again when a woman appeared in the doorway, and in the interest which she created the words died upon my lips.

She stood framed between the palm-tree logs — motionless — the light of the torches flashing upon her; the starlight, seen above and beyond, encircling her head in a faint white radiance; then as the flute screamed a wild and imperious note of invitation, she moved slowly forward. The Arabs seated in dusky rows turned to watch her. Their faces betrayed deep but dignified interest. Two chess-players ceased their game. One of them pushed the board away with his naked toes, resettled his turban upon his head, and leaned against the wall. His eyes were semi-closed, but singularly alert; they resembled the eyes of a cat watching a mouse. A spahi, seated on a bench at a little distance, paused in the act of raising his coffee-cup to his lips, and drew his comrade's attention to her with a gesture.

One man alone spoke to her. He was standing within the shadow-margin of the door, but as she passed he stepped into the light, and I knew him for a Bedouin —

a wild-looking figure clad in rags. In spite of the dissimilarity of costume there was that in the general characteristics of both man and woman that told of a common origin, and I found myself wondering if they were members of the same desert tribe.

As she passed he spoke to her rapidly, almost with ferocity. I caught the glitter of his teeth. She answered with a gesture, of little moment, for her expression did not alter, neither did she pause. The man stood for a second motionless, petrified, gazing after her with the eyes of a dumb animal quivering under a blow. Then, tossing his arms above his head, he slunk once more into shadow.

The old man seated on the dais caught sight of her. His eyes glowed with extraordinary fire; his meager body swayed violently; his music sprang to fresh life. A number of wild notes made themselves heard, cried out, screamed with insistent clamor, passed and repassed as it were before our eyes; now singly, now together; uneasy, restless, hungering, impatient, as caged animals waiting to be fed. The tom-toms throbbed in unison, monotonous and muffled, yet quick and breathless, as though the wild music had a heart whose beating could not be stilled by the passion in its voice.

The stir of expectation increased. It passed over the spectators as a gasp of desert wind passes over sultry sand. Conversation ceased; coffee-cups were set down, and two of the dancing-girls whose voices had been raised in altercation were admonished angrily by the Negro proprietor.

The woman paused at the far end of the hall, turned to the vacant space across which she had but that

moment moved, and raised her arms above her head in the attitude of one who listens. Her appearance evaded description. Yet, though her wild beauty baffled words, it remained in the watcher's mind — an imperishable memory. One trait alone, more definite than the others, occurs to me now — gracefulness. Every movement told of physical perfection, of faultless balance, of beautiful limbs obedient to an unerring sense of rhythm. To watch her was a pleasure akin to watching wind-blown grass, or waves dancing in the sunlight. She wore many ornaments — her slender wrists and ankles were encircled with bands of massive silver. Upon her head there rested a small golden crown, and depending from her neck were chains of golden coins. Her costume was savage in its lust for bright colors — in its scarlet, and green, and gold; yet seen thus in the yellow light against the dusky background and surrounded on all sides by silent sheeted figures, it struck home to a sense of appropriateness. Not otherwise could one imagine her; the effect was barbaric — but it was Africa.

The flute cried to her with angry impatience. She began to dance. Her movements were sinuous and slow; the flexibility of her body was remarkable. The performance was full of beauty, yet it was a beauty that verged upon the uncanny. One felt as though this gliding, undulating figure were half-snake, half-woman, holding her audience spellbound by the force of supernatural charms.

Her dancing differed wholly from that of the dancer who had preceded her. Here were no contortions, no jerking of the muscles, no posturing that offended the taste; and yet in the very refinement of her attitudes lay

danger — a danger more subtle in that it was more cunningly veiled than that of her companion. And yet with all her powers of seduction she was no free agent, for one saw clearly that she was thrall to the music. Like the aged musician, she too lived but in this song of the South — this soul of the sun made audible. It dominated her completely; now sending her forth — now summoning her back — enmeshing her in melody — whispering to her in breathless notes — calling to her in low seductive tones irresponsible as the first echoes of desire.

Her naked feet passed inaudibly over the mud floor. Her hands riveted attention. They were small, with tapering fingers, the nails dyed bright red with henna. She held them before her at arm's-length, on a level with her eyes. They were never at rest, but turned and twisted ceaselessly, almost as though they were the hands of a swimmer cleaving deep water. At times they trembled — the fingers opening and closing convulsively; and again becoming rigid they resumed their former monotonous movements. The dancer followed them with the air of one walking in her sleep, or like one blinded by excess of light. Her face heightened the illusion. The eyes were open but were sphinx-like in their arrested expression; the features composed, the mouth quiet. It was impossible to tell her thoughts.

While she danced, the café was very still. The Arabs sat like dead men save for the gleaming of their eyes. The place was animated only by the lights, the music, and the dreaming figure that came and went silent as the shadow at its feet.

A sudden movement at my side drew my attention to Athman. He was leaning forward, his clasped hands

pinned between his knees. The torchlight fell upon his face. It was strangely moved. His lips, slightly parted, revealed the glitter of white teeth. His eyes followed the dancer's every movement with an expression that was half wonder, half fear, yet wholly fascination. Every line of his body bespoke tense, absorbing interest. He sat like a man under a spell. One would say that he had ceased to breathe. Our companions conversed, but he heard them not.

"By the Prophet, she dances well," murmured Si-Abdelmoummen languidly.

"Ugh!" grunted Mbarka, sucking at her cigarette; her voice grated on the ear like the cry of an angry jay. "Ugh! Call you that well? That is no dancing. A child could do better. Now I —"

"Silence!" cried a voice, and a stout Arab seated near a pillar turned a reproving face in our direction. Mbarka grunted again, tossed her head in defiance, then bidding us an ostentatious farewell, waddled through the inner doorway. Again I turned to the dancer.

The music had undergone a change — more than ever before it breathed of sunlit space, of freedom, of wandering lives, of the love of desert winds and desert suns — the indelible birthmark — seared deep within the heart of desert children. And as the music beat its invisible wings against the doors of imagination there dawned within the listener's mind the possibility of understanding all — of becoming one for a time with the soul of mystery, of loneliness, and of light that lies far within the heart of the African sun.

The dancer responded to the change. Her movements became languid. Her hands, held ever at arm's-length,

yearned towards this mirage of sound. Her naked feet essayed to follow. Her eyes were fixed on the mud and plaster walls, but she did not see them. She gazed beyond. For her this café, with its sordid entertainment, its guttering lights, its atmosphere of unwashed humanity, was as though it were not. Her eyes — her wonderful dark eyes, kohl-encircled, inscrutable, wells of sultry light, depths of dreaming shadow — rested on something which we could not see, which we could only surmise to be one with the music; something far off, lost in the great quiet night that hemmed us in with its silence and its stars.

And as the eyes followed her, one idea — vague, elusive, yet becoming every moment clearer, more insistent — grew within the watcher's mind. *The Desert!* Aye, that was it. This woman was the personification of the desert. Her dance was its mystery made visible. She suggested to the imagination all that one loved and feared in its illimitable spaces. In her one realized the existence of the same beauty, the same impassivity, the same sinister possibilities.

Abruptly the music ceased. A wave of relaxed attention, as of a taut bow-string suddenly released, passed over the café. The Arabs resettled themselves in postures of greater ease; some called for coffee, some resumed interrupted conversations, and the two chess-players turned again to their game. From the dancing-girls' bench came the sound of giggling — a shrill, inane noise. The old musician seated on the dais stared round him with wide, unseeing eyes. He had the helpless air of one snatched suddenly from dreamland. All at once he sprang to his feet, hobbled rapidly towards the door,

and disappeared into the moonlight of the court. The voice of the Negro made itself heard above the buzz of conversation; its tones were angry and loud. He was apparently scolding a servant. The light splashed the ugly walls with great gouts of uncertain color. It gave birth to a yellow haze, through which the café and its crowd of occupants wavered like the world in a drunkard's eye. The atmosphere reeked with the fumes of torches and the fetid odor of perspiration, mingling with the subtle scent of musk that carried the imagination captive with its suggestions of far-off land.

"How like you Aïsha?" inquired the soft, languid voice of Si-Abdelmoummen. I turned to him. He had addressed the question to Athman.

"Aïsha!" said my guide. He spoke in a wondering whisper. Between his lips the Southern name sounded soft as a caress. His eyes were still riveted on the dancer who had now begun to collect money from the Arabs.

"But certainly," continued his friend, still speaking in the French language, "she is a novelty. I have seen many dancers, as thou knowest, but never one like her. She has not been here long. They tell me she comes from far south — from the Great Sahara. No one knows whence she comes, or what is the name of her tribe. She came here unexpectedly one night with a caravan of Bedouins, accompanied by an old man. But did you say you liked her?"

Athman muttered something under his breath. I did not catch the words, but his tone sounded full of suppressed impatience, as though he were annoyed with this soft, self-satisfied voice for breaking the engrossing current of his thoughts.

The dancer came nearer. Already several pieces of silver adhered to her forehead — attached thereto, as is the Arab custom, by the saliva of the donors. The white metal glittered like stars against the warm brown of her skin. Her movements were still suggestive of the gliding sinuosities of a snake, or the stealthy grace of a panther. As she walked she swayed slightly from the hips. An air of voluptuous indolence surrounded her like an atmosphere. The long chains of golden coins depending from her neck swung to her every movement. The crown surmounting her black hair flashed in the torchlight; it gave her a regal appearance, as though she were some desert queen exacting tribute from her subjects. Against the dirty plaster of the walls and the nondescript grays of the Arabs, her bright costume glowed like a tropical flower — a thing of hot color and intoxicating perfume.

She reached Athman. Slowly she bent her head and looked him full in the eyes. With a hand that trembled visibly my guide added his offering to those already attached to her forehead.

Her face held me breathless. The music-spell had fallen from it like a discarded mask, and had given place to an alert, appraising vigilance that caused her eyes to gleam bright yet hard as sunlit steel.

It was difficult to judge this woman dispassionately. Her beauty and marvelous grace unconsciously influenced the mind in her favor. Yet as I looked into her face, admiration gave place to a feeling that was almost aversion, vague, uneasy, unaccountable, caused perchance by the utter callousness of her expression and the absence of all the softer qualities that make for feminine charm.

We sat silent, watching her as she glided between the rows of Arabs. The scarlet and gold of her draperies receded into the yellow haze — paused an instant where the torchlight fell upon the vacant space by the doorway, then passed out into the night.

WESTERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA

I

UNVEILING THE DARK CONTINENT

HISTORICAL NOTE

THERE have been three distinct periods of interest in the exploration of Africa. The first began with the efforts of Prince Henry the Navigator, of Portugal. He sent one expedition after another down the western coast, and in 1448 a Portuguese company was formed for trading in slaves and gold on the coast of Guinea. Just fifty years later, Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, sailed up the eastern coast of the great continent, then went across to India, and anchored off Calicut.

In the second half of the eighteenth century a Scotchman named James Bruce, who had been British consul at Algiers, set out to look for the source of the Nile. On reaching the head of the Blue Nile, he concluded that his quest had been successful and returned to Cairo in 1773. His story aroused much interest, and fifteen years later an association to explore Africa was formed. By this association Mungo Park was sent out to find the Niger. He succeeded, but on a second trip he was drowned.

During the third period, beginning about the middle of the nineteenth century, the exploration of Africa has been undertaken not so much for adventure or to carry on trade as to gain scientific knowledge of the land. The most famous of the explorers of this time was Livingstone, though the names of Barth, Speke, Sir Samuel Baker, Du Chaillu, and others are well-known. After making numerous discoveries, Livingstone disappeared, and no one knew whether he was living or dead. The New York "Herald" sent Henry M. Stanley to search for him. The search was successful, and in 1871 the two men met. Stanley went on several other expeditions to Africa, at one time remaining five years. Since then the interior has been thoroughly explored in all directions, and a "Cape to Cairo" railroad, crossing Africa from north to south, is now under construction.

WRITING A CHARM

[About 1795]

BY MUNGO PARK

I TRAVELED by the side of the river until sunset, when I came to Koolikorro, a considerable town and a great market for salt. Here I took up my lodging at the house of a Bambarran, who had formerly been the slave of a Moor, and in that character had traveled to Aroan, Towdinni, and many other places in the Great Desert; but turning Mussulman, and his master dying at Jenne, he obtained his freedom, and settled at this place, where he carries on a considerable trade in salt, cotton cloth, etc. His knowledge of the world had not lessened that superstitious confidence in *saphies* (amulets) and charms which he had imbibed in his earlier years; for when he heard that I was a Christian, he immediately thought of procuring a *saphie*, and for this purpose brought out his *walha*, or writing-board — assuring me that he would dress me a supper of rice if I would write him a *saphie* to protect him from wicked men. The proposal was of too great consequence to me to be refused. I therefore wrote the board full, from top to bottom, on both sides; and my landlord, to be certain of having the whole force of the charm, washed the writing from the board into a calabash with a little water, and having said a few prayers over it, drank this powerful draught; after which, lest a single word should escape, he licked the board until it was quite dry. *A saphie* writer was a man

of too great consequence to be long concealed — the important information was carried to the *dooty*, who sent his son with half a sheet of writing-paper, desiring me to write him a *naphula saphie* (a charm to procure wealth). He brought me as a present some bread and milk; and when I had finished the *saphie*, and read it to him with an audible voice, he seemed highly satisfied with his bargain, and promised to bring me in the morning some milk for my breakfast.

A ZEALOUS MISSIONARY

[About 1795]

BY MUNGO PARK

THE King of Foota-Torra, inflamed with a zeal for propagating his religion, had sent an embassy to Damel. The ambassador on the present occasion was accompanied by two of the principal *bushreens*, who carried each a large knife, fixed on the top of a long pole. As soon as he had procured admission into the presence of Damel, and announced the pleasure of his sovereign, he ordered the *bushreens* to present the emblems of his mission. The two knives were accordingly laid before Damel, and the ambassador explained himself as follows: "With this knife," said he, "Abdulkader will condescend to shave the head of Damel, if Damel will embrace the Mohammedan faith; and with this other knife, Abdulkader will cut the throat of Damel, if Damel refuses to embrace it: take your choice."

Damel coolly told the ambassador that he had no choice to make — he neither chose to have his head shaved nor his throat cut; and with this answer the ambassador was civilly dismissed. Abdulkader took his measures accordingly, and with a powerful army invaded Damel's country. The inhabitants of the towns and villages filled up their wells, destroyed their provisions, carried off their effects, and abandoned their dwellings, as he approached. By this means he was led on from place to place, until he had advanced three days' jour-

ney into the country of the Jaloffs. He had, indeed, met with no opposition, but his army had suffered so much from the scarcity of water that several of his men had died by the way. This induced him to direct his march towards a watering-place in the woods, where his men, having quenched their thirst, and being overcome with fatigue, lay down carelessly to sleep among the bushes. In this situation they were attacked by Damel before daybreak, and completely routed. Many of them were trampled to death as they lay asleep, by the Jaloff horses; others were killed in attempting to make their escape; and a still greater number were taken prisoners.

Among the latter was Abdulkader himself. This ambitious, or rather frantic, prince, who but a month before had sent the threatening message to Damel, was now himself led into his presence as a miserable captive. The behavior of Damel on this occasion is never mentioned by the singing men but in terms of the highest approbation; and it was indeed so extraordinary in an African prince that the reader may find it difficult to give credit to the recital. When his royal prisoner was brought before him in irons, and thrown upon the ground, the magnanimous Damel, instead of setting his foot upon his neck and stabbing him with his spear, according to custom in such cases, addressed him as follows: "Abdulkader, answer me this question. If the chance of war had placed me in your situation, and you in mine, how would you have treated me?" "I would have thrust my spear into your heart," returned Abdulkader with great firmness; "and I know that a similar fate awaits me." "Not so," said Damel; "my spear is indeed red with the blood of your subjects slain in battle, and I could now give it a

deeper stain by dipping it in your own, but this would not build up my towns, nor bring to life the thousands who fell in the woods. I will not therefore kill you in cold blood, but I will retain you as my slave, until I perceive that your presence in your own kingdom will be no longer dangerous to your neighbors; and then I will consider of the proper way of disposing of you." Abdulkader was accordingly retained, and worked as a slave for three months; at the end of which period Damel listened to the solicitations of the inhabitants of Foota-Torra, and restored to them their king. Strange as this story may appear, I have no doubt of the truth of it. It was told me at Malacotta by the Negroes; it was afterwards related to me by the Europeans on the Gambia, by some of the French at Goree, and confirmed by nine slaves who were taken prisoners along with Abdulkader by the watering-place in the woods, and carried in the same ship with me to the West Indies.

A VISIT TO KING MOSELEKATSE

[1829]

BY ANNE MANNING RATHBONE

ONE day, towards the end of 1829, Moffat[1] received two very unexpected visitors. They were chiefs from the court of a mighty king in the far east, whose name was Moselekatse. He was quite beyond the range of ordinary travelers; but the rumor of his dark and terrible deeds had extended far beyond the precincts of the countries immediately surrounding his dominions, and he had heard somewhat of the white men, and wanted to know more about them.

These visitors were entirely destitute of clothing, and were surprised to find it considered necessary; but with the good breeding that is a true mark of high birth and real politeness, were immediately willing to adopt whatever was thought seemly for them. They were shown every mark of attention, which they received with a graceful ease that showed they were the nobles of the nation to which they belonged, though they dropped no hint of it themselves. Everything calculated to interest them was shown to them: the dwellings, the walls of the folds and gardens, the water-ditch, conveying a large stream of water from the river, and the smith's forge, filled them with admiration and astonishment, not of a vulgar, unintelligent kind, but of minds capable of appreciating what was shown and explained to them for the

[1] Robert Moffat, the well-known missionary.

first time. "You are men; we are but children to you," said they. "Moselekatse must be told of these things."

While standing in the hall of Moffat's house, looking at the strange furniture of a civilized abode, one of them observed a small looking-glass, on which he gazed with surprise and admiration. Mrs. Moffat put into his hand one which was considerably larger. He looked intently at his reflected countenance, and never having seen it before, supposed that it was one of his attendants on the other side, and abruptly put his hand behind it, telling him to be gone. But looking again at the same face, he cautiously turned it, and seeing nothing, he returned the glass with great gravity to Mrs. Moffat, saying that he could not trust it.

Nothing appeared to strike them so forcibly as the public worship in the chapel. They saw men behaving themselves with the utmost decorum, — mothers stilling their babes, or carrying them out if they cried, and children sitting perfectly still and silent. The order and fervor which pervaded the services bewildered their minds, and they were surprised that the hymns they heard sung were not war-songs.

These chiefs told Moffat that they were under considerable doubt of being able to return home in safety, as they had heard that the Bechuana tribes were plotting to waylay and destroy them; and they asked his advice. After consultation with Mrs. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton, he offered to accompany them as far as the Bahurutse country, from whence they could proceed without difficulty to their own land and people. The strangers most gratefully accepted this kind offer, their eyes glistening with delight. A wagon was hired for their accommoda-

tion, in addition to Moffat's own. The delightful results of Christian fellowship were apparent in the friendliness and generosity of the residents at the station, in offering little gifts as keepsakes to their visitors, whom, in their unconverted state, they could only have cursed in their hearts, and perhaps with their lips.

Having obtained a sufficient number of volunteers to accompany him on what some thought a very hazardous journey, Moffat started with his grateful friends on the 9th of November. Though the road had its perils from wild beasts, there were none from the natives.

Having safely conveyed his companions to the Bahurutsi, he was then about to take leave of them; but they so earnestly begged him to add to his kindness by accompanying them to their own country, that at length he consented.

The country through which they now traveled was quite different from that which they had left. It was mountainous and wooded, and had numerous streams of excellent water; but the surrounding stillness was often broken by the lion's roar.

Having reached the outposts of Moselekatse's dominions, Moffat was again purposing to return home; but the two chiefs arose, and Umbate, the elder of them, laid his right hand on his shoulder, and his left on his own breast, and said very earnestly, "My father, you have been our guardian. We are yours; and will you leave us? Yonder dwells the great Moselekatse; and how shall we approach his presence if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us: for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct gave you pain and induced your return; and before the sun goes down, we

shall be ordered for execution, because you are not with us. Look at me and my companion, and tell us, if you can, that you will not go, for we had better die here than in the sight of our people."

He argued, but to no effect.

"Are you afraid?" said the other.

"No," said Moffat.

"Then," pursued Umbate, "it remains with you to save our lives, and our wives and children from sorrow."

It must be owned that they were adepts in persuasion; and, in short, Moffat yielded, to their great joy as well as to that of his own attendants.

On the surface of the country through which they now traveled lay the ruins of innumerable towns, showing what disastrous wars must have raged to render them now without inhabitants. Heaps of stone and rubbish were mingled with human skulls, which told their ghastly tale. Passing over some hills to the right, they fell in, to their surprise, with Berend and a large hunting-party, — with whom had traveled a Wesleyan missionary named Archbell, who had gone on, three days before, to visit Moselekatse; who, however, had refused to see him.

On approaching the capital, one of the chiefs went forward to appear before the king, and pave the way for his companions. "There," said Umbate, pointing to the town, "dwells the great King Pezoolu (that is, King of Heaven) — the Elephant! the Lion's Paw!" with many other sounding titles.

Moffat, Mr. Archbell, and two others, mounted their horses, and rode direct to the town. On entering the great fold, which was capable of holding ten thousand

head of cattle, they were rather taken by surprise to find it lined by eight hundred warriors, besides two hundred who were concealed on each side of the entrance, as if in ambush. They were beckoned to dismount, which they did, holding the horses' bridles in their hands. The warriors of the gate instantly rushed in with hideous yells that frightened the horses, and then fell into rank with as much order as if they had been accustomed to European tactics. All was silent as the grave, while the men were motionless as statues; eyes only were seen to move, and there was a rich display of fine white teeth.

After some minutes of profound silence, the war-song burst forth. There was harmony, it is true, but of a terrific kind, especially when they imitated the groans of the dying and the yells and hissings of the conquerors. After another profound silence, during which the missionaries still stood at pause, out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came up to his visitors, and gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then turned to the food, which had been placed at their feet, and politely invited them to partake of it.

By this time the wagons appeared in the distance; and the missionaries having requested him to inform them where they should take up their quarters, he accompanied them, holding Moffat by the arm, though not in the most graceful way, yet with perfect ease and familiarity.

"The land is before you," said he heartily. "You are come to your son. You may sleep where you please."

When the "moving houses," as he called the wagons, drew near, he grasped Moffat's arm very tightly, and though himself the terror of thousands, looked on them with fear, as doubtful whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the wagons with the utmost caution, still holding Moffat with one hand, and laying the other on his mouth, in token of surprise. He examined them intently, especially the wheels, and could not think how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be all in one piece. Umbate stepped forward to explain.

"My eyes saw that very hand," said he, pointing to Moffat's, "cut those bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you see."

"Did he give medicine to the iron?" asked the king in surprise.

"No," replied Umbate; "he used nothing but fire, a hammer, and a chisel."

Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors, still standing as he had left them, received him with immense bursts of applause.

Moselekatse did not fail to supply his visitors abundantly with meat, milk, and a harmless kind of beer. He seemed desirous to please, and to appear to the best advantage. The following day he treated them to a grand public ball in their honor, and asked Moffat if he had seen anything to equal it in his own country.

He afterwards said to him, "My father, you have made my heart as white as milk. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before; but you love me more than my own people. You fed me

when I was hungry; you clothed me when I was naked; and" — taking Moffat's right arm in his hand — "that arm shielded me from my enemies. You did it to these two men, you clothed them, you fed them, you protected them — you did it unto me."

Thus ended the Saturday of this eventful week. The following morning was marked by a melancholy display of the so-called heroism which prefers death to dishonor.

The king gave a great feast. Many oxen had been slaughtered; everybody was merry except one of his chief officers, called an Entuna. This young man had been guilty of an unpardonable crime, and was sentenced to immediate death, by being thrown from a rock into a river full of crocodiles, which would devour him in an instant. There was not a tear in his bright black eye, but he looked very sad; while Moffat begged his life of the king. The Entuna knelt before him. Moselekatse said, while everybody listened in the deepest silence: —

"You are a dead man. But I shall do to-day what I never did before: I spare your life for the sake of my friend and father" — pointing to Moffat. "I know his heart weeps at the shedding of blood. For his sake, I spare your life. He has traveled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white. But he tells me that to take away life is an awful thing, and can never be repaired. I wish him, when he returns to his own home, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake; for I love him, and he has saved the lives of my people. But you must be degraded for life. You must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter into the assemblies of the princes of

the people. Go to the poor of the field; and let your companions henceforth be the inhabitants of the deserts."

The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was accustomed to look upon and exalt in songs only applicable to One to whom belongs universal dominion. But no! Holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied :—

"O king! afflict not my heart. I have merited thy displeasure: let me be slain like the warrior. I cannot live with the poor." And raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued: "How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honor which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty? No, I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!"

His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Moffat's exertions to save his life were in vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered; preferring to die with the honors he had won at the point of the spear, which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish. He was led forth, a man walking on each side, till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were waiting to devour him.

"THE MOUNTAIN WITH SEVERAL CAVES"

[1854]

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE

[LIVINGSTONE brought with him to the town of Loanda a party of the tribe known as Makololo. This was their first visit to a city.

The Editor.]

EVERY one remarked the serious deportment of the Makololo. They viewed the large stone houses and churches in the vicinity of the great ocean with awe. A house with two stories was, until now, beyond their comprehension. In explanation of this strange thing, I had always been obliged to use the word for hut; and as huts are constructed by the poles being let into the earth, they never could comprehend how the poles of one hut could be founded upon the roof of another, or how men could live in the upper story, with the conical roof of the lower one in the middle. Some Makololo who had visited my little house at Kolobeng, in trying to describe it to their countrymen at Linyanti, said, "It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several caves in it."

Commander Bedingfield and Captain Skene invited them to visit their vessels, the Pluto and Philomel. Knowing their fears, I told them that no one need go if he entertained the least suspicion of foul play. Nearly the whole party went; and when on deck, I pointed to the sailors and said, "Now, these are all my countrymen, sent by our queen for the purpose of putting down the

trade of those that buy and sell black men." They replied, "Truly! they are just like you!" and all their fears seemed to vanish at once, for they went forward among the men, and the jolly tars, acting much as the Makololo would have done in similar circumstances, handed them a share of the bread and beef which they had for dinner. The commander allowed them to fire off a cannon; and, having the most exalted ideas of its power, they were greatly pleased when I told them, "That is what they put down the slave-trade with." The size of the brig-of-war amazed them. "It is not a canoe at all; it is a town!" The sailors' deck they named the "Kotla"; and then, as a climax to their description of this great ark, added, "And what sort of a town is it that you must climb up into with a rope?"

A MAGIC LANTERN IN AFRICA

[1854]

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE

SHINTE was most anxious to see the pictures of the magic lantern; but fever had so weakening an effect, and I had such violent action of the heart, with buzzing in the ears, that I could not go for several days. When I did go for the purpose, he had his principal men and the same crowd of court beauties near him as at the reception. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac; it was shown as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad. The Balonda men remarked that the picture was much more like a god than the things of wood or clay they worshiped. I explained that this man was the first of a race to whom God had given the Bible we now held, and that among his children our Saviour appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe; but when I moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving toward them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. "Mother! mother!" all shouted at once, and off they rushed helter-skelter, tumbling pell-mell over each other, and over the little idol huts and tobacco bushes: we could not get one of them back again. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterward examined the instrument with interest.

THE ELECTRIC WIND OF THE DESERT

[1854]

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE

OCCASIONALLY, during the very hot seasons which succeed our winter and precede our rains, a hot wind blows over the desert from north to south. It feels somewhat as if it came from an oven, and seldom blows longer at a time than three days. It resembles in its effects the *harmattan* of the north of Africa, and at the time the missionaries first settled in the country, it came loaded with fine reddish-colored sand. Though no longer accompanied by sand, it is so devoid of moisture as to cause the wood of the best-seasoned English boxes and furniture to shrink, so that every wooden article not made in the country is warped. The verls of ramrods made in England are loosened, and on returning to Europe fastened again. This wind is in such an electric state that a bunch of ostrich feathers held a few seconds against it becomes as strongly charged as if attached to a powerful electrical machine, and clasps the advancing hand with a sharp, crackling sound.

When this hot wind is blowing, and even at other times, the peculiarly strong electrical state of the atmosphere causes the movement of a native in his *kaross* to produce therein a stream of small sparks. The first time I noticed this appearance was while a chief was traveling with me in my wagon. Seeing part of the fur of his mantle, which was exposed to slight friction by the move-

ment of the wagon, assume quite a luminous appearance, I rubbed it smartly with the hand, and found it readily gave out bright sparks, accompanied with distinct cracks. "Don't you see this?" said I. "The white men did not show us this," he replied; "we had it long before white men came into the country, we and our forefathers of old."

THE MERMAN MISSIONARY

[1854]

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Our friends informed us that Shinte would be highly honored by the presence of three white men in his town at once. Two others had sent forward notice of their approach from another quarter (the west); could it be Barth or Krapf? How pleasant to meet with Europeans in such an out-of-the-way region! The rush of thoughts made me almost forget my fever. "Are they of the same color as I am?" "Yes; exactly so." "And have the same hair?" "Is that hair? We thought it was a wig; we never saw the like before; this white man must be of the sort that lives in the sea." Henceforth my men took the hint, and always sounded my praises as a true specimen of the variety of white men who live in the sea. "Only look at his hair; it is made quite straight by the sea water!"

I explained to them again and again that, when it was said we came out of the sea, it did not mean that we came from beneath the water; but the fiction has been widely spread in the interior by the Mambari that the real white men live in the sea, and the myth was too good not to be taken advantage of by my companions; so, notwithstanding my injunctions, I believe that, when I was out of hearing, my men always represented themselves as led by a genuine merman: "Just see his hair!" If I returned from walking to a little distance, they

would remark of some to whom they had been holding forth, "These people want to see your hair."

As the strangers had woolly hair like themselves, I had to give up the idea of meeting anything more European than two half-caste Portuguese engaged in trading for slaves, ivory, and beeswax.

HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

[1871]

BY SIR HENRY M. STANLEY

[DAVID LIVINGSTONE was a celebrated African explorer and missionary. After many years in Africa, he was lost sight of, and it was generally believed that he was dead. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York "Herald," determined to send the young reporter, who was afterwards known as Sir Henry M. Stanley, in search of him. Mr. Bennett was then in Paris. Five hours after receiving his telegram, "Come to Paris on important business," Mr. Stanley was on his way to learn what was wanted of him. He arrived at night.

The Editor.]

I WENT straight to the Grand Hotel, and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"Come in," I heard a voice say.

Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Stanley," I answered.

"Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you."

After throwing over his shoulders his *robe-de-chambre*, Mr. Bennett asked, "Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir!"

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be and he may not be!" I answered.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him."

"What!" said I; "do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?"

"Yes; I mean that you shall go and find him, wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps" — delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately — "the old man may be in want: — take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best — BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!"

Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, "Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?"

"What will it cost?" he asked abruptly.

"Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3000 and £5000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2500."

"Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that draw another thousand, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and so on; BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE." Two years later, the following scene took place:—

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, —

"Good-morning, sir!"

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a

long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask: —

"Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," said he, smiling and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."

"Good-morning, sir," said another voice.

"Hallo," said I, "is this another one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"My name is Chumah, sir."

"What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is the Doctor well?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Where has he been so long?"

"In Manyuema."

"Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I am coming."

"Yes, sir," and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for, according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, "How did you come from Unyanyembe?"

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the Doctor that I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and, when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji — Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others — had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and the Doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the mean time, the head of the expedition had halted, and the *kirangozi* was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, "I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And I — what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, looked

wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob — would have embraced him, only he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing — walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said: —

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"YES," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud: —

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of "Yambos" I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we — Livingstone and I — turn our faces towards his *tembe*. He points to the veranda, or, rather, mud platform, under the broad, overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa have suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the Doctor will not yield: I must take it.

We are seated — the Doctor and I — with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji — one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of one another, such as: —

"How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time? — the world has believed you to be dead." Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the Doctor himself informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me — the knowledge I had craved for so much ever since I heard the words, "Take what you want, but find Livingstone."

II
ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

Du Chaillu had an exceedingly good preparation for his work as an African explorer, for he spent his youth on the West Coast of Africa, where his father was trader and consul. When only twenty years of age, he set out on an exploration of that part of West Africa lying between 2°N. and 2°S. He knew the native languages, and with only African helpers he traveled on foot more than eight thousand miles. He was probably the first white man who ever saw gorillas, and his reports of the behavior of these animals, and of the tribes of pygmies that he had met, — indeed, of the extent of his explorations in general, — were bitterly attacked. Du Chaillu had used only a compass, and so could not prove his records of travel, but he now set to work to learn how to use a camera and various kinds of astronomical instruments. Then he started on a second trip. Meanwhile, others had followed in his footsteps, and proof of his accuracy was afforded in generous supply. Nevertheless, he made a second journey to Equatorial Africa. Later he made explorations in Scandinavia and in Russia. He died in 1903, at the age of sixty-eight.

Less is known of Africa, especially of its central portion, than of any other continent. Its value, however, is so evident that during the last quarter of a century there has been a wild scramble among the countries of Europe for African possessions. England, Germany, Portugal, France, and Italy hold either vast areas of land or "spheres of influence," that is, land which they claim the right to occupy and develop. Abyssinia and the little Republic of Liberia are the only countries of Africa which are free to carry on their own government as they choose.

THE VILLAGE OF DWARFS

[About 1870]

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU

THE day after I had done before the Ashangos the wonderful things I have described to you, as I was seated under the veranda of the king with Mokounga and a few Ashango elders, I began to talk of the country, and I said to them, "People say that there are dwarfs living in the forest. Is it so, Ashangos? How far are they from Niembouai?" "At no great distance from this spot," said the chief, "there is a village of them; but, Oguizi, if you want to see them you must not go to them with a large number of attendants. You must go in a small party. Take one of your Commi men, and I will give you my nephew, who knows the dwarfs, to go with you. You must walk as cautiously as possible in the forest, for those dwarfs are like antelopes and gazelles; they are shy and easily frightened. To see them you must take them by surprise. No entreaty of ours could induce them to stay in their settlements if they knew you were coming. If you are careful, to-morrow we shall see them, for as sure as I live there are dwarfs in the forest, and they are called Obongos."

Early the next morning the Ashango chief called one of his nephews and another Ashango, and ordered them to show me the way to the country of the dwarfs. So we got ready to start, I taking three of my Commi men with me—Rebouka, Igalo, and Macondai. I had put on

a pair of light India-rubber boots in order not to make any noise in the forest. Before leaving I gave a large bunch of beads to one of the Ashango men, and told him as soon as we made our appearance in the village to shout, "Obongos, do not run away. Look here at the beads which the Spirit brings to you. The Spirit is your friend; do not be afraid; he comes only to see you."

After leaving Niembouai we walked through the forest in the most cautious manner, and as we approached the settlement the Ashango man who was in the lead turned his head toward us, put a finger on his lips for us to be silent, and made a sign for us to walk very carefully, and we advanced with more circumspection than ever. After a while we came to the settlement of the dwarfs. Over a small area the undergrowth had been partially cut away, and there stood twelve queer little houses, which were the habitations of these strange people, but not a dwarf was to be seen. They had all gone. "Nobody here," shouted the Ashangos, and the echo of their voices alone disturbed the stillness of the forest. I looked around at this strange little settlement of living dwarfs. There was no mistake about it. The fires were lighted, the smoke ascended from the interior of their little shelters; on a bed of charcoal embers there was a piece of snake roasting; before another were two rats cooking; on the ground there were several baskets of nuts, and one of berries, with some large wild fruits that had been gathered by the dwarfs in the woods; while near by stood several calabashes filled with water, and some bundles of dried fish.

There was, indeed, no mistake: the huts I had seen on my way to Niembouai were the same as these, and had

been made surely by the same race of dwarfs. The Ishogos had told me no idle stories. I wish you could have seen the faces of Rebouka, Igalo, and Macondai. "Oh! oh! oh!" they exclaimed. "Chally, what are we not going to see in the wild countries you bring us to? These people must be *niamas* (beasts); for, look," said they, pointing to their huts, "the shelters of the *nshiego-mbouvé* are quite as good."

I lingered a long while in the hope that the dwarfs would return, but they did not. We called for them, but our voices were lost; we followed some of their tracks, but it was of no use. "You cannot overtake them," said the Ashangos, "for they can run through the jungle as fast as the gazelle and as silently as a snake, and they are far off now. They are afraid of you." Before leaving their settlement I hung on the lower branches of trees surrounding their village strings of beads of bright colors which I carried with me in my hunting-bag, for I always had some ready to give away whenever I wanted to do so. I had red, white, and yellow beads with me that day, and the trees looked gay with these strings hanging from them. We had taken goat-meat for the dwarfs, and I hung up three legs of goats also, and several plantains, and I put a little salt on a leaf near a hut, and we departed. So I hoped that the dwarfs, seeing what we had left behind us, would become emboldened, and see that we did not desire to do them harm, and that the next time they would not be afraid of us.

I was pleased to perceive on our arrival in the evening at Niembouai that the Ashangos seemed glad to see us again, though the chief was quite disappointed that we had not seen the little Obongos.

That evening the Ashangos clustered around me, and wanted me to talk to them, not in their own language, but in the language of the Oguizis (spirits). So I talked to them, and their wonder was great, and I read to them from a book, all of them listening the while with their mouths wide open. Then I took my journal, and read to them aloud in English, and after reading the part which related to what I had done in the Ishogo village of Mokenga, I translated it to them, to the great delight of the Ishogos. The part I read related to my arrival in Mokenga; how the people were afraid of me, and what warm friends we became, and how the villagers said I had moved the big boulder of granite. At this there was a tremendous shout. Then I said, "Ashangos, the Oguizis do not forget any thing. What I write will always be remembered. Now I will read you something we have from an Oguizi who wrote about Dwarfs. The name of that Oguizi was Herodotus." "And yours," shouted the Ishogos, "is Chally!"

"That Oguizi, Herodotus," I continued, "wrote about what he heard and what he saw, just as I do. Long, long ago, before any tree of the forest round you had come out of the ground" (I could not count in their language, and say about 2300 years ago), "that Oguizi, Herodotus, traveled just as I am traveling to-day" — "*Oh! oh!*" shouted the Ashangos. "*Mamo! mamo!*" shouted the Ishogos. "Listen! listen!" said my Commi men in English, for they all now could talk a little English — "and he writes: —

"'I did hear, indeed, what I will now relate, from certain natives of Cyrene. Once upon a time, when they were on a visit to the oracular shrine of Ammon, when

it chanced in the course of conversation with Etearchus, the Ammonian king, the talk fell upon the Nile — how that its source was unknown to all men. Etearchus, upon this, mentioned that some Nasamonians had come to his court, and, when asked if they could give any information concerning the uninhabited parts of Libya, had told the following tale (the Nasamonians are a Libyan race who occupy the Syrtes and a tract of no great size toward the east). They said there had grown up among them some wild young men, the sons of certain chiefs, who, when they came to man's estate, indulged in all manner of extravagances, and, among other things, drew lots for five of their number to go and explore the desert parts of Libya, and try if they could not penetrate farther than any had done previously. (The coast of Libya, along the sea, which washes it to the north throughout its entire length from Egypt to Cape Soloeis, which is its farthest point, is inhabited by Libyans of many distinct tribes, who possess the whole tract except certain portions which belong to the Phœnicians and the Greeks.) Above the coast-line and the country inhabited by the maritime tribes, Libya is full of wild beasts, while beyond the wild-beast region there is a tract which is wholly sand and very scant of water, and utterly and entirely a desert. The young men, therefore, dispatched on this errand by their comrades, with a plentiful supply of water and provisions, traveled at first through the inhabited region, passing which they came to the wild-beast tract, whence they finally entered upon the desert, which they proceeded to cross in a direction from east to west. After journeying for many days over a wide extent of land, they came at last to a plain where they observed

trees growing: approaching them and seeing fruit on them, they proceeded to gather it; while they were thus engaged there came upon them some *dwarfish men under the middle height*, who seized them and carried them off. The Nasamonians did not understand a word of their language, nor had they any acquaintance with the language of the Nasamonians. They were carried across extensive marshes, and finally came to a city in which all the men were of the height of their conductors, and dark complexioned. A great river flowed by the city, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles. Etearchus conjectured this river to be the Nile, and reason favors this idea.'"

"Oh! oh!" shouted my Commi men. "It is no wonder that the white man forgets nothing. Chally, will what you write about the strange things we see be remembered in the same manner with what that man Herodotus wrote?"

"I do not know," said I. "If the white people think that what we saw is worthy of preservation, it will be remembered; if not, it will be forgotten. But never mind," I said; "let us see for ourselves, and what a tale we shall have to tell to our people on our return; for what we see no other men have ever seen before us."

After my story of Herodotus the shades of evening had come, and a great Ashango dance took place. How wild, how strange the dancing was in the temple or house of the *mbuiti* (idol)! The idol was a huge representation of a woman, and it stood at the end of the temple which was about fifty feet in length, and only ten feet broad. The extremity of the building, where the *mbuiti* was kept, was also dark, and looked weird by the light of the

torches as I entered. It was painted in red, white, and black.

Along the walls on each side were Ashango men seated on the ground, each having a lighted torch before him. In the center were two *mbuiti*-men (doctor, priest) dressed with fibers of trees round their waist; each had one side of his face painted white and the other side red. Down the middle of the breast they had a broad yellow stripe, and the hollow of the eye was painted yellow. They make these different colors from different woods, the coloring matter of which they mix with clay. All the Ashangos were also streaked and daubed with various colors, and by the light of their torches they looked like a troop of devils assembled on the earth to celebrate some diabolical rite. Round their legs were bound sharp-pointed white leaves from the heart of the palm tree; some wore feathers, others had leaves behind their ears, and all had a bundle of palm leaves in their hands. They did not stir when I came in. I told them not to stop; that I came only to look at them.

They began by making all kinds of contortions, and set up a deafening howl of wild songs. There was an orchestra of instrumental performers near the idol, consisting of three drummers beating as hard as they could with their sticks on two *ngomas* (tam-tams), one harper, and another man strumming with all his might on a sounding-board. The two *mbuiti*-men danced in a most fantastic manner, jumping and twisting their bodies into all sorts of shapes and contortions. Every time the *mbuiti*-men opened their mouths to speak a dead silence ensued. Now and then the men would all come and dance round the *mbuiti*-men, and then they would all

face the idol, dance before it, and sing songs of praise to it.

I could not stand this noise long, so I left my Ashangos to enjoy themselves, and, as usual before retiring, ordered my men to keep their watch in a proper manner.

"Don't be disheartened," said the chief of Niembouai to me after my unsuccessful attempt to see the dwarfs. "I told you before that the little Obongos were as shy as the antelopes and gazelles of the woods. You have seen for yourself now that what I said was true. If you are careful when you go again to their settlement, you will probably surprise them, only don't wait long before going again, for they may move away."

Before sunrise the next morning we started again for the settlement of the little dwarfs. We were still more cautious than before in going through the jungle. This time we took another direction to reach them, lest perhaps they might be watching the path by which we had come before.

After a while I thought I saw through the trunks of the trees ahead of us several little houses of the dwarfs. I kept still, and immediately gave a sign to make my guides maintain silence. They obeyed me on the instant, and we lay motionless on the ground, hardly daring to breathe. There was no mistake about it; we could see, as we peeped through the trees, the houses of the dwarfs, but there seemed to be no life there, no Obongos. We kept watching for more than half an hour in breathless silence, when lo! Rebouka gave a tremendous sneeze. I looked at him. I wish you had seen his face. Another sneeze was coming, and he was trying hard to prevent it, and made all sorts of faces, but the look I gave him was

enough, I suppose, and the second sneeze was suppressed. Then we got up and entered the little settlement of the dwarfs. There was not one of them there. The village had been abandoned. The leaves over the little houses were dry, and, while we were looking all round, suddenly our bodies were covered with swarms of fleas, which drove us out faster than we came. It was awful, for they did bite savagely, as if they had not had anything to feed upon for a whole month.

We continued to walk very carefully, and after a while we came near another settlement of the dwarfs, which was situated in the densest part of the forest. I see the huts; we cross the little stream from which the dwarfs drew their water to drink. How careful we are as we walk toward their habitations, our bodies bent almost double, in order not to be easily discovered. I am excited — oh, I would give so much to see the dwarfs, to speak to them! How craftily we advance! how cautious we are for fear of alarming the shy inmates! My Ashango guides hold bunches of beads. I see that the beads we had hung to the trees have been taken away.

All our caution was in vain. The dwarfs saw us, and ran away in the woods. We rushed, but it was too late; they had gone. But as we came into the settlement I thought I saw three creatures lying flat on the ground, and crawling through their small doors into their houses. When we were in the very midst of the settlement I shouted, "Is there anybody here?" No answer. The Ashangos shouted, "Is there anybody here?" No answer. I said to the Ashangos, "I am certain that I have seen some of the dwarfs go into their huts." Then they shouted again, "Is there anybody here?" The same

silence. Turning toward me, my guides said, "Oguizi. your eyes have deceived you; there is no one here; they have all fled. They are afraid of you." "I am not mistaken," I answered. I went with one Ashango toward one of the huts where I thought I had seen one of the dwarfs go inside to hide, and as I came to the little door I shouted again, "Is there anybody here?" No answer. The Ashango shouted, "Is there anybody inside?" No answer. "I told you, Oguizi, that they have all run away." It did seem queer to me that I should have suffered an optical delusion. I was perfectly sure that I had seen three dwarfs get inside of their huts. "Perhaps they have broken through the back part, and have escaped," said I; so I walked round their little houses, but everything was right — nothing had gone outside through the walls.

In order to make sure, I came again to the door, and shouted, "Nobody here?" The same silence. I lay flat on the ground, put my head inside of the door, and again shouted, "Nobody here?" It was so dark inside that, coming from the light, I could not see, so I extended my arm in order to feel if there was any one within. Sweeping my arm from left to right, at first I touched an empty bed, composed of three sticks; then, feeling carefully, I moved my arm gradually toward the right, when — hallo! what do I feel? A leg! which I immediately grabbed above the ankle, and a piercing shriek startled me. It was the leg of a human being, and that human being a dwarf! I had got hold of a dwarf!

"Don't be afraid; the Spirit will do you no harm," said my Ashango guide.

"Don't be afraid," I said, in the Ashango language,

and I immediately pulled the creature I had seized by the leg through the door, in the midst of great excitement among my Commi men.

"A dwarf!" I shouted, as the little creature came out. "A woman!" I shouted again — "a pygmy!" The little creature shrieked, looking at me. "*Nchendé ! nchendé ! nchendé !*" said she. "Oh! oh! oh! *Yo ! yo ! yo !*" and her piercing wail rent the air.

What a sight! I had never seen the like. "What!" said I, "now I do see the dwarfs of Equatorial Africa — the dwarfs of Homer, Herodotus — the dwarfs of the ancients."

How queer the little old woman looked! How frightened she was! she trembled all over. She was neither white nor black; she was of a yellow, or mulatto color. "What a little head! what a little body ! what a little hand! what a little foot!" I exclaimed. "Oh, what queer-looking hair!" said I, bewildered. The hair grew on the head in little tufts apart from each other, and the face was as wrinkled as a baked apple. I cannot tell you how delighted I was at my discovery.

So, giving my little prize to one of the Ashangos, and ordering my Commi men to catch her if she tried to run away, I went to the other little dwelling where I thought I had seen another of the dwarfs hide himself. The two little huts stood close together. I shouted, "Nobody here?" No answer. Then I did what I had done before, and, getting my head inside of the hut through the door, again shouted, "Nobody here?" No answer. I moved my right hand to see if I could feel anybody, when, lo! I seized a leg, and immediately heard a shriek. I pulled another strange little dwarf out of the door. It was also

a woman, not quite so old as the first, but having exactly the same appearance.

The two dwarf-women looked at each other, and began to cry and sing mournful songs, as if they expected to be killed. I said to them, "Be not frightened!"

Then the Ashangos called to the last dwarf who had hid to come out; that it was no use, I had seen them all. They had hardly spoken when I saw a little head peeping out of the door, and my Ashangos made the creature come out. It was a woman also, who began crying, and the trio shrieked and cried, and cried and shrieked, wringing their hands, till they got tired. They thought their last day had come.

"Don't be afraid," said the Ashangos; "the Oguizi is a good Oguizi." "Don't be afraid," said my Commi men.

After a while they stopped crying, and began to look at me more quietly.

For the first time I was able to look carefully at these little dwarfs. They were yellow, their faces being exactly of the same color as the chimpanzee; the palms of their hands were almost as white as those of white people; they seemed well-proportioned, but their eyes had an untamable wildness that struck me at once; they had thick lips and flat noses, like the Negroes; their foreheads were low and narrow, and their cheek-bones prominent; and their hair, which grew in little, short tufts, was black, with a reddish tinge.

After a while I thought I heard a rustling in one of the little houses, so I went there, and, looking inside, saw it filled with the tiniest children. They were exceedingly shy. When they saw me they hid their heads just as

young dogs or kittens would do, and got into a huddle, and kept still. These were the little dwarfish children who had remained in the village under the care of the three women, while the dwarfs had gone into the forest to collect their evening meal — that is to say, nuts, fruits, and berries — and to see if the traps they had set had caught any game.

I immediately put beads around the necks of the women, gave them a leg of wild boar and some plantains, and told them to tell their people to remain, and not to be afraid. I gave some meat to the little children, who, as soon as I showed it to them, seized it just in the same manner that Fighting Joe or Ugly Tom would have done, only, instead of fighting, they ran away immediately.

Very queer specimens these little children seemed to be. They were, if anything, lighter in color than the older people, and they were such little bits of things that they reminded me — I could not help it — of the chimpanzees and *nshiego-mbouvés* I had captured at different times, though their heads were much larger.

I waited in vain — the other inhabitants did not come back; they were afraid of me. I told the women that the next day I should return and bring them meat (for they are said to be very fond of it), and plenty of beads.

After several visits to the settlement of the dwarfs we became friends, but it took time. My great friend among them was Misounda, an old woman, the first one I had seen, and whom I pulled out of her own house; but I had some trouble before I could tame friend Misounda.

One day I thought I would surprise the dwarfs, and

come on them unawares, without having told my friend Misounda I was coming. When I made my appearance I just caught a glimpse of her feet as she was running into her house That was all I saw of Misounda. At all the other huts little branches of trees had been stuck up in front to show that the inmates were out, and that their doors were shut, and that nobody could get in. These were, indeed, queer doors. I had never seen the like. They were of little use except for keeping out the dogs and wild beasts. When I went in Misounda's hut and got hold of her, she pretended to have been asleep. "So, after all, these little dwarfs," said I, "know how to lie and how to deceive just as well as other people."

Upon one of my visits to the village I saw two other women, a man, and two children; all the other Obongos had gone. So I made friends with them by giving them meat and beads. I saw that the women were not the mothers of the children. I looked at the doors of all the huts; they all had branches put at the entrance to signify that the owner was out. I do not know why, but I began to suspect that the mother of the children was in the settlement, and close by where they stood. I had my eyes upon one of the little houses as the one where she was hiding; so I put aside the branches at the entrance, and, putting half of my body into the hut, I succeeded in discovering in the dark something which I recognized after a while as a human being.

"Don't be afraid," I said. "Don't be afraid," repeated my Ashango guides. The creature was a woman. She came out with a sad countenance, and began to weep. She had over her forehead a broad stripe of yellow

ocher. She was a widow, and had buried her husband only a few days before.

"Where is the burial-ground of the dwarfs?" I asked of my Ashango guides. "Ask her," said I to them.

"No, Spirit," said they, "for if you ask them such a question, these dwarfs will fear you more than ever, and you will never see them any more. They will flee far away into the thickest part of the forest. We Ashango people do not know even where they bury their dead. They have no regular burial-ground. How could they?" added my guide; "for they roam in the forest like the gorilla, the *nshiego-mbouvé*, the *kooloo-kamba*, and the *nshiego*. I believe," said the Ashango, "that all these dwarfs have come from the same father and the same mother long, long ago."

Another time I came to the village of the Obongos with two legs of goats, a leg of wild boar, ten house-rats which had been trapped, a large dead snake, and two land turtles, which I intended to give as a feast to the Obongos. Rebouka, Macondai, and Igalo were with me, and several Ashango women accompanied us. We had several bunches of plantain, for I had resolved to give them a regular banquet, and we had set out to have a good time in their settlement. I had brought beads, a looking-glass, some spoons, knives, forks, and one of my little Geneva musical boxes. Guns were also to be fired, for I was going to show the dwarfs what the Oguizi could do. When they saw us with food they received us with great joy. "What a queer language," I thought, "these dwarfs have!" There was a wild dwarf hurra, "*Ya ! ye ! yo ! Oua ! oua ! Ké ! ki-ke-ki !*" when they saw the good things that were to be eaten.

Nearly all the dwarfs were here; very few of them were absent. Misounda, who was my friend, and who seemed to be less afraid of me than anybody else, stood by me, and kept her eyes upon the meat. There were fifty-nine dwarfs all told, including men, women, children, and babies. What little things the babies were! Smoke came out of every hut, fires were lighted all round, nuts were roasting, berries and fruits had been collected in great abundance, and snake-flesh was plentiful, for the dwarfs had been the day before on a feeding excursion. Rats and mice had also been trapped.

"Obongos," said I, "we have come to have a good time. First I am going to give to every one of you beads." Then the Ashangos brought before them a basket containing the beads, and I asked who was the chief. I could not find him, and they would not tell me. Among them were several old people.

The dwarfs were now eager for beads, and surrounded me, and, though I am a man of short stature, I seemed a giant in the midst of them; and as for Rebouka and Igalo, they appeared to be colossal. "*Ya ! ya ! yo ! yo ! ye ! qui ! quo ! oh ! ah ! ri ! ri ! ké ! ki ! ké ! ki !*" seemed to be the only sounds they could make in their excitement. Their appearance was singular, indeed, the larger number of them being of a dirty yellow color. A few of them were not more than four feet in height; others were from four feet two inches to four feet seven inches in height. But if they were short in size, they were stoutly built; like chimpanzees, they had big, broad chests, and, though their legs were small, they were muscular and strong. Their arms were also strong in proportion to their size. There were gray-headed men, and

gray-headed, wrinkled old women among them, and very hideous the old dwarfs were. Their features resembled very closely the features of a young chimpanzee. Some had gray, others hazel eyes, while the eyes of a few were black.

As I have said before, their hair was not like that of the Negroes and Ashangos among whom the dwarfs live, but grew in little short tufts apart from each other, and the hair, after attaining a certain length, could not grow longer. These little tufts looked like so many little balls of wool. Many of the men had their chest and legs covered with these little tufts of woolly hair. The women's hair was no longer than that of the men, and it grew exactly in the same manner.

I could not keep my eyes from the tiny babies. They were ridiculously small, and much lighter in color than the older people. Their mothers had a broad string of leather hanging from their shoulders to carry them in.

There was great excitement among them as I distributed the beads, and they would shout, "Look at his *djivie* (nose); look at his *mouna* (mouth); look at his *diarou* (head); look at his *nchouié* (hair); look at his *mishou* (beard)!" and, in spite of my big mustache, they would shout, "Is he a *bagala oguizi* (man spirit), or an *oguizi mokasho* (woman spirit)?" Some declared that I was a *mokasho*, others that I was a *bagala*. I did not forget my friend Misounda.

After I had given them beads I took out a large looking-glass which I had hidden, and put it in front of them. Immediately they trembled with fright, and said, "Spirit, don't kill us!" and turned their heads from the looking-glass. Then the musical box was shown, and

when I had set it playing the dwarfs lay down on the ground, frightened by the brilliant, sparkling music of the mechanism, and by turns looked at me and at the box. Some of them ran away into their little huts. After their fears were allayed I showed them a string of six little bells, which I shook, whereat their little eyes brightened, and their joy was unbounded when I gave them the bells. One, of course, was for friend Misounda, who hung it by a cord to her waist, and shook her body in order to make it ring.

After this I ordered Igalo to bring me the meat, and taking from my sheath my big, bright, sharp hunting-knife, I cut it and distributed it among the dwarfs. Then I gave them the plantains, and told them to eat. I wish you had seen the twisting of their mouths; it would have made you laugh. Immediately the little dwarfs scattered round their fires, and roasted the food I had given them, and it was no sooner cooked than it was eaten, they seemed to be so fond of flesh.

When they had finished eating, the Obongos seemed more sociable than I had ever seen them before. I seated myself on a dead limb of a tree, and they came round me and asked me to talk to them as the spirits talk. So I took my journal, and read to them in English what I had written the day before. After speaking to them in the language of the Oguizis, I said, "Now talk to me in the language of the dwarfs"; and, pointing to my fingers, I gave them to understand that I wanted to know how they counted. So a dwarf, taking hold of his hand, and then one finger after another, counted, one, *moï;* two, *beï;* three, *metato;* four, *djimabongo;* five, *djio;* six, *samouna;* seven, *nchima;* eight, *misamouno;* nine, *nchouma;*

ten, *mbò-ta;* and then raised his hands, intimating that he could not count beyond ten.

One of them asked me if I lived in the *soungui* (moon), then another if I lived in a *niechi* (star), another if I had been long in the forest. Did I make the fine things I gave them during the night?

"Now, Obongos," I said to them, "I want you to sing and to dance the dwarf dance for me." An old dwarf went out, and took out of his hut a *ngoma* (tam-tam), and began to beat it; then the people struck up a chant, and what queer singing it was! what shrill voices they had! After a while they got excited, and began to dance, all the while gesticulating wildly, leaping up, and kicking backwards and forwards, and shaking their heads.

Then I fired two guns, the noise of which seemed to stun them and fill them with fear. I gave them to understand that when I saw an elephant, a leopard, a gorilla, or any living thing, by making that noise I could kill them, and to show them I could do it I brought down a bird perched on a high tree near their settlement. How astonished they seemed to be!

"After all," I said to myself, "though low in the scale of intelligence, like their more civilized fellow-men, these little creatures can dance and sing."

"Now, Obongos, that you have asked me about the Oguizis," I said to them, "tell me about yourselves. Why do you not build villages as other people do?"

"Oh," said they, "we do not build villages, for we never like to remain long in the same place, for if we did we should soon starve. When we have gathered all the fruits, nuts, and berries around the place where we have been living for a time, and trapped all the game there is

in the region, and food is becoming scarce, we move off to some other part of the forest. We love to move; we hate to tarry long at the same spot. We love to be free, like the antelopes and gazelles."

"Why don't you plant for food, as other people do?" I asked them.

"Why should we work," said they, "when there are plenty of fruits, berries, and nuts around us? when there is game in the woods, and fish in the rivers, and snakes, rats, and mice are plentiful? We love the berries, the nuts, and the fruits which grow wild much better than the fruits the *big people* raise on their plantations. And if we had villages," they said, "the strong and tall people who live in the country might come and make war upon us, kill us, and capture us."

"They do not desire to kill you," I said to them. "See how friendly they are with you! When you trap much game you exchange it for plantains with them. Why don't you wear clothing?"

"Why," said they, "the fire is our means of keeping warm, and then the *big people* give us their grass-cloth when they have done wearing it."

"Why don't you work iron, and make spears and battle-axes, so that you might be able to defend yourselves, and be not afraid of war?"

"We do not know how to work iron; it takes too much time; it is too hard work. We can make bows, and we make arrows with hard wood, and can poison them. We know how to make traps to trap game, and we trap game in far greater number than we can kill it when we go hunting; and we love to go hunting."

"Why don't you make bigger cabins?"

"We do not want to make bigger cabins; it would be too much trouble, and we do not know how. These are good enough for us; they keep the rain from us, and we build them so rapidly."

"Don't the leopards sometimes come and eat some of you?"

"Yes, they do!" they exclaimed. "Then we move off far away, several days' journey from where the leopards have come to eat some of us; and often we make traps to catch them. We hate the leopards!" the Obongos shouted with one voice.

"How do you make your fires? tell me." And I could not help thinking that, however wild a man was, even though he might be apparently little above the chimpanzee, he had always a fire, and knew how to make it.

They showed me flint-stones, and a species of oakum coming from the palm tree, and said they knocked these stones against each other, and the sparks gave them fire.

Then, to astonish them, I took a match from my match-box and lighted it. As soon as they saw the flame a wild shout rang through the settlement.

"Obongos, tell me," said I, "how you get your wives, for your settlements are far apart and you have no paths leading through the forest from one to another. You never know how far the next settlement of the dwarfs may be from yours."

"It is true," said they, "that sometimes we do not know where the next encampment of the Obongos may be, and we do not wish to know, for sometimes we fight among ourselves, and if we lived near together we should become too numerous, and find it difficult to procure berries and game. Our people never leave one settle-

ment for another. Generation after generation we have lived among ourselves, and married among ourselves. It is but seldom we permit a stranger from another Obongo settlement to come among us."

"How far," said I, pointing to the east, "do you meet Obongos?"

"Far, far away," they answered, "toward where the sun rises, Obongos are found scattered in the great forest. We love the woods, for there we live, and if we were to live anywhere else we should starve."

"As you wander through the forest," I asked, "don't you sometimes come to prairies?"

"Yes," said they, and here an old Obongo addressed himself to my Ashango interpreter. "When I was a boy, we had our settlement for a long time in the forest not far from a big prairie, and farther off there was a big river. Since then," said the old Obongo, "as we moved, we have turned our backs upon where the sun rises, and marched in the direction where the sun sets [which meant that they had been migrating from the east toward the west]. . . ."

As the time of our departure from Niembouai had arrived, I said to the dwarfs that I must bid them good-bye, for I was going away toward where the sun rises. "Now, you see," said I, "you have always been afraid of me. Tell me, have I done harm to any one of you?"

"No, no," they exclaimed; "no, no," said my friend Misounda.

So I shook hands with them, and they said to me in parting, "You will see more little dwarfs in the countries where you are going. Be kind to them, as you have been to us."

CROSSING AN AFRICAN BRIDGE

[About 1868]

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU

TOWARD noon we approached the Ovigui River, a mountain torrent which had now swollen into a river, and before reaching its natural banks we had to pass through a swamp in the forest for half an hour. The torrent had overflowed, and its waters were running swiftly down among the trees. I began to wonder how we were to cross the bridge. The Ashiras had been speaking of that bridge, and, in fact, we had delayed our start two or three days because they said the waters were too high.

At last we came to a spot where the ground was dry, and a little way farther I could see the swift waters of the Ovigui gliding down with great speed through the forest. I saw at once that even an expert swimmer would be helpless here, and would be dashed to pieces against the fallen trees which jutted out in every direction. Not being a very good swimmer, I did not enjoy the sight. There was one consolation, no crocodile could stand this current, and these pleasant "gentlemen" had therefore retired to parts unknown.

I wanted all the time to get a glimpse of the bridge, but had not succeeded in doing so. I called Minsho, who pointed out to me a queer structure which he called the bridge. It was nothing but a creeper stretched from one side to the other.

Then Minsho told me that some years before the bed

of the river was not where we stood, but some hundred yards over the other side. "This," he said, "is one of the tricks of the Ovigui." I found that several other of these mountain streams have the same trick. Of course Minsho said that there was a *muiri* (a spirit) who took the river and changed its course, for nothing else could do it but a spirit. The deep channel of the Ovigui seemed to me about thirty yards wide. Now in this new bed stood certain trees which native ingenuity saw could be used as "piers" for a bridge. At this point in the stream there were two trees opposite each other, and about seven or eight yards distant from each shore. Other trees on the banks were so cut as to fall upon these, which might have been called the piers. So a gap had been filled on each side. It now remained to unite the still open space in the center, between the two "piers," and here came the tug. Unable to transport heavy pieces of timber, they had thrown across this chasm a long, slender, bending limb, which they fastened securely to the "piers." Of course no one could walk on this without assistance, so a couple of strong vines (*lianas*) had been strung across for balustrades. These were about three or four feet above the bridge, and about one foot higher up the stream.

I could barely see the vine, and my heart failed me as I stood looking at this breakneck or drowning concern. To add to the pleasurable excitement, Minsho told me that, on a bridge below, half a dozen people had been drowned the year before by tumbling into the river. "They were careless in crossing," added Minsho, "or some person had bewitched them." The waters of the Ovigui ran down so fast that looking at them for any

length of time made my head dizzy. I was in a pretty fix. I could certainly not back out. I preferred to run the risk of being drowned rather than to show these Ashira I was afraid, and to tell them that we had better go back. I think I should never have dared to look them in the face afterward. The whole country would have known that I had been afraid. The Oguizi would have then been nowhere. A coward I should have been called by the savages. Rather die, I thought, than to have such a reputation.

I am sure all the boys who read this book would have had the same feelings, and that girls could never look at a boy who is not possessed of courage.

The party had got ready, and put their loads as high on their backs as they could, and in such a manner that these loads should slip into the river if an accident were to happen. The crossing began, and I watched them carefully. They did not look straight across, but faced the current, which was tremendous. The water reached to their waists, and the current was so swift that their bodies could not remain erect, but were bent in two. They held on to the creeper and advanced slowly sideways, never raising their feet from the bridge, for if they had done otherwise the current would have carried them off the structure.

One of the men slipped when midway, but luckily recovered himself. He dropped his load, among the articles in which were two pairs of shoes; but he held on to the rope and finished the "journey" by crossing one arm over the other. It was a curious sight. We shouted, "Hold on fast to the rope! hold on fast!" The noise and shouting we did was enough to make one deaf.

Another, carrying one of my guns, so narrowly escaped falling as to drop that, which was also swept off and lost. Meantime I wondered if I should follow in the wake of my shoes and gun. At any rate, I was bound to show the Ashira that I was not afraid to cross the bridge, even, as I have said, at the risk of being drowned. It would have been a pretty thing to have these people believe that I was susceptible of fear. The next thing would have been that I should have been plundered, then murdered. These fellows had a great advantage over me. Their garments did not trouble them.

At last all were across but Minsho, Adouma, and myself. I had stripped to my shirt and trousers, and set out on my trial, followed by Minsho, who had a vague idea that if I slipped he *might* catch me. Adouma went ahead. Before reaching the bridge I had to wade in the muddy water. Then I went upon it and marched slowly against the tide, never raising my feet, till at last I came to the tree. There the current was tremendous. I thought it would carry my legs off the bridge, which was now three feet under the water. I felt the water beating against my legs and waist. I advanced carefully, feeling my way and slipping my feet along without raising them. The current was so strong that my arms were extended to their utmost length, and the water, as it struck against my body, bent it. The water was really cold, but, despite of that, perspiration fell from my face, I was so excited. I managed to drag myself to the other side, holding fast to the creeper, having made up my mind never to let go as long as I should have strength to hold on. Should my feet give way, I intended to do like the other man, and get over by crossing one arm over the other.

At last, weak and pale with excitement, but outwardly calm, I reached the other side, vowing that I would never try such navigation again. I would rather have faced several gorillas, lions, elephants, and leopards, than cross the Ovigui bridge.

Putting ourselves in walking order again, we plunged into the great forest, which was full of ebony, barwood, India-rubber, and other strange trees. About two miles from the Ovigui we reached a little prairie, some miles long and a few hundred yards wide, which the natives called Odjiolo. It seemed like a little island incased in that great sea of trees.

What a nice little spot it would have been to build a camp under some of the tall, long-spread branches of trees which bordered it! But there was no time for camping. There were to be no stops during the daytime till we reached the Apingi country.

A few miles after leaving the Odjiolo prairie we came to a steep hill called Mount Oconcou. As we ascended we had to lay hold of the branches in order to help ourselves in the ascent, and we had to stop several times in order to get our breath. We finally reached a plateau from which we could see Nkoumou-Nabouali Mountains. Then we surmounted the other hills, with intervening plains and valleys, all covered with dense forest, and at last found ourselves on the banks of a most beautiful little purling mountain brook, which skirted the base of our last hill. This nice little stream was called the Aloumy or Oloumy. Here we lit our fires, built shelters, and camped for the night, all feeling perfectly tired out, and I, for one, thankful for the nice camp we had succeeded in building, for I needed a good night's rest.

CONSULTING THE MAN IN THE MOON

[About 1868]

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU

THE people declared they must find some means of ascertaining the cause of the king's sufferings. Quengueza had sent word himself that his people must try to find out from Ilogo why he was sick, and what he must do for his recovery.

Ilogo is believed by the people to be a spirit living in the moon — a mighty spirit, who looks down upon the inhabitants of the earth — a spirit to whom the black man can talk. "Yes," they said, "Ilogo's face can be seen; look at it." Then they pointed out to me the spots on the moon which we can see with our naked eye. These spots were the indistinct features of the spirit.

One fine evening, at full moon (for, to consult Ilogo, the moon must be full, or nearly so), the women of the village assembled in front of the king's house. Clustered close together, and seated on the ground, with their faces turned toward the moon, they sang songs. They were surrounded by the men of the village. I shall not soon forget that wild scene. The sky was clear and beautiful; the moon shone in its brightness, eclipsing by its light that of the stars, except those of the first magnitude; the air was calm and serene, and the shadows of the tall trees upon the earth appeared like queer phantoms.

The songs of the women were to and in praise of Ilogo, the spirit that lived in *ogouayli* (the moon). Presently

a woman seated herself in the center of the circle of singers and began a solo, gazing steadfastly at the moon, the people every now and then singing in chorus with her. She was to be inspired by the spirit Ilogo to utter prophecies.

At last she gave up singing, for she could not get into a trance. Then another woman took her place, in the midst of the most vociferous singing that could be done by human lips. After a while the second woman gave place to a third — a little woman, wiry and nervous. She seated herself like the others, and looked steadily at the moon, crying out that she could see Ilogo, and then the singing redoubled in fury. The excitement of the people had at that time become very great; the drums beat furiously, the drummers using all their strength, until covered with perspiration; the outsiders shouted madly, and seemed to be almost out of their senses, for their faces were wrinkled in nervous excitement, their eyes perfectly wild, and the contortions they made with their bodies indescribable.

The excitement was now intense, and the noise horrible. The songs to Ilogo were not for a moment discontinued, but the pitch of their voices was so great and so hoarse that the words at last seemed to come with difficulty. The medium, the women, and the men all sang with one accord: —

"Ilogo, we ask thee,
Tell who has bewitched the king!
Ilogo, we ask thee,
What shall we do to cure the king?
The forests are thine, Ilogo!
The rivers are thine, Ilogo!
The moon is thine!

O moon! O moon! O moon!
Thou art the home of Ilogo!
Shall the king die? O Ilogo!
O Ilogo! O moon! O moon!"

These words were repeated over and over, the people getting more terribly excited as they went on. The woman who was the medium, and who had been singing violently, looked toward the moon, and began to tremble. Her nerves twitched, her face was contorted, her muscles swelled, and at last her limbs straightened out. At this time the wildest of all wild excitement possessed the people. I myself looked on with intense curiosity. She fell on her back on the ground, insensible, her face turned up to the moon. She looked as if she had died in a fit.

The song to Ilogo continued with more noise than ever; but at last comparative quiet followed, compelled, I believe, by sheer exhaustion from excitement. But the people were all gazing intently on the woman's face.

I shall not forget that scene by moonlight, nor the corpse-like face of that woman, so still and calm. How wild it all looked! The woman, who lay apparently dead before the savages, was expected at this time to see things in the world of Ilogo — that is to say, the moon — to see the great spirit Ilogo himself; and, as she lay insensible, she was supposed to be holding intercourse with him. Then, after she had conversed with the great spirit Ilogo, she would awake, and tell the people all she saw and all that Ilogo had said to her.

For my part, I thought she really was dead. I approached her, and touched her pulse. It was weak, but there was life. After about half an hour of insensibility

she came to her senses, but she was much prostrated. She seated herself without rising, looking round as if stupefied. She remained quite silent for a while, and then began to speak.

"I have seen Ilogo, I have spoken to Ilogo. Ilogo has told me that Quengueza, our king, shall not die; that Quengueza is going to live a long time; that Quengueza was not bewitched, and that a remedy prepared from such a plant [I forget the name] would cure him. Then," she added, "I went to sleep, and when I awoke Ilogo was gone, and now I find myself in the midst of you."

The people then quietly separated, as by that time it was late, and all retired to their huts, I myself going to mine, thinking of the wild scene I had just witnessed, and feeling that, the longer I remained in that strange country, the more strange the customs of the people appeared to me. Soon all became silent, and nothing but the barking of the watchful little native dogs broke the stillness of the night. The moon continued to shine over that village, the inhabitants of which had run so wild with superstition.

DU CHAILLU THE FIRST, KING OF THE APINGI

[About 1868]

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU

THE village was crowded with strangers once more. All the chiefs of the tribe had arrived. What did it all mean?

They had the wildest notions regarding me. I was the most wonderful of creatures — a mighty spirit. I could work wonders — turn wood into iron, leaves of trees into cloth, earth into beads, the waters of the Rembo Apingi into palm wine or plantain wine. I could make fire, the matches I lighted being proof of it.

What had that immense crowd come for? They had met to make me their king. A *kendo*, the insignia of chieftainship here, had been procured from the Shimba people, from whose country the *kendo* comes.

The drums beat early this morning; it seemed as if a fête-day was coming, for every one appeared joyous. I was quite unprepared for the ceremony that was to take place, for I knew nothing about it; no one had breathed a word concerning it to me. When the hour arrived I was called out of my hut. Wild shouts rang through the air as I made my appearance — "*Yo! yo! yo!*" The chiefs of the tribe, headed by Remandji, advanced toward me in line, each chief being armed with a spear, the heads of which they held pointed at me. In rear of the chiefs were hundreds of Apingi warriors, also armed

with spears. Were they to spear me? They stopped, while the drummers beat their tam-tams furiously. Then Remandji, holding a *kendo* in his hand, came forward in the midst of the greatest excitement and wild shouts of "The Oguizi is to be made our king! the Oguizi is to be made our king!"

When Remandji stood about a yard from me a dead silence took place. The king advanced another step, and then with his right hand put the *kendo* on my left shoulder, saying, "You are the spirit whom we have never seen before. We are but poor people when we see you. You are one of those of whom we have heard, who came from nobody knows where, and whom we never expected to see. You are our king. We make you our king. Stay with us always, for we love you!" Whereupon shouts as wild as the country around came from the multitude. They shouted, "Spirit, we do not want you to go away — we want you forever!"

Immense quantities of palm wine contained in calabashes were drunk, and a general jollification took place in the orthodox fashion of a coronation.

From that day, therefore, I may call myself Du Chaillu the First, King of the Apingi. Just fancy, I am an African king! Of all the wild castles I ever built when I was a boy, I never dreamed that I should one day be made king over a wild tribe of Negroes dwelling in the mountains of Equatorial Africa.

SOUTH AFRICA



THE LAST TREK

BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

(*English painter.* 1829–1896)

THIS picture symbolizes the indomitable pioneer spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, the spirit that has driven them forth to conquer the waste places of the world and has given England a chain of territorial possessions encircling the earth.

An Englishman has ventured into the great upland plain of South Africa, a region given over until recently to savages and wild beasts. He had set out to find a home in the wilderness, but has been overtaken on the way by sickness, and has lain down on the lonely veldt to die. Friends and family are far away, but two natives, his sole companions, sit beside him waiting patiently for the end.

The life's journey of this pioneer is over, but others are ready to step forward and take his place in the vanguard of civilization. Such were the men that conquered and cleared the land, opened up its great mineral wealth, and turned the African wilderness into a prosperous English commonwealth.

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Transvaal was settled chiefly by the Dutch. Their descendants are known as Boers, or farmers. They came at first to Cape Colony. In the Napoleonic wars, Cape Colony fell into the hands of the English. The Boers were not pleased with British rule and made the "Grand Trek," first to Natal, then to the Orange Free State, then still farther into the wilderness, to the Transvaal, or across the Vaal. For a quarter of a century there was peace; but in 1877 some of the people of the Transvaal asked England for help in their wars against the natives. Thereupon England planted her flag in the Transvaal. The Boers rebelled, and in several battles the British were defeated, noticeably at Majuba Hill, where they met with a terrible slaughter. The Boer republic was restored, but England retained all control in foreign affairs.

Before this time, both gold and diamonds had been discovered in this region, and foreign miners and traders flocked into the country. Soon these foreigners greatly outnumbered the Dutchmen. The Boers were not pleased. They laid heavy taxes upon the unwelcome "Outlanders," and refused them political rights. The mutual dissatisfaction resulted in war. England sent larger armies than she had ever before put into the field, but it was not until 1902 that, after three years of most determined warfare, the little republic was subdued.

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

[About 1870]

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

THE first known finding of a diamond in South Africa was as recent as 1867, and this diamond was found by accident and could not for a time obtain any credence. It is first known to have been seen at the house of a Dutch farmer named Jacobs, in the northern limits of the Cape Colony, and south of the Orange River. It had probably been brought from the bed of the stream or from the other side of the river. The "other side" would be in Griqualand West, the land of diamonds. As far as I can learn, there is no idea that diamonds have been deposited by nature in the soil of the Cape Colony proper. At Jacobs's house it was seen in the hands of one of the children by another Boer named Van Niekerk, who observing that it was brighter and also heavier than other stones, and thinking it to be too valuable for a plaything, offered to buy it. But the child's mother would not sell such a trifle and gave it to Van Niekerk. From Van Niekerk it was passed on to one O'Reilly, who seems to have been the first to imagine it to be a diamond. He took it to Capetown, where he could get no faith for his stone, and thence back to Colesberg on the northern extremity of the Colony, where it was again encountered with ridicule. But it became matter of discussion, and was at last sent to Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who was known to be a geologist

and a man of science. He surprised the world of South Africa by declaring the stone to be an undoubted diamond. It weighed over 21 carats and was sold to Sir P. Wodehouse, the then Governor of the Colony, for £500.

In 1868 and 1869 various diamonds were found, and the search for them was no doubt instigated by Van Niekerk's and O'Reilly's success; but nothing great was done nor did the belief prevail that South Africa was a country richer in precious stones than any other region yet discovered. Those which were brought to light during these two years may I believe yet be numbered, and no general belief had been created. But some searching by individuals was continued. The same Van Niekerk who had received the first diamond from the child not unnaturally had his imagination fired by his success. Either in 1868 or 1869 he heard of a large stone which was then in the hands of a Kafir witch-doctor from whom he succeeded in buying it, giving for it as the story goes all his sheep and all his horses. But the purchase was a good one, — for a Dutchman's flocks are not often very numerous or very valuable, — and he sold the diamond to merchants in the neighborhood for £11,200. It weighed 83 carats, and is said to be perfect in all its appointments as to water, shape, and whiteness. It became known among diamonds and was christened the "Star of South Africa." After a lawsuit, during which an interdict was pronounced forbidding its exportation or sale, it made its way to the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Rosskill from whom it was purchased for the delight of a lovely British countess.

Even then the question whether this part of South Africa was diamondiferous had not been settled to the

satisfaction of persons who concern themselves in the produce and distribution of diamonds. There seems to have been almost an Anti-South African party in the diamond market, as though it was too much to expect that from a spot so insignificant as this corner of the Orange and Vaal Rivers should be found a rival to the time-honored glories of Brazil and India. It was too good to believe, — or to some perhaps too bad, — that there should suddenly come a plethora of diamonds from among the Hottentots.

It was in 1870 that the question seems to have got itself so settled that some portion of the speculative energy of the world was enabled to fix itself on the new Diamond Fields. In that year various white men set themselves seriously to work in searching the banks of the Vaal up and down between Hebron and Klipdrift, — or Barkly as it is now called, — and many small parcels of stones were bought from natives who had been instigated to search by what they had already heard. The operations of those times are now called the "river diggings" in distinction to the "dry diggings," which are works of much greater magnitude, carried on in a much more scientific manner away from the river, — and which certainly are in all respects "dry" enough. But at first the searchers confined themselves chiefly to the river bed and to the small confluents of the river, scraping up into their mining cradles the shingles and dirt they had collected, and shaking and washing away the grit and mud, till they could see by turning the remaining stones over with a bit of slate on a board whether Fortune had sent on that morning a peculiar sparkle among the lot.

I was taken up to Barkly "on a picnic" as people say; and a very nice picnic it was, — one of the pleasantest days I had in South Africa. The object was to show me the Vaal River, and the little town which had been the capital of the diamond country before the grand discovery at Colesberg Kopje had made the town of Kimberley. There is nothing peculiar about Barkly as a South African town, except that it is already half deserted. There may be perhaps a score of houses there, most of which are much better built than those at Kimberley. They are made of rough stone, or of mud and whitewash; and, if I do not mistake, one of them had two stories. There was a hotel, — quite full, although the place is deserted, — and clustering round it were six or seven idle gentlemen, all of whom were or had been connected with diamonds. I am often struck by the amount of idleness which persons can allow themselves whose occupations have diverged from the common work of the world.

When at Barkly we got ourselves and our provisions into a boat so that we might have our picnic properly, under the trees at the other side of the river, — for opposite to Barkly is to be found the luxury of trees. As we were rowed down the river we saw a white man with two Kafirs poking about his stones and gravel on a miner's ricketty table under a little tent on the beach. He was a digger who had still clung to the "river" business; a Frenchman who had come to try his luck there a few days since. On the Monday previous, — we were told, — he had found a 13 carat white stone without a flaw. This would be enough, perhaps, to keep him going and almost to satisfy him for a month. Had he missed

that one stone he would probably have left the place after a week. Now he would go on through days and days without finding another sparkle. I can conceive no occupation on earth more dreary —hardly any more demoralizing — than this of perpetually turning over dirt in quest of a peculiar little stone which may turn up once a week or may not. I could not but think, as I watched the man, of the comparative nobility of the work of a shoemaker who by every pull at his thread is helping to keep some person's foot dry.

After our dinner we walked along the bank and found another "river" digger, though this man's claim might perhaps be removed a couple of hundred yards from the water. He was an Englishman, and we stood awhile and talked to him. He had one Kafir with him to whom he paid 7*s*. a week and his food, and he too had found one or more stones which he showed us, — just enough to make the place tenable. He had got upon an old digging which he was clearing out lower. He had, however, in one place reached the hard stone at the bottom, in, or below which there could be no diamonds. There was, however, a certain quantity of diamondiferous matter left, and as he had already found stones he thought that it might pay him to work through the remainder. He was a most good-humored, well-mannered man, with a pleasant fund of humor. When I asked him of his fortune generally at the diggings, he told us among other things that he had broken his shoulder bone at the diggings, which he displayed to us in order that we might see how badly the surgeon had used him. He had no pain to complain of, — or weakness; but his shoulder had not been made beautiful. "And who did it?" said the gentle-

man who was our Amphytrion at the picnic and is himself one of the leading practitioners of the Fields. "I think it was one Dr ——," said the digger, naming our friend whom no doubt he knew. I need not say that the doctor loudly disclaimed ever having had previous acquaintance with the shoulder.

The Kafir was washing the dirt in a rough cradle, separating the stones from the dust, and the owner, as each sieveful was brought to him, threw out the stones on his table and sorted them through with the eternal bit of slate or iron formed into the shape of a trowel. For the chance of a sieveful one of our party offered him half a crown, — which he took. I was glad to see it all inspected without a diamond, as had there been anything good the poor fellow's disappointment must have been great. That halfcrown was probably all that he would earn during the week, — all that he would earn perhaps for a month. Then there might come three or four stones in one day. I should think that the tedious despair of the vacant days could hardly be compensated by the triumph of the lucky minute. These "river" diggers have this in their favor, — that the stones found near the river are more likely to be white and pure than those which are extracted from the mines. The Vaal itself in the neighborhood of Barkly is pretty, — with rocks in its bed and islands and trees on its banks. But the country around, and from thence to Kimberley, which is twenty-four miles distant, is as ugly as flatness, barrenness, and sand together can make the face of the earth.

The commencement of diamond-digging as a settled industry was in 1872. It was then that dry-digging was

commenced, which consists of the regulated removal of ground found to be diamondiferous and of the washing and examination of every fraction of the soil. The district which we as yet know to be so specially gifted extends up and down the Vaal River from the confluence of the Modder to Hebron, about seventy-five miles, and includes a small district on the east side of the river. Here, within twelve miles of the river, and within a circle, of which the diameter is about two and a half miles, are contained all the mines, — or dry diggings, — from which have come the real wealth of the country. I should have said that the most precious diamond yet produced, one of 288 carats, was found close to the river about twelve miles from Barkly. This prize was made in 1872.

It is of the dry diggings that the future student of the Diamond Fields of South Africa will have to take chief account. The river diggings were only the prospecting work which led up to the real mining operations, — as the washing of the gullies in Australia led to the crushing of quartz and to the sinking of deep mines in search of alluvial gold. Of these dry diggings there are now four, Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, Old De Beers, — and Colesberg Kopje, or the great Kimberley mine, which though last in the Field has thrown all the other diamond mines into the shade. The first working at the three first of these was so nearly simultaneous, that they may almost be said to have been commenced at once. I believe, however, that they were in fact opened in the order I have given.

Bultfontein and Du Toit's Pan were on two separate Boer Farms, of which the former was bought first, —

as early as 1869, — by a firm who had even then had dealings in diamonds and who no doubt purchased the land with reference to diamonds. Here some few stones were picked from the surface, but the affair was not thought to be hopeful. The diamond searchers still believed that the river was the place. But the Dutch farmer at Du Toit's Pan, one Van Wyk, finding that precious stones were found on his neighbor's land, let out mining licenses on his own land, binding the miners to give him one fourth of the value of what they found. This, however, did not answer, and the miners resolved to pay some small monthly sum for a license, or to "jump" the two farms altogether. Now "jumping" in South African language means open stealing. A man "jumps" a thing when he takes what does not belong to him with a tacit declaration that might makes right. Appeal was then made to the authorities of the Orange Free State for protection; — and something was done. But the diggers were too strong, and the proprietors of the farms were obliged to throw open their lands to the miners on the terms which the men dictated.

The English came, — at the end of 1871, — just as the system of dry-digging had formed itself at these two mines, and from that time to this Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein have been worked as regular diamond mines. I did not find them especially interesting to a visitor. Each of them is about two miles distant from Kimberley town, and the center of the one can hardly be more than a mile distant from the center of the other. They are under the inspection of the same Government officer, and might be supposed to be part of one and the same enterprise were it not that there is a Mining Board

at Du Toit's Pan, whereas the shareholders at Bultfontein have abstained from troubling themselves with such an apparatus. They trust the adjustment of any disputes which may arise to the discretion of the Government Inspector.

At each place there is a little village, very melancholy to look at, consisting of hotels or drinking-bars, and the small shops of the diamond dealers. Everything is made of corrugated iron and the whole is very mean to the eye. There had been no rain for some months when I was there, and as I rode into Du Toit's Pan the thermometer showed over 90° in the shade, and over 150° in the sun. While I was at Kimberley it rose to 96° and 161°. There is not a blade of grass in the place, and I seemed to breathe dust rather than air. At both these places there seemed to be a "mighty maze," — in which they differ altogether from the Kimberley mine which I will attempt to describe presently. Out of the dry dusty ground, which looked so parched and ugly that one was driven to think that it had never yet rained in those parts, were dug in all directions pits and walls and roadways, from which and by means of which the dry dusty soil is taken out to some place where it is washed and the débris examined. Carts are going hither and thither, each with a couple of horses, and Kafirs above and below, — not very much above or very much below, — are working for 10*s*. a week and their diet without any feature of interest. What is done at Du Toit's Pan is again done at Bultfontein.

At Du Toit's Pan there are 1441 mining claims which are possessed by 214 claimholders. The area within the reef — that is, within the wall of rocky and earthy mat-

ter containing the diamondiferous soil — is thirty-one acres. This gives a revenue to the Griqualand Government of something over £2000 for every three months. About 1700 Kafirs are employed in the mine and on the stuff taken out of it at wages of 10*s*. a week and their diet, — which, at the exceptionally high price of provisions prevailing when I was in the country, costs about 10*s*. a week more. The wages paid to white men can hardly be estimated, as they are only employed in what I may call superintending work. They may perhaps be given as ranging from three to six pounds a week. The interesting feature in the labor question is the Kafir. This black man, whose body is only partially and most grotesquely clad, and who is what we mean when we speak of a Savage, earns more than the average rural laborer in England. Over and beyond his board and lodging he carries away with him every Saturday night 10*s*. a week in hard money, with which he has nothing to do but to amuse himself if it so pleases him.

At Bultfontein there are 1026 claims belonging to 153 claimholders. The area producing diamonds is twenty-two acres. The revenue derived is £6000 a year, more or less. About 1300 Kafirs are employed under circumstances as given above. The two diggings have been and are still successful, though they have never reached the honor and glory and wealth and grandeur achieved by that most remarkable spot on the earth's surface called the Colesberg Kopje, the New Rush, or the Kimberley mine.

I did not myself make any special visit to the Old De Beers mine. De Beers was the farmer who possessed the lands called Vooruitzuit, of the purchase of which I have

already spoken, and he himself, with his sons, for a while occupied himself in the business; — but he soon found it expedient to sell his land, — the Old De Beers mine being then established. As the sale was progressing, a lady on the top of a little hill called the Colesberg Kopje poked up a diamond with her parasol. Dr. Atherstone who had visited the locality had previously said that if new diamond ground were found it would probably be on this spot. In September, 1872, the territory of Griqualand West became a British Colony, and at that time miners from the whole district were congregating themselves at the hill, and that which was at once called the "New Rush" was established. In Australia where gold was found here or there the miners would hurry off to the spot and the place would be called this or that "Rush."

The New Rush, the Colesberg Kopje, — pronounced Coppy, — and the Kimberley mine are one and the same place. It is now within the town of Kimberley, — which has in fact got itself built around the hill to supply the wants of the mining population. Kimberley has in this way become the capital and seat of Government for the Province. As the mine is one of the most remarkable spots on the face of the earth, I will endeavor to explain it with some minuteness.

The Colesberg Hill is in fact hardly a hill at all, — what little summit may once have entitled it to the name having been cut off. On reaching the spot by one of the streets from the square you see no hill, but are called upon to rise over a mound, which is circular and looks to be no more than the débris of the mine, though it is in fact the remainder of the slight natural ascent. It is but

a few feet high, and on getting to the top you look down into a huge hole. This is the Kimberley mine. You immediately feel that it is the largest and most complete hole ever made by human agency.

At Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein the works are scattered. Here everything is so gathered together and collected that it is not at first easy to understand that the hole should contain the operations of a large number of separate speculators. It is so completely one that you are driven at first to think that it must be the property of one firm, — or at any rate be entrusted to the management of one director. It is very far from being so. In the pit beneath your feet, hard as it is at first to your imagination to separate it into various enterprises, the persons making or marring their fortunes have as little connection with each other as have the different banking firms in Lombard Street. There, too, the neighborhood is very close, and common precautions have to be taken as to roadway, fires, and general convenience.

You are told that the pit has a surface area of nine acres; but for your purposes, as you will care little for diamondiferous or non-diamondiferous soil, the aperture really occupies twelve acres. The slope of the reef around the diamond soil has forced itself back over an increased surface as the mine has become deeper. The diamond claims cover nine acres.

You stand upon the marge and there, suddenly, beneath your feet lies the entirety of the Kimberley mine, so open, so manifest, and so uncovered that if your eyes were good enough you might examine the separate operations of each of the three or four thousand human beings who are at work there. It looks to be so steep

down that there can be no way to the bottom other than the aërial contrivances which I will presently endeavor to explain. It is as though you were looking into a vast bowl, the sides of which are smooth as should be the sides of a bowl, while round the bottom are various marvelous incrustations, among which ants are working with all the usual energy of the ant-tribe. And these incrustations are not simply at the bottom, but come up the curves and slopes of the bowl irregularly, — halfway up, perhaps, in one place, while on another side they are confined quite to the lower deep. The pit is 230 feet deep, nearly circular, though after a while the eye becomes aware of the fact that it is oblong. At the top the diameter is about 300 yards, of which 250 cover what is technically called "blue," — meaning diamondiferous soil. Near the surface and for some way down, the sides are light brown, and as blue is the recognized diamond color, you will at first suppose that no diamonds were found near the surface; — but the light brown has been in all respects the same as the blue, the color of the soil to a certain depth having been affected by a mixture of iron. Below this everything is blue, all the constructions in the pit having been made out of some blue matter which at first sight would seem to have been carried down for the purpose. But there are other colors on the wall which give a peculiar picturesqueness to the mines. The top edge as you look at it with your back to the setting sun is red with the gravel of the upper reef, while, below, in places, the beating of the rain and running of water has produced peculiar hues, all of which are a delight to the eye.

As you stand at the edge you will find large, high-

raised boxes at your right hand and at your left, and you will see all round the margin crowds of such erections, each box being as big as a little house and higher than most of the houses in Kimberley. These are the first recipients for the stuff that is brought up out of the mine. And behind these, so that you will often find that you have walked between them, are the whims by means of which the stuff is raised, each whim being worked by two horses. Originally the operation was done by hand-windlasses which were turned by Kafirs, and the practice is continued at some of the smaller enterprises; — but the horse whims are now so general that there is a world of them round the claim. The stuff is raised on aërial tramways, — and the method of an aërial tramway is as follows. Wires are stretched taut from the wooden boxes slanting down to the claims at the bottom, — never less than four wires for each box, two for the ascending and two for the descending bucket. As one bucket runs down empty on one set of wires, another comes up full on the other set. The ascending bucket is, of course, full of "blue." The buckets were at first simply leathern bags. Now they have increased in size and importance of construction, — to half-barrels and so upwards to large iron cylinders which sit easily upon wheels running in the wires as they ascend and descend and bring up their loads, half a cart-load at each journey.

As this is going on round the entire circle it follows that there are wires starting everywhere from the rim and converging to a center at the bottom, on which the buckets are always scudding through the air. They drop down and creep up not altogether noiselessly, but

with a gentle trembling sound which mixes itself pleasantly with the murmur from the voices below. And the wires seem to be the strings of some wonderful harp, — aërial or perhaps infernal, — from which the beholder expects that a louder twang will soon be heard. The wires are there always, of course, but by some lights they are hardly visible. The mine is seen best in the afternoon and the visitor looking at it should stand with his back to the setting sun; — but as he so stands and so looks he will hardly be aware that there is a wire at all if his visit be made, say on a Saturday afternoon, when the works are stopped and the mine is mute.

When the world below is busy there are about 3500 Kafirs at work, — some small proportion upon the reef which has to be got into order so that it shall neither tumble in nor impede the work, nor overlay the diamondiferous soil as it still does in some places; but by far the greater number are employed in digging. Their task is to pick up the earth and shovel it into the buckets and iron receptacles. Much of it is loosened for them by blasting, which is done after the Kafirs have left the mine at 6 o'clock. You look down and see the swarm of black ants busy at every hole and corner with their picks moving and shoveling the loose blue soil.

But the most peculiar phase of the mine, as you gaze into its large pit, is the subdivision into claims and portions. Could a person see the sight without having heard any word of explanation it would be impossible, I think, to conceive the meaning of all those straight cut narrow dikes, of those mud walls at right angles to each other, of those square separate pits, and again of those square upstanding blocks, looking like houses without doors or

windows. You can see that nothing on earth was ever less level than the bottom of the bowl, — and that the black ants in traversing it, as they are always doing, go up and down almost at every step, jumping here on to a narrow wall and skipping there across a deep dividing channel as though some diabolically ingenious architect had contrived a house with five hundred rooms, not one of which should be on the same floor, and to and from none of which should there be a pair of stairs or a door or a window. In addition to this, it must be imagined that the architect had omitted the roof in order that the wires of the harp above described might be brought into every chamber. The house has then been furnished with picks, shovels, planks, and a few barrels, populated with its black legions, and there it is for you to look at.

At first the bottom of the bowl seems small. You know the size of it as you look, — and that it is nine acres, enough to make a moderate field, — but it looks like no more than a bowl. Gradually it becomes enormously large, as your eye dwells for a while on the energetic business going on in one part, and then travels away over an infinity of subdivided claims to the work in some other portion. It seems at last to be growing under you and that soon there will be no limit to the variety of partitions on which you have to look. You will, of course, be anxious to descend, and if you be no better than a man there is nothing to prevent you. Should you be a lady I would advise you to stay where you are. The work of going up and down is hard, everything is dirty, and the place below is not nearly so interesting as it is above. One firm at the mine, Messrs. Baring Gould, Atkins & Company, have gone to the

expense of sinking a perpendicular shaft with a tunnel below from the shaft to the mine, — so as to avoid the use of the aërial tramway; and by Mr. Gould's kindness I descended through his shaft. Nevertheless there was some trouble in getting into the mine, and when I was there the labor in clambering about from one chamber to another in that marvelously broken house was considerable and was not lessened by the fact that the heat of the sun was about 140°. The division of the claims, however, became apparent to me, and I could see how one was being worked, and another left without any present digging till the claim-owner's convenience should be suited. But there is a regulation compelling a man to work if the standing of his "blue" should become either prejudicial or dangerous to his neighbors. There is one shaft, — that belonging to the firm I have mentioned; and one tramway has been cut down by another firm through the reef and circumjacent soil so as to make an inclined plane up and down to the mine.

The ground was originally divided into 801 claims with some few double numbers to claims at the east end of the mine; — but in truth nearly half of those have never been of value, consisting entirely of reef, the diamondiferous matter, the extent of which has now been ascertained, not having traveled so far. There are in truth 408 existing claims; but there are subdivisions in regard to property very much more minute. There are shares held by individuals as small as one sixteenth of a claim. The total property is in fact divided into 514 portions, the amount of which of course varies extremely. Every master miner pays 10*s*. a month to the Government for the privilege of working, whether he

own a claim or only a portion of a claim. In working this the number of men employed differs very much from time to time. When I was there the mine was very full, and there were probably almost 4000 men in it and as many more employed above on the stuff. When the "blue" has come up and been deposited in the great wooden boxes at the top, it is then lowered by its own weight into carts, and carried off to the "ground" of the proprietor. Every diamond digger is obliged to have a space of ground somewhere round the town, — as near his whim as he can get it, — to which his stuff is carted and then laid out to crumble and decompose. This may occupy weeks, but the time depends on what may be the fall of rain. If there be no rain, it must be watered, — at a very considerable expense. It is then brought to the washing, and is first put into a round puddling-trough, where it is broken up and converted into mud by stationary rakes which work upon the stuff as the trough goes round. The stones, of course, fall to the bottom, and as diamonds are the heaviest of stones they fall with the others. The mud is examined and thrown away, — and then the stones are washed, and rewashed, and sifted, and examined. The greater number of diamonds are found during this operation; — but the large gems and those therefore of by far the greatest value are generally discovered while the stuff is being knocked about and put into the buckets in the mine.

It need hardly be said that in such an operation as I have described the greatest care is necessary to prevent stealing, and that no care will prevent it. The Kafirs are the great thieves, — to such an extent of superexcellence that white superintendence is spoken of as being

the only safeguard. The honesty of the white man may perhaps be indifferent, but such as it is it has to be used at every point to prevent, as far as it may be prevented, the systematized stealing in which the Kafirs take an individual and national pride. The Kafirs are not only most willing but most astute thieves, feeling a glory in their theft, and thinking that every stone stolen from a white man is a duty done to their chief and their tribe. I think it may be taken as certain that no Kafir would feel the slightest pang of conscience at stealing a diamond, or that any disgrace would be held to attach to him among other Kafirs for such a performance. They come to the Fields instructed by their chiefs to steal diamonds, and they obey the orders like loyal subjects. Many of the Kafir chiefs are said to have large quantities of diamonds, which have been brought to them by their men returning from the diggings; — but most of those which are stolen no doubt find their way into the hands of illicit dealers. I have been told that the thefts perpetrated by the Kafirs amount to twenty-five per cent on the total amount found; — but this I do not believe.

The opportunities for stealing are of hourly occurrence and are of such a nature as to make prevention impossible. These men are sharp-sighted as birds, and know and see a diamond much quicker than a white man. They will pick up stones with their toes and secrete them even under the eyes of those who are watching them. I was told that a man will so hide a diamond in his mouth that no examination will force him to disclose it. They are punished when discovered with lashes and imprisonment, — in accordance with the law

on the matter. No employer is now allowed to flog his man at his own pleasure. And the white men who buy diamonds from Kafirs are also punished, when convicted, by fine and imprisonment for the simple offense of buying from a Kafir, but with flogging also if convicted of having instigated a Kafir to steal. Nevertheless, a lucrative business of this nature is carried on, and the Kafirs know well where to dispose of their plunder, though of course but for a small proportion of its value.

Ten shillings a week and their food were the regular wages here as well as elsewhere. This I found to be very fluctuating, but the money paid had rarely gone lower for any considerable number of men than the above-named rate. The lowest amount paid has been 7*s*. 6*d*. a week. Sometimes it had been as high as 20*s*. and even 30*s*. a week. A good deal of the work is supplied by contract, certain middlemen undertaking to provide men with all expenses paid at £1 a week. When mealies have become dear from drought, — there being no grass for oxen on the route, — no money can be made in this way. Such was the case when I was in Griqualand West. It is stated by Mr. Oats, an engineer, in his evidence given to the Committee on the Griqualand West Annexation Bill, in June, 1877, — that the annual amount of wages paid at Kimberley had varied from £600,000 to £1,600,000 a year. Nearly the whole of this had gone into the hands of the Kafirs.

Perhaps the most interesting sight at the mine is the escaping of the men from their labor at six o'clock. Then, at the sound of some welcome gong, they begin to swarm up the sides close at each other's heels, apparently altogether indifferent as to whether there be a path

or no. They come as flies come up a wall, only capering as flies never caper, — and shouting as they come. In endless strings, as ants follow each other, they move, passing along ways which seem to offer no hold to a human foot. Then it is that one can best observe their costume, in which a pair of trousers rarely forms a portion. A soldier's red jacket or a soldier's blue jacket has more charms than any other vestment. They seem always to be good-humored, always well-behaved, — but then they are always thieves. And yet how grand a thing it is that so large a number of these men should have been brought in so short a space of time to the habit of receiving wages and to the capacity of bargaining as to the wages for which they will work. I shall not, however, think it so grand a thing if any one addresses them as the free and independent electors of Kimberley before they have got trousers to cover their nakedness.

I must add also that a visitor to Kimberley should if possible take an opportunity of looking down upon the mine by moonlight. It is a weird and wonderful sight, and may almost be called sublime in its peculiar strangeness.

A MODERN BATTLEFIELD

[About 1898]

BY JULIAN RALPH

THE pictures of our battles which are produced in illustrated papers are not at all like real scenes at the front.

Art cannot keep pace with the quick advances of science, and illustrators find that for effect they must still put as much smoke and confusion in their battle studies as went with the old pictures of Waterloo. If this were left out, the public would be disappointed, and unable to tell a battlefield from a parade.

Lately a picture in one of our leading papers, by a very capable artist, showed the British storming a Boer position. In the middle distance was a Boer battery, and the only gunner left alive was standing up with a bandage round his head, while smoke and flame and flying fragments of shells filled the air in his vicinity. In the rush of the instant he must have been bandaged by the same shot that struck him, and as for the smoke and flying débris, there was more of this in a corner of that picture than was to be seen in all the four battles we have fought!

What, then, is a modern battle — how does it look and sound?

Really, the field of operations is so extensive, and the range of modern guns is so great, that fighting conditions have altered, until there is no longer any general "noise of battle hurtled in the air," no possibility of

grasping or viewing an engagement from any single point.

You may hear one of our big guns loosed three miles over on the right and another two miles on the left. If you are near they make a tremendous noise, yet I have not heard any explosion so loud as a good strong clap of thunder. The guns of the enemy cough far in front of you, and their shells burst within your lines with a louder sound — but with no real crash or deafening roar.

Our guns at their muzzles create but little smoke, though our Lyddite shells throw up clouds of dust and smoke where they fall miles away. Because the Boers are using old-fashioned powder in their cannon there is a small white cloud wherever one is fired, and a spurt of red sand where their shells dig into the veldt. The smoke of war, therefore, and the so-called roar of battle are nowadays occasional, scattered, inconsiderable.

Rifle-firing has been the principal feature of our fights. It sounds like the frying of fat, or like the crackling and snapping of green wood in a bonfire. If you are within two miles of the front, you are apt to be under fire, and then you hear the music of individual bullets. Their song is like the magnified note of a mosquito. "*Z—z—z—z—z*" — they go over your head; "*z—z—z—z—p*" — they finish as they bury themselves in the ground. This is a sound only to be heard when the bullets fly very close. You pick up your heels and run a hundred, or even fifty, yards, and you hear nothing but the general crackle of rifle-fire in and before the trenches.

The "putt-putt," or Vickers-Nordenfeldt gun, is able to interest you at a distance of three miles. Its explo-

sions are best described by the nickname given to the gun by one regiment: "The blooming door-knocker." Its bullets or shells are as big as the bowl of a large brier-root pipe, and they tear and slit the air with a terrible sound, exploding when they strike. The firing of this gun was heard all over the largest of our battlefields, and the sound of exploding shells carried far, because they were apt to fall on the quiet, outer edge of the field. The whizz that even these missiles make in flying, however, is like the whispered answers of a maid in love, only to be heard by the favored individual who is especially addressed.

Thus the many separate sounds are not loud enough to blend. The crowning, all-pervading noises are those of the guns and of the rifle-fire, and on the vast veldt, spread over a double line of five to seven miles in length, only those that are very near are very loud.

The scene of battle — the general view — is exceedingly orderly. There may be a desperate scrimmage where a company or two are storming a Kopje, but level your glass on yonder hill, and what do you see — a fringe of tiny jets of fire from the top where the Boers are, and our men in Khaki rising, and reclining, and occasionally firing, as they win their way upward.

The general view displays an arrangement as methodical as a chessboard. There are several battalions flat on their faces in two or three long lines. Over here is a battery in perfect order, with its limber of horses at rest near by. Another battery, equally well arranged, as if to have its photograph taken, is to be seen in the middle field; a third is on the farther side. The cavalry is sweeping across the veldt in perfect rank and alignment.

There is no confusion anywhere — nothing is helter-skelter or slap-dash.

I remember only two momentary disturbances of this stern, steady discipline. One was in the afternoon, during the Modder River fight, when a large band of mounted Boers made a flank movement on our extreme right, and fired a volley at our immense mass of transport and ambulance wagons, water-carts, and ammunition trains.

The drivers were taken by surprise, and fell to lashing their mule teams and horses, generally to the accompaniment of high-keyed Kafir yells. The rout lasted but five minutes or less, and was comical beyond description, because the leading mules climbed over the wheelers, and the faster the bullets fell the louder the Kafirs yelled, and the more they plied their enormous whips.

The bravery of our stretcher-bearers is as much beyond question as it is beyond praise. All historians who tell of the dash and valor of the generals, colonels, majors, captains, and "Tommies" of the army, in common justice must also describe how the chaplains, doctors, and stretcher-bearers went in and out of the most hellish fire, not once or twice, but all through every battle.

It is just outside the range of fire that you see and realize the horrors of war. It is there that the wounded crawl and stagger by you; it is there that they spend their final output of energy, and fall down to lie until assistance comes; it is there that you see stretchers laden with their mangled freight, and sound soldiers bearing the wounded on their backs and in their arms.

More certainly to know the brutality and woe of war, happen upon a kopje that has just been stormed, or a

trench that has been carried. Go to such a place to-day, twenty centuries after Christ came with his message of peace on earth and good will to men, and behold what you shall see.

"Here," said I to a photographer in such a place — I think it was Belmont — "snap this scene. Look at the wounded all over the ground. Quick! out with your camera."

"Oh, I can't," said he; "it's too horrible!"

"As you please," I said. "But it's what the public wants."

You read, in the writings of those who know nothing of war, about the writhing of the wounded, and the groaning on the battlefield. There is no writhing, and the groans are few and faint. There was one man who was simply cut to pieces by a shell at Maaghersfontein, and his sufferings must have been awful. He kept crying, "Doctor, can't you do anything?" Another begged to be killed, and the first wounded man I saw kept saying, poor fellow, in ever so low a voice, "Oh, dear, dear, dear! Oh, dear, dear, dear!" But there is much less groaning than you would imagine — very little in proportion to the sufferings.

Two things are so common with the wounded as to be almost like rules of behavior. They all beg for water (it used to be cigarettes that they asked for on the Turkish side in the last war in Europe), and they seem always to be made gentle by their wounds. Men of the roughest speech, profane by second nature, cease to offend when stricken down.

"Well, mate," said one, whose leg was shattered, "you never know when your turn will come, do you?"

And another simply cried, "Oh, dear!"

Now and then you heard, "For God's sake, get me taken to an ambulance!" — but no profanity was intended there.

Many may wonder how it feels to be wounded. All who had bones shattered by expanding bullets used nearly the same language to describe the sensation.

"You feel," they said, "exactly as if you had received a powerful shock from an electric battery, and then comes a blow as if your foot" (or arm, or whatever part it might be) "was crushed by a stroke with a tremendous mallet." It is much the same in a lesser degree if a bone is struck by a Mauser bullet; but if the smooth, slender, clean little shot merely pierces the flesh, a burning or stinging sensation is the instantaneous result.

"Lying six hours in the broiling sun was pretty bad," said one whose arm-bone was smashed; "but the really awful experience was the jolting over rocks when I was carried off in an ambulance."

Another man, an officer, whose foot was smashed by an explosive bullet, said, "Look at my pipe. That's what I did to keep from saying anything." He had bitten off an inch of the hardened rubber mouthpiece. That was before his wound was dressed. The relief that is given by the dressing of a wound must be exquisite, for you hear next to no groans or moans after a doctor has given this first attention.

In the army of Lord Methuen the great majority of wounds were in the arms and feet; but other points and experiences in war are more remarkable. The chances of receiving a wound seem not to have greatly increased with the improvements in modern death-dealing im-

plements. There were more than a million shots fired at Modder River, and yet only about eight hundred men were hit; while the number of bullets that hit water-bottles, haversacks, ration-tins, and coat-sleeves was astonishing. The damage to life and limb by the excessive artillery fire was next to nothing.

On a typical field of battle the armies oppose one another with orderly masses. Staff officers ride hither and thither. Batteries rumble to and fro at long intervals, as they are ordered to take new positions, and in the same way the cavalry appear and reappear on the edges of the field. Stretcher-bearers bring the wounded out of the zone of danger, and ambulances roll up, get their loads, and roll away again, all day continually as in a ceaseless train.

Brave privates bring out the wounded, and work their way back into fire again, now running forward, now dropping flat upon the veldt. Skulkers work back to the edge of the field in the same way — a few only — and are gathered up and sent forward in batches by the officers who come upon them. At last the cheer of British victory is heard, and the whole force rushes forward, or darkness falls upon an unfinished fight, and we grope about the veldt, seeking our camps, and the food and drink that most of us have gone without too long.

IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN ARMY

[1903–1904]

BY GUSTAV FRENSSEN

[FROM the general scramble of the Powers for territory in Africa, Germany emerged with an extensive tract in the Southwest. She has made vigorous efforts to develop it as a colony, spending much blood and money in her attempts to subdue the natives and turn the country into a promising field for German emigration. This story is from a book supposed to be written by a soldier in the German army telling of his experiences in the campaign against the natives in 1903–04.

The Editor.]

WE were to surround the enemy in an arc to the north and corner them, just as one runs in a circle and corners a colt so that it runs back where the boy is waiting with a halter in his hand. We were to make forced marches with fewer and lighter wagons, which meant smaller and lighter rations, and with less and lighter clothing. We were about three hundred men, — marines, sailors, and the home guards, who were leading us.

The troop of old Africans again went on ahead, officers and common soldiers, all mounted. Then came the old major with one officer; then we foot-soldiers in a long, thin line veiled in dust. Here and there in our line were the thirty great Cape wagons loaded with the light field-pieces and each drawn by from ten to twenty-four long-horned oxen, which were driven, with much shouting, by Negroes. On both sides of the way was more or less

dense, grayish green thorn-bush, the wood of which is as hard as bone, and which grows to the height of a man, and sometimes twice that height, and has curved thorns as long as one's finger. In such wise and through such country we now traveled day after day and week after week. And day by day and week by week our progress became more painful. For soon came the time when we began to suffer from hunger and want, when the oxen began to fall from exhaustion, and when some of the clumsily rumbling wagons were full of the distress of the wounded or very sick.

When the sun mounted high over us, almost to the zenith, and the sand was scorching, and eyes and throats were burning, the van would halt at a clearing where there ought to have been water, but the water was not always there. Then suffering terribly from thirst, we had to dig holes to see if we could find a little water slowly filtering through. Often it was salt or milky from lime, or smelled vile; and oftener we did n't find even this miserable, loathsome water, and we had to go on again thirsty, far into the night. If we did find water, we would make a barricade of thorn-bush around us. Then each mess division would get its meager supply of food; a little meat from a freshly killed ox which had fallen exhausted, a little flour, and a little rice. The meat or flour we stirred up in a kettle with the bad water, and set it over the fire, calling it meat soup, or bouillon with rice, or pancakes, which they called "Plinsen." The cooking utensils were cleaned with sand. After that we lay for an hour in the shade of the wagons or of a canvas that had been set up, and then started on again.

Weary and indifferent, we marched on till evening

and often into the night, and I don't know that in those weeks we ever sang. The moonlight lay wonderfully pale, like bright spider webs, over the broad, bushy land, and the unfamiliar stars gleamed strangely confused and restless. The gun-straps pressed on our shoulders, our feet stumbled in the uneven track, and our thoughts were slow and dull. When we had reached water in the night and had had dealt out to us one or two, or, if it was more plenty, even three cook-pan covers full of the miserable stuff, we were too tired to cook properly. We stirred up together a little of whatever we got and ate it half cooked. We had orders to bring the water to the boiling-point before we took it; but I have seen the officers, and for that matter even the physicians themselves, drink it just as it was. We were too tired and apathetic.

So it went on every day for four weeks. The country was always flat and bushy. We did n't see a single house and we did n't meet a human being.

It was bad that we could n't take provisions enough with us. If we had been able to, many more would have seen their homes again. We did n't notice it ourselves, but the doctors and officers probably saw that we were gradually getting flabby and weak. If we had even had time and inclination to cook properly, it would have been better; but the water was often so repulsive that it was no pleasure, and we had to use it so sparingly that our utensils got foul. I rubbed them with sand and I rubbed them with grass, but they did not get clean. And it was bad that we had only thin Khaki uniforms. In the morning we marched up to our knees in wet grass, at noon in hot sand, and all day through thorny brush, so that the lower part of our trousers fringed out and soon hung

in shreds. When, as sometimes happened, a thunderstorm or a shower came up and then night came on, we were horribly cold. There were some very cold nights.

Thus it had to come about that we soon became very weak, even though we did not notice it ourselves. I used to think sometimes with surprise, "There was so much talk and squabbling among us on shipboard, and so many jokes among us! Where are they, and why don't we sing? How pale and yellow and thin Behrens has grown! How sunken and feverish our under officer's eyes look! What awfully thin beards we young men have!" There were many among us not yet twenty.

Once we came upon a great covered wagon left deserted on the road. A farmer or a trader had wanted to escape and had packed his most valuable possessions in the wagon, harnessed his oxen to it, and driven the rest of his flocks before it. He had come as far as this. His bones lay eaten by beasts, his goods were stolen, and round about the wagon were strewn the only things which the enemy could n't use, his letters and books. We buried the bones in the bush, tied a cross together with string and set it on the grave, and took some letters and remnants of books, read them, and threw them away.

Another day we discovered, hidden in the bush, on a hill by the way, many deserted huts of the enemy. They were like great beehives made of a skeleton of branches and twigs plastered over with cow-dung. Although we were so tired, we took the time to set fire to these, and afterwards stood on a rise in our road and looked back. The glow dyed the evening sky for a great distance.

Besides this I don't know that anything special hap-

pened to us. We marched continually along the sandy road in a cloud of dust, on both sides of us brush that from time to time was thinner, or that yielded to make a majestic clearing.

Our horsemen, the old Africans and the officers, rode often an hour in advance of us and tried to spy out the enemy. When they came back the news would often spread through the ranks or at night from fire to fire: "We are close to the enemy now; to-morrow or the day after we shall meet them." Then we rejoiced and each man sat and looked over his gun and examined his cartridge-belt. But a new day came and still another, and we grew weaker and more exhausted, and we saw nothing of the enemy.

So it went on for four weeks, further and further. It was bad that we never had our clothes off and could never wash ourselves, and seldom, and then not thoroughly, even our faces and hands; but what was worse, we could never get enough to eat any more. They had given to me the task of getting the rations for our mess. I brought less and less to the cooking-hole; a little rice, a little flour, a little canned meat, and a little coffee. There was no more sugar, and one day I came back from the wagon with no salt. Then I baked pancakes made of dirty water and flour. The water we drank with our food tasted disgustingly of Glaubersalz; often it was as yellow as pea soup and smelled vile. The nights were cold.

I cannot say that we were cast down. We did n't grumble, either. We perceived that it could n't go any other way and that the officers endured all that we did. We were very quiet and sober, though. We held ourselves together with the thought: "We shall soon now

come upon the enemy and beat them and finish up the campaign, and then, oh! then, we shall go back to the capital and get new clothes and have a bath. We'll spring into the water, and we'll get a new handkerchief, a really clean, red-checked one, and a great lot of good meat and a handful of white salt, and a great, great mug of clean, crystal-clear water — how it will glisten! And we'll have a long, long drink and hold out the empty mug, and again the water will pour into it, and we'll drink and drink. And then after a few days we'll travel back to the coast and we'll start for home! What shan't we have to tell about this monkey-land!"

Our boots fell apart; our trousers were nothing but shreds and rags at the bottom; our jackets got full of great holes from the thorns and were horribly greasy because we wiped everything off on them; our hands were full of inflamed places because we often had to seize the thorns with them.

Our lieutenant often talked to us. "Keep up your courage," he would say; "we shall have a fight and throw the rascals back to the west into the jaws of the main division. And in July we'll be at home again." I marveled at him, that he, though not much older than we, and suffering all the hardships that we did, was always uniformly calm, while we were often good-for-nothing and got angry and grumbled. It was n't because he had learned more than we; I think it came from the fact that he was at heart a cultivated man; that is, he had his soul and mind in control so that he could value justly, and could make allowance for the things about him. His will would have it so, and it came to pass. And I have noticed that will power is worth ten

times more than mere knowing. We never said a word of how much we thought of him and watched him. He was a small man and rode a strong East Prussian horse, and always wore his felt hat a little over the left ear with the brim tilted up on the left side.

The old major came sometimes and addressed us. While doing so he looked at each man as closely as though he wanted to find out if he were having any sort of trouble. We all felt that he was a wise and wide-awake man and that he had a gentle, sympathetic heart. We felt, therefore, safe under him, and we knew it could not be any different from what it was or he would have changed it; and we would run like so many rabbits if we could do any little service for him. When any one had run that way, we used to jeer at him and say: "Are you trying to burst yourself, man?" But when the turn came to any one else he would run just the same.

Sometimes when we were all sitting about our fire-holes, I would take myself off over to the old Africans, who always had their fire by one of the wagons which Sergeant Hansen conducted. Then Hansen would motion to me, for he liked me since I had talked to him in the courtyard of the fort. They always sat by themselves, not entirely out of pride, but also because they were mostly from five to twenty years older than we were. Some of them had been already ten years or more in the country.

I used to sit down quietly with them and listen with great eagerness to their talk. Sometimes they talked of the wild fifteen years' struggles in the colony, in all or part of which they had shared, and of the fighting in the last three months. They recalled the scene of many a

brave deed, and named many a valiant man, dead or living. I was surprised that so many hard undertakings, of which I had never heard or read so much as a word, had been carried through by Germans, and that already so much German blood had been lavishly spilled in this hot, barren land. They touched, too, upon the causes of the uprising; and one of the older men, who had been long in the country, said: "Children, how should it be otherwise? They were ranchmen and proprietors, and we were there to make them landless workingmen; and they rose up in revolt. They acted in just the same way that North Germany did in 1813. This is their struggle for independence." "But the cruelty?" said some one else, and the first speaker replied indifferently: "Do you suppose that if our whole people should rise in revolt against foreign oppressors it would take place without cruelty? And are we not cruel toward them?" They discussed, too, what the Germans really wanted here. They thought we ought to make that point clear. "The matter stood this way: there were missionaries here who said: 'You are our dear brothers in the Lord and we want to bring you these benefits; namely, Faith, Love, and Hope.' And there were soldiers, farmers, and traders, and they said: 'We want to take your cattle and your land gradually away from you and make you slaves without legal rights.' Those two things did n't go side by side. It is a ridiculous and crazy project. Either it is right to colonize, that is, to deprive others of their rights, to rob and to make slaves, or it is just and right to Christianize, that is, to proclaim and live up to brotherly love. One must clearly desire the one and despise the other; one must wish to rule or to love, to be for or against

Jesus. The missionaries used to preach to them, 'Ye are our brothers,' and that turned their heads. They are not our brothers, but our slaves, whom we must treat humanely but strictly. These ought to be our brothers? They may become that after a century or two. They must first learn what we ourselves have discovered, — to stem water and to make wells, to dig and to plant corn, to build houses and to weave clothing. After that they may well become our brothers. One does n't take any one into a partnership till he has paid up his share."

One old freight-carrier, who mixed many English and Dutch words in his speech, said it would be better if the colony were sold to the English. "The Germans are probably useful as soldiers and farmers," he said, "but they understand nothing about the government of colonies. They want this and they want that." A younger man, who had been in the country only three years, said, in answer: "There 'll have to be a thousand or two German graves in this country before that happens, and perhaps they 'll be dug this year."

Over these conversations it got to be late at night; the fires still glowed a little, and in the uncertain light I saw the faces that had become browned and weatherbeaten from the burning of the African sun.

In these hard, hot days of marching and cold, moonlight nights, when we were advancing painfully, but still not without courage, one week after another, through the wild, bushy land, — there was not a house, not a ditch, not a tree, not a boundary in the burning sun by day or the pale moonlight of the clear nights; when I was plodding along, hungry and dirty and weary by the sandy, uneven wagon track, my gun on my shoulder;

when I lay in the noon hour in the shadow of the great Cape wagons, and in the bitter cold nights, hungry and restless, in a thin blanket on the bare earth, and the strange stars shone in the beautiful blue heavens, — then, I believe, even then, in those painful weeks, I learned to love that wonderful, endless country.

ADVANCING UPON THE ENEMY

[1903–1904]

BY GUSTAV FRENSSEN

BEFORE midnight we advanced toward the enemy. It was said that our division would come upon them about morning. The Witt-boys rode on ahead as spies. Then came our company. One part was detached to ride at the side of the road in the bush; the other part was to keep on riding in the road. I was in the third platoon. Behind me in compact array came the artillery. We marched as quietly as possible, but still there were all sorts of noises: snorting of horses, jolting of wheels, an impatient, angry shout, or a blow with a whip. I was very cold in the saddle, and, in order not to have stiff fingers later, when I had to shoot, I laid the reins over my cartridge-belt and put my hands in my pockets.

At last morning broke, and delicate, rosy stripes of light soon shot up toward the zenith. The colors grew rapidly deeper, brighter, and stronger. The red was glorious in its fullness and the blue beautiful in its purity. The light mounted and extended itself, ascending like a new world a thousand times more beautiful than the old one. Then came the sun, big and clear, looking like a great, placid, wide-open eye. Although like a good soldier I had all my thoughts fixed on what was before me, on the enemy, and the bad hours I should probably meet with, yet I saw the splendor of the sky.

Near me rode a fellow from Hamburg, a fresh, quiet

boy. He said once to me: "You see, one has to have experienced something, or how shall one become a serious, capable man? That's why I came here." He was to enter his father's business later. He was riding just as I was, his reins over his cartridge-belt and his hands in his pockets; he was frowning this morning, and kept a sharp lookout before him. Diagonally behind me rode the former officer.

About this time of day, according to the predictions of our scouts, we ought to reach the enemy, but they were not to be seen. Then I thought, as did many others, that again there would be no fighting, and I was annoyed. Shortly after this, however, we heard the thunder of cannon coming from our right.

It got to be eight o'clock, and nine. The bush was so dense that the parties sent into it could not advance. They came out and marched together along the road. The sun was steadily mounting; it was getting to be a hot day. It began to be warm riding, and the horses were growing tired. A little thin lieutenant with a drawn face and sharp eyes rode up alongside of me and said, in a suppressed voice: "We are n't a mile and a half from the water-holes." Several times in the last few days he had made dangerous excursions into this region, and he knew every bush.

Then the first shot fell ahead. With a quick swing we were out of our saddles and had thrown the reins over our horses' necks. Those who were to hold the horses seized them. Our company was only ninety strong, and, as we left ten with the horses, only eighty men went into the thick bush. The enemy were firing vigorously and letting out short, wild cries. I saw one of our men

wounded. He stooped and examined a wound in his leg. Still, I saw nothing of the enemy. Then just for a second I saw a piece of an arm in a grayish brown cord coat, and I shot at it. Then I lay down to spy out another target. Lively firing was being exchanged. When one of us thought he had hit his mark, he would announce it with a loud voice: "That one won't get up again! I got him in the middle of the breast!" The third man at my right, who was lying by a bush in front of me, twitched convulsively. A derisive voice on the other side shouted: "Had enough, Dutchman?" My comrade said, in a quiet voice: "I have a bullet in my shoulder," and he crawled back on all fours.

I could hear through all our own shooting that we were getting fired upon from the left. This fire now became heavier. They were coming nearer. In close ranks they came, creeping and shouting and screaming. Two of my neighbors were not shouting any more. We crawled back once or twice our length. The enemy shouted: "Look out, Dutchman, look out!" and laughed wildly. Others shouted: "Hurrah! hurrah!" The bush was swarming with men. I thought they would now break loose upon us in a wild storm and that it would be all up with us. On account of our wounded men I was fearfully anxious lest we should have to retreat. I was firmly resolved if the command should come, to shout loudly: "Take along the wounded!" But when I had just decided on this plan, a subordinate officer came up with several men and cheered us on with the words, "Hold your position! I am sending aid!" Soon afterwards I heard something slipping and grating behind me, and a quiet, soft voice said: "Move a little to the side."

The nozzle of a machine gun was pushed forward near my face, and immediately began to crackle away. The grape shot hissed furiously into the bushes, rattling and whizzing. How good it sounded! How surely and quietly I shot! "Did I hit? Did you see? Shoot, man, there! there!" Cannon, too, upon a slope behind us were now thundering over our heads. Then it grew a little more quiet on the other side, and the command of "Forward, double quick!" reached us. We sprang up and plunged forward, but a horrible volley of grape shot was poured against us and threw us back again.

In front of me an under officer had got a ball in the body, and blood was streaming from the wound. He was crouching and trying to stem the flow of blood with a handkerchief, and was calling for help. He was a light-complexioned, fine-looking man. Just then the former officer, the one who was under the official ban, came up from the side, seized the wounded man by the shoulders, and dragged him back, while balls were falling around him and the barrel of his gun was hit so that it flew rattling to one side. He then quietly lay down in his place again. On the other side, in the bush, they were shouting in wild zeal and shrieking for very rage.

We did not advance. I don't know how long we lay there firing. It was probably hours. I wondered once why no officer was to be seen with us, and I forgot it again. Sweat ran like water over my entire body. Not merely my tongue, but my throat, my whole body, cried out for a swallow of cool water. At one side a hospital aid was trying to bind a rubber bandage around the bleeding leg of a wounded man who begged him in South

German dialect: "Take me back a little, can you?" Then the aid dragged him back panting.

The fire from the other side was getting weaker. A voice commanded us: "Fire more slowly." From the other side we heard it jeeringly mimicked: "Fire more slowly." A wounded man cried aloud for water.

We lay and waited, our guns pointed. Word passed from mouth to mouth: "The captain is dead; the first lieutenant, too — all the officers — and almost all the under officers." Propping my gun in position, I took my field flask with my left hand and swallowed the little draught I had saved up for the greatest emergency. As I set the flask aside, I thought that perhaps it would be my last drink, and I thought of my parents. I believed that the enemy would get breath and then make another assault.

But that did not happen. A lieutenant who belonged to the staff came stooping along our ranks. When he was behind me, he knelt there, touched my boot lightly, and said: "Go to the general and report that according to my reckoning we are about half a mile distant from the last water-holes."

I got cautiously up on my knees, and then ducking down ran back to the road. Near an ant-hill, which was certainly three yards high, a surgeon and a hospital aid were endeavoring to save a man from bleeding to death; but I believe they came too late, for he lay like dead on his dark red blanket. Then I saw the balloon not far in front of me and I ran across the clearing to it.

The long rows of oxen, standing in harness in front of their wagons, raised their open mouths and bellowed hoarsely, for they scented the water-holes and panted

for water. The soldiers at the wagons and horses called to me with dry voices: "Get ahead, you fellows up forward! Are we coming to water soon? Are we going on?" They looked at me with deep, dry eyes. Those who held the horses had a great deal of trouble with the thirsty creatures, which were standing crowded together, swarmed over and tortured by insects. The sun scorched down. A thick, horribly dry, dust-filled air lay over the whole camp.

The surgeons in white cloaks stood in front of the hospital wagon around a table on which some one was lying. I wondered how many were lying in the shade of the wagon; five or six of them were dead, among them our captain. A wounded officer, I think it was a lieutenant, was giving water with his well hand to the severely wounded; his other arm was bleeding badly.

At the general's wagon a man was standing by the heliograph. The general was near by with officers and orderlies around him, all of them on foot. I reported and heard some one say: "The animals can't hold out any longer and the men are simply dying of thirst." The next moment, just as I had turned to run to the front, there came from behind from two or three directions wild shouting and volleys from the bush.

The outposts, who were lying and kneeling on the ground all around, moved in immediately. The voice of an officer rang out sharp and clear: "Disperse and charge in knots." I ran, and saw as I ran that a hailstorm of bullets was riddling the hospital wagon, that the doctors were seizing their guns, and that one of them was wounded. I even heard one say: "We'll take off our white cloaks, though." Then I lay down by a bush and

shot at the enemy, who with wild shouts continued their onset through the bushes. Secretaries, orderlies, drivers, guard, and officers all rushed forward, lay down near one another, and protected their skins. The artillery turned while firing and shot away over us. Excited by my run and the sudden attack, I began a violent, rapid fire. A voice near me said: "Shoot more calmly." I did fire more calmly, thinking, "Who said that?" and as I seized my cartridge-belt and looked to the side, there lay the general two men from me, shooting coolly as becomes an old soldier. The enemy were pressing on in close ranks through the bush, shouting and firing. But we lay quietly and shot well. Then it got more quiet. The officers stood up and returned to the center of the camp again. Immediately after that came the order that the whole camp should advance two hundred yards. In running by I saw them lifting the dead and wounded into wagons. Then I ran forward again to my place in the line of defense.

Now as I lay there I felt how very parched I was. Begging and complaining and teasing for water went through the ranks. From behind we heard the hoarse lowing of the thirsty oxen. I believe that at this time, four in the afternoon, there was not a drop of water in the whole camp except for the wounded.

Then everything was moved to the front, — soldiers, artillery, and machine guns. A terrific fire rattled against the enemy, who were growing weary. Then word passed from man to man: "We are going to charge." Now the battle-cry told. I shall never forget it. With fierce yells, with distorted faces, with dry and burning eyes, we sprang to our feet and hurled ourselves forward.

The enemy leaped, fired, and dispersed with loud out-cries. We ran without interference, shouting, cursing, and shooting, to the good-sized clearing where the ardently desired water-holes were, and across it to the farther edge, where the bush began again.

The entire camp — the heavy wagons with their long teams of oxen; the hundreds of horses; the hospital wagons with the surgeons, the dead and the wounded; the headquarters, everything — followed in a rush and encamped in the clearing. But we lay around it at the edge of the bush to keep back the enemy, who now here and now there would break through the thick bushes in wild, loudly shouting parties. Behind us our men were now climbing down with army kettles into the water-holes, which were ten yards deep, and were filling buckets let down on reins and were beginning to water man and beast. When about ten animals had had a little, the hole was empty. There were about ten or twelve holes at this place.

The sun went down. Some of us slipped out, cut brush with our side-arms, and made a stockade in front of us. The artillerymen set up the cannon and machine guns behind us and knelt near them. Some of the soldiers were detailed to creep from man to man and give each a little water. In the camp further back of us, the restlessly crowding animals were being watered in the dark. By the hospital wagons nurses were going about, lanterns in their hands, bending over each patient. Meanwhile the enemy kept up their firing, which continually flashed out of the dark bush all around the camp. Not until about midnight did it become more quiet. We passed a little zwieback from hand to hand. Then com-

plete darkness settled upon us and the shooting at last ceased.

What plan had the enemy in mind? Here we lay in the dark night, four hundred men, worn out, and half dead with thirst; and in front of us and all around us a savage, furious people numbering sixty thousand. We knew and heard nothing of the other German divisions. Perhaps they had been slaughtered and the sixty thousand were now collecting themselves to fall upon us. Through the quiet night we heard in the distance the lowing of enormous herds of thirsty cattle and a dull confused sound like the movement of a whole people. To the east there was a gigantic glow of fire. I lay stretched at full length with my gun ready, and cheered my utterly exhausted comrades to keep awake.

Thus morning gradually came on. Then some scouts went out cautiously and we learned to our great amazement that the enemy had withdrawn, and indeed in wild flight. We should have liked to follow them up, but we had no news yet from the other divisions. Moreover, both men and beasts had reached the limit of their strength. So we rested on that day, ate a little poor food, and cleansed and repaired our guns and other equipment; for we looked like people who had battered and bruised and soiled themselves in an attack of frenzy. The madness still showed in our frowning brows and in our eyes. Our dead lay in the midst of us in the shade of a tree.

We had a great deal of trouble to keep our animals from dying. We could not give them anywhere near enough water to satisfy them, and we could not give them any fodder at all, because the entire region had been eaten as bare by the enemy's cattle as if rats and

mice had gnawed it clean. The men and the animals had even grubbed into the earth in search of roots. It was a miserable day. The sun glared down, and an odor of old manure filled the whole land to suffocation.

At noon there came at last some news from the other divisions. Two reported that they had beaten the enemy, the third that it had saved itself with great difficulty and distress. The enemy had fled to the east with their whole enormous mass, — women, children, and herds.

Toward evening we buried our dead under the tree.