

to make steps by which it might be ascended. Mr. Moffat went up, and found to his amazement that there were seventeen of these airy houses in the tree, besides three more not quite finished. When he reached the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, he went in and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. A woman was sitting near the door with a baby in her arms. As Mr. Moffat was very hungry, not having eaten anything that day, he asked the woman if she would give him some of the locusts. She granted his request with pleasure, and brought him more locusts dried and ground to powder. A few more women soon came in from the other huts, or roosts, or nests, whichever they may be called, stepping from branch to branch to see the stranger, who was as great a curiosity to them as they were to him. Mr. Moffat then visited some of the other huts, and examined the way in which they were built. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, was first formed of straight sticks, and on this platform a small cone was formed also of straight sticks and thatched with grass. The floor of the hut was about six feet across, so that a tall man had just room to lie down, and the top was so low as scarcely to allow any one to stand upright. The hut was placed on one end of the oblong scaffold, so as to leave a little space before the door.

Such were the homes of thousands of the poor native tribes who had been deprived of everything by the cruel King Moselekatse. They had neither herd nor stall, but lived on locusts, roots, and what game they could catch in hunting. They built their huts in the tree to keep themselves safe from the lions who prowled about the country every night. In the day-time the people came down out of the tree to dress their daily food under its shade.

During the day Mr. Moffat having shot a rhinoceros, he and his party had reserved the hump of the animal to roast during the night; a large ant hill was chosen for an oven, and after it had been prepared, and a fire lighted, the hump, which is thought a delicacy, was put in it, and left to roast. During the night, two lions, attracted by the smell of the roasting meat, drew near the place. It was beyond gun-shot of the place where Mr. Moffat and his friends were, but they could hear the wild beasts growling, as if taking counsel together, and resolving to wait till the fire went out to seize the roast. The travellers had almost given up hope of saving their breakfast, but when morning light dawned, they found that the heat of the smouldering ant-hill had safely guarded their steak.

Soon after this adventure, Mr. Moffat wished to return home, having brought Moselekatse's messengers in safety to the outposts of his dominions. But they earnestly implored him to go on and see their king. After some hesitation he consented, and as his party came nearer and nearer to the dwelling place of Moselekatse, they saw more and more traces of his cruelty in the ruined villages, burnt houses, and desolate fields, strewn with human skulls and bones, and the abode of reptiles and beasts of prey. When they approached the town where the king