

EXCITING ADVENTURE OF A CANADIAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Visit from a Man-eater on the Okovango River.

We take the following from the Auckland, (New Zealand) *Weekly News*. The writer, Mr. Frederick Green, is a Canadian born, a son of Mr. William Green, Deputy Commissary General, formerly of St. Catharines, near Montreal, and Margaret, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. John Gray, President, and, we believe, the first President of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. W. Green was the brother-in-law of Mr. Wicksteed, Law Clerk of the House of Commons, and an old friend of several of the senior officers of our Civil Service. He was stationed for some years in South Africa, and some of his sons remained there after he had retired from the Service. Frederick became an elephant hunter by profession, and his elder brother Henry is now the Hon. Henry Green, member of the Legislative Council of West Griqua Land, at Kimberley, in the Diamond Fields of South Africa. Major E. L. Green, now of Auckland, is his younger brother.

(FROM MY DIARY, NOVEMBER, 1874.)

The night was unusually still and calm. All life seemed wrapt in slumber; and teeming as the river does at all times with such a variety of wild animals—especially during night time, when they repair to it to slake their thirst and enjoy a bath in its cool waters, this profound silence appeared to me as singular as it was inconceivable. Not a breath of air could be felt. Even the vane, which I always use in skarm-shooting to indicate the direction of the wind, stood stationary. As I sat lost in thought, gazing at the innumerable stars, and contemplating the vast and marvellous works of the Creator, an indescribable gloom, accompanied by a sad and melancholy feeling, as if foreboding some dire calamity hanging over me, took possession of my mind, which I tried in vain to dispel. I had but recently lost one of my children by a very sudden death—a boy of nearly five years of age, and much endeared to me—and this sad affliction may have partially explained the cause of otherwise unaccountable gloom. I, however, kept my station, now anxiously watching and attentively listening for the first sound that would apprise me of the approach of elephants, which I felt confident from the numerous recent traces around the water would make their appearance during some hour of the night. After a tedious watch for about three hours, and feeling an irresistible inclination for a doze (having been hard at work most part of the day with spade and pick), I was on the point of lying down, when I heard the gruff and unmistakable tones proceeding from a troop of lions not far distant. As there was now something to attract the attention, I resumed my place on the seat of my skarm and sat silently awaiting events. The troop was soon responded to by the roaring of others, and such an inharmonious conglomeration of discordant tones was at length heard as I had seldom known rivalled by the lords of the forest; no sooner one troop ceased than another and anon others would continue the strain, and when all united, the noise—reverberating through the otherwise stillness of the night—was really what I imagined as grand and wild a melody as ever a hunter could wish to hear. Notwithstanding, I was fairly surrounded by lions, and the night became unusually dark, occasioned by such a hazy atmosphere as is frequently found on the river; still I cannot say I felt any extraordinary degree of nervousness, although I was well aware that the lions on the Okovango were renowned for their daring and frequency in entering the werfts and carrying off the natives, besides attacking them in broad daylight. I was, however, well prepared for an encounter with the brutes; although, I must confess, I should not have agreed to my little fortress being besieged by such a multitude of lions as were unmistakably approaching. My battery consisted of a No. 4 gauge two-grooved rifle, a superior No. 12 four-grooved ditto, besides a No. 10 breech-loading rifle, central fire; and in conjunction with these the confidence I fortunately possessed of my own experience in night shooting. Nevertheless, I deemed it expedient, under present circumstances, not to trust too implicitly to either of the watches I had with me (an old Damara and a Bushman, the latter a most uncouth and lazy good-for-nothing specimen of his race), but rather to keep watch, lest they should become under the obscurity of the night. I soon became aware that the troops at last were drawing closer from nearly opposite directions, the one especially between my position and the river was rapidly advancing. I now detected the Bushman becoming alarmingly uneasy, and casting an envious glance at old Karapue, who was fast asleep under the logs forming the covering of the skarm, and quite unconscious of the diabolical concert going on now in such close proximity to us. Matters at last assumed a more serious aspect, as I observed the lions still continued advancing as though they had scented us. I accordingly handed one rifle to Karapue, whom I awoke, and kept my breech-loader in my hands ready for immediate action, and thus remained in anxious suspense for some

time until fairly compelled to lie down and snatch a few moments' rest; but I had barely closed my eyes when my watcher called me, and directed my attention to two animals which I observed reflected in the water. To my inquiry as to what they were he merely shook his head; but I ascertained at another glance that they were two bull elephants. They had, doubtless, got our scent through a puff of wind from our quarter. As they were moving away I tried to stalk them, but they gained the thicket before I could get within rifle range, so I returned somewhat disappointed to my skarm. At this time one troop of lions seemed only distant about a hundred yards, but separated from us by the veld, and roaring most defiantly. After a short interval these ceased, but the other troops continued the duel. The night was far advanced; and weary and sleepy with my prolonged watching, I was compelled to lie down under the logs, but before doing so I particularly cautioned the old Damara against falling asleep, strictly commanding him to keep a keen look out, and should he either hear or see any animal approaching the skarm, to warn me without a moment's delay. I soon fell into a deep slumber, from which I was awakened by a most piercing shriek, accompanied by the noise of a terrible scuffle. Seizing my breech-loader, which was by my side, I sprang up, and to my horror I observed my watcher was gone. In another moment I stood in the place I left him, and there alongside the skarm a most horrible spectacle met my gaze, for within a few feet from me was the monster man-eater tearing away at the poor old Karapue, whilst his cries for help were heartrending. My sudden appearance upon the scene, which the brute doubtless never anticipated, so startled him that he seized his unfortunate victim and was in the act of flying when I levelled and fired, but the fear of shooting the man caused me to miss the lion, and it was this alone which stayed my hand when I could nearly touch the monster with my rifle as the dust occasioned by the struggle prevented me for the moment from distinguishing one object from the other. The shot, however, had the effect of causing him to release his hold. When seeing no time was to be lost I dragged the terror-stricken wretch of a Bushman out of the skarm by the heels, and compelling him to accompany me, with one rifle I hastened to the spot indicated by the groans of the dying man whom I threw on my shoulder, and bore back to the spot where only a few moments before he sat on his lonely watch, little dreaming so sad and dreadful a fate awaited him. I incurred no inconsiderable risk on this occasion in rescuing the poor old man from his fearful situation, as I was well aware it was not one lion I might encounter to dispute the possession of the mangled remains of poor old Karapue, but many, perhaps, and I also had a not very agreeable conviction that if the lion or lions sprang upon me when encumbered with the wounded man, the Bushman, carrying now both rifles, would cast them away and seek his own safety in flight. I was not aware at this time of the extent of the injuries sustained by the unfortunate man, and entertained hopes I had saved his life. Not so. At the back of my skarm there lay an old reed mat, left by the natives, which they use for damming up waters for entrapping fish, and as it was perfectly dry I ignited it with a match, the blaze of which shed a brilliant light for at least a hundred yards around, and rendered any object distinctly visible which might try to approach my skarm. The reflection of this temporary illumination, however, revealed to me a ghastly sight, as I now observed that the dying man had one side of his breast torn away as far as his throat, his under jaw broken and lacerated, besides one of his hands fearfully mutilated, no doubt in an endeavour to defend his body, and I plainly perceived he was now suffering the agonies of approaching dissolution. The glaring light afforded me by the mat was soon extinguished, and all again was plunged in silence and utter darkness, rendered far more obscure to me by my sight having been subjected, for the last several moments, to the intense light. The stillness of the night was now disturbed by the groans of the unfortunate sufferer, who repeatedly called upon his wife or son to help him. I feared his unceasing cries would bring the lions back to search for their victim, which they so reluctantly abandoned; and as a safe-guard kept discharging my rifle at intervals in the direction I observed the lions decamp, and from whence I could distinguish, ever and anon, the low muffled roar of one of them, doubtless the light I fired at. I continued firing until I observed the first streak of the approaching day, and I must confess I never hailed the light with greater joy and thankfulness than I did after this night, which ended in such a fearful manner. The poor old man shortly before daylight sat up and clutched my knees with both arms and muttering a string of unintelligible words to me, fell back and expired. I have followed the life of a hunter for five and twenty years, and have, during that period, frequently experienced some marvellous escapes from encounters with elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, lions, &c., besides on several occasions having had men carried away from their sleeping places in close proximity to my waggons by lions; but none have left such an indelible impression upon my mind as the fate of poor old Karapue, and which might have been my own had I been watching in his stead. I felt grateful to Providence for His mercy in stretching His all-protecting hand over me during this night, beset with such danger, and resolved for

the future to be well guarded in night-watching for elephants on the Okovango River against another visit from a man-eater. Soon after daylight some of my people arrived from the waggons, having, as they informed me, suspected from the unusual number of shots fired, that some calamity had befallen me. Upon inspection of the ground we found traces of several troops of lions which evidently meant to join in the attack, but were doubtless scared by the report of my rifles. I spent an hour with the aid of my people, to trace the man-eater, but so many spoors confused us, and compelled me for that day to abandon the pursuit. I had what I imagined a better plan in view, and so returned to the waggons. I had barely finished reciting the night's tragedy to my wife and many eager listeners, when there arose hubbub of voices in the camp, and all the men with their guns could be observed hurrying away. I soon detected the cries, "Ongama! Ongama! Lions! Lions! They are amongst the cattle." In the confusion it was some time before I could procure my horse; when at length I did succeed, I dashed off after all our men scampering over the open flat towards the river and there found them drawn up facing an impenetrable jungle of reeds on the banks of the stream where for two hours at least all our efforts to compel the lions to break cover were ineffectual, if I except one which showed the white feather and swam the river. There was, however, only one of my trek oxen beaten, and he ultimately recovered. To prosecute my plan, and try and slay the man-eater, I had determined upon occupying the same skarm again, but to take two drivers, both tolerably good marksmen, as I felt confident the brute would return to the spot where he so reluctantly left his victim, and such was really the case, as we had not been in the skarm above two hours when Klass gave the signal. The skarm was now slightly altered, as I had taken precautionary measures and enclosed it with a low thorn fencing. The brute, however, came direct to the pool of blood left from the wounded man, the precise spot he dropped him, and crept stealthily on to where he was seized, and where Klass now sat on the watch. I had provided a bull's-eye lantern for this occasion, and had quickly adjusted the light, which John was to throw upon the lion, when bang went Klass' rifle, before I had mine to my shoulder, and the lion bounded away unscathed. I felt horribly annoyed at Klass' want of patience, as we otherwise must have killed the brute, which was standing about three lengths of our rifles intently watching us. Another lion came within a few yards of the skarm later in the night, but whilst getting the lantern in readiness he disappeared without our getting a shot. The ensuing night, as there was every appearance of rain, I refrained from occupying the skarm; moreover, as the lion had been scared a second time I did not believe he would risk another visit. On the following morning we trekked, Todd and myself riding on in advance of the waggons. Upon passing the skarm we, however, found that the lion had indeed been there again, and had the inquisitiveness to walk inside and apparently scrutinize the interior well. We were shortly after engaged with our rifles in shooting pallahs and lueches, with which this river abounds. During this time we heard many shots in our rear, which we concluded were fired by the boys at the waggons, and we supposed at the same game which we were in pursuit of. Eventually having killed a couple of bucks, I returned to look for my waggons, but found only Todd's and a bastard's who accompanied him. Upon enquiry I learnt that one of my men had been seized by a lion along the road, so I hurried back to ascertain if such was true. Todd also rode back with me, and we met the waggons coming on, and found the delay was indeed occasioned by a general attack upon a lioness, and undoubtedly the same which carried the man from my skarm, and had the audacity to twice repeat the visit in quest of another victim. She was fearfully savage, and had she not been assailed by all the dogs I fear more than one man would have been seriously injured, if not killed; as it was, with one fore-leg broken by a shot from John, she charged, and caught one of my Damaras, and was lying over him, when two of my best dogs seized her, one by the cheek and the other by the back of the neck and compelled her to relinquish her hold of the man. Before she had time to seize him again she was laid low by two well-directed shots from my drivers. The Damara was bitten in the head and body, from which he suffered for a considerable time after, but ultimately recovered. One of my brave dogs, whilst holding on the lion, was shot in the hind leg, the ball passing through the joint, by the careless shooting of one of my Damaras, and was disabled for life, which I was very much grieved at. This lioness after visiting the skarm and finding it untenanted, took up our spoor leading to the waggons. She was observed slowly retreating from behind an ant-hill, where she allowed both myself and Todd to pass close alongside of her; she permitted likewise two of Todd's hunters to pass without attempting either to make her escape or molest the people. She was a very old lioness, but small, with her teeth worn down to stumps, verifying the opinion that it is chiefly old toothless lions which invariably become man-eaters. I was rejoiced, however, to find the brute was killed. About the same time one of our Bushmen followers, who was left behind with a load of meat from an elephant recently killed, fell a victim to a lion. He was seized from the fire, alongside of which

he slept, and his skull and portion of bones, which I accidentally found while hunting, remained to tell the tale of his untimely end. Upon our return journey, whilst in advance of the waggons and passing near the same spot where my Damara was seized, I was chasing some wild pigs, and had just dismounted, and was in the act of firing, when an enormous male lion darted out from an adjacent thicket in full pursuit of me, and bounded up within four paces, and for several moments we stood face to face. As I did not flinch a step back but kept my eyes fixed upon him, he turned about and retreated 60 paces, where he sat on his haunches watching me. I had only a Snider in my hands at the time, but my gun-carrier, with my double breech-loading rifle No. 10 appearing in sight, I called out to him to hurry up. I then walked a few paces towards the lion, still in the same position, and fired for his chest; he uttered a roar and fell backwards, but recovering himself he fled into the thicket, where I left him—thinking "discretion the better part of valor." There is not the slightest doubt if I had attempted to fly when the brute stood gazing upon me at such close quarters I should have been seized by him, but I have saved myself on more than one occasion from similar encounters with lions by showing a determined front. I mention this incident for the benefit of any of my brother sportsmen who might be placed in similar positions.

FREDERICK GREEN.

Desert, south of Okovango, April 4th, 1875.

ROUND THE WORLD.

THE Republican leaders in Florida concede the State to the Democrats.

It is said that Vanderbilt's will is to be contested by some of the relatives whose legacies did not come up to their expectations.

THE Porte was to have offered on Saturday to sign a protocol solemnly engaging to faithfully execute the reforms, and agreeing that the Conference shall assemble after two years to verify the loyal execution of the new charter.

A MEMORIAL signed by most of the large houses of New York has been presented to Congress, expressing satisfaction at the appointment of committees to consider the best mode of conducting the Presidential ballot, and expressing a hope that in dealing with this question all party considerations may be laid aside.

THE friendly relations between Spain and China have been broken off, and the Spanish fleet has been ordered to Chinese waters. The cause of the rupture is not definitely known, and is variously set down to a difficulty respecting unsettled claims and the vexed Cuban coolie question.

HUMOROUS.

A YETTER Yankee says he thinks that instead of giving credit to whom it is due, the cash had better be paid.

A GEOLOGIST says that he never heard of secondary formations without pleasure, the ladies being the secondary formation for they were formed after the men.

A YORK paper asks, "Why are we what we are?" One reason, we presume, is because we are not what we are not; though, of course, this may not be the answer.

"SEEMS to me you're mighty particular about the size and kind of wife you want," observed the advertising clerk. "Well, perhaps I am, but you see my wife died before we had been married long, and I just want a wife to match her things."

A CENTENNIAL critic being asked by a correspondent which he liked best, the statues or the pictures, replied, "I don't, hardly, Zeb, but on the hull, praps, I like the statues best, cos you kin go all round the statues, but you can't only see one side of the pictures."

It promises to be a severe winter, but it is comforting to know that the church festivals have begun and that every one is likely to have a croquet match-box or a lamp mat or a pin-cushion or some other necessary article to avert the distress which extreme cold must otherwise bring.

It is probable that Hamlet had for the first time put on a shirt that buttoned behind, and didn't know the hang of it, and had got it on hindside foremost, and was buttoning up and down the gaping back for the bosom when he remarked to his mother (Grecian): "Seems, madam! Nay, I know not seems. There's more seems than I know what to do with it's bosom plait I'm looking after."

THERE seems to be very little rest in this world. The weather has only just become cold enough for a man to be able to take a girl out to walk and pass an ice-cream saloon with a sense of security, when they begin to hold church festivals at the rate of six a week and unless he attends them all and buys a worsted tidy and a couple of bead lamp mats and takes four chances in an indigestible pound cake, he is generally regarded as a dangerous character with a tendency toward atheism.

HYGIENIC.

SOME physicians now claim that the general prevalence of diphtheria is due to a great degree to the gas which is thrown off from coal stores in ill ventilated rooms.

AN unexceptionably able physician has said that mental labor never alone produces disease of the brain, but that "worry" is the chief source of softening of the brain, and of that paralysis which is distinct from apoplexy.

THE medical journals report the discovery by an Italian doctor of a cure for diphtheria. It consists of the local use of chloral and glycerine and the internal administration of chlorate of potash.

DR. MAGNUS is strongly opposed to the use of blue glasses, so much used in Germany to protect the eyes, and prefers the gray and smoky glass used in England. He considers blue glass especially irritating to the eye, and says that many birds, reptiles, and amphibians possess yellow or reddish oil-drops in the eye to neutralise this blue colour and protect the eyes.