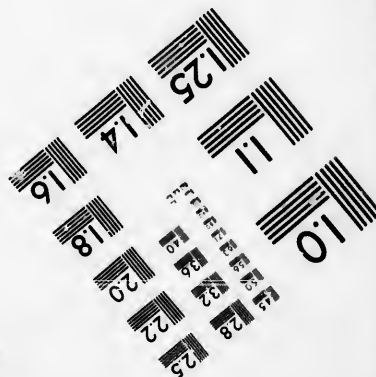
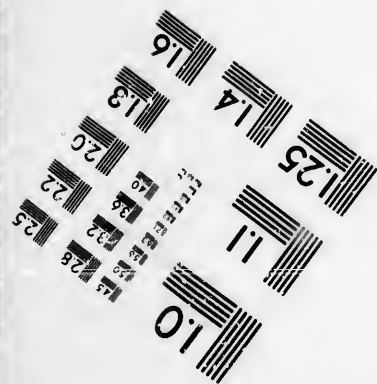
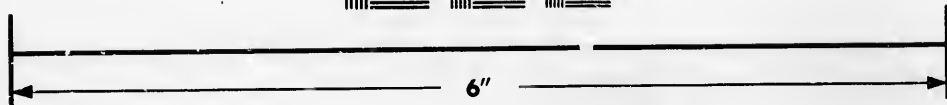
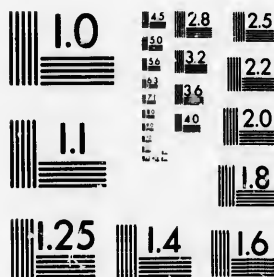


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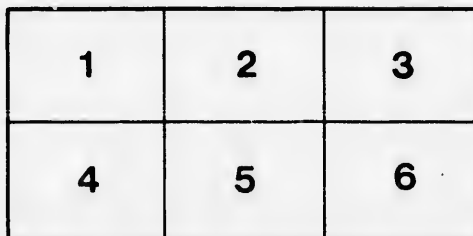
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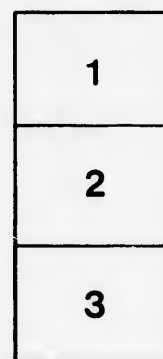
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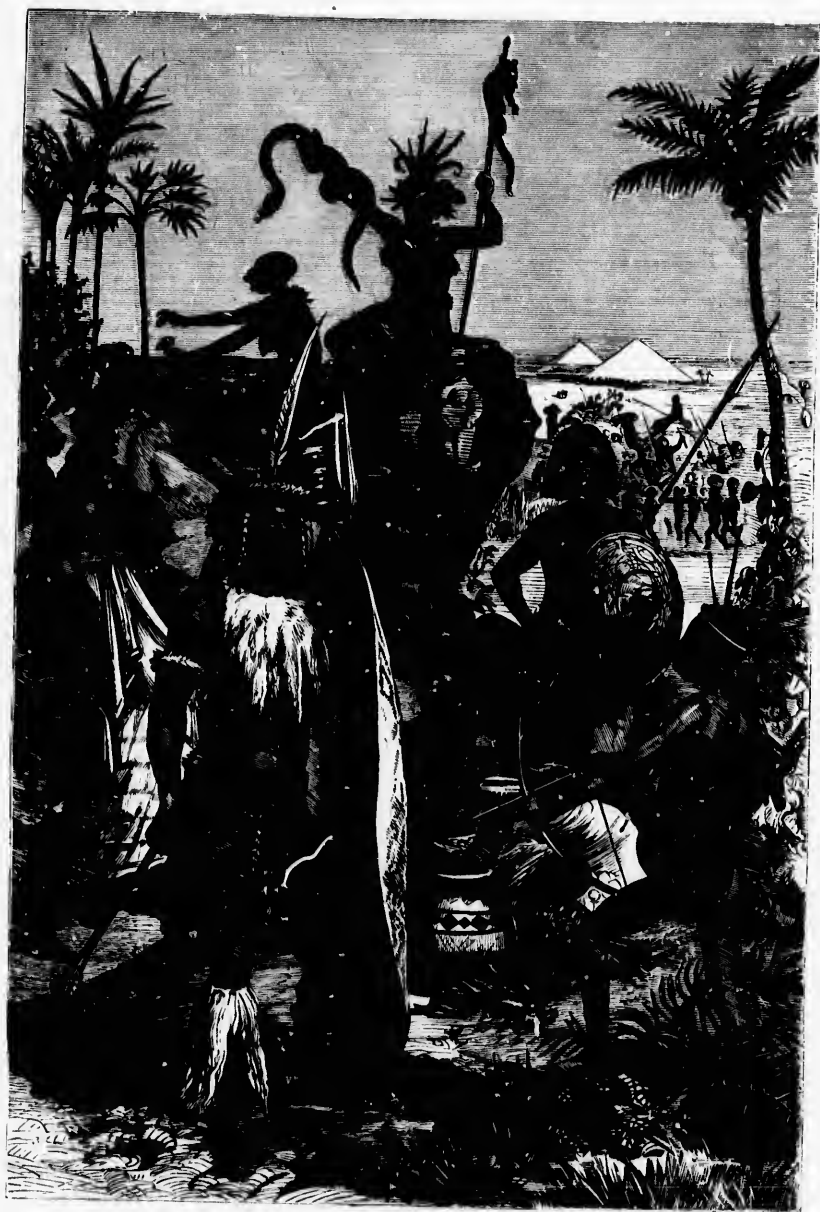
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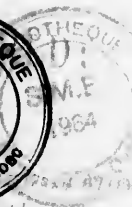


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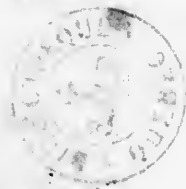
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THE
UNCIVILIZED
RACES OF MEN

IN

ALL COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

BEING

A COMPREHENSIVE ACCOUNT OF THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS,
AND OF THEIR PHYSICAL, SOCIAL, MENTAL, MORAL AND
RELIGIOUS CHARACTERISTICS.

BY

REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS," "ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL LIFE," "HOMES
WITHOUT HANDS," "BIBLE ANIMALS," "COMMON OBJECTS OF THE COUNTRY AND SEASHORE," ETC.

WITH NEW DESIGNS

BY ANGAS, DANBY, WOLF, ZWECKER, ETC., ETC.

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TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

HARTFORD:

J. B. BURR AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

1870.



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PREFACE.

This work is simply, as the title-page states, an account of the manners and customs of uncivilized races of men in all parts of the world.

Many travellers have given accounts, scattered rather at random through their books, of the habits and modes of life exhibited by the various people among whom they have travelled. These notices, however, are distributed through a vast number of books, many of them very scarce, many very expensive, and most of them ill-arranged; and it has therefore been my task to gather together in one work, and to present to the reader in a tolerably systematic and intelligible form, the varieties of character which develop themselves among races which have not as yet lost their individuality by modern civilization. In this task I have been greatly assisted by many travellers, who have taken a kindly interest in the work, and have given me the invaluable help of their practical experience.

The engravings with which the work is profusely illustrated have been derived from many sources. For the most part the countenances of the people have been drawn from photographs, and in many instances whole groups taken by the photographer have been transferred to the wood-block, the artist only making a few changes of attitude, so as to avoid the unpleasant stiffness which characterizes photographic groups. Many of the illustrations are taken from sketches made by travellers, who have kindly allowed me to make use of them; and I must here express my thanks to Mr. T. Baines, the accomplished artist and traveller, who made many sketches expressly for the work, and placed at my disposal the whole of his diaries and portfolios. I must also express my thanks to Mr. J. B. Zwecker, who undertook the onerous task of interpreting pictorially the various scenes of savage life which are described in the work, and who brought to that task a hearty good-will and a wide knowledge of the subject, without which the work would have lost much of its spirit. The drawings of the weapons, implements, and utensils, are all taken from actual specimens, most of which are in my own collection, made, through a series of several years, for the express purpose of illustrating this work.

That all uncivilized tribes should be mentioned, is necessarily impossible, and I have been reluctantly forced to dismiss with a brief notice, many interesting people, to whom I would gladly have given a greater amount of space. Especially has this been the case with Africa, in consequence of the extraordinary variety of the native customs which prevail in that wonderful land. We have, for example, on one side of a river, a people well clothed, well fed, well governed, and retaining but few of the old savage customs. On the other side, we find people without clothes, government, manners, or morality, and sunk as deeply as man can be in all the squalid miseries of savage life. Besides, the chief characteristic of uncivilized Africa is the continual change to which it is subject. Some tribes are warlike and restless, always working their way seaward from the interior, carrying their own customs with them, forming settlements on their way, and invariably adding to their own habits and superstitions those of the tribes among whom they have settled. In process of time they become careless of the military arts by which they gained possession of the country, and are in their turn ousted by others, who bring fresh habits and modes of life with them. It will be seen, therefore, how full of incident is life in Africa, the great stronghold of barbarism, and how necessary it is to devote to that one continent a considerable portion of the work.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

This work, which has been nearly three years going through the press in London, is one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to the literature of this generation. Rev. Dr. Wood, who ranks among the most popular and foremost writers of Great Britain, conceiving the idea of the work many years since, and commencing the collection of such articles, utensils, weapons, portraits, etc., as would illustrate the life and customs of the uncivilized races, was, undoubtedly, the best qualified of all living writers for such an undertaking. The work is so costly by reason of its hundreds of superior engravings, that few only will, or can avail themselves of the imported edition. Yet it is so replete with healthful information, so fascinating by its variety of incident, portraiture and manners, so worthy of a place in every household library, that we have reprinted it in order that it may be accessible to the multitude of readers in this country.

With the exception of a few paragraphs, not deemed essential by the American editor, and not making, in the aggregate, over four pages, the text of the two royal octavo volumes of nearly sixteen hundred pages, is given **UNABRIDGED**. The errors, incident to a first edition, have been corrected. By adopting a slightly smaller, yet very handsome and legible type, the two volumes are included in one. The beauty and value of the work are also greatly enhanced by grouping the engravings and uniting them, by cross references, with the letter-press they illustrate.

In one other and very essential respect is this superior to the English edition. Dr. Wood has given too brief and imperfect an account of the character, customs and life of the North American Indians, and the savage tribes of the Arctic regions. As the work was issued in monthly parts of a stipulated number, he may have found his space limited, and accordingly omitted a chapter respecting the Indians, that he had promised upon a preceding page. This deficiency has been supplied by the American editor, making the account of the Red Men more comprehensive, and adding some fine engravings to illustrate their appearance and social life. Having treated of the Ahits of Vancouver's Island, the author crosses Behring Strait and altogether omits the interesting races of Siberia, passing at once from America to Southern Asia. To supply this chasm and make the work a complete "Tour round the World," a thorough survey of the races "in all countries" which represent savage life, we have added an account of the Malesmutes, Ingeletes and Co-Yukons of Alaska. An interesting chapter respecting the Tungusi, Jakuts, Ostiaks, and Samoiedes of Siberia, compiled from Dr. Hartwig's "Polar World," is also given. The usefulness and value of such a work as this are greatly enhanced by a minute and comprehensive index. In this respect, the English edition is very deficient, — its index occupying only a page. We have appended to the work one more than ten times as large, furnishing to the reader and student an invaluable help. Thus enlarged by letter-press and illustrations, this work is a complete and invaluable *resumé* of the manners, customs, and life of the **UNCIVILIZED RACES OF THE WORLD**.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

The Frontispiece gives a pictorial representation of African mankind. Superstition reigning supreme, the most prominent figure is the fetish priest, with his idols at his feet, and holding up for adoration the sacred serpent. War is illustrated by the Kafir chief in the foreground, the Bojesman with his bow and poisoned arrows, and the Abyssinian chief behind him. The gluttony of the Negro race is exemplified by the sensual faces of the squatting men with their jars of porridge and fruit. The grace and beauty of the young female is shown by the Nubian girl and Shooa woman behind the Kafir; while the hideousness of the old women is exemplified by the Negro woman above with her fetish. Slavery is illustrated by the slave caravan in the middle distance, and the pyramids speak of the interest attached to Africa by hundreds of centuries.

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CHAPTER I.

THE KAFFIR, OR ZINGIAN TRIBES, AND THEIR PHYSIOAL PECULIARITIES—ORIGIN OF THE NAME—THEORIES AS TO THEIR PRESENCE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA—THE CHIEF TRIBES AND THEIR LOCALITIES—THE ZULUS AND THEIR APPEARANCE—THEIR COMPLEXION AND IDEAS OF BEAUTY—POINTS OF SIMILITUDE AND CONTRAST BETWEEN THE KAFFIR AND THE NEGRO—MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE KAFFIR—HIS WANT OF CARE FOR THE FUTURE, AND REASONS FOR IT—CONTROVERSIAL POWERS OF THE KAFFIR—THE SOCRATIC MODE OF ARGUMENT—THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA—LOVE OF A KAFFIR FOR ARGUMENT—HIS MENTAL TRAINING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—PARTISAN MODE OF ARGUING—PLACABLE NATURE OF THE KAFFIR—HIS SENSE OF SELF-RESPECT—FONDNESS FOR A PRACTICAL JOKE—THE WOMAN AND THE MELON—HOSPITALITY OF THE KAFFIRS—THEIR DOMESTICATED NATURE AND FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN—THEIR HATRED OF SOLITUDE.

OVER the whole of the Southern portion of the great Continent of Africa is spread a remarkable and interesting race of mankind. Though divided into numerous tribes, and differing in appearance, manners, and customs, they are evidently cast in the same mould, and belong to the same group of the human race. They are dark, but not so black as the true negro of the West. Their hair is crisp, short, and curled, but not so woolly as that of the negro; their lips, though large when compared with those of Europeans, are small when compared to those of the negro. The form is finely modelled, the stature tall, the limbs straight, the forehead high, the expression intelligent; and, altogether, this group of mankind affords as fine examples of the human form as can be found anywhere on the earth.

To give a name to this large group is not very easy. Popularly, the tribes which compose it are known as Kaffirs; but that term has now been restricted to the tribes on the south-east of the continent, between the sea and the range of the Draakensberg Mountains. Moreover, the name Kaffir is a very inappropriate one, being simply the term which the Moslem races apply to all who do not believe with themselves, and by which they designate black and white men alike. Some ethnologists have designated them by the general name of *Chuannas*, the word being the root of the well-known Bechuana, Sechuana, and similar names; while others have preferred the word Bantu, and others Zingian, which last word is perhaps the best.

Whatever may be the title, it is evident that they are not aborigines, but that they have descended upon Southern Africa from some other locality—probably from more northern parts of the same continent. Some writers claim for the Kaffir or Zingian tribes an Asiatic origin, and have a theory that in the course of their migration they mixed with the negroes, and so became possessed of the frizzled hair, the thick lips, the dark skin, and other peculiarities of the negro race.

Who might have been the true aborigines of Southern Africa cannot be definitely stated, inasmuch as even within very recent times great changes have taken place. At the present time South Africa is practically European, the white man, whether Dutch or English, having dispossessed the owners of the soil, and either settled upon the land or reduced the dark-skinned inhabitants to the rank of mere dependants. Those whom they displaced were themselves interlopers, having overcome and ejected the Hottentot tribes, who in their turn seem but to have suffered the same fate which in the time of their greatness they had brought upon others.

At the present day the great Zingian group affords the best type of the inhabitants of Southern Africa, and we will therefore begin with the Kaffir tribes.

If the reader will refer to a map of Africa, he will see that upon the south-east coast a long range of mountains runs nearly parallel with the sea-line, and extends from lat.

27° to 33°. It is the line of the Draakensberg Mountains, and along the strip of land which intervenes between these mountains and the sea are found the genuine Kaffir tribes. There are other tribes belonging to the same group of mankind which are found on the western side of the Draakensberg, and are spread over the entire country, from Delagoa Bay on the east to the Orange River on the west. These tribes are familiar to readers of African travel under the names of Bechuanas, Bayeye, Namaqua, Ovampo, &c. But, by common consent, the name of Kaffir is now restricted to those tribes which inhabit the strip of country above mentioned.

Formerly, a considerable number of tribes inhabited this district, and were sufficiently distinct to be almost reckoned as different nations. Now, however, these tribes are practically reduced to five; namely, the Amatonga on the north, followed southward by the Avaswazi, the Amazulu, the Amaponda, and the Amakosa. Here it must be remarked that the prefix of "Ama," attached to all the words, is one of the forms by which the plural of certain names is designated. Thus, we might speak of a single Tonga, Swazi, Zulu, or Ponda Kaffir; but if we wish to speak of more than one, we form the plural by prefixing "Ama" to the word.

The other tribes, although they for the most part still exist and retain the ancient names, are practically merged into those whose names have been mentioned.

Of all the true Kaffir tribes, the Zulu is the chief type, and that tribe will be first described. Although spread over a considerable range of country, the Zulu tribe has its headquarters rather to the north of Natal, and there may be found the best specimens of this splendid race of men. Belonging, as do the Zulu tribes, to the dark-skinned portion of mankind, their skin does not possess that dead, jetty black which is characteristic of the Western negro. It is a more transparent skin, the layer of coloring matter does not seem to be so thick, and the ruddy hue of the blood is perceptible through the black. It is held by the Kaffirs to be the perfection of human coloring; and a Zulu, if asked what he considers to be the finest complexion, will say that it is, *like his own*, black, with a little red.

Some dark-skinned nations approve of a fair complexion, and in some parts of the world the chiefs are so much fairer than the commonalty, that they seem almost to belong to different races. The Kaffir, however, holds precisely the opposite opinion. According to his views of human beauty, the blacker a man is the handsomer he is considered, provided that some tinge of red be perceptible. They carry this notion so far, that in sounding the praises of their king, an act at which they are very expert, they

mention, as one of his excellences, that he chooses to be black, though, being so powerful a monarch, he might have been white if he had liked. Europeans who have resided for any length of time among the Kaffir tribes seem to imbibe similar ideas about the superior beauty of the black and red complexion. They become used to it, and perceive little varieties in individuals, though to an inexperienced eye the color would appear exactly similar in every person. When they return to civilized society they feel a great contempt for the pale, lifeless-looking complexion of Europeans, and some time elapses before they learn to view a fair skin and light hair with any degree of admiration. Examples of albinos are occasionally seen among the Kaffirs, but they are not pleasant-looking individuals, and are not admired by their blacker and more fortunate fellow-countrymen. A dark olive is, however, tolerably common, but the real hue of the skin is that of rather blackish chocolate. As is the case with the negro race, the newly born infant of a Kaffir is nearly as pale as that of a European, the dark hue becoming developed by degrees.

Though dark of hue, the Kaffirs are as fastidious about their dusky complexion as any European belle could be of her own fairer skin; and the pride with which a Kaffir, even though he be a man and a tried warrior, regards the shining, transparent black of his skin, has in it something ludicrous to an inhabitant of Europe.

The hair of the Kaffir, whether it belong to male or female, never becomes long, but envelops the head in a close covering of crisp, woolly curls, very similar to the hair of the true negro. The lips are always large, the mouth wide, and the nose has very wide nostrils. These peculiarities the Kaffir has in common with the negro, and it now and then happens that an individual has these three features so strongly marked that he might be mistaken for a negro at first sight. A more careful view, however, would at once detect the lofty and intellectual forehead, the prominence of the nose, and the high cheek-bones, together with a nameless but decided cast of countenance, which marks them out from all other groups of the dark-skinned natives of Africa. The high cheek-bones form a very prominent feature in the countenances of the Hottentots and Bosjesmans, but the Kaffir cannot for a moment be mistaken for either one or the other, any more than a lion could be mistaken for a puma.

The expression of the Kaffir face, especially when young, is rather pleasing; and, as a general rule, is notable when in repose for a slight plaintiveness, this expression being marked most strongly in the young, of both sexes. The dark eyes are lively and full of intellect, and a kind of cheerful good humor pervades the features. As a people,

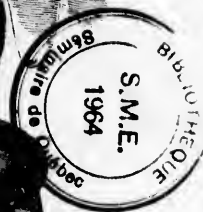
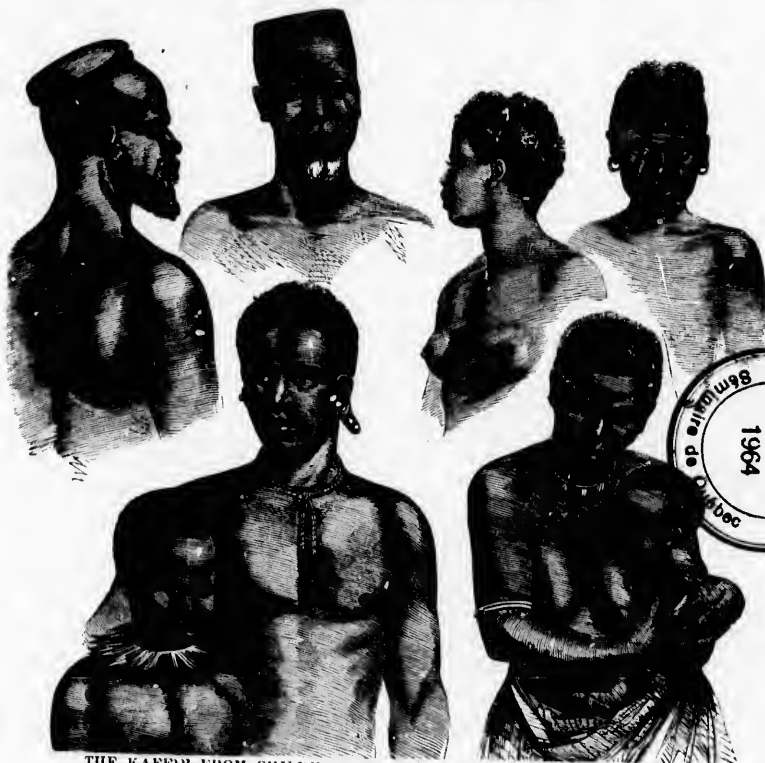
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OLD COUNCILLOR AND WIVES. (See page 16.)



THE KAFFIR FROM CHILDHOOD TO AGE. From Photographic Portraits.
 Married Man. Young Boy. Old Councillor. Unmarried Man or "Boy." Unmarried Girl. Young Married Woman and Child. Old Woman.

(See page 12.)



they are devoid of care. The three great causes of care in more civilized lands have but little influence on a Kaffir. The clothes which he absolutely needs are of the most trifling description, and in our sense of the word cannot be recognized as clothing at all. The slight hut which enacts the part of a house is constructed of materials that can be bought for about a shilling, and to the native cost nothing but the labor of cutting and carrying. His food, which constitutes his only real anxiety, is obtained far more easily than among civilized nations, for game-preserving is unknown in Southern Africa, and any bird or beast becomes the property of any one who chooses to take the trouble of capturing it. One of the missionary clergy was much struck by this utter want of care, when he was explaining the Scriptures to some dusky hearers. The advice "to take no thought for the morrow" had not the least effect on them. They never had taken any thought for the morrow, and never would do so, and rather wondered that any one could have been foolish enough to give them such needless advice.

There is another cause for this heedless enjoyment of the present moment; namely, an instinctive fatalism, arising from the peculiar nature of their government. The power of life and death with which the Kaffir rulers are invested is exercised in so arbitrary and reckless a manner, that no Kaffir feels the least security for his life. He knows perfectly well that the king may require his life at any moment, and he therefore never troubles himself about a future which may have no existence for him.

Of course these traits of character belong only to the Kaffir in their normal condition; for, when these splendid savages have placed themselves under the protection of Europeans, the newly-felt security of life produces its natural results, and they will display forethought which would do no discredit to a white man. A lad, for example, will give faithful service for a year, in order to obtain a cow at the end of that time. Had he been engaged while under the rule of his own king, he would have insisted on prepayment, and would have honorably fulfilled his task provided that the king did not have him executed. Their fatalism is, in fact, owing to the peculiarly logical turn of a Kaffir's mind, and his determination to follow an argument to its conclusion. He accepts the acknowledged fact that his life is at the mercy of the king's caprice, and draws therefrom the inevitable conclusion that he can calculate on nothing beyond the present moment.

The lofty and thoughtful forehead of the Kaffir does not belie his character, for, of all savage races, the Kaffir is perhaps the most intellectual. In acts he is honorable and straightforward, and, with one whom he can trust, his words will agree with his

actions. But he delights in controversy, and has a special faculty for the Socratic mode of argument; namely, by asking a series of apparently unimportant questions, gradually hemming in his adversary, and forcing him to pronounce his own sentence of condemnation. If he suspects another of having committed a crime, and examines the supposed culprit before a council, he will not accuse him directly of the crime, but will cross-examine him with a skill worthy of any European lawyer, each question being only capable of being answered in one manner, and so eliciting successive admissions, each of which forms a step in the argument.

An amusing example of this style of argument is given by Fleming. Some Kaffirs had been detected in eating an ox, and the owner brought them before a council, demanding payment for the ox. Their defence was that they had not killed the animal, but had found it dying from a wound inflicted by another ox, and so had considered it as fair spoil. When their defence had been completed, an old Kaffir began to examine the previous speaker, and, as usual, commenced by a question apparently wide of the subject.

Q. "Does an ox tail grow up, down, or sideways?"

A. "Downward."

Q. "Do its horns grow up, down, or sideways?"

A. "Up."

Q. "If an ox gores another, does he not lower his head and gore upward?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Could he gore downward?"

A. "No."

The wily interrogator then forced the unwilling witness to examine the wound which he asserted to have been made by the horn of another ox, and to admit that the slain beast had been stabbed and not gored.

Mr. Grou, the missionary, mentions an instance of the subtle turn of mind which distinguishes an intelligent Kaffir. One of the converts came to ask what he was to do if he went on a journey with his people. It must first be understood that a Kaffir takes no provisions when travelling, knowing that he will receive hospitality on the way.

"What shall I do, when I am out on a journey among the people, and they offer such food as they have, perhaps the flesh of an animal which has been slaughtered in honor of the ghosts of the departed? If I eat it, they will say, 'See there! he is a believer in our religion—he partakes with us of the meat offered to our gods.' And if I do not eat, they will say, 'See there! he is a believer in the existence and power of our gods, else why does he hesitate to eat of the meat which we have slaughtered to them?'"

Argument is a Kaffir's native element, and he likes nothing better than a complicated debate where there is plenty of hair-splitting on both sides. The above instances show that a Kaffir can appreciate a dilemma as well as the most accomplished logicians, and he is master of that great key of controversy,—namely, throwing the burden of proof on the opponent. In all his controversy he is scrupulously polite, never interrupting an opponent, and patiently awaiting his own turn to speak. And when the case has been fully argued, and a conclusion arrived at, he always bows to the decision of the presiding chief, and acquiesces in the judgment, even when a penalty is inflicted upon himself.

Trained in such a school, the old and influential chief, who has owed his position as much to his intellect as to his military repute, becomes a most formidable antagonist in argument, especially when the question regards the possession of land and the boundaries to be observed. He fully recognizes the celebrated axiom that language was given for the purpose of concealing the thoughts, and has recourse to every evasive subterfuge and sophism that his subtle brain can invent. He will mix truth and falsehood with such ingenuity that it is hardly possible to separate them. He will quietly "beg the question," and then proceed as composedly as if his argument were a perfectly fair one. He will attack or defend, as best suits his own case, and often, when he seems to be yielding point after point, he makes a sudden onslaught, becomes in his turn the assailant, and marches to victory over the ruins of his opponent's arguments.

On page 13 the reader will find a portrait of one of the councillors attached to Goza, the well-known Kaffir chief, of whom we shall learn more presently. And see what a face the man has—how his broad forehead is wrinkled with thought, and how craftily his black eyes gleam from under their deep brows. Half-naked savage though he be, the man who will enter into controversy with him will find no mean antagonist, and, whether the object be religion or politics, he must beware lest he find himself suddenly defeated exactly when he felt most sure of victory. The Maori of New Zealand is no mean adept at argument, and in many points bears a strong resemblance to the Kaffir character. But, in a contest of wits between a Maori chief and a Zulu councillor, the latter would be nearly certain to come off the victor.

As a rule, the Kaffir is not of a revengeful character, nor is he troubled with that exceeding technicalness which characterizes some races of mankind. Not that he is without a sense of dignity. On the contrary, a Kaffir can be among the most dignified of mankind when he wishes, and when there is some object in being so. But

he is so sure of himself that, like a true gentleman, he never troubles himself about asserting his dignity. He is so sure that no real breach of respect can be wilfully committed, that a Kaffir will seldom hesitate to play a practical joke upon another—a proceeding which would be the cause of instant bloodshed among the Malays. And, provided that the joke be a clever one, no one seems to enjoy it more than the victim.

One resident in Kaffirland mentions several instances of the tendency of the Kaffirs toward practical joking. A lad in his service gravely told his fellow-countrymen that all those who came to call on the Englishmen were bound by etiquette to kneel down and kiss the ground at a certain distance from the house. The natives, born and bred in a system of etiquette equal to that of any court in Europe, unhesitatingly obeyed, while the lad stood by, superintending the operation, and greatly enjoying the joke. After a while, the trick was discovered, and no one appreciated the boy's wit more than those who had fallen into the snare.

Another anecdote, related by the same author, seems as if it had been transplanted from a First of April scene in England. A woman was bringing home a pumpkin, and, according to the usual mode of carrying burdens in Africa, was balancing it on her head. A mischievous boy ran hastily to her, and, with a face of horror, exclaimed, "There's something on your head!" The woman, startled at the sudden announcement, thought that at least a snake had got on her head, and ran away screaming. Down fell the pumpkin, and the boy picked it up, and ate it before the woman recovered from her fright.

The Kaffir is essentially hospitable. On a journey, any one may go to the kraal of a stranger, and will certainly be fed and lodged, both according to his rank and position. White men are received in the same hospitable manner, and, in virtue of their white skin and their presumed knowledge, they are always ranked as chiefs, and treated accordingly.

The Kaffirs are singularly domestic people, and, semi-nomad as they are, cling with great affection to their simple huts. Chiefs and warriors of known repute may be seen in their kraals, nursing and fondling their children with no less affection than is exhibited by the mothers. Altogether, the Kaffir is a social being. He cannot endure living alone, eating alone, smoking alone, snuffing alone, or even cooking alone, but always contrives to form part of some assemblage devoted to the special purpose. Day by day, the men assemble and converse with each other, often treating of political affairs, and training themselves in that school of forensic argument which has already been mentioned.

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CHAPTER II.

COURSE OF A KAFFIR'S LIFE—INFANCY—COLOR OF THE NEW-BORN BABE—THE MEDICINE-MAN AND HIS DUTIES—KAFFIR VACCINATION—SINGULAR TREATMENT OF A CHILD—A CHILD'S FIRST ORNAMENT—CURIOUS SUPERSTITION—MOTHER AND CHILD—THE SKIN-CRADLE—DESCRIPTION OF A CRADLE BELONGING TO A CHIEF'S WIFE—KINDNESS OF PARENTS TO CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES—THE FUTURE OF A KAFFIR FAMILY, AND THE ABSENCE OF ANXIETY—INFANTICIDE ALMOST UNKNOWN—CEREMONY ON PASSING INTO BOYHOOD—DIFFERENT THEORIES RESPECTING ITS CHARACTER AND ORIGIN—TCHAKA'S ATTEMPTED ABOLITION OF THE RITE—CURIOUS IDEA OF THE KAFFIRS, AND RESUMPTION OF THE CEREMONY—A KAFFIR'S DREAD OF GRAY HAIRS—IMMUNITIES AFTER UNDERGOING THE RITE—NEW RECRUITS FOR REGIMENTS, AND THEIR VALUE TO THE KING—THE CEREMONY INCUMBENT ON BOTH SEXES.

HAVING glanced rapidly over the principal traits of Kaffir character, we will proceed to trace his life with somewhat more detail.

When an infant is born, it is, as has been already mentioned, of a light hue, and does not gain the red-black of its parents until after some little time has elapsed. The same phenomenon takes place with the negro of Western Africa. Almost as soon as the Kaffir is born the "medicine-man" is called, and discharges his functions in a manner very different from "medical men" in our own country. He does not trouble himself in the least about the mother, but devotes his whole care to the child, on whom he performs an operation something like that of vaccination, though not for the same object. He makes small incisions on various parts of the body, rubs medicine into them, and goes his way. Next day he returns, takes the unhappy infant, deepens the cuts, and puts more medicine into them. The much-suffering child is then washed, and is dried by being moved about in the smoke of a wood fire. Surviving this treatment by some singular tenacity of life, the little creature is then plentifully bedaubed with red paint, and the proud mother takes her share of the adornment. This paint is renewed as fast as it wears off, and is not discontinued until after a lapse of several months.

"Once," writes Mr. Shooter, "when I saw this paint put on, the mother had carefully washed a chubby boy, and made him clean and bright. She then took up the fragment of an earthenware pot, which contained a red fluid, and, dipping her fingers into it, proceeded to daub her son until he became the

most grotesque-looking object it was ever my fortune to behold. What remained, being too precious to waste, was transferred to her own face." Not until all these absurd preliminaries are completed, is the child allowed to take its natural food; and it sometimes happens that when the "medicine-man" has delayed his coming, the consequences to the poor little creature have been extremely disastrous. After the lapse of a few days, the mother goes about her work as usual, carrying the child strapped on her back, and, in spite of the load, she makes little, if any, difference in the amount of her daily tasks. And, considering that all the severe work falls upon the women, it is wonderful that they should contrive to do any work at all under the circumstances. The two principal tasks of the women are, breaking up the ground with a heavy and clumsy tool, something between a pickaxe and a mattock, and grinding the daily supply of corn between two stones, and either of these tasks would prove quite enough for any ordinary laborer, though the poor woman has to perform both, and plenty of minor tasks besides. That they should have to do all this work, while laboring under the incumbrance of a heavy and growing child hung on the back, does really seem very hard upon the women. But they, having never known any other state of things, accept their laborious married life as a matter of course.

When the mother carries her infant to the field, she mostly slings it to her back by means of a wide strip of some soft skin, which she passes round her waist so as to

leave a sort of pocket behind in which the child may lie. In this primitive cradle the little creature reposes in perfect content, and not even the abrupt movements to which it is necessarily subjected will disturb its slumbers.

The wife of a chief or wealthy man will not, however, rest satisfied with the mere strip of skin by way of a cradle, but has one of an elaborate and ornamental character. The illustration represents a remarkably fine example of the South African cradle, and is drawn from a specimen in my collection.



CRADLE.

It is nearly two feet in length by one in width, and is made of antelope skin, with the hair still remaining. The first care of the maker has been to construct a bag, nar-

row toward the bottom, gradually widening until within a few inches of the opening, when it again contracts. This form very effectually prevents an active or restless child from falling out of its cradle. The hairy side of the skin is turned inward, so that the little one has a soft and pleasant cradle in which to repose. In order to give it this shape, two "gores" have been let into the back of the cradle, and are sewed with that marvellous neatness which characterizes the workmanship of the Kaffir tribes. Four long strips of the same skin are attached to the opening of the cradle, and by means of them the mother can bind her little one securely on her back.

As far as usefulness goes, the cradle is now complete, but the woman is not satisfied unless ornament be added. Though her rank—the wife of a chief—does not exonerate her from labor, she can still have the satisfaction of showing her position by her dress, and exciting envy among her less fortunate companions in the field. The entire front of the cradle is covered with beads, arranged in regular rows. In this specimen, two colors only are used; namely, black and white. The black beads are polished glass, while the others are of the color which are known as "chalk-white," and which is in great favor with the Kaffirs, on account of the contrast which it affords to their dusky skin. The two central rows are black. The cradle weighs rather more than two pounds, half of which is certainly due to the profusion of beads with which it is covered.

Except under peculiar circumstances, the Kaffir mother is a kind, and even indulgent parent to her children. There are, however, exceptional instances, but, in these cases, superstition is generally the moving power. As with many nations in different parts of the earth, although abundance of children is desired, twins are not in favor; and when they make their appearance one of them is sacrificed, in consequence of a superstitious notion that, if both twins are allowed to live, something unlucky would happen to the parents.

As the children grow, a certain difference in their treatment is perceptible. In most savage nations, the female children are comparatively neglected, and very ill treatment falls on them, while the males are considered as privileged to do pretty well what they like without rebuke. This, however, is not the case with the Kaffirs. The parents have plenty of respect for their sons as the warriors of the next generation, but they have also respect for their daughters as a source of wealth. Every father is therefore glad to see a new-born child, and welcomes it whatever may be its sex—the boys to increase the power of his house, the girls to increase the number of his cattle. He knows perfectly well that, when his little girl is grown up, he can obtain at least

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eight cows for her, and that, if she happens to take the fancy of a rich or powerful man, he may be fortunate enough to procure twice the number. And, as the price which is paid to the father of a girl depends very much on her looks and condition, she is not allowed to be deteriorated by hard work or ill-treatment. These generally come after marriage, and, as the wife does not expect anything but such treatment, she does not dream of complaining.

The Kaffir is free from the chief anxieties that attend a large family in civilized countries. He knows nothing of the thousand artificial wants which cluster round a civilized life, and need not fear lest his offspring should not be able to find a subsistence. Neither is he troubled lest they should sink below that rank in which they were born. Not that there are no distinctions of rank in Kaffirland. On the contrary, there are few parts of the world where the distinctions of rank are better appreciated, or more clearly defined. But, any one may attain the rank of chief, provided that he possesses the mental or physical characteristics that can raise him above the level of those who surround him, and, as is well known, some of the most powerful monarchs who have exercised despotic sway in Southern Africa have earned a rank which they could not have inherited, and have created monarchies where the country had formerly been ruled by a number of independent chieftains. These points may have some influence upon the Kaffir's conduct as a parent, but, whatever may be the motives, the fact remains, that among this fine race of savages there is no trace of the wholesale infanticide which is so terribly prevalent among other nations, and which is accepted as a social institution among some that consider themselves among the most highly civilized of mankind.

As is the case in many parts of the world, the natives of South Africa undergo a ceremony of some sort, which marks their transition from childhood to a more mature age. There has been rather a sharp controversy respecting the peculiar ceremony which the Kaffirs enjoin, some saying that it is identical with the rite of circumcision as practised by the Jews, and others that such a custom does not exist. The fact is, that it used to be universal throughout Southern

Africa, until that strange despot, Tshaka, chose arbitrarily to forbid it among the many tribes over which he ruled. Since his death, however, the custom has been gradually re-introduced, as the men of the tribes believed that those who had not undergone the rite were weaker than would otherwise have been the case, and were more liable to gray hairs. Now with a Kaffir a hoary head is by no means a crown of glory, but is looked upon as a sign of debility. A chief dreads nothing so much as the approach of gray hairs, knowing that the various sub-chiefs, and other ambitious men who are rising about him, are only too ready to detect any sign of weakness, and to eject him from his post. Europeans who visit elderly chiefs are almost invariably asked if they have any preparation that will dye their gray hairs black. So, the dread of such a calamity occurring at an early age would be quite sufficient to make a Kaffir resort to any custom which he fancied might prevent it.

After the ceremony, which is practised in secret, and its details concealed with inviolable fidelity, the youths are permitted three months of unlimited indulgence; doing no work, and eating, sleeping, singing, and dancing, just as they like. They are then permitted to bear arms, and, although still called "boys," are trained as soldiers and drafted into different regiments. Indeed, it is mostly from these regiments that the chief selects the warriors whom he sends on the most daring expeditions. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain, and, if they distinguish themselves, may be allowed to assume the "head-ring," the proud badge of manhood, and to marry as many wives as they can manage to pay for. A "boy" — no matter what his age might be — would not dare to assume the head-ring without the permission of his chief, and there is no surer mode of gaining permission than by distinguished conduct in the field, whether in open fight, or in stealing cattle from the enemy.

The necessity for undergoing some rite when emerging from childhood is not restricted to the men, but is incumbent on the girls, who are carried off into seclusion by their initiators, and within a year from their initiation are allowed to marry.

CHAPTER III.

A KAFFIR'S LIFE, CONTINUED—ADOLESCENCE—BEAUTY OF FORM IN THE KAFFIRS, AND REASONS FOR IT—LIVING STATUES—BENJAMIN WEST AND THE APOLLO—SHOULDERS OF THE KAFFIRS—SPEED OF FOOT CONSIDERED HONORABLE—A KAFFIR MESSENGER AND HIS MODE OF CARRYING A LETTER—HIS EQUIPMENT FOR THE JOURNEY—LIGHT MARCHING-ORDER—HOW THE ADDRESS IS GIVEN TO HIM—CELERITY OF HIS TASK, AND SMALLNESS OF HIS PAY—HIS FEET AND THEIR NATURE—THICKNESS OF THE SOLE, AND ITS SUPERIORITY OVER THE SHOE—ANECDOTE OF A SICK BOY AND HIS PHYSICIAN—FORM OF THE FOOT—HEALTHY STATE OF A KAFFIR'S BODY—ANECDOTE OF WOUNDED GIRL—RAPIDITY WITH WHICH INJURIES ARE HEALED—YOUNG WOMEN, AND THEIR BEAUTY OF FORM—PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS—DIFFICULTY OF PHOTOGRAPHING A KAFFIR—THE LOCALITY, DREASE, NERVOUSNESS—SHORT TENURE OF BEAUTY—FEATURES OF KAFFIR GIRLS—OLD KAFFIR WOMEN AND THEIR LOOKS.

WHEN the youths and maidens are in the full bloom of youth, they afford as fine specimens of humanity as can be seen anywhere. Their limbs have never been subject to the distorting influences of clothing, nor their forms to the absurd compression which was, until recently, destructive of all real beauty in this and neighboring countries. Each muscle and sinew has had fair play, the lungs have breathed fresh air, and the active habits have given to the form that rounded perfection which is never seen except in those who have enjoyed similar advantages. We all admire the almost superhuman majesty of the human form as seen in ancient sculpture, and we need only to travel to Southern Africa to see similar forms, yet breathing and moving, not motionless images of marble, but living statues of bronze. This classic beauty of form is not peculiar to Southern Africa, but is found in many parts of the world where the inhabitants lead a free, active, and temperate life.

My readers will probably remember the well-known anecdote of West the painter surprising the critical Italians with his remarks. Bred in a Quaker family, he had no acquaintance with ancient art; and when he first visited Rome, he was taken by a large assembly of art-critics to see the Apollo Belvedere. As soon as the doors were thrown open, he exclaimed that the statue represented a young Mohawk warrior, much to the indignation of the critics, who foolishly took his exclamation as derogatory to the statue, rather than the highest and most genuine praise. The fact was, that the

models from whom the sculptor had composed his statue, and the young Mohawk warriors so familiar to West, had received a similar physical education, and had attained a similar physical beauty. "I have seen them often," said West, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intent eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow."

There is, indeed, but one fault that the most captious critic can find with the form of the Kaffir, and that is, a slight deficiency in the fall of the shoulder. As a race, the Kaffirs are slightly high-shouldered, though there are many instances where the slope from the neck to the arm is exactly in accordance with the canons of classic art.

These young fellows are marvellously swift of foot, speed reckoning as one of the chief characteristics of a distinguished soldier. They are also possessed of enormous endurance. You may send a Kaffir for sixty or seventy miles with a letter, and he will prepare for the start as quietly as if he had only a journey of some three or four miles to perform. First, he cuts a stick some three feet in length, splits the end, and fixes the letter in the cleft, so that he may carry the missive without damaging it by the grease with which his whole person is liberally anointed. He then looks to his supply of snuff, and, should he happen to run short of that needful luxury, it will add wings to his feet if a little tobacco be presented to him, which he can make into snuff at his first halt.

Taking an assegai or two with him, and perhaps a short stick with a knob at the

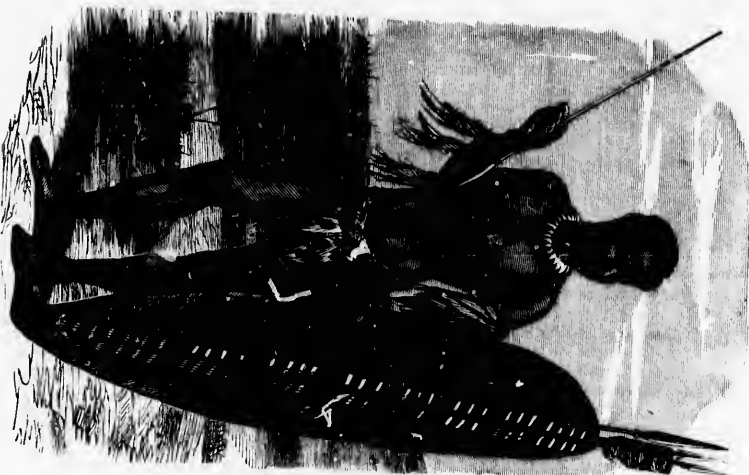
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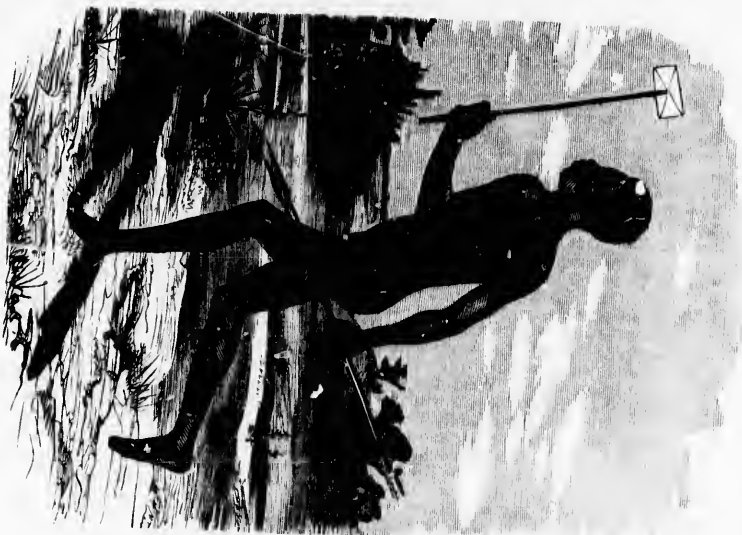
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(1.) YOUNG KAFFIR ARMED. (See page 20.)



(2.) KAFFIR POSTMAN. (See page 20.)



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end, called a "kerry," he will start off at a slinging sort of mixture between a run and a trot, and will hold this pace almost without cessation. As to provision for the journey, he need not trouble himself about it, for he is sure to fall in with some hut, or perhaps a village, and is equally sure of obtaining both food and shelter. He steers his course almost as if by intuition, regardless of beaten tracks, and arrives at his destination with the same mysterious certainty that characterizes the migration of the swallow.

It is not so easy to address a letter in Africa as in England, and it is equally difficult to give directions for finding any particular house or village. If a chief should be on a visit, and ask his host to return the call, he simply tells him to go so many days in such a direction, and then turn for half a day in another direction, and so on. However, the Kaffir is quite satisfied with such indications, and is sure to attain his point.

When the messenger has delivered his letter, he will squat down on the ground, take snuff, or smoke—probably both—and wait patiently for the answer. As a matter of course, refreshments will be supplied to him, and, when the answer is handed to him, he will return at the same pace. Europeans are always surprised when they first see a young Kaffir undertake the delivery of a letter at so great a distance, and still more at the wonderfully short time in which he will perform the journey. Nor are they less surprised when they find that he thinks himself very well paid with a shilling for his trouble. In point of fact, the journey is scarcely troublesome at all. He has everything his own way. There is plenty of snuff in his box, tobacco wherewith to make more, the prospect of seeing a number of fellow-countrymen on the way, and enjoying a conversation with them, the dignity of being a messenger from one white chief to another, and the certainty of obtaining a sum of money which will enable him to adorn himself with a splendid set of beads at the next dance.

Barefoot though he be, he seldom complains of any hurt. From constant usage the soles of his feet are defended by a thickened skin as insensible as the sole of any boot, and combining equal toughness with perfect elasticity. He will walk with unconcern over sharp stones and thorns which would lame a European in the first step, and has the great advantage of possessing a pair of soles which never wear out, but actually become stronger by use. Mr. Baines, the African hunter, narrates a rather ludicrous instance of the insensibility of the Kaffir's foot. Passing by some Kaffir houses, he heard doleful outcries, and found that a young boy was undergoing a medical or surgical operation, whichever

may be the proper name. The boy was suffering from some ailment for which the medicine-man prescribed a thorough kneading with a hot substance. The plan by which the process was carried out was simple and ingenious. A Kaffir man held his own foot over the fire until the sole became quite hot. The boy was then held firmly on the ground, while the man trampled on him with the heated foot, and kneaded him well with this curious implement of medicine. When that foot was cold, he heated the other, and so proceeded till the operation was concluded. The heat of his sole was so great that the poor boy could scarcely endure the pain, and struggled hard to get free, but the operator felt no inconvenience whatever from subjecting his foot to such an ordeal. The dreaded "stick" of the Orientals would lose its terrors to a Kaffir, who would endure the bastinado with comparative impunity.

Among these people, the foot assumes its proper form and dimensions. The toes are not pinched together by shoes or boots, and reduced to the helpless state too common in this country. The foot is, like that of an ancient statue, wide and full across the toes, each of which has its separate function just as have the fingers of the hand, and each of which is equally capable of performing that function. Therefore the gait of a Kaffir is perfection itself. He has not had his foot lifted behind and depressed in front by high-heeled boots, nor the play of the instep checked by leathern bonds. The wonderful arch of the foot—one of the most astonishing pieces of mechanism that the world affords—can perform its office unrestrained, and every little bone, muscle and tendon plays its own part, and none other.

The constant activity of the Kaffirs, conjoined to their temperate mode of life, keeps them in perfect health, and guards them against many evils which befall the civilized man. They are free from many of the minor ailments incident to high civilization, and which, trifling as they may be singly, detract greatly in the aggregate from the happiness of life. Moreover, their state of health enables them to survive injuries which would be almost instantly fatal to any ordinary civilized European. That this comparative immunity is owing to the mode of life and not to the color of the skin is a well-known fact, Europeans being, when in thorough good health, even more enduring than their dark-skinned companions. A remarkable instance of this fact occurred during the bloody struggle between the Dutch colonists and Dingaan's forces in 1837. The Kaffirs treacherously assaulted the unsuspecting Dutchmen, and then invaded their villages, spearing all the inhabitants and destroying the habitations. Near the Blue Krantz River was a heap of dead, among whom were

found two young girls, who still showed signs of life. One had received nineteen stabs with the assagai, and the other twenty-one. They were removed from the corpses, and survived their dreadful wounds, reaching womanhood, though both crippled for life.

On one occasion, while I was conversing with Captain Burton, and alluding to the numerous wounds which he had received, and the little effect which they had upon him, he said that when the human frame was brought, by constant exercise and simple diet, into a state of perfect health, mere flesh wounds were scarcely noticed, the cut closing almost as easily as if it had been made in India-rubber. It may also be familiar to my readers, that when in this country men are carefully trained for any physical exertion, whether it be pedestrianism, gymnastics, rowing, or the prize-ring, they receive with indifference injuries which would have prostrated them a few months previously, and recover from them with wonderful rapidity.

The young Kaffir women are quite as remarkable for the beauty of their form as are the men, and the very trifling dress which they wear serves to show off their figures to the best advantage. Some of the young Kaffir girls are, in point of form, so perfect that they would have satisfied even the fastidious taste of the classical sculptor. There is, however, in them the same tendency to high shoulders which has already been mentioned, and in some cases the shoulders are set almost squarely across the body. In most instances, however, the shoulders have the proper droop, while the whole of the bust is an absolute model of perfection—rounded, firm, and yet lithe as the body of a panther.

There is now before me a large collection of photographs, representing Kaffir girls of various ages, and, in spite of the invariable stiffness of photographic portraits, they exhibit forms which might serve as models for any sculptor. If they could only have been photographed while engaged in their ordinary pursuits, the result would have been most artistic, but the very knowledge that they were not to move hand or foot has occasioned them to assume attitudes quite at variance with the graceful unconsciousness of their ordinary gestures.

Besides the stiffness which has already been mentioned, there are several points which make a really good photographic portrait almost an impossibility. In the first place, the sunlight is so brilliant that the shadows become developed into black patches, and the high lights into splashes of white without the least secondary shading. The photographer of Kaffir life cannot put his models into a glass room cunningly furnished with curtains and tinted glass. He must take the camera into the villages, photograph the inhabitants as they stand

or sit in the open air, and make a darkened hut act as a developing-tent.

Taking the portrait properly is a matter of extreme difficulty. The Kaffirs will rub themselves with grease, and the more they shine the better they are dressed. Now, as every photographer knows, nothing is more perplexing than a rounded and polished surface in the full rays of the sunbeams; and if it were only possible to rub the grease from the dark bodies, and deprive them of their gloss, the photographer would have a better chance of success. But the Kaffir ladies, old and young alike, think it a point of honor to be dressed in their very best when their portraits are taken, and will insist upon bedizening themselves exactly in the way which is most destructive to photography. They take fresh grease, and rub their bodies until they shine like a well-polished boot; they induce every necklace, girdle, bracelet, or other ornament that they can muster, and not until they are satisfied with their personal appearance will they present themselves to the artist. Even when they have done so, they are restless, inquisitive, and rather nervous, and in all probability will move their heads just as the cap of the lens is removed, or will take fright and run away altogether. In the case of the two girls represented in the illustration, on page 25, the photographer has been singularly fortunate. Both the girls belonged to the tribe commanded by the well-known chief Goza, whose portrait will be given on a subsequent page. The girls are clad in their ordinary costume of every-day life, and in fact, when their portraits were taken, were acting as housemaids in the house of an European settler.

Unfortunately, this singular beauty of form is very transient; and when a girl has attained to the age at which an English girl is in her full perfection, the Kaffir girl has begun to age, and her firm, lithe, and graceful form has become flabby and shapeless. In the series of portraits which has been mentioned, this gradual deterioration of form is curiously evident; and in one example, which represents a row of girls sitting under the shade of a hut, young girls just twenty years of age look like women of forty.

The chief drawback to a Kaffir girl's beauty lies in her face, which is never a beautiful one, according to European ideas on this subject. It is mostly a pleasant, good-humored face, but the cheek-bones are too high, the nose too wide, and the lips very much too large. The two which have been already represented are by far the most favorable specimens of the collection, and no one can say that their faces are in any way equal to their forms. It may be that their short, crisp, harsh, woolly hair, so different from the silken tresses of European women, produces some feeling of dislike; but, even if they were furnished with the finest and most massive head of hair, they could never

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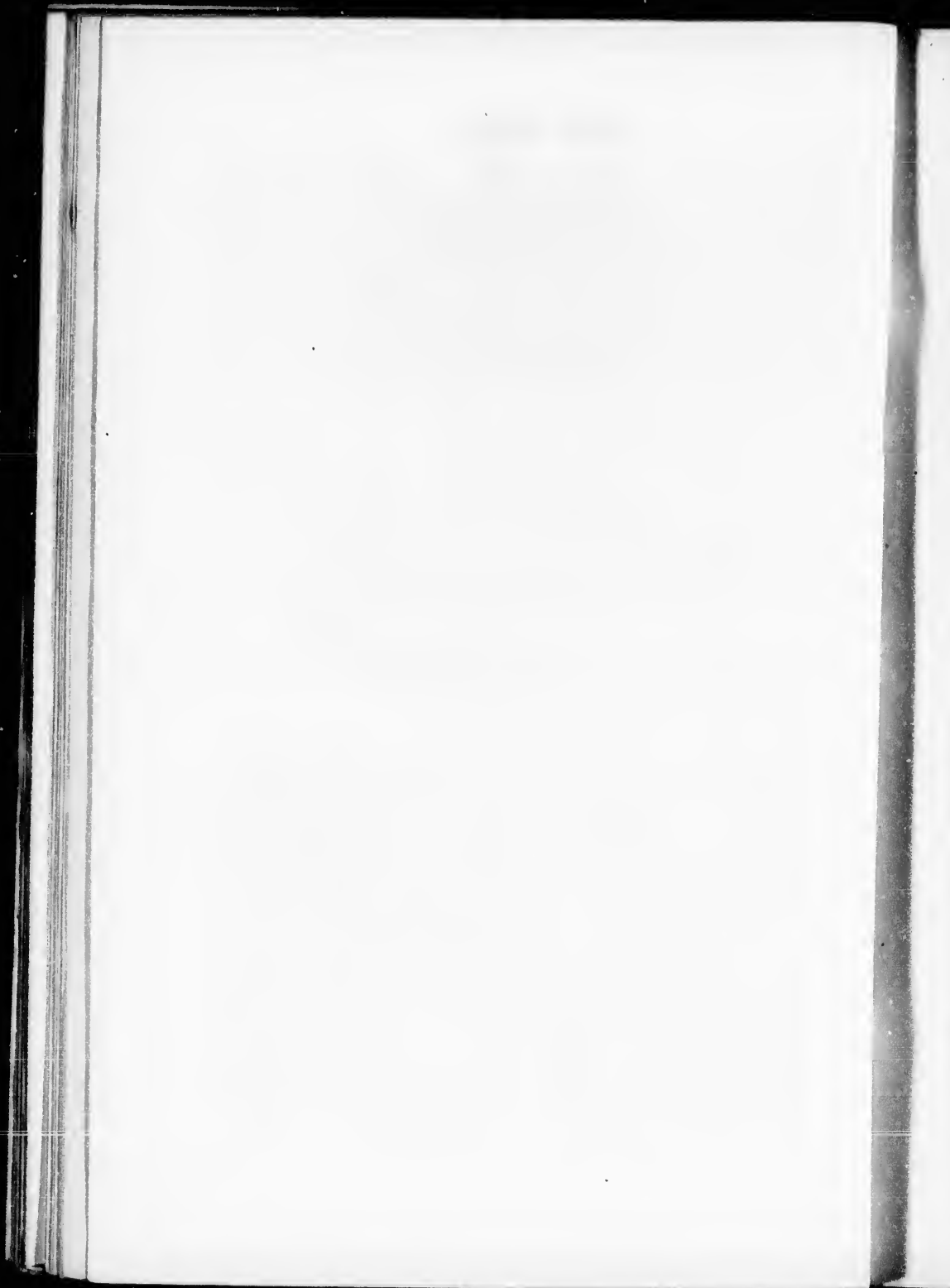
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(1.) UNMARRIED KAFFIR GIRLS. (See page 24.)



(2.) OLD KAFFIR WOMEN. (See page 27.)



be called handsome. People certainly do get used to their peculiar style, and sometimes prefer the wild beauty of a Kaffir girl to the more refined, though more insipid, style of the European. Still, few Englishmen would think themselves flattered if their faces were thought to resemble the features of a Kaffir of the same age, and the same rule will apply to the women as well as to the men.

Unfortunately, the rapidity with which the Kaffir women deteriorate renders them very unsightly objects at an age in which an European woman is in her prime. Among civilized nations, age often carries

with it a charming mixture of majesty and simplicity, which equally command our reverence and our love. Among this people, however, we find nothing in their old age to compensate for the lost beauty of youth. They do not possess that indefinable charm which is so characteristic of the old age of civilized woman, nor is there any vestige of that spiritual beauty which seems to underlie the outward form, and to be even more youthful than youth itself. Perhaps one reason for this distinction may be the uncultivated state of the mind; but, whatever may be the cause, in youth the Kaffir woman is a sylph, in old age a hag.

CHAPTER IV.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS—DRESS OF THE MEN—DRESS DEPENDENT ON COUNTRY FOR MATERIAL—SKIN THE CHIEF ARTICLE OF DRESS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA—FUR-PRODUCING ANIMALS—A KAROSS OR CLOAK OF MEERKAT SKIN—ANOTHER OF JACKAL SKINS—NATIVE TASTE IN DRESS—PROFESSIONAL KAROSS MAKERS—NEEDLE USED BY THE KAFFIRS—ITS CLUMSY SHAPE AND DIMENSIONS—ITS LEATHER SHEATH—A FASHIONABLE NEEDLE AND ITS BELT OF BEADS—TASTEFUL ARRANGEMENT OF COLOR—THREAD USED BY KAFFIRS—SINGULAR MATERIAL AND MODE OF PREPARING IT—HOW A KAFFIR SEWS—A MAN'S ORDINARY DRESS—THE APRON OR "TAILS"—SPECIMEN IN MY COLLECTION—BRASS BUTTONS—THE "ISINENE" AND "UMUCHA"—PORTRAIT OF GOZA—OBESITY OF THE CHIEFS—FULL DRESS AND UNDRESS—A KAFFIR AIDE-DE-CAMP.

HAVING now described the general appearance of the Kaffirs from childhood to age, we will proceed to the costume which they wear, and the ornaments with which they decorate their dark persons. The material of which dress is made depends much on the characteristics of the country. In some parts of the world linen is used, in another silk, and in another cotton. In Southern Africa, however, and indeed throughout a very large portion of the continent, the dress, whether of men or women, is composed of the skins and furs of animals. The country abounds in game, especially of the antelope tribe; and the antelopes, the zebras and their kin, the beasts of prey, the monkey tribes and the oxen, afford a vast store from which the Kaffir can take his clothing, and vary it almost without bounds.

The Kaffir is an admirable dresser of furs. He bestows very great pains on the process, and arrives at a result which cannot be surpassed by the best of European furriers, with all his means and appliances. Kaffir furs, even those made from the stiff and stubborn hide of the ox, are as soft and pliable as silk; and if they be wetted, they will dry without becoming harsh and stiff. For large and thick skins a peculiar process is required. The skin of the cow, for example, will become as hard as a board when dry, and even that of the lion is apt to be very stiff indeed when dried. The process of preparing such skins is almost absurdly simple and expeditious, while its efficacy is such that our best fur-dressers cannot produce such articles as the Kaffirs do.

Supposing that a cow-skin is to be made

into a robe, the Kaffir will ask two or three of his comrades to help him. They all sit round the skin, and scrape it very carefully, until they have removed every particle of fat, and have also reduced the thickness. They then stretch it in every direction, pulling against each other with all their might, working it over their knees, and taking care that not an inch of it shall escape without thorough manipulation. Of course they talk, and sing, and smoke, and take snuff while performing the task, which is to them a labor of love. If, indeed, it were not, they would not perform it, but hand it over to their wives. When they have kneaded it as much as they think necessary, they proceed to another operation. They take eight or ten of their skewer-like needles, and tie them together in a bundle, each man being furnished with one of these bundles. The points are then placed perpendicularly upon the skin, and the bundle made to revolve backward and forward between the hands. This process tears up the fibres of the skin, and adds to its pliancy, besides raising a sort of nap, which in some of their dresses is so thick and fine as to resemble plush.

Sometimes, when needles are scarce, the long straight thorns of the acacia are tied together, and used in a similar manner. Although not so strong, their natural points are quite as sharp as the artificial points made of iron, and do their work as effectually. Some of my readers may remember that the nap on cloth is raised by a method exactly similar in principle, the thorny seed-vessels of the teasle thistle being fastened on cylinders and made to revolve quickly

over the surface of the cloth, so as to raise a "nap" which conceals the course of the threads. These acacia thorns are used for a wonderful variety of purposes, and are even pressed into the service of personal vanity, being used as decorations for the hair on festive occasions.

The skin is now ready for the ingredient that forms a succedaneum for the tanpit, and that does its work in a very short time. As the reader is perhaps aware, the acacia is one of the commonest trees in Southern Africa. The sap of the tree is of a very astringent character, and communicates its properties to the bark through which it percolates. In consequence, the white inhabitants of Southern Africa are in the habit of using the bark of the acacia just as in England we use the bark of the oak, and find that it produces a similar effect upon skins that are soaked in a strong solution of acacia bark in water. The native, however, does not use the bark for this purpose, neither does he practise the long and tedious process of tanning which is in use among ourselves. The acacia tree supplies for him a material which answers all the purposes of a tanpit, and does not require above a fraction of the time that is employed in ordinary tanning.

The acacia trees are constantly felled for all sorts of purposes. The hard wood is used in native architecture, in making the fence round a kraal, in making wagon poles, and in many similar modes. The root and stump are left to rot in the ground, and, thanks to the peculiar climate and the attacks of insects, they soon rot away, and can be crumbled with the fingers into a reddish yellow powder. This powder is highly astringent, and is used by the Kafirs for dressing their furs, and is applied by assiduous rubbing in with the hand. Afterward, a little is added, but not much, and this is done very carefully with the hand.

A large kaross is always worn with the furry side inward. Here is a mode of putting it on which is considered highly fashionable. If the robe is composed of several skins,—say, for example, those of the jackal or leopard,—the heads are placed in a row along the upper margin. When the Kafir induces his kaross, he folds this edge over so as to form a kind of cape, and puts it on in such a way that the fur-clad heads fall in a row over his shoulders.

The rapidity with which a Kafir will prepare a small skin is really surprising. One of my friends was travelling in Southern Africa, and saw a jackal cantering along, looking out for food. Presently, he came across the scent of some steaks that were being cooked, and came straight toward the wagon, thinking only of food, and heedless of danger. One of the Kafirs in attendance on the wagon saw the animal, picked up a

large stone, and awaited his coming. As he was nearing the fire, the Kafir slung the stone with such a good aim that the animal was knocked over and stunned. The wagon started in an hour and a half from that time, and the Kafir who killed the jackal was seen wearing the animal's dressed skin. The skin of this creature is very much prized for robes and similar purposes, as it is thick and soft, and the rich black mottlings along the back give to the robe a very handsome appearance.

I have before me a beautiful example of a kaross or cloak, made from the skins of the meerkat, one of the South African Ichneumonians. It is a pretty creature, the coat being soft and full, and the general color a reddish tawny, variegated in some specimens by dark mottlings along the back, and fading off into gray along the flanks. The kaross consists of thirty-six skins, which are sewed together as neatly as any furrier could sew them. The meerkat, being very tenacious of life, does not succumb easily, and accordingly there is scarcely a skin which has not been pierced in one or more places by the spear, in some instances leaving holes through which a man's finger could easily be passed. In one skin there are five holes, two of them of considerable size. Yet, when the kaross is viewed upon the hairy side, not a sign of a hole is visible. With singular skill, the Kafir fur-dresser has "let in" circular pieces of skin cut from another animal, and done it so well that no one would suspect that there had been any injury to the skin. The care taken in choosing the color is very remarkable, because the fur of the meerkat is extremely variable in color, and it must have been necessary to compare a considerable number of skins, in order to find one that was of exactly the right shade.

The mantle in question is wonderfully light, so light, indeed, that no one would think it capable of imparting much warmth until he has tried it. I always use it in journeys in cold weather, finding that it can be packed in much less space than an ordinary railway rug, that it is lighter to carry, and is warmer and more comfortable.

Although every Kafir has some knowledge of skin-dressing and tailoring, there are some who greatly surpass their companions, and are popularly known as "kaross makers." It is easy to tell at a glance whether a garment is the work of an ordinary Kafir, or of a regular kaross maker. The kaross which has been noticed affords a good example of both styles, which can be distinguished as easily by the touch as by the sight.

When a kaross maker sets to work, he takes the two pieces of the fur which he has to join, and places them together with the hairy side inward, and the edges exactly matching each other. He then repeatedly

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passes his long needle between the two pieces, so as to press the hair downward, and prevent it from being caught in the thread. He then bores a few holes in a line with each other, and passes the sinew thre through them, casting a single hitch over each hole, but leaving the thread loose. When he has made two or three such holes, and passed the thread through them, he draws them tight in regular succession, so that he produces a sort of lock-stitch, and his work will not become loose, even though it may be cut repeatedly. Finally, he rubs down the seam, and, when properly done, the two edges lie as flat as if they were one single piece of skin.

In the kaross before mentioned, the original maker was not one of the professed tailors, but thought that he could do all the plain sewing himself. Accordingly, the seams which connect the various skins are rather rudely done, being merely sewed over and over, and are in consequence raised above the level of the skins. But the various patches that were required in order to complete the garment in its integrity needed much more careful work, and this portion of the work has been therefore intrusted to one of the professed kaross makers. The difference of the seams is at once apparent, those made by the unskilled workman being raised, harsh, and stiff; while those made by the professional are quite flat, and look exactly like the well-known lock-stitch of our sewing machines.

A singularly handsome specimen of a kaross is now before me. It is made of the skins of the gray jackal, and, although not so attractive to European eyes as if it had been made from the skin of the black-backed jackal, is, in a Kaffir's estimation, a far more valuable article, inasmuch as the gray species is much rarer than the black-backed.

The man who designed this kaross may fairly be entitled to the name of artist. It is five feet three inches in depth, and very nearly six feet in width, and therefore a considerable number of skins have been used in making it. But the skins have not merely been squared and then sewed together, the manufacturer having in his mind a very bold design. Most persons are aware, that in the majority of animals, the jackal included, the skin is darkest along the back, a very dark stripe runs along the spine, and that the fur fades into whitish gray upon the flanks and under the belly. The kaross maker has started with the idea of forming the cloak on the same principle, and making it look as if it were composed of one large skin. Accordingly, he has selected the darkest skins for the centre of the kaross, and arranged them so that they fade away into gray at the edges. This is done, not by merely putting the darker skins in the middle, and the lighter toward the edges,

but by cutting the skins into oblong pieces of nearly the same size, and sewing them together so neatly that the lines of junction are quite invisible. All the heads are set in a row along the upper edges, and, being worked very flat, can be turned over, and form a kind of cape, as has already been mentioned. The lower edge of the kaross has a very handsome appearance, the gray color of the fur rapidly deepening into black, which makes a broad stripe some four inches in depth. This is obtained by taking the skin of the paws, which are very black, and sewing them to the cape of the mantle.

Of course, a Kaffir has no knowledge of gloves, but there are seasons when he really wants some covering for his hands. A creature of the sun, he cannot endure cold; and in weather when the white men are walking in their lightest clothing and exulting in the unaccustomed coolness, the Kaffir is wrapped in his thickest kaross, cowering over the fire, and absolutely paralyzed, both bodily and mentally, with the cold. He therefore makes certain additions to his kaross, and so forms a kind of shelter for the hands. About two feet from the top of the kaross, and on the outer edges, are a pair of small wings or projections, about a foot in length, and eight inches in width. When the Kaffir puts on the kaross, he doubles the upper part to form the cape, turns the furry side within, grasps one of these winglets with each hand, and then wraps it round his shoulders. The hands are thus protected from the cold, and the upper part of the body is completely covered. The kaross descends as far as the knees in front, and is about a foot longer at the sides and at the back. The whole edge of the kaross is bound on the inside with a narrow band of thin, but very strong membrane, and is thus rendered less liable to be torn. The membrane is obtained as follows. A skin of some animal, usually one of the antelopes, is rolled up and buried in the ground until a certain amount of putrefaction takes place. It is then removed, and the Kaffir splits it by introducing his knife, and then, with a quick jerk, strips off the membranous skin. If it does not separate easily, the skin is replaced in the ground, and left for a day or two longer.

This fine specimen was brought from Southern Africa by Mr. Christie, who has had it in constant use as a railway rug and for similar purposes for some fourteen years, and it is still as serviceable as ever. I ought to mention that both this and my own kaross were made by Bechuannas, and not by Zulus, the latter tribe always using for their kaross a single hide of an ox dressed soft. The peculiar mode of manipulating a hide when dressing it is called "braying," perhaps because it bears some resemblance to the "braying" or rubbing of a substance in a mortar, as distinguished from pounding it.

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A handful of the hide is taken in each hand and gathered up, so as to form two or three wrinkles on the fleshy side. The wrinkles are then rubbed on each other, with a peculiar twisting movement, which is almost identical with that of the gizzard in graining birds.

Of similar skins the Kallr makes a kind of bag in which he puts his pipe, tobacco, and various other little comforts. This bag, which is popularly called a knapsack, deserves more rightly the name of haversack, as it is not carried on the back, but slung to the side. It is made of the skin of some small animal, such as a hare or a hyrax, and is formed in a very simple manner. When the Kallr has killed the animal, he strips off the skin by making a cut, not along the belly, as is the usual fashion, but from one hind leg to the other. By dint of pushing and pulling, he contrives to strip off the skin, and of course turns it inside out in so doing, much as is the case when a taxidermist skins a snake or frog. The skin is then "brayed" in the ordinary fashion, while the furry side is inward; and when this operation is completed, the mouth, ears and eyelids are sewed up, and it is then reversed so as to bring the fur outward. Straps are attached to the two hind legs, so that the wearer can sling the bag over his shoulder. The natives put these bags to all kinds of uses, some of them being rather odd according to our ideas. It has been mentioned that the pipe, tobacco, and other little articles which a Kallr has, are kept in the bag. If, perchance, the wearer should discover a bees' nest, he empties his "knapsack," turns it inside out, shakes it well in order to get rid of the scraps of tobacco and other debris of a Kallr's pouch, and then proceeds to attack the bees. When he has succeeded in reaching the honeycombs, he removes them from the nest, puts them into the bag, and goes off with his prize, regardless of the state in which the interior of the bag will be left.

The skill of the Kallr in sewing fur is the more notable when we take into consideration the peculiar needle and thread which he uses. The needle is not in the least like the delicate, slender articles employed by European seamstresses. In the first place, it has no eye; and in the second, it is more like a skewer than a needle. If any of my classical readers will recall to their minds the "stylus" which the ancients used instead of a pen, he will have a very good idea of a Kallr's needle.

As the Kallr likes to carry his needle about with him, he makes a sheath or case of leather. There is great variety in these cases. The simplest are merely made of strips of hide rolled round the needle, and sewed together at the edges.

The most ornamental needle that I have seen was brought to England by the late H. Jackson, Esq., who kindly placed it and

the rest of his valuable collection at my disposal. This needle is represented at fig. 1, in the illustration "Kallr needles," page 33. It is of the ordinary shape, though much larger than most that are used; but it is upon the sheath and its ornaments that the proud owner has lavished his powers. The sheath is made of leather, but is modelled into a curious pattern, which may be easily imitated. Roll up a tube of paper, about the third of an inch in diameter. At an inch from the end, pinch it tightly between the right thumb and finger, until it is squeezed flat. Still retaining the grasp, pinch it with the left hand just below the finger and thumb of the right, and at right angles to them. Proceed in this manner until the whole of it has been pinched. Then, if we suppose that the tube is made of raw hide thoroughly wetted, that a well oiled needle is placed in it, and that the leather is worked carefully upon the needle so as to make a sheath, ornamented with flattened projections at right angles to each other, we shall see how the sheath is made.

The string of beads by which it is hung around the neck is put together with great taste. The pale-tinted beads are white with rings of scarlet, and the others are blue with large spots of white, the whole forming a very artistic contrast with the skin of the wearer. The best point of this needle case is, however, the ornament which hangs to it just by the head of the needle. This is a piece of rhinoceros horn, cut into the shape of a buffalo head and part of the neck—very much, indeed, as if it had been intended for the handle of a seal. The skill with which the artist—for he really deserves the name—has manipulated this stubborn substance is really admirable. The sweep of the animal's horns is hit off with a boldness of line and a freedom of execution that would scarcely be expected from a savage. That he should make an accurate representation of the animal was likely enough, considering his familiarity with the subject, but that he should be able to carve with his assagai-blade so artistic a design could hardly have been expected from him.

By the side of this needle hangs another, which I have introduced because the sheath, instead of being made of leather, is a wooden tube, closed at one end, and guarded at both ends by a thong of raw hide rolled round it.

As the Kallrs employ needles of this description, it is evident that they cannot use the same kind of thread as ourselves, since a cotton thread would not make its way through the leather, and therefore the Kallr has recourse to the animal kingdom for his thread as well as for his garments. The thread is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made of the sinews taken from the neck of a giraffe. One of these bundles of thread is now be-

fore me, and a curious article it is—stiff, angular, elastic, and with an invincible tendency to become entangled among the other objects of the collection. Few persons to whom it is shown for the first time will believe that it is thread, and mostly fancy that I am trying to take advantage of their ignorance.

When this strange thread is wanted for use, it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft, and is then beaten between two smooth stones. This process causes it to separate into filaments, which can be obtained of almost any degree of strength or fineness. The sinew thus furnishes a thread of astonishing strength when compared with its diameter, surpassing even the silk grass of Guiana in that respect.

When a Kaffir wishes to sew, he prepares some of this thread, squats on the ground, takes his needle, and bores two little holes in the edges of the garment on which he is working. He then pushes the thread through the holes thus made, and makes two more holes opposite each other. He continues to draw the stitches tight as he proceeds, and thus gets on with his work at a rate which would certainly not pay a seamstress in this country, but which is very well suited to Africa, where time is not of the least value. As he works with wet sinew upon wet hide, it naturally follows that, in the process of drying, the seams become enormously strengthened, the stitches being drawn tightly by the contraction of sinew, and the contraction of the hide forcing the stitches deeply into its own substance, and almost blending them together. So, although the work is done very slowly, one of our sewing machines being equal to a hundred Kaffirs, or thereabouts, in point of speed, it is done with a degree of efficacy that no machine can ever approach. I have in my collection very many examples of Kaffir sewing, and in every instance the firmness and solidity of the workmanship are admirable. Their fur-sewing is really wonderful, for they use very close stitches, very fine thread, and join the pieces so perfectly that the set of the hairs is not disturbed, and a number of pieces will look and feel exactly as if they were one single skin.

We will begin an account of Kaffir dress with the ordinary costume of a man. Until he approaches manhood, the Kaffir does not trouble himself about so superfluous a luxury as dress. He may wear beads and ornaments, but he is not troubled with dress in our acceptance of the word. When he becomes a man, however, he assumes the peculiar apron which may be seen by reference to any of the illustrations of Kaffir men. This garment is intended to represent the tails of animals, and by Europeans is generally called by that name. Thus, instead of saying that a man has put on his dress or his apron, he is said to have put on his

"tails." It is notable, by the way, that this form of dress extends over a considerable part of Africa, and is common to both sexes, though the details are carried out in a different manner. The principal is a belt round the waist, with a number of thongs depending from it, and we find this characteristic dress as far northward as Egypt. Indeed, strings or thongs form a considerable portion, not only of a Kaffir's dress, but of his ornaments, as will be seen presently.

The apron of the men is called "isinene," and is conventionally supposed to be made of the tails of slain leopards, lions, or buffaloes, and to be a trophy of the wearer's courage as well as a mark of his taste in dress. Such a costume is sometimes, though very rarely, seen; there being but few Kaffirs who have killed enough of these ferocious beasts to make the "isinene" of their tails. I have one which was presented to me by Captain Drayson, R.A., who bought it, together with many other objects, after the late Kaffir war. It is represented by fig. 1 in the illustration of "Costume" on page 33. It is made of strips of monkey skin, each about an inch and a half in width. These strips have been snipped half through on either side alternately, and then twisted so as to make furry cylinders, having the hair on the outside, and being fixed in that position until dry and tolerably stiff. There are fourteen of these strips, each being about fourteen inches long, but those in the middle exceeding the others by an inch or two.

The strips or "tails" are gathered together above, and sewed firmly to a broad belt of the same material, which is so covered with red and white beads that the leather cannot be seen. Across the belt are two rows of conical brass buttons, exactly identical with those that decorate the jacket of the modern "page." These brass buttons seem to charm a Kaffir's heart. He cannot have too many of them, and it is his delight and pride to keep them burnished to the highest amount of polish which brass will take. I have various specimens of dress or ornament formerly belonging to Kaffirs of both sexes, and, in almost every instance where the article has been very carefully made, at least one brass button is attached to it.

As long as the Kaffir stands or sits, the "isinene" hangs rather gracefully, and reminds the spectator of the sporran or skin pouch, which forms part of the Highlander's dress. But when he runs, especially when he is rushing at full speed, the tails fly about in all directions, and have a most ludicrous effect, almost as if a bundle of living eels or snakes had been tied round the man's waist. If a Kaffir should be too lazy to take the trouble of making so elaborate a set of "tails," he merely cuts his "isinene" out of a piece of skin. An example of this kind of apron is seen in the illustration, "Dolls," 33d page, which represents a pair

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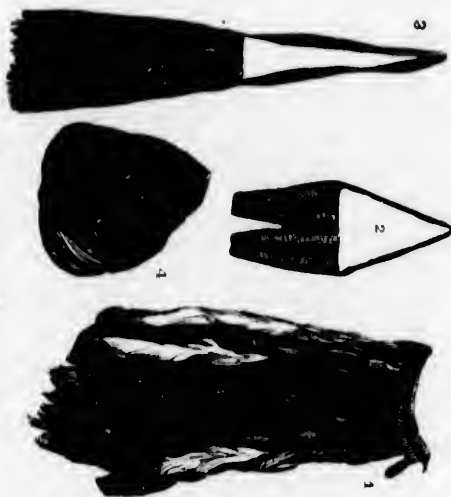
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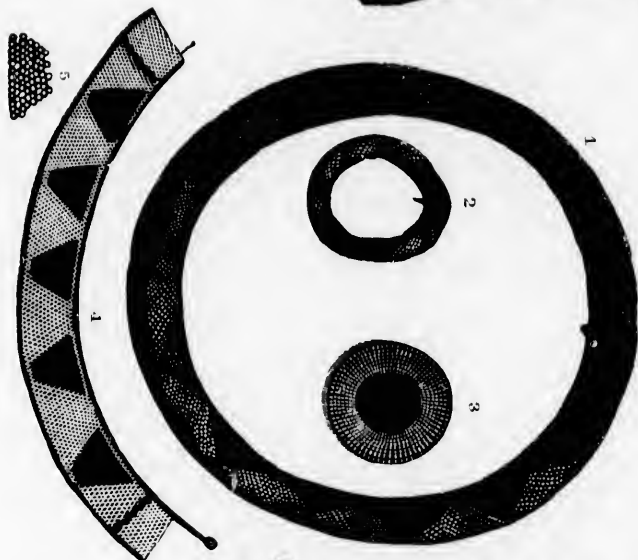
DOLLS. (See pages 32, 33.)



ARTICLES OF KAFFIR COSTUME. (See pages 32, 31.)



KAFFIR ORNAMENTS. (See pages 36, 37, 46, 22.)



KAFFIR NEEDLES & SHEATHS. (See p. 31.)



of figures, a Kafir and his wife, made by the natives out of leather. Here the male figure, on the right, is shown as wearing the isinene, and having besides a short kaross, or cloak, over his shoulders. These figures are in my own collection, and will be more particularly described when we come to the dress of Kafir females.

Most of the men wear a similar duplicate of this apron, which falls behind, and corresponds with the isinene; this second apron is called the "umucha," and is mostly made of one piece of skin. Its use is not, however, universal, and indeed, when in his own kraal or village, the Kafir does not trouble himself about either isinene or umucha, and considers himself quite sufficiently clothed with a necklace and a snuff box.

An illustration on page 117, gives a good idea of the appearance presented by a Kafir of rank in his ordinary dress. It is a portrait of Goza, the well-known Zulu chief, whose name came prominently forward during the visit of Prince Albert to the Cape. He is one of the most powerful chiefs of the Zulu tribe, and can at any moment summon into the field his five or six thousand trained and armed warriors. Yet in ordinary life he is not to be distinguished from the meanest of his subjects by any distinction of dress. An experienced eye would, however, detect his rank at a single glance, even though he were not even clad in his "tails." He is fat, and none but chiefs are fat in Kafirland. In fact, none but chiefs have the opportunity, because the inferior men are forced to such constantly active employment, and live on such irregular nourishment, that they have no opportunity of accumulating fat.

But a chief has nothing whatever to do,

except to give his orders, and if those orders are within human capacity they will be executed. Tchaka once ordered his warriors to catch a lion with their unarmed hands, and they did it, losing, of course, many of their number in the exploit. The chief can eat beef and porridge all day long if he likes, and he mostly does like. Also, he can drink as much beer as he chooses, and always has a large vessel at hand full of that beverage. Panda, the king of the Zulu tribes, was notable for being so fat that he could hardly waddle; but, as the reader will soon be presented with a portrait of this doubly great monarch, nothing more need be said about him.

As to Goza, he is a wealthy man, possessing vast herds of cattle, besides a great number of wives, who, as far as can be judged by their portraits, are not beautiful according to European ideas of beauty, but are each representatives of a considerable number of cows. He wields undisputed sway over many thousands of subjects, and takes tribute from them. Yet he dresses on ordinary occasions like one of his own subjects, and his house is just one of the ordinary huts of which a village is composed. When he wishes to appear officially, he alters his style of dress, and makes really a splendid appearance in all the pomp of barbaric magnificence. Also, when he mixes with civilization, he likes to be civilized in dress, and makes his appearance dressed as an Englishman, in a silk hat, a scarlet coat, and jackboots, and attended in his rides by an aide-de-camp, dressed in a white-plumed cocked hat, and nothing else.

A portrait of Goza in his full war-dress is given in the chapter that treats of Kafir warfare.

CHAPTER V.

ORNAMENTS WORN BY KAFFIR MEN—BEADS, BUTTONS, AND STRINGS—FASHIONABLE COLORS OF BEADS—GOOD TASTE OF THE KAFFIRS—CAPRICES OF FASHION—GOZA'S YOUNG WARRIORS—CURIOUS HEAD ORNAMENT—A SEMI-NECKLACE—A HEAD BRACELET, AND MODE OF CONSTRUCTION—A CHEAP NECKLACE—TWO REMARKABLE NECKLACES—ORNAMENTS MADE OF LEATHERN THONGS—OX-TAILS USED AS ORNAMENTS, AND INDICATIONS OF THE WEALTH OF THEIR OWNER—THE SKULL USED FOR A SIMILAR PURPOSE—A YOUNG KAFFIR IN FULL DRESS—CURIOUS DECORATIONS OF THE HEAD—THE ISSIKOKO, OR HEAD-RING—KAFFIR CHIVALRY—PICTURESQUE ASPECT OF THE KAFFIR—THE EYE AND THE NOSTRIL—THE KAFFIR PERFUME, AND ITS TENACITY—CLEANLY HABITS OF THE KAFFIR—CONDITIONS ALTER CIRCUMSTANCES—ANOTHER METHOD OF DRESSING SKINS—THE BLANKET AND THE KAROSS—ARMLETS, ANKLETS, AND BRACELETS—A SIMPLE GRASS BRACELET—IVORY ARMLETS, AND METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION—BEAD ARMLETS—METALLIC ARMLETS—AN ANCIENT ROYAL ARMLET OF BRASS—IRON ARMLETS—A NEW METAL—ITS ADOPTION BY THE CHIEFS—SINGULAR SUPERSTITION, AND ABANDONMENT OF THE METAL—DEATH OF THE DISCOVERER.

As to the ornaments which a Kaffir man wears, they may be summed up in three words—beads, buttons, and strings, all three being often employed in the manufacture of one ornament. All the beads come from Europe, and there is as much fashion in them as in jewelry among civilized nations. The Kaffirs will have nothing to do with beads that do not form a good contrast with the dark skin of the wearer, so that beads which would be thought valuable, even in England, would be utterly condemned by the poorest Kaffir. Dark blue, for example, are extremely unfashionable, while light azure blue are in great favor. Those beads which contain white and red are the most valued; and if it were possible to make beads which would have the dazzling whiteness of snow, or the fiery hue of the scarlet verbeena, almost any price might be obtained for them in Kaffirland.

The capriciousness of fashion is quite as great among the Kaffirs as among Europeans, and the bead trade is, therefore, very precarious, beads which would have been purchased at a very high price one year being scarcely worth their freight in the next. Still, there is one rule which may always guide those who take beads as a medium of barter among savages. The beads should always contrast boldly with the color of the skin. Now, the average color of a Kaffir is a very dark chocolate; and if the intended trader among these tribes

wishes to make a successful speculation, he cannot do better than have a lay figure painted of a Kaffir's color, and try the effect of the beads upon the image. Beads cannot be too brilliant for a savage, and almost any small articles which will take a high polish and flash well in the sunshine will find a market.

Having procured his beads, either by exchange of goods or by labor, the Kaffir proceeds to adorn himself with them. In a photograph before me, representing a group of young warriors belonging to Goza's army, three of the men have round their necks strings of beads which must weigh several pounds, while another has a broad belt of beads passing over the shoulder just like the sash of a light infantry officer. The ordinary mode of wearing them is in strings round the neck, but a Kaffir of ingenuity devises various other fashions. If he has some very large and very white beads, he will tie them round his forehead, just over his eyebrows, allowing some of them to dangle over his nose, and others on either side of the eyes. In "Kaffir ornaments" on page 33, fig. 1, is shown a sash somewhat similar to that which has just been mentioned, though it is not made wholly of beads. Its groundwork is a vast number of small strings laid side by side, and bound at intervals by bands of different colored beads, those toward the ends being white, and the others scarlet, pink, or green. Its length is

about eight feet. A small portion is given on an enlarged scale, to show the mode of structure. The other articles belong to female costume, and will be described presently.

The group of ornaments illustrated upon page 33 is very interesting, and is taken from specimens kindly lent me by the late H. Jackson, Esq. The round article with dark centre (fig. 3) is the first which we will notice. In form it resembles a hollow cone, or rather a Malay's hat, and is made of leather, ingeniously moulded and sewed while wet, and then kept in its shape until dry. The whole of the interior is so thickly covered with beads that the leather is quite concealed. The beads in the centre are red, and the others are white. This ornament is worn on the breast, and to all appearance must be a very awkward article of decoration. If the *outside* had been covered with beads, it is easy to understand that it would have rested very comfortably on the breast with its bead-covered apex projecting like a huge sugar-loaf button. But, as the peak has to rest on the breast, the ornament must sway about in a most uncomfortable manner.

The ornament at the bottom of the illustration is a semi-necklace, much in request among the Kaffirs. A string is fastened to each upper corner and then tied behind the neck, so that none of the beads are wasted upon a back view of the person. The groundwork of this semi-necklace is white, and the marks upon it are differently colored. Some of them are red in the interior and edged with yellow, while in others these colors are reversed. A narrow line of scarlet beads runs along the lower edge. The necklace is formed of a sort of network, of which the meshes are beads, so that as it is moved by the action of the body, the light shines through the interstices, and has a very pretty effect.

A bracelet, also made of beads, is shown in the same illustration at fig. 2. The beads are strung on threads, and then twisted together so as to form a loose rope, very similar in construction to the rope ring used so much by sailors, and known technically as a "grummet." The strings of beads are variously colored, and are arranged with considerable taste, so that when they are twisted together the general effect is very good.

There is a more common kind of beads which are called "chalk-white." Their only value is that they contrast well with the dark skin of the wearer. Still, there are many young men who would be only too glad to have even so simple a set of beads, for beads are money in Kaffirland, and are not to be obtained without labor. However, ornament of some kind the young men will have, and if they cannot obtain beads they will wear some other ornament as a succedaneum for them.

One of these very simple necklaces is in my collection. It consists merely of nuts, which the wearer could have for the picking. A hole is bored through each nut, just above the smaller end, so that they fit closely together, and stand boldly out, without showing the string on which they are threaded. So closely do they lie that, although the necklace is only just large enough to be passed over the head, it contains more than a hundred nuts. The two necklaces which are represented at the foot of the 39th page, have been selected because they show how the native artist has first made a necklace of beads and teeth, and has then imitated it in metal. No. 1 represents a bracelet that is entirely made of beads and teeth. First, the maker has prepared six or seven very fine leathern thongs, and has strung upon them black glass beads of rather a small size. When he has formed rows of about an inch and a half in length, he has placed in each string a single bead of a much larger size, and being white in color, spotted with bright blue. Another inch and a half of black beads follow, and then come the teeth. These are the canine teeth of the leopard and other felids, and are arranged in groups varying from three to five in number. A tolerably large hole is bored through the base of each, and all the strings are passed through them. The maker then goes on with the black beads, then with the white, then with the teeth, and so on, until his materials are exhausted, and the necklace finished.

The necklace No. 2 is of a far more ambitious character, and, whether or not it has been made by the same artificer, it shows that the same principle has been carried out. The former ornament belonged to a man who had been skilful as a hunter, and who wore the teeth of the slaughtered leopards as trophies of his valor and success. He would also wear the skins, and lose no opportunity of showing what he had done. But we will suppose that a Kaffir, who has some notion of working in metal, saw the bracelet, and that he was fired with a desire to possess one of a similar character. Leopards' teeth he could not, of course, possess without killing the animal for himself, because no one who has achieved such a feat would sell to another the trophies of his own prowess. So he has tried to imitate the coveted ornament as well as he could; and though he might not possess either the skill or the courage of the hunter, he could, at all events, make a necklace which would resemble in shape that of his companion, be very much more showy, and possess a considerable intrinsic value.

So he set up his forge, and, in a manner which will be described in a future page, made his own bronze, brass, or bell-metal, and cast a number of little cylinders. These he beat into shape with his primitive

hammer, and formed them into very tolerable imitations of leopards' teeth. Being now furnished with the material for his necklace, he began to put it together. First, he strung rows of chalk-white beads, and then a brass tooth. Next to the tooth comes a large transparent glass bead, of ruby-red, decorated with white spots. Then comes a tooth, then more beads, and so on, until the ornament has been completed. In order to give the necklace an air of reality, he cut a piece of bone so as to look like a very large tooth, and strung it in the centre of the ornament, so as to fall on his chest.

This is really a handsome piece of workmanship, and when in use must have a very excellent effect. The colors are selected with remarkable taste, as nothing can look better on a dark skin than white and ruby. Moreover, the metal teeth are burnished so as to glisten brilliantly in the sun, and will dazzle the eye at the distance of some feet. Both these necklaces are drawn from specimens in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox.

It is a remarkable fact that good taste in color, if not in material, seems to be inherent in the race, despite the very small amount of clothes which either sex wears. When they become partially civilized, especially if they owe any allegiance to missionaries, they assume some portion of ordinary European costume. The men, whose wardrobe is generally limited to a shirt and trousers, have little scope for taste in dress; but the women always contrive to develop this faculty. Whether in the gay colors of the gowns which they wear, or whether in the more sober hue of the handkerchief which they invariably tie round their heads, they always manage to hit upon a combination of colors which harmonize with their complexions.

Perhaps it is fortunate that such should be the case, for the assumption of European costume is, artistically speaking, anything but an improvement in the appearance of a Kaffir, or, indeed, of any wearer of a dark skin; and it is a curious fact, that the better the clothes, the worse do they look. A young Kaffir, wearing nothing but his few tufts of fur, moves with a free and upright gait, and looks like one of nature's noblemen. But the moment that he puts on the costume adopted in civilized Europe, he loses every vestige of dignity, and even his very gait is altered for the worse.

The metropolitan reader can easily witness such a metamorphosis by visiting the Hammâm, or any similar establishment, where dark-skinned attendants are employed. While engaged in their ordinary vocation, clad with nothing but a cloth round their loins, they look just like ancient statues endued with life, and it is impossible to avoid admiring the graceful dignity of their gestures, as they move silently

about the room. But when any of them leave the room, and put on the ordinary dress, the change is complete and disappointing, and it is hardly possible to believe the identity of such apparently different individuals. In the time long passed away, when Scotland was still contesting with England, the statesmen of the latter country showed no small knowledge of human nature when they forbade the use of the Highland dress, and forced the Highlanders to abandon the picturesque costume which seems to harmonize so well with the wild hills of their native land. A Highlander in his kilt and tartan was not the same man when in the costume of the Lowlander, and it was impossible for him to feel the same pride in himself as when he wore the garb of the mountaineer and the colors of his clan.

Many of the young men who cannot afford beads make bracelets, necklaces, armlets, and anklets from the skins of animals. After cutting the skin into strips, they twist the strips spirally, so as to convert them into hollow ropes, having all the hair on the outside. When made of prettily colored skins, these curious ornaments have a very good, though barbaric effect. (See page 49.) By cutting the strips spirally, almost any length can be obtained; and the consequence is, that the young men sometimes appear with their bodies, legs, and arms covered with these furry ropes.

Another kind of ornament of which the Kaffir is very fond is the tufted tail of an ox. A man of consequence will sometimes wear a considerable number of these tails. Some he will form into an apron, and others will be disposed about his person in the quaintest possible style. He will tie one under each knee, so as to bring it on the shin bone. Others he will fix to leathern loops, and hang them loosely on his arms, like the curious bracelet worn by Jung Bahadoor when in England. Some he will divide into a multitude of strips, and sew them together so as to make fringed belts, which he will tie round his waist, or with which he will encircle the upper arms. Others, again, will be attached to his ankles, and a man thus decorated is contemplated enviously by those not so fortunate.

The very fact of possessing such ornaments shows that the wearer must be a rich man, and have slaughtered his own cattle. It is hardly possible to obtain cow tails in any other method; for the owner of a slain cow is sure to keep the tail for himself, and will not give so valuable an ornament to another. For the same reason, when the cow has been eaten up, its owner fastens the skull on the outside of his hut. Every one who passes within sight can then see that a rich man lives in that dwelling. Even when the tails are sold to Europeans, an absurdly high price is asked for them.

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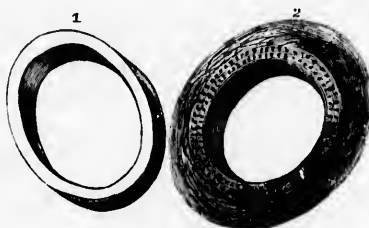
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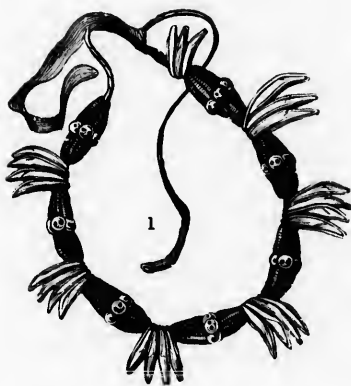
BRACELETS. (See page 52.)



APRON OF CHIEF'S WIFE.
(See page 51.)



IVORY ARMLETS
(See page 46.)



NECKLACES — BEADS AND TEETH. (See page 37.)

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One of these arm-tufts is now before me. The skin has been stripped from the tail, leaving a thong of eighteen inches in length above the tuft of hair. This thong has then been cut into three strips of half an inch in width, and the strips have been rolled up spirally, as already described. As the slit is carried to the very end of the tail, the tuft is spread open, and therefore looks twice as large as would have been the case had it been left untouched. Each of these tufts representing a cow, it is evident that the possession of them shows that the owner must be wealthy enough, not only to possess cows, but to have so many that he could afford to slaughter them.

An illustration on page 43 represents a Kaffir who is both young and rich, and who has put on his dress of ceremony for the purpose of paying a visit. Under such circumstances, a Kaffir will exercise the greatest care in selecting ornaments, and occupy hours in putting them on to the best advantage. Among the furs used by the Kaffir for this purpose is that of the Angora goat, its long soft hair working up admirably into fringes and similar ornaments. Feathers of different birds are worked into the head dress, and the rarer the bird and the more brilliant the color the better is the wearer pleased. One decoration which is sometimes worn on the head is a globular tuft, several inches in diameter, formed from the feathers of a species of roller. The lovely plumage of the bird, with its changeable hues of green and blue, is exactly adapted for the purpose: and in some cases two of these tufts will be worn, one on the forehead and the other on the back of the head. Eagles' feathers are much used among the Kaffirs, as, in spite of their comparatively plain coloring, their firm and graceful shape enables the wearer to form them into very elegant head dresses. Ostrich feathers are also used for the purpose, as are the richly colored plumes of the lory; but the great ambition of a Kaffir beau is to procure some feathers of the peacock, of which he is amazingly vain.

On such occasions the Kaffir will wear much more dress than usual; and, in addition to the quantity of beads which he contrives to dispose upon his person, he ties so many tufts and tails round his waist that he may almost be said to wear a kilt. He will carry his shield and bundle of spears with him, but will not take the latter weapons into the host's house, either exchanging them for imitative spears of wood, or taking a simple knobbed stick. Some sort of a weapon he must have in his hand, or he would feel himself quite out of his element.

When the "boy" has at last obtained the chief's permission to enter the honored class of "men," he prepares himself with much ceremony for the change of costume which indicates his rank. The change does

not consist so much in addition as in subtraction, and is confined to the head. All unmarried men wear the whole of their hair, and sometimes indulge their vanity in dressing it in various modes; such as drawing it out to its fullest extent, and stiffening it with grease and shining powders, so that it looks something like the wigs which bishops used to wear, but which have been judiciously abandoned. If particular pains are taken with the hair, and it happens to be rather longer than usual, the effect is very remarkable. I have a photographic portrait of a young Zulu warrior, whose hair is so bushy and frizzled that it might be taken for that of a Figian; and as in his endeavors to preserve himself in a perfectly motionless attitude, he has clenched his teeth tightly and opened his eyes very wide, he looks exactly as if all his hair were standing on end with astonishment.

Proud, however, as he may be, as a "boy," of his hair, he is still prouder when he has the permission of his chief to cut it off, and at once repairs to a friend who will act as hairdresser. The friend in question takes his best assagai, puts a fine edge upon it, furnishes himself with a supply of gum, sinews, charcoal powder, and oil, and addresses himself to his task. His first care is to make an oval ring of the sinews, about half an inch in thickness, and then to fit it on the head. The hair is then firmly woven into it, and fixed with the gum and charcoal, until the hair and ring seem as if they were one substance. Oil or grease is next liberally applied, until the circle shines like a patent leather boot, and the ring is then complete. The officiating friend next takes his assagai, and shaves the whole of the head, outside and inside the ring, so as to leave it the sole decoration of his bald head.

The ring, or "issikoko," is useful for several purposes. It answers admirably to hold feathers firmly, when the courtier decorates his head for ceremony, or the soldier for war. It serves also more peaceful uses, being the usual place where the snuff spoon is worn. This mode of dressing the hair has its inconvenience, for the ring continually needs to be repaired and kept in order. As to the "issikoko" itself, it is too hard to be easily damaged; but as the hair grows it is raised above the head, and, when neglected for some time, will rise to a height of two inches or so. Moreover, the shaven parts of the head soon regain their covering, and need again to be submitted to the primitive razor. No man would venture to appear before his chief with the head unshaven, or with the ring standing above it; for if he did so, his life would probably answer for his want of respect.

The reverence with which a Kaffir regards the "issikoko" is equal to that which an Oriental entertains for his beard. Mr. Moffatt mentions a curious illustration of this fact.

A warrior of rank, an "Iuduna," or petty chief, was brought before the king, the dreaded Moselekate, charged with an offence the punishment of which was death. He was conducted to the king, deprived of his spear and shield. "He bowed his fine elastic figure, and knelt before the judge. The case was investigated silently, which gave solemnity to the scene. Not a whisper was heard among the listening audience, and the voices of the council were only audible to each other and to the nearest spectators. The prisoner, though on his knees, had something dignified and noble in his mien. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, but a bright black eye indicated a feeling of intense interest, which the swerving balance between life and death only could produce. The case required little investigation; the charges were clearly substantiated, and the culprit pleaded guilty. But, alas! he knew that it was at a bar where none ever heard the heart reviving sound of pardon, even for offences small compared with his. A pause ensued, during which the silence of death pervaded the assembly.

"At length the monarch spoke, and, addressing the prisoner, said: '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 where I stood. 'I know that his heart weeps at the shedding of blood; for his sake I spare your life. He has travelled 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 never can be undone again. He has pleaded with me not to go to war, nor to destroy life. I wish him, when he returns to his own home again, 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,' continued the king, 'you must be degraded for life; you must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter the towns of the princes of the people, nor ever again mingle in the dance of the mighty. Go to the poor of the field, and let your companions be the inhabitants of the desert.'

"The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was bound to look upon and exalt in songs applicable only to One, to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But no! Holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied: 'O king, afflict not my heart! I have incited 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 Pezooih!' His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his

head. Now my exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honors he had won at the point of the spear—honors which even the act which condemned him did not tarnish—to exile and poverty among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him until he reached the top of a high precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep part of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom."

The word "issikoko," by which the Kaffir denominates the head-ring, is scarcely to be pronounced, not by European lips, but by European palates; for each letter *k* is preceded, or rather accompanied, by a curious clucking sound, produced by the back of the tongue and the roof of the mouth. There are three of these "clicks," as they are called, and they will be more particularly described when we come to the subject of Kaffir language.

Under nearly all circumstances a Kaffir presents a singularly picturesque figure—except, perhaps, when squatting on the ground with his knees up to his chin—and nothing can be more grateful to an artistic eye than the aspect of a number of these splendid savages in the full panoply of all their barbaric magnificence. Their proud and noble port, their dusky bodies set off with beads and other brilliant ornaments, and the uncommon grace and agility that they display when going through the fierce mimicry of a fight which constitutes their war dances, are a delight to the eye of an artist. Unfortunately, his nose is affected in a different manner. The Kaffirs of all ages and both sexes will persist in copiously anointing themselves with grease. Almost any sort of grease would soon become rancid in that country; but, as the Kaffirs are not at all particular about the sort of grease which they use, provided that it *is* grease, they exhale a very powerful and very disagreeable odor. Kaffirs are charming savages, but it is always as well to keep to the windward of them, at all events until the nostrils have become accustomed to their odor. This peculiar scent is as adhesive as it is powerful, and, even after a Kaffir has laid aside his dress, any article of it will be nearly as strongly scented as the owner. Some time ago, while I was looking over a very fine collection of savage implements and dress, some articles of apparel were exhibited labelled with tickets that could not possibly have belonged to them. The owner said that he suspected them to be African, and asked my opinion, which was unhesitatingly given, the odor having betrayed their real country as soon as they were brought within range of scent.

A few years ago, I assisted in opening a

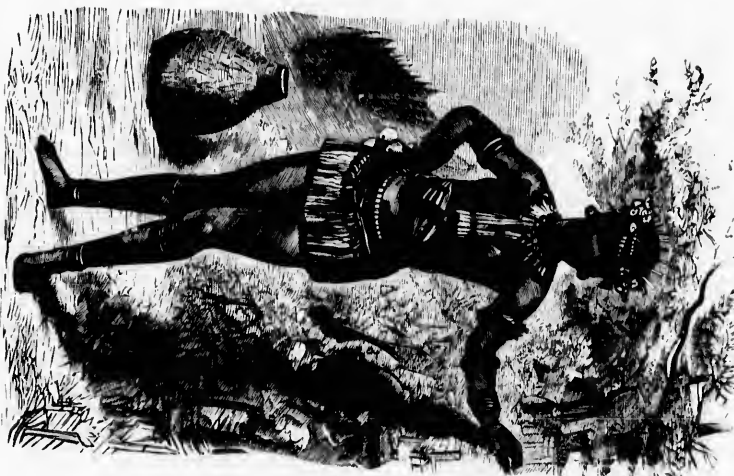
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(1.) YOUNG KAFFIR IN FULL DRESS. (See page 41.)



(2.) GIRL IN DANCING DRESS. (See page 53.)



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series of boxes and barrels full of objects from Kaffirland. We took the precaution of opening the cases in the garden, and, even in the open air, the task of emptying them was almost too much for our unaccustomed senses. All the objects were genuine specimens, not merely made for sale, as is so often the case, but purchased from the wearers, and carefully put away. The owner of the collection was rather humorous on the subject, congratulating us on our preparation for a visit to Kaffirland, and telling us that, if either of us wished to form a good idea of the atmosphere which prevailed in a Kaffir hut with plenty of company, all we had to do was to get into the empty cask, sit at the bottom of it, and put the lid on. Several of the articles of clothing were transferred to my collection, but for some time they could not be introduced into the room. Even after repeated washings, and hanging out in the garden, and drenching with deodorizing fluid, they retained so much of their peculiar scent that they were subjected to another course, which proved more successful, — namely, a thorough washing, then drying, then exposure to a strong heat, and then drying in the open air.

This extremely powerful odor is a considerable drawback to an European hunter when accompanied by Kaffir assistants. They are invaluable as trackers; their eyes seem to possess telescopic powers; their ears are open to sounds which their white companion is quite incapable of perceiving, and their olfactory nerves are sensitive to any odor except that which themselves so powerfully exhale. But the wild animals are even more sensitive to odors than their dusky pursuers, and it is popularly said that an elephant to leeward can smell a Kaffir at the distance of a mile. All are alike in this respect, the king and his meanest subject being imbued with the same unctuous substance; and the only difference is, that the king can afford more grease, and is therefore likely to be more odoriferous, than his subject.

Yet the Kaffir is by no means an uncleanly person, and in many points is so particularly clean that he looks down with contempt upon an European as an ill-bred man. The very liberal anointing of the person with grease is a custom which would be simply abominable in our climate, and with our mode of dress, but which is almost a necessity in a climate like that of Southern Africa, where the natives expose nearly the whole of their bodies to the burning sunbeams. Even in the more northern parts of Africa the custom prevails, and Englishmen who have resided there for a series of years have found their health much improved by following the example of the natives. In England, for example, nothing could be more absurd than to complete the morning's toilet by putting on the head a

large lump of butter, but in Abyssinia no native of fashion thinks himself fully dressed until he has thus put the finishing touch to his costume. Setting aside the different effects of the sun upon a black skin and a white one, as long as European residents in Southern Africa are able to wear their cool and light garments, so long can they dispense with grease. But, if they were suddenly deprived of their linen or cotton garments, and obliged to clothe themselves after the fashion of the Kaffirs, it is likely that, before many weeks had elapsed, they would be only too glad to resort to a custom which has been taught to the natives by the experience of centuries. Had not the practice of greasing the body been productive of good, their strong common sense would long ago have induced the Kaffirs to dispense with it.

In this, as in all other matters, we must not judge others by supposing them to be under similar conditions with ourselves. Our only hope of arriving at a true and unbiassed judgment is by mentally placing ourselves in the same conditions as those of whom we are treating, and forming our conclusions accordingly. The knowledge of this simple principle is the key to the singular success enjoyed by some schoolmasters, while others, who may far surpass them in mere scholarship, have failed to earn for themselves either the respect or the love of their pupils.

Men, as well as women, generally possess cloaks made of the skins of animals, and called karosses. Almost any animal will serve for the purpose of the kaross maker, who has a method of rendering perfectly supple the most stiff and stubborn of hides. The process of preparing the hide is very simple. The skin is fastened to the ground by a vast number of pegs around its edges, so as to prevent it from shrinking unequally, the hairy side being next to the ground. A leopard skin thus pegged to the ground may be seen by reference to the illustration of a Kaffir hut, on page 155. The artist, however, has committed a slight error in the sketch, having drawn the skin as if the hairy side were upward. The Kaffir always pegs a skin with the hairy side downward, partly because the still wet hide would adhere to the ground, and partly because he wishes to be able to manipulate the skin before it is dry. This plan of pegging down the skin is spread over the whole world; and, whether in Europe, Africa, Asia, America, or Australia, the first process of hide dressing is almost exactly the same. The subsequent processes vary greatly in different quarters of the globe, and even in different parts of the same country, as we shall see in subsequent pages.

The frontier Kaffirs, and indeed all those who can have communication with Europeans, have learned the value of blankets,

and will mostly wear a good blanket in preference to the best kaross. But to the older warriors, or in those places to which European traders do not penetrate, the skin kaross still retains its value. The ox is the animal that most generally supplies the kaross maker with skin, because it is so large that the native need not take much trouble in sewing. Still, even the smaller animals are in great request for the purpose, and the karosses made from them are, to European eyes, far handsomer than those made from single skins. Of course, the most valued by the natives are those which are made from the skins of the predaceous animals, a kaross made of lion-skin being scarcely ever seen except on the person of *sabro royalté*. The leopard skin is highly valued, and the fortunate and valiant slayer of several leopards is sure to make their skins into a kaross and their tails into an apron, both garments being too precious to be worn except on occasions of ceremony.

As to the various adornments of feathers, strange head dresses, and other decorations with which the Kaffir soldier loves to bedeck himself, we shall find them described in the chapter relating to Kaffir warfare. There is, however, one class of ornaments that must be briefly mentioned; namely, the rings of different material which the Kaffirs place on their wrists, arms, and ankles. These are sometimes made of ivory, often of metal, sometimes of hide, sometimes of beads, and sometimes of grass. This last mentioned bracelet is perhaps the simplest of them all.

Men who have been fortunate enough to kill an elephant, and rich enough to be able to use part of the tusks for their own purposes, generally cut off a foot or so from the base of each tusk for the purpose of making armlets, at once trophies of their valor and proofs of their wealth. The reader is perhaps aware that the tusk of an elephant, though hard and solid at the point, is soft at the base, and has only a mere shell of hard ivory, the interior being filled with the soft vascular substance by which the tusk is continually lengthened and enlarged. Indeed, the true ivory is only found in that portion of the tusk which projects from the head; the remainder, which is deeply imbedded in the skull, being made of soft substance inclosed in a shell of ivory.

It is easy enough, therefore, for the Kaffir hunter to cut off a portion of the base of the tusk, and to remove the soft vascular substance which fills it, leaving a tube of ivory, very thin and irregular at the extreme base, and becoming thicker toward the point. His next business is, to cut this tube into several pieces, so as to make rings of ivory, some two or three inches in width, and differing much in the thickness of material. Those which are made from the base of the tusk, and which have therefore a

large diameter and no great thickness, are carefully polished, and placed on the arm above the elbow, while those of smaller diameter and thicker substance are merely slipped over the hand and worn as bracelets. There is now before me a photographic portrait of a son of the celebrated chief Mncomo, who is wearing two of these ivory rings, one on the left arm and the other on the wrist. A necklace, composed of leopard's teeth and claws, aids in attesting his skill as a hunter, and for the rest of his apparel the less said the better.

A pair of these armlets is shown in the illustration on page 39. They are sketched from specimens in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox. The first of them is very simple. It consists merely of a piece, some two inches in width, cut from the base of an elephant's tusk, and moderately polished. There is no attempt at ornament about it.

The second specimen is an example of much more elaborate construction. It is cut from the more solid portion of the tusk, and weighs very much more than its companion armlet. Instead of being of uniform thickness throughout, it is shaped something like a quoit, or rather like a pair of quoits, with their flat sides placed together. The hole through which the arm passes is nicely rounded, and very smoothly polished, the latter circumstance being probably due to the friction of the wearer's arm. It is ornamented by a double row of holes made around the aperture. The ivory is polished by means of a wet cord held at both ends, and drawn briskly backward and forward.

If the reader will refer to page 33, he will see that by the side of the conical breast ornament which has already been described there is a bracelet of beads. This is made of several strings of beads, white predominating, and red taking the next place. The bead strings are first laid side by side, and then twisted spirally into a loose kind of rope, a plan which brings out their colors very effectively. Metal is sometimes used for the same purpose, but not so frequently as the materials which have been mentioned. Mr. Grout mentions a curious specimen of one of these ornaments, which was made of brass. "I have a rare antique of this kind before me, a royal armlet of early days, of the Zulu country. It is said to have been made in the time of Senzangakona, and to have descended from him to Tchaka, thence to Dingan, thence to Umpande (Panda), who gave it to one of his chief captains, who, obliged to leave Zululand by Kechwayo's uprising, brought it with him and sold it to me. It is made of brass, weighs about two pounds, and bears a good many marks of the smith's attempt at the curious and the clever."

Brass and iron wire is frequently used for the manufacture of armlets, and tolerably heavy ornaments are sometimes found of

the latter metal. Some years ago, a curious circumstance occurred with regard to these metallic armlets. A shining metallic powder was one day discovered, and was found capable of being smelted like iron, and made into ornaments. The chiefs were so pleased with this metal, which was more glittering than iron, that they reserved it for themselves, and gave away their iron ornaments to their followers. Some little time afterward, a contagious disease spread through the country, and several chiefs died. Of course the calamity was attributed to witchcraft, as is every death or illness among the Kafir chiefs, and the

business of discovering the offender was intrusted, as usual, to the witch doctors, a strange class of men, who will be fully described in a future page. After making a number of ineffectual guesses, they came to the conclusion that the cause of the disease lay in the new-fangled metal, which had superseded the good old iron of the past. In consequence of this verdict, the unfortunate man who discovered the metal was put to death as an accessory, the chiefs resumed their iron ornaments, and the king issued an edict forbidding the use of the metal which had done so much harm.

CHAPTER VI.

FEMININE DRESS AND ORNAMENTS.

WHEN DRESS IS FIRST WORN—PAINT AND OIL—THE FIRST GARMENT, AND ITS IMPORT—APRONS OF KAFFIR GIRLS—VARIOUS MATERIALS OF WHICH THE APRONS ARE MADE—BEADS AND LEATHER—CHANGE OF DRESS ON BETROTHAL—DRESS OF A MARRIED WOMAN—THE RED TOP-KNOT, AND ESTIMATION IN WHICH IT IS HELD—JEALOUSY AND ITS RESULTS—AN ELABORATE DRESS—ORDINARY APRON OF A MARRIED WOMAN—BEAD APRON OF A CHIEF'S WIFE—CURIOUS BRACELETS OF METAL—THEIR APPARENT INCONVENIENCE—BRACELETS MADE OF ANTELOPE'S HOOF—COSTUMES USED IN DANCES—QUANTITY OF BEADS USED IN THE DRESS—A STRANGE HEAD DRESS—BELTS AND SEMI-BELTS OF KAFFIR WOMEN—NECKLACES—GOOD INTEREST AND BAD SECURITY—IMITATION OF EUROPEAN FASHION—SUBSTITUTE FOR HANDKERCHIEFS—ANECDOTE OF A WEDDING DANCE—KAFFIR GALLANTRY—A SINGULAR DECORATION—KAFFIR CASTANETS—EARRINGS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

As in the last chapter the dress and ornaments of the Kaffir men were described, the subject of this chapter will be the costume and decoration of the women.

Both in material and general shape, there is considerable resemblance between the garments of the two sexes, but those of the females have a certain character about them which cannot be misunderstood. We will begin with the dress, and then proceed to the ornaments.

As is the case with the boys, the Kaffir girls do not trouble themselves about any clothes at all during the first few years of their life, but run about without any garments except a coat of oil, a patch of paint, and perhaps a necklace, if the parents be rich enough to afford such a luxury. Even the paint is beyond the means of many parents, but the oil is a necessity, and a child of either sex is considered to be respectably dressed and to do credit to its parents when its body shines with a polish like that of patent leather.

When a girl is approaching the age when she is expected to be exchangeable for cows, she induces her first and only garment, which she retains in its primitive shape and nearly its primitive dimensions until she has found a suitor who can pay the price required by her parents. This garment is an apron, and is made of various materials, according to the means of the wearer.

The simplest and most common type of apron is a fringe of narrow leathern strips, each strip being about the sixth of an inch wide, and five or six inches in length. A great number of these strips are fastened to a leathern thong, so that they form a kind of flexible apron, some ten or twelve inches in width. Generally, eight or ten of the strips at each side are double the length of the others. Examples of these aprons may be seen by referring to the figures of the two Kaffir girls on page 25, and, as their general make is sufficiently indicated, nothing more need be said about them. I have, however, several specimens of aprons which were worn by the daughters of wealthy men, and others were lent to me by Mr. H. Jackson. From them I have made a selection, which will illustrate well the modes of forming this dress which were in fashion some few years ago.

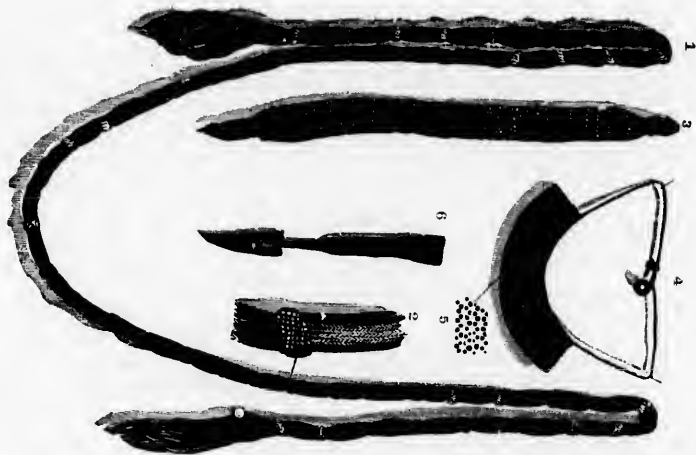
The apron represented by fig. 4 in the illustration of "dress and ornaments," page 49, is that which is most generally used. It is made of very delicate thongs twisted together in rope fashion, and having the ends unravelled so as to make a thick fringe, and, as has already been observed, the thongs at each end are twice as long as those which occupy the centre. A broad belt of beads is placed along the upper edge of the apron, and festoons of beads hang below the belt. The colors are rather brilliant, being red, yellow, and white, and nearly all the thongs

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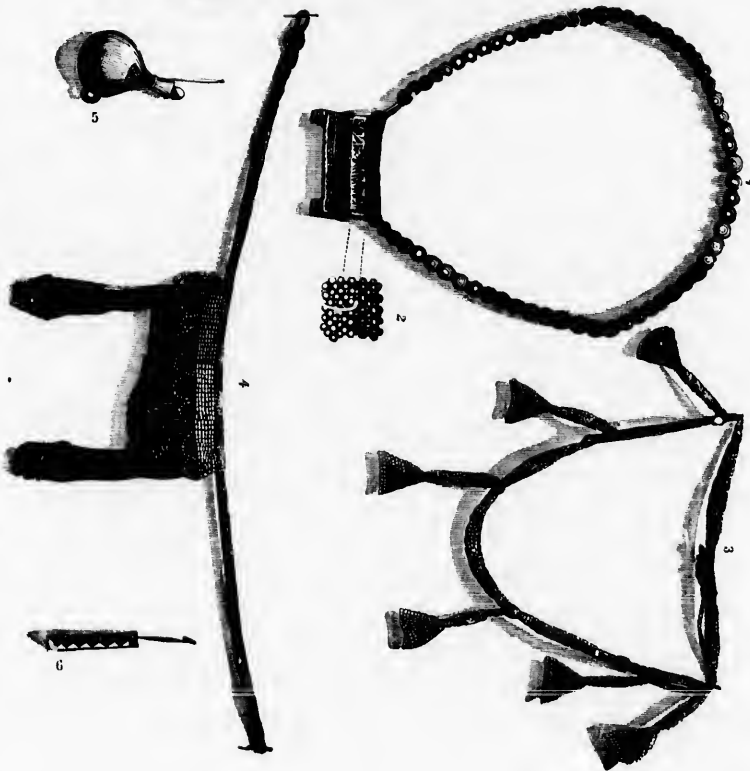
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KAFFIR ORNAMENTS. (See pages 53, 54, 55.)



DRESS AND ORNAMENTS. (See pages 53, 54, 55.)



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have one large white bead just above the knob, which prevents them from unraveling too much. The band by which it is suspended is also covered with beads, and it is fastened by means of a loop at one end, and a large brass button at the other. These aprons are fixed in their position by two strings, one of which passes round the waist, and the other below the hips.

Another apron is seen at the side of the illustration entitled "Dress and ornaments," on page 49, fig. 1. This is a very elaborate affair, and is made on a totally different principle. It is wholly made of beads, the threads which hold them together being scarcely visible. In order to show the ingenious manner in which the beads are strung together, a portion of the apron is given separately. The colors of these beads are black and white, in alternate stripes, and the two ends are a trifle larger than the middle of the dress. The belt by which it is suspended is made from large round beads, arranged in rows of white, blue, and red, and the two ends are fastened to the apron by the inevitable brass button which has been so frequently mentioned.

In the same collection is a still smaller apron, intended for a younger girl. This is made after the same principle, but the beads are arranged in a bold zigzag pattern of black, scarlet, and white, relieved by the glitter of highly polished brass buttons. This apron is illustrated in fig. 4 of "Kafir ornaments," page 49, and a small portion of it is given on an enlarged scale, so as to show the arrangement of the beads.

When the Kafir girl is formally betrothed she alters her dress, and, besides the small apron, induces a piece of soft hide, which reaches to her knees, or a little below them, and this she wears until she is married, when she assumes the singularly ungraceful attire of the matron. Among the Zulu tribes, she shaves nearly the whole of her head on the crown, leaving only a little tuft of hair. This is gathered together with grease, red paint, and similar substances, and stands erect from the crown of her head. The young wife is then quite in the fashion. It is evidently the feminine substitute for the "issikoko" worn by the men. So fond are the married women of this rather absurd decoration, that it formed the subject of a curious trial that took place some years ago. Noie, the youngest wife of a native named Nongue, became suddenly disfigured; and, among other misfortunes, lost the little tuft of reddened hair. Poison was immediately suspected, and one of the elder wives was suspected as the culprit. She was accordingly brought up before the council, and a fair trial of five hours' duration was accorded to her. The investigation clearly proved that she had in her possession certain poisons, and that she had administered some deleterious substance to the young wife, of

whom she had become jealous. The force of evidence was so great that she confessed her crime, and stated that she intended to make Noie's hair tuft fall off in order that the husband might be disgusted with the appearance of his new wife, and return to his old allegiance to herself. She was condemned to death, that being the punishment for all poisoners, and was led away to instant execution—a fate for which she seemed perfectly prepared, and which she met with remarkable unconcern, bidding farewell to the spectators as she passed them.

The curious respect paid by the natives to this ornament is the more remarkable, because its size is so very small. Even before shaving the head, the short, crisp hair forms a very scanty covering; and when it is all removed except this little tuft, the remainder would hardly cover the head of a child's sixpenny doll.

Among the illustrations given on p. 39, is shown a remarkably elaborate apron belonging to a chief's wife, drawn from a specimen in Mr. Jackson's collection. It is made of leather, dressed and softened in the usual manner, but is furnished with a pocket and a needle. In order to show this pocket, I have brought it round to the front of the apron, though in actual wear it falls behind it. In the pocket were still a few beads and a brass button. Thread is also kept in it. On the inside of the apron is suspended one of the skewer-like needles which has been already described, so that the wearer is furnished with all appliances needful for a Kafir scamstress.

But the chief glory of the apron is its ornament of beads, which has a very bold effect against the dark mahogany hair of the apron itself. This ornament is made in the form of a triangular flap, quite distinct from the apron itself, and fastened to it only by the lower edge and the pointed tip. The beads are arranged in a series of diamond patterns, the outer edge of each diamond being made of white beads, and the others of different colors, red predominating.

Figs. 2 and 3 in the "articles of costume," p. 33, and next to the men's "tails," already described, present two good examples of the women's aprons, both drawn from specimens in my collection. Fig. 3 is the thong apron of the women. It is made of an infinity of leather thongs, fastened together in a way rather different from that which has been mentioned. Instead of having the upper ends fixed along the belt so as to form a fringe, they are woven together into a tolerably thick bunch, some four inches in width, and wider below than above. In many cases these thongs are ornamented by little scraps of iron, brass, tin, or other metal, wrapped round them; and in some instances beads are threaded on the thongs. This apron would not belong to a woman of any high rank, for it

has no ornament of any kind (except a thorough saturation with highly perfumed grease), and is made of materials within the reach of every one. Any odd slips of hide thrown away in the process of Kaffir tailoring can be cut into the narrow thongs used for the purpose, and no very great skill is needed in its construction; for, though strongly made, it is the work of a rather clumsy hand.

Such is not the case with the remarkable apron shown at fig. 2 of the same illustration. This specimen is made in a rather unusual manner. The basis of the apron is a piece of the same leather which is usually employed for such purposes; but, instead of being soft and flexible, it is quite hard and stiff, and cannot be bent without danger of cracking. The beads are sewed firmly on the leather, and are arranged in parallel lines, alternately white and lilac, a few black beads being pressed into the service by the maker, apparently for want of those of a proper color. Even the belt by which it is supported is covered profusely with beads; so that, altogether, this is a remarkably good specimen of the apron belonging to a Kaffir woman of rank.

The object represented at fig. 4 is a head-dress, which will be described when we come to Kaffir warfare.

A general idea of a Kaffir woman's dress may be gained by reference to the illustration "Dolls," page 33, representing a Kaffir and his wife. He is shown as wearing the apron and a short kaross; while she wears a larger mantle, and the thong-apron which has just been described. She is also carrying the sleeping mat; he, of course, not condescending to carry anything. Her ankles are bound with the skin ropes which have been already described; and a chain or two of beads completes her costume.

Young wives have usually another ornament on which they pride themselves. This is a piece of skin, generally that of an antelope, about eighteen inches wide, and a yard or even more in length. This is tied across the upper part of the chest, so as to allow the end to fall as low as the knees, and is often very gaily decorated. Down the centre of this skin a strip about six inches in width is deprived of hair, and on this denuded portion the wearer fastens all the beads and buttons that can be spared from other parts of her own costume. In one costume of a young Zulu wife, the bottom of this strip is covered with several rows of brass buttons, polished very highly, and glittering in the sunbeams. This article of dress, however, is disappearing among the frontier Kaffirs, who substitute European stuffs for the skin garments which they formerly wore, and which are certainly more becoming to them. The same may be said of many other articles of clothing, which, as well as the manners and customs, have

undergone so complete a modification by intercourse with Europeans, that the Kaffir of the present day is scarcely to be recognized as the same being as the Kaffir of fifty years ago. As to the Hottentots, of whom we shall soon treat, they are now a different people from the race described by Le Vaillant and earlier travellers.

Married women are also fond of wearing bracelets, or rather gauntlets, of polished metal; sometimes made of a single piece, sometimes of successive rings, and sometimes of metal wound spirally from the wrist upward. Some of these ornaments are so heavy and cumbersome, that they must greatly interfere with the movements of the wrist; but in this country, as in others, personal inconvenience is little regarded when decorations are in the case.

In the illustration at the head of 39th p. are shown some bracelets of a very peculiar fashion, drawn from specimens in my own collection. They belonged to one of the wives of Goza, and were taken from her wrists by the purchaser. They are made in a very ingenious manner from the hoofs of the tiny African antelope, the Bluebok, and are formed in the following manner:—The leg of the antelope having been cut off, the skin was cut longitudinally on either side as far as the hoof, which was then separated from the bone, leaving the sharp, horny hoofs adhering to the skin. As the skin was cut so as to leave a flat thong attached to each side of the hoof, it was easy enough to form the bracelet into the shape which is seen in the illustration.

One remarkable point about these bracelets is their very small size, which shows the diminutiveness of the Kaffir hand; although the owner of these bracelets was a married woman, and therefore accustomed to tasks which would not be very light even for an English laborer. Both the bracelets are shown, and by the side of them is another made from ordinary string, such as is used for tying parcels in England. What could have induced a wife of so powerful a chief as Goza to wear so paltry an ornament I cannot conceive, except that perhaps she may have purchased it from one of the witch doctors, who has performed some ceremony over it, and sold it as a charm. Kaffirs have the most profound faith in charms, and will wear anything, no matter how commonplace it may be, if they even fancy that it may possess magic powers.

If the reader will refer to the "Kaffir ornaments" on page 33, fig. 1, he will see a circular one, made of beads. This is one of the most cherished decorations of a Kaffir girl, and it is such as cannot be afforded by any person who is not in affluent circumstances. It is made in a very ingenious manner, so as to preserve its shape, although it has to be worn round the waist,

and consequently to be forced over the shoulders. The centre of this handsome belt is made of leather, sewed firmly together so as to form a cylindrical circle, and plentifully imbrued with grease to render it elastic. Upon this structure the beads are fastened, in regular spiral rows, so that the belt may be pulled about and altered in shape without disturbing the arrangement of the beads. The projector of this belt has contrived to arrange the beads in such a manner as to present alternate zigzags of blue and yellow, the effect of which on the dark chocolate skin would be very telling.

This belt may be seen round the waist of the young girl, whose likeness is given on page 43. The damsel in question is supposed to be arrayed for a dance, and, in such a case, she would put on every article of finery that she possessed. Her woolly hair is ornamented by a quantity of porcupine quills, the alternate black and white of which have a very good effect. Porcupine quills are, however, not very easily obtained. Hunting the porcupine is a task that belongs to the other sex, and is quite out of the way of the women.

The animal is not a pleasant antagonist; and if his burrow be stopped, and he be finally driven to bay, he gives his pursuer no small trouble, having a nasty habit of ereeting all his quills, and then suddenly backing in the direction where he is least expected. A Kafir's naked legs have no chance against the porcupine's quills, and when several porcupines are simultaneously attacked by a group of Kafirs, the scene is exceedingly ludicrous, the Kafirs leaping about as if bewitched, but, in reality, springing into the air to avoid the sudden rushes of the porcupines. Unless, therefore, the parent or admirer of a young woman should happen to present her with quills, she is forced to put up with some other ornament. One rather common decoration is by fastening into the hair a number of the long, straight thorns of the mimosa, and so defending her head from imaginary assaults as effectually as her more fortunate sister. The energy which these girls display in the dance is extraordinary, and it need be so, when some of them will wear nearly fifty pounds' weight of beads, bracelets, anklets, belts, and other ornaments. However, the knowledge of their magnificence is sufficient to sustain them, and they will go through the most violent exertions when displaying their activity in the dance.

As to the belt which has just been mentioned, I was anxious to know whether it could be worn by our own countrywomen. So, after taking the precaution of washing it very thoroughly with a hard brush, soap, and soda, I tried it on a young lady, and was surprised to find that it passed into its place without much trouble, though its progress

was, of course, impeded by dress, whereas the naked and well-oiled body of the Kafir girl allows the belt to slip over the arms and shoulders at once.

There is another remarkable ornament of the young Kafir women, which I call the semi-belt. It is flat, generally made of strings and thongs, and ornamented at intervals with beads arranged in cross-bands. At each end is a loop, through which a string is passed, so that the wearer can fasten it round her body. Now, the belt is only long enough to go half round the body, and the mode of wearing it is rather remarkable. Instead of placing the whole of the belt in front, as naturally might be supposed, the wearer passes it round one side of the body, so that one end is in front, and the other behind. Strange as is this mode of wearing it, the custom is universal, and in every group of girls or young women several are sure to be wearing a semi-belt round the body. Another of these belts is shown in the illustration of "Kafir ornaments" on page 49, fig. 3. This is not so elaborate an article, and has only a few bands of beads, instead of being nearly covered with them.

As for the necklaces worn by the Kafir women, they are generally nothing more than strings of beads, and require no particular notice. There is one, however, which is so different from the ordinary necklaces, that I have had it engraved. It may be seen in the illustration at page 49, fig. 3, next to the handsome bead apron which has already been described. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, it is formed entirely of beads, and is ornamented with six triangular appendages, also made of beads. The general color of the beads is white, but the interior of the triangular appendages is cobalt blue; while the larger beads that are placed singly upon the necklace are of ruby glass. When this remarkable necklace is placed round the neck, the triangular flaps fall regularly on the breast and shoulders, and, when contrasted with the dark skin of the wearer, have an admirable effect.

Lately, two articles of dress, or rather of ornament, have been imported from Europe into Africa, and have met with great success among the chocolate-colored belles of Kafirland. Enterprising traders in Southern Africa do not set up permanent shops as we do in England, but stock a wagon with all sorts of miscellaneous goods, and undertake journeys into the interior, where they barter their stock for elephants' tusks and teeth, horns, skins, ostrich feathers, and similar commodities. They have a most miscellaneous assortment of goods, and act very much in the same manner as those wandering traders among ourselves who are popularly called "cheap Johns," the chief distinction being that their stock is by no means cheap, but is sold at about 1,000 per

cent. profit on the original outlay. This seems rather an excessive percentage; but it must be remembered that the old adage of high interest and bad security holds good in this as in other speculations. War may break out, the trader be speared, his wagon robbed, and his oxen confiscated. The dreaded murrain may carry off his cattle, or they may be starved for want of food, slowly killed by thirst, or drowned by a sudden rush of water, which may almost instantaneously convert a dry gully into a raging torrent that sweeps everything before it. Fashions may change, and his whole stock be valueless; or some "prophet" may take it into his head to proclaim that the sound of his wagon wheels prevents the rain from falling. Moreover, he is unmercifully fleeced by the different chiefs through whose territories he passes, and who exact an extortionate toll before they will allow him to pass to the next chief, who will serve him in much the same manner. Altogether, if the journey be a successful one, the trader will make about fifty or sixty per cent. clear profit; but, as the journey is often an utter failure, this is really no very exorbitant rate of interest on his outlay.

The trader will, above all things, take plenty of tobacco—this being the key to the heart of a Kaffir, old or young, man or woman. He will take guns and ammunition for the men; also spirits of the roughest and coarsest kind, a better and purer article being quite wasted on his sable customers. Beads, of course, he carries, as well as buttons, blankets, and other luxuries; also he will have the great iron hoe blades with which the women till the ground, that he can sell for one-sixth of the price and which are twice the quality of the native-made hoe. One of these bold wagon-owners bethought himself of buying a few gross of brass curtain rings of the largest size, and was gratified by finding that they were eagerly bought up wherever he went. The natives saw at once that the brass rings were better bracelets than could be made by themselves, and they accordingly lavished their savage treasures in order to buy them.

One of the oddest examples of the vicissitude of African trade occurred some few years ago. An English vessel arrived at the port, a large part of her cargo consisting of stout iron wire, nearly the whole of which was bought by the natives, and straightway vanished, no one knowing what had become of it. The mystery was soon solved. Suddenly the Kaffir belles appeared in new and fashionable costume. Some of them had been to the towns inhabited by Europeans, and had seen certain "cages" hung outside the drapers' shops. They inquired the use of these singular objects, and were told that they were the fashionable attire of European ladies. They straightway burned to possess similar costumes, and when the vessel

arrived with its cargo of wire they bought it up, and took it home for the purpose of imitating the white ladies. Of course they had not the least idea that any other article of apparel was necessary, and so they wore none, but walked about the streets quite proud of their fashionable appearance.

As the dancers are encumbered with such an amount of decoration, and as they exert themselves most violently, a very natural result follows. The climate is very hot, and the exercise makes the dancer hotter, so that the abundant grease trickles over the face and body, and inconveniences the performer, who is certainly not fastidious in her notions. As to handkerchiefs, or anything approaching to the idea of such articles, she is in perfect ignorance, her whole outfit consisting of the little apron above mentioned, and an unlimited supply of beads. But she is not unprovided for emergencies, and carries with her an instrument very like the "strigil" of the ancients, and used for much the same purpose. Sometimes it is made of bone, sometimes of wood, sometimes of ivory, and sometimes of metal. It varies much in shape, but is generally hollowed slightly, like a carpenter's gouge, and has its edges made about as sharp as those of an ordinary paper knife. In fact, it very much resembles a magnified marrow spoon.

A specimen of the commoner sort is given at fig. 6, in "Kaffir ornaments," on page 49. The material of this strigil is iron, and it is attached to a plain leather strap.

Sometimes a rather unexpected article is substituted for the strigil, as may be seen from the following anecdote related by Mr. G. H. Mason. He went to see the wedding of a Kaffir chief, who was about to marry his fourteenth wife, and found the bridegroom seated in the midst of the village, encircled by a row of armed warriors, and beyond them by a row of women with children.

"Scarcely had we taken our station near the Umdodie (husband), when a low shrill chant came floating on the breeze from the bottom of a lovely vale hard by, where I descried a long train of damsels slowly wending their way among bright green patches of Indian corn and masses of flowering shrubs, studded with giant cactus, and the huge flowering aloë. As the procession neared the huts, they quickened their pace and raised their voices to the highest pitch, until they arrived at the said cattle-kraal, where they stood motionless and silent.

"A messenger from the Umdodie then bade them enter the kraal, an order that they instantly obeyed, by twos, the youngest leading the way, closely followed by the rest, and terminated by a host of marriageable young ladies (Intombies), clustering thick around the bride—a fat, good-natured girl, wrapped round and round with black glazed calico, and decked from head to foot with flowers, beads, and feathers. Once within

the kraal, the ladies formed two lines, with the bride in the centre, and struck up a lively air; whereupon the whole body of armed Kaffirs rushed from all parts of the kraal, beating their shields, and uttering demon yells as they charged headlong at the smiling girls, who joined with the stalwart warriors in cutting capers and singing lustily, until the whole kraal was one confused mass of demons, roaring out hoarse war-songs and shrill love-ditties. After an hour, dancing ceased, and joila (Kaffir beer) was served round, while the lovely bride stood in the midst of the ring alone, stared at by all, and staring in turn at all, until she brought her eyes to bear on her admiring lord. Then, advancing leisurely, she danced before him, amid shouts of the bystanders, singing at the top of her voice, and brandishing a huge *carving-knife*, with which she scraped big drops of perspiration from her heated head, produced by the unusually violent exercise she was performing."

It appears, from the same observant writer, that whatever the amount of finery may be which a Kaffir girl wears, it is considered only consistent with ordinary gallantry that it should be admired. While he was building a house, assisted by a number of Kaffirs, he found that his men never allowed the dusky maidens to pass within sight without saluting them, or standing quite motionless, full in their path, so that each might mutually inspect the other.

"Thus it frequently happened that troops of girls came in from the Kaffir kraals with maize, thatch, milk, eggs, wild fruit, sugarcane, potatoes, &c., &c., for sale; and no sooner did their shrill song reach the ears of our servants, than they rushed from their work, just as they were, some besmudged with mud, others spattered with whitewash, and the rest armed with spades, pickaxes, buckets, brick-moulds, or whatever else chanced to be in their hands at the moment."

There is a curious kind of ornament much in vogue among the Kaffir women, namely, a series of raised scars upon the wrists, and extending partially up the arms. These scars are made in childhood, and the wounds are filled with some substance that causes them to be raised above the level of the skin. They fancy that these scars are useful as well as ornamental, and consider them in the light of amulets. Other portions of the limbs are sometimes decorated with these scars; and in one or two cases, not only the limbs, but the whole body, has been nearly covered

with them. The material with which the wounds are filled is supposed to be the ashes of a snake.

During their dances, the Kaffirs of both sexes like to make as much noise as possible, and aid their voices by certain mechanical contrivances. One of the most simple is made of a number of dry seeds. In shape these seeds are angular, and much resemble the common Brazil nut in form. The shell of the seed is very thin and hard, and the kernel shrinks within it so as to rattle about with every movement. In some cases the kernel is removed, and the rattling sound is produced entirely by the hard shells striking against each other. When a number of these seeds are strung together, and upon the legs or arms, they make quite a loud rattling sound, in accordance with the movements of the dancers, and are, in fact, the Kaffir substitutes for castanets. In some parts of Central Africa, a curious imitation of these natural castanets is made. It consists of a thin shell of iron, exactly resembling in form that of the nut, and having a little iron ball within, which takes the place of the shrivelled kernel.

Earrings are worn in Kaffirland as well as in other parts of the world, and are equally fashionable in both sexes. The ears are pierced at a very early age, and the aperture enlarged by having a graduated series of bits of wood thrust through them, until they are large enough to hold a snuff box, an ivory knob, or similar ornament.

One of these earring snuff boxes may be seen in the illustration "Dress" p. 49, fig. 6. It is made of a piece of reed, three inches in length, closed at one end; and having a stopper thrust into the other. The original color of the reed is bright yellow, with a high natural polish, but the Kaffir is not satisfied with having it in its natural state, and ornaments it with various patterns in black. These are produced by charring the wood with a hot iron, and the neatness and truth of the work is very astonishing, when the rudeness of the tools is taken into consideration. In the present specimen, the pattern is alternate diamonds of black and yellow. This mode of decorating their ornaments and utensils is very common among the Kaffirs, and we shall see more of it as we proceed. Snuff boxes are not, however, the only ornaments which a Kaffir will wear in the ears, for there is scarcely anything which is tolerably showy and which can be fastened to the ear that will not be worn there.

CHAPTER VII.

ARCHITECTURE.

CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF KAFFIR ARCHITECTURE—PREVALENCE OF THE CIRCULAR FORM—INABILITY OF THE KAFFIR TO DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE—GENERAL FORM OF THE KAFFIR'S HUT—THE INCREDULITY OF IGNORANCE—METHOD OF HOUSE-BUILDING—PRECAUTION AGAINST INUNDATION—FEMALE ARCHITECTS—MODE OF PLANNING A HUT—KAFFIR OSTENTATION—FRAILTY OF THE HUT—ANECDOTE OF WARFARE—THE ENRAGED ELEPHANT, AND A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY—HOW THE ROOF IS SUPPORTED—SMOKE AND SOOT—THE HURDLE DOOR—HOW IT IS MADE—SCREENS FOR KEEPING OFF THE WIND—DECORATIONS OF DINQAN'S HOUSE—AVERAGE FURNITURE OF THE KAFFIR HUT—THE KRAAL, ITS PLAN AND PRINCIPLES OF CONSTRUCTION—KNOWLEDGE OF FORTIFICATION—CHIEF OBJECT OF THE KRAAL—TWO MODES OF MAKING THE FENCE—THE ABATTIS AND THE CHEVAUX DE FRISE—SIZE OF THE KRAAL—THE KING'S MILITARY KRAAL OR GARRISON TOWN—VISIT TO ONE OF PANDA'S KRAALS—THE HAREM, ITS INMATES AND ITS GUARDIANS.

THE architecture of these tribes is very simple, and, although slightly variable in different localities, is marked throughout by similar characteristics. On looking at any specimen of Kaffir architecture, the spectator is at once struck with one peculiarity, namely, that all his buildings are circular. It is a remarkable fact that the Kaffir does not seem to be capable of marking out a straight line, and whether he builds a hut, or erects a fence, he takes the circle as his guide. A Kaffir's attempts to erect a square enclosure, or even to build a fence in a straight line, are ludicrous failures. With Europeans the case is different. A settler who desires to build a fence wherein to enclose his garden, or a stockade within which his house and property can remain in safety, invariably builds on the rectilinear principle, and makes the fence in the form of a square. He would feel himself quite fettered if he were forced to build a circular enclosure, whereas the Kaffir would be as much at a loss if he were obliged to build a square edifice. Indeed, though the European could, at the cost of some trouble, build a circular house, and would make his circle true, the Kaffir would utterly fail in attempting to make a building of a square or an oblong form.

One of my friends, who has travelled much among the Kaffir tribes, and gone among villages whose inhabitants had never seen an European building, told me that it was hardly possible to make the natives comprehend the structure of an European house.

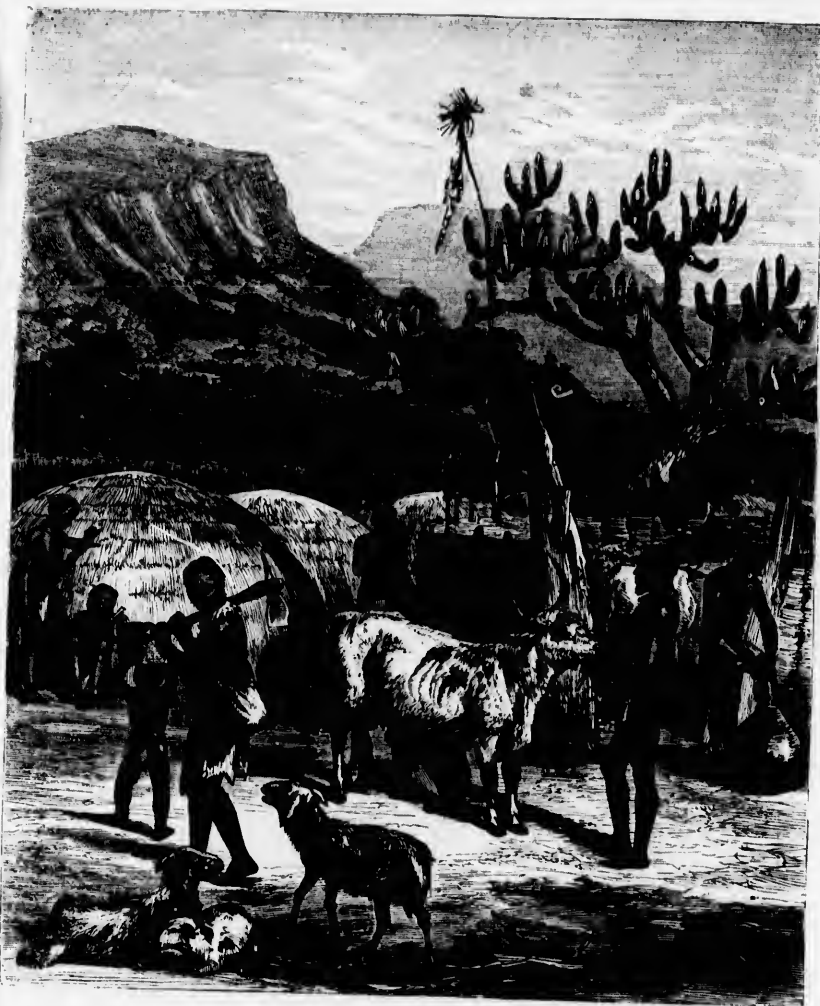
The very shape of it puzzled them, and the gable ends and the ridged roof seemed so strange to them as to be scarcely credible. As to the various stories in a house, several rooms on a story, and staircases which lead from one to the other, they flatly declined to believe that anything of the kind could exist, and thought that their guest was trying to amuse himself at the expense of their credulity. They did believe in the possibility of St. Paul's cathedral, on account of its domed roof, but they could not be induced to believe in its size. They defended their position by argument, not merely contenting themselves with assertions. Their chief argument was derived from the impossibility of such a building sustaining its own weight. The only building materials of which they had any experience were the posts and sticks of which their own houses were made, and the reeds wherewith they were thatched. Sometimes a very luxurious house-owner would plaster the interior with mud, producing that peculiar style of architecture which is popularly called "wattle-and-daub." They could not comprehend in the least that stone could be used in building dwelling-houses; and the whole system of cutting stone into rectangular pieces, and the use of bricks, was equally beyond their comprehension. Mortar also was an inexplicable mystery, so that on the whole they decided on discrediting the tales told them by the white man.

A Kaffir house (see page 155) looks just like an exaggerated beehive. It is of pre-

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KAFFIRS AT HOME.

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cisely the same shape, is made of nearly the same materials, and has a little arched door, just like the entrance of a beehive, through which a man can barely creep on his hands and knees. The structure of these huts is very simple. A circle is drawn of some fourteen feet in diameter, and around it are stuck a number of long, flexible sticks. These sticks are then bent over at the top and tied together, so as to form a framework very like a common wire mousetrap. A red thatching is then laid over the sticks, and secured in its place by parallel lashings. These lashings are made of "monkey-ropes," or the creepers that extend their interminable length from tree to tree, and are found of every size, from a cable to a packthread. They twist themselves into so rope-like a shape, that many persons have refused to believe that they have not been artificially made. The rows of lashing are about eighteen inches apart. In shape, the hut is exactly like the well-known snow house of the Esquimaux.

As, during the wet season, the rain pours down in torrents, the huts would be swamped for several months but for the precaution which the natives take of digging round each hut a trench of some eighteen inches or two feet in depth, and the same in breadth. This trench is about six inches from the wall of the hut, and serves to keep the floor dry. The reader may remember that all European soldiers are taught to dig a trench round each hut while they are under canvas, the neglect of this precaution being sure to cause both great inconvenience and unhealthiness.

The woman generally marks the outline of her hut in a very simple manner. She takes a number of flexible sticks, and ties them together firmly with leathern thongs, or the rough and ready string which the Kaffirs make from rushes by tearing them into strips and rolling them on the leg with the palm of the hand. Three or even four sticks are usually joined together, in order to attain sufficient length. She then pushes one end deeply into the ground, bends the other end over so as to make an arch, and pushes that into the ground also. This arch becomes the key to the whole building, settling its height and width. Another arch is set in the ground at right angles to the former, and the two are lashed together at the top where they cross, so that a rough kind of skeleton of the hut is made in a very short time.

On the roof of the hut may sometimes be seen the skulls of oxen. This ornament is highly characteristic of the Kaffir. The high value which he sets on his cows is not surpassed by the love of the most confirmed miser for his gold. But there is another trait of the Kaffir mind, which is even stronger than avarice, and that is ostentation, to which his cattle become of secondary

consideration. Unwilling as he is to kill any of the cattle which constitute his wealth, and which he values scarcely less than his own life, he will, on certain occasions, slaughter one, and give a feast to his neighbors, who are sure to praise him in terms suitable to the magnificence—i.e. the quantity—of the banquet. He is nearly certain to be addressed as Father, and perhaps some of the more enthusiastic, when excited by beef, beer, and snuff, may actually hail him as Chief. The slaughter of an ox is therefore a great event in the life of a Kaffir, and is sure to act as a step toward higher rank. Lest the memory of such an event should fade away as soon as the banquet has been ended, the proud donor takes the skull of the slaughtered ox and places it on the roof of his hut, where it remains as a sign that the owner of the dwelling is a man of property, and has been able to spare one of his oxen to serve as a feast for his friends.

The building being now finished, the opening which serves as a door is cut on one side, its edges guarded with plaited twigs, and the Kaffir desires no better house. Though it has no window, no chimney, and no door that deserves the name, he would not exchange it for a palace, and many instances have been known where Kaffirs who have been taken to European cities, have travelled much, and been tolerably educated, have flung off their civilized garments, re-assumed the skin-dress of their nation, and gone off to live in huts instead of houses. The whole structure is necessarily very fragile, and the walls cannot endure much violence. A curious example of their fragility occurred some time ago, when one chief made a raid upon the village of another. A number of men had taken refuge in a hut, from which it was not easy to drive them. Assassins were hurled through the sides of the hut, and did much damage to the inmates. The survivors tried to save themselves by climbing up the framework of the hut and clinging to the roof, but the slight structure could not support their bodies, and by yielding to their weight betrayed them to the watchful enemies without.

The upper illustration on page 63 represents the interior of an exceptionally large hut, being, in fact, the principal residence of a chief. Very few huts have more than four supporting posts. On the left may be seen two of the large store baskets, in which milk is kept and made into "amasi," while just beyond the first basket is a sleeping mat rolled up and resting against the wall. Some large earthenware pots, such as are used in cookery, are seen at the farther end of the hut, and a calabash rests against one of the posts. To the roof are hung bunches of maize, according to the curious Kaffir custom, which seems to ignore the fact that every thing on the roof of a hut is soon

blackened with soot, owing to the smoke from the fire. Whether large or small, all the houses are made on exactly the same principle, and except for their superior size, and the ox skulls which decorate them, the houses occupied by chiefs have nothing to distinguish them from those which are inhabited by their dependants.

Against brute foes the hut is sometimes but a frail protection. On one occasion an elephant was attracted by a quantity of millet, which was stored within a fence. He pushed his way through the useless barrier, and began feeding on the millet. There was a fire in one of the huts, and the elephant, instead of being scared by it, became angry, knocked the house to pieces, and walked over the ruins, trampling to death a woman who was lying asleep. Her husband nearly shared the same fate, but managed to roll out of the way, and then to escape by creeping between the legs of the angry elephant.

The roof of the hut is not wholly dependent for support on the flexible sticks which form its walls, but is held up by a post or two, on the top of which is laid a cross-beam. This arrangement also permits the owner of the hut to hang to the beam and posts sundry articles which he does not wish to be injured by being thrown on the ground, such as gourds, baskets, assagai-shafts, spoons, and other implements.

Ranged carelessly round the hut are the rude earthenware pots, in which the Kaffir keeps his beer, his milk, and present stores of grain. The floor of the hut is always kept scrupulously clean, and is generally as hard as stone, being made of well-kneaded clay laid very smoothly, and beaten until it is quite hard. The best clay for this purpose is obtained from the nests of the white ant, which are beaten to pieces, then pounded, and then mixed very carefully with water. In a well-regulated hut, the women are very careful of their floor, and rub it daily with flat stones, until it is not only smooth, but even polished.

Just within the entrance is the primitive fireplace. This, like almost everything which the Kaffir makes, is circular in form, and is made usually of mud; its only object is to confine the embers within a limited space.

Cooking is not always carried on in the ordinary house, nor is the fire kept constantly. In a permanent kraal there are cooking huts erected for that one special purpose, and not used for any other. They may be called demi-huts, as their only object is to guard the fire from the effect of wind. They are circular, like all ordinary huts, but their walls are only four feet or so in height, and are carefully daubed with a mixture of clay and cowdung, so as to

form a most efficient protection against the wind. The smoke from the fire is allowed to escape as it can. Some of it contrives to force its way between the interstices of the thatch, as may be seen by reference to the illustration on page —. Some of it circles around the walls and pours through the door-way, but the greater part of it settles, in the form of soot, upon the interior of the hut, blackening everything within it. When the Kaffirs wish to season the wood of their assagai-shafts or knobkerries, they stick it into the roof of the house, just above the fireplace, exactly as bacon is cured in the smoke.

A curious reference to this custom is made in a song composed in honor of Panda, King of the Zulu tribes. When Dingani murdered his predecessor Tshaka, he killed other chiefs at the same time, but was persuaded to leave Panda alive.—

"Of the stock of Ndabitzza, ramrod of brass,
Survivor alone of all other rods;
Others they broke, but left this in the soot,
Thinking to burn it some rainy cold day."

Reference is here made to the custom of leaving sticks and shafts in the sooty roof.

At night, the entrance of the hut is closed by a simple door made of wicker work, and looking much like the closely-woven sheep hurdles which are used in some parts of England. With the exception that the Kaffir always sits down at his work, the mode of making these doors is almost identical with that which is employed by the shepherds in this country.

The Kaffir begins by choosing some straight and tolerably stout sticks, and driving them into the ground at regular distances from each other. These are intended as the supports or framework of the door. He then takes a quantity of pliant sticks, like the osiers of our basket makers, and weaves them in and out of the upright stakes, beating them down continually to make them lie closely together. When the door is completed, the upright sticks are cut off to the proper length, and it can then be fitted to the hut. If the reader has any acquaintance with military affairs, he may remember that gabions are made in precisely the same manner, except that the upright stakes are placed in a circle, and not in a straight line. In order to keep the wind from blowing too freely into their huts, the Kaffirs make screens, which are placed so as to shelter the entrance. These screens are made of sticks and rushes, such as the door is made of, only of lighter materials, and their position can be shifted with every change of wind.

Some of the permanent houses are built with a great amount of care, and occupy at least a month in their construction. In most of them the interior view is much the same,

namely, the domed roof, supported by four posts placed in the form of a square, with the fireplace exactly in the centre. The natives will often expend much time and trouble in decorating their permanent mansions, and Mr. Christie tells me that he has seen the very posts thickly encrusted with beads. Of course they soon become blackened by the smoke, but a quick rub of the palm of the hand brings out the colors anew. One of Dingan's huts, which was visited by Retief, the Dutch colonist, was most beautifully built, and supported by twenty-two pillars, each of which was entirely covered with beads.

The huts are, from the nature of the material of which they are made, exceedingly inflammable, and it sometimes happens that if one of the houses of a village take fire, the whole of them are consumed in a very short time. Fortunately, they are so easily built that the inconvenience is not nearly so great as is the case when European houses are burned. Moreover, the furniture which they contain is so limited in quantity and so simple in material, that it can be replaced without much difficulty. A mat or two, a few baskets, a pillow, a milking pail, one or two rude earthenware pots, and a bundle of assagais, constitute an amount of property which is not to be found in every hut.

The huts of the Kafirs are generally gathered together into little groups, which are popularly called "kraals." This is not a Zulu or a Hottentot word, and is probably a corruption of the word "corral." There are two modes of forming a kraal, and the particular mode is determined by the locality. The Kafir tribes generally like to place their kraal on the side of a hill in the vicinity of the bush, in order that they may obtain plenty of building material. They are, however, sufficiently acquainted with the principles of fortification to clear a large space around their dwellings, so that, in case they should be attacked, the enemy cannot conceal his movements from the defenders.

The first care of a Kafir is to protect his beloved cows, and for that purpose a circular space is enclosed with a high fence, made very strongly. The fence is about six or seven feet in height, and is made in a simple and very effective manner. The fence which surrounds the cattle and the huts is mostly made in one of two modes—at all events, in the more southern part of the country, where timber is exceedingly plentiful. The tribes on the north of Kafirland, who live where timber is comparatively scarce, build their walls of large stones piled on one another, without any mortar, or even mud, to fill up the interstices. The southern tribes use nothing but wood, and form the walls by two different methods. That which is commonly employed is very simple. A number of trees are felled, and

their trunks severed a few feet below the spot whence the branches spring. A great number of these tree tops are then arranged in a circle, the severed ends of the stems being inward, and the branches pointing outward. In fact, the fence is exactly that species of rapid and effective fortification called, in military language, an "abattis." If the branches of a tree are very large, they can be laid singly on the ground, just as if they were the entire heads of trees.

In some cases, where the kraal is more carefully built, the fence is formed of stout poles, which are driven into the ground, in a double row, some three feet apart, and are then lashed together in such a way that their tops cross each other. In consequence of this arrangement, the fence stands very firmly on its broad basis, while the crossing and projecting tops of the poles form a *chevaux de frise* as effectual as any that is made by the European soldier. If the enemy try to climb the fence, they can be wounded by spears thrust at them from the interior; and if they succeed in reaching the top, the sharp tips of the poles are ready to embarrass them.

The entrance to this enclosure is just wide enough to allow a cow to pass; and in some places, where the neighborhood is insecure, it is so narrow that there hardly seems to be space enough for the cattle to pass in and out. Each night it is carefully closed with poles and stieks, which are kept just within the entrance, so as to be ready to hand when wanted. Opposite to the entrance, and at the further extremity, a small enclosure, also with circular walls, is built. In this pen the larger calves are kept, the younger being inmates of the huts, together with the human inhabitants. By the side of this enclosure a little gap is left in the fence, just large enough for a man to squeeze himself through, and not large enough to allow even a calf to pass. This little aperture is the chief's private door, and intended for the purpose of saving time, as otherwise, if the chief were inspecting his cattle, and wished to go to his own hut, he would be obliged to walk all round the fence. The Zulu name for the space within this fence is "isi-baya."

Around the isi-baya are set the huts which constitute the kraal. Their number is exceedingly variable, but the general average is from ten to fourteen. Those which are placed at either side of the entrance to the isi-baya are devoted to the servants, while that which is exactly opposite to it is the habitation of the chief man. There are mostly a great many kraals belonging to one tribe, and it often happens that several neighboring kraals are all tenanted by the members of one family and their dependants. For example, when the son of a chief attains sufficient consequence to possess several wives and a herd of cattle, he finds that the paternal kraal is not large enough to

afford to each wife the separate hut to which she is entitled; so he migrates with his family to a short distance, and there builds a kraal for himself, sometimes so close to that of his father that he connects them by means of a short fenced passage. The chief hut may easily be known, not only by its position, but by its larger dimensions. Some of the other huts are occupied by married men, some by his wives, some by his servants; while at least one hut is reserved for the use of the unmarried men, or "boys," as they are called.

This is all that is needed to complete a kraal, i.e. the circular isi-baya, and the huts round it. But, in situations where plenty of wood can be found, the Kaffir architect erects a second fence, which encloses all the huts, as well as the isi-baya, and has its entrance in exactly the same position, i.e. opposite to the chief's hut. The distant view of one of these doubly-fenced kraals, when it happens to be situated on the slope of a hill, is extremely curious, and would scarcely give a stranger an idea of a village.

It will be seen in an engraving opposite, that the central portion of the kraal is given to the isa-baya, and that the Kaffirs devote all their energies toward preserving their cows, while they seem to look with comparative indifference on the risk of exposing themselves or their fragile huts to the inroads of the enemy. As has already been stated, the size of the kraal varies with the wealth and rank of its chief man, and, owing to its mode of construction, can be gradually enlarged as he rises to higher dignities and the possession of more cattle. In shape, however, and the principle of construction, kraals are alike, that of the king himself and the newly-made kraal of a younger son being exactly the same in these respects.

The king's kraals, however, are of enormous dimensions, and are several in number. Panda, for example, has one kraal, the central enclosure of which is nearly a mile in diameter. This enclosure is supposed to be filled with the monarch's cows, and is consequently called by the name of isi-baya. Practically, however, the cattle are kept in smaller enclosures, arranged along the sides of the isi-baya, where they can be watched by those who have the charge of them, and whose huts are placed conveniently for that purpose. The vast central enclosure is used almost exclusively as a parade ground, where the king can review his troops, and where they are taught to go through the simple manœuvres of Kaffir warfare. Here, also, he may be seen in council, the isi-baya being able to accommodate an unlimited number of suitors.

Around the isi-baya are arranged the huts of the warriors and their families, and are placed in four or even five-fold

ranks; so that the kraal almost rises to the dignity of a town, having several thousand inhabitants, and presenting a singularly imposing appearance when viewed at a distance. At the upper portion of the kraal, and at the further end from the principal entrance, are the huts specially erected for the king, surrounded by the other huts containing his harem. The whole of this part of the kraal is separated from the remainder by lofty and strong fences, and its doors are kept by sentinels especially set aside for this purpose. In some cases, the warriors to whom this important duty is confided are not permitted to wear clothes of any kind, and are compelled to pass the whole of the time, day and night, when on guard, without even a kaross to cover them. This rule lies rather heavily upon them in the winter nights, when the cold is often severe, and the wind sweeps chillily around the fence of the isi-baya.

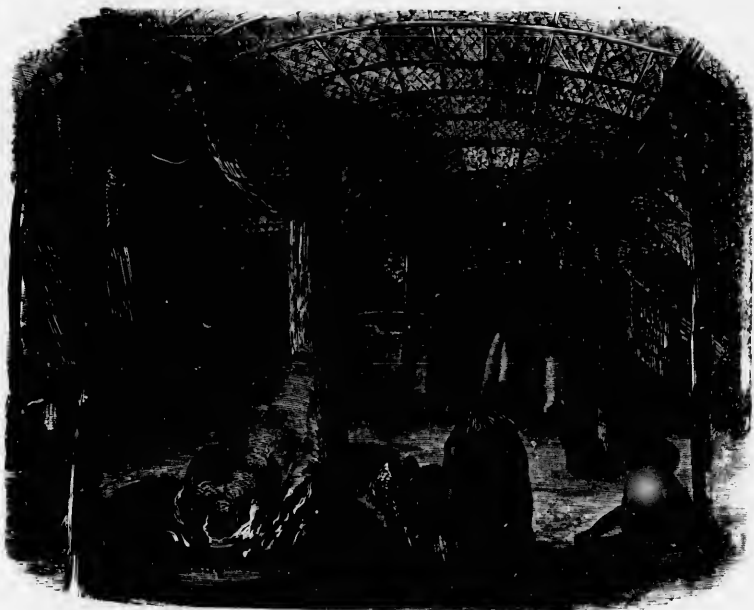
However, the young ladies will sometimes contrive to evade the vigilance of the sentries, when their attention is otherwise engaged, as is amusingly shown in a few remarks by Mr. Angus. He had gone by Panda's invitation to see him at one of his great kraals:—"Last night we slept at the new military kraal, or garrison town, of Indabakaumbi, whither the king had sent word by message that he would be waiting to receive us. The Inkosikasi, or queen, of the kraal sent us a small quantity of thick milk and a jar of millet, and soon afterward made her appearance, holding two of the king's children by the hand, for whom she requested a present of beads. The children were remarkably pretty, nicely oiled, and tastefully decorated with girdles of blue and scarlet beads. The old lady, on the contrary, was so alarmingly stout, that it seemed almost impossible for her to walk; and that it required some considerable time for her to regain the harem at the upper end of the kraal was made manifest by some fifty of the king's girls effecting their escape from the rear of the seraglio, and sallying down the slope to stare at us as we rode away from the kraal. The agility of the young ladies, as they sprang from rock to rock, convinced us that they would be all quietly sitting in the harem, as though nothing had happened, long before the Inkosikasi gained her dwelling."

At that time Panda had thirteen of these great military kraals, each serving as the military capital of a district, and he had just completed a fourteenth. He takes up his residence in these kraals successively, and finds in each everything that he can possibly want—each being, indeed, almost identical in every respect with all the others. As a general rule, each of these military kraals forms the residence of a single regiment; while the king has many

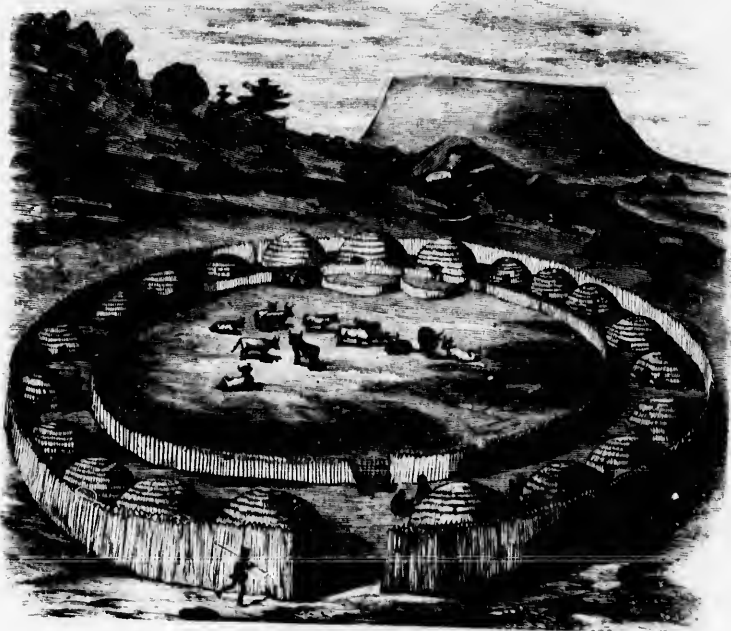
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(1.) INTERIOR OF KAFFIR HUT. (See page 59.)



(2.) KAFFIR KRAAL. (See page 62.)

others, which are devoted to more peaceful objects.

It has already been mentioned that the women live in a portion separated from the rest of the kraal, and it may almost be said that they reside in a small supplementary kraal, which communicates by gates with the chief edifice. As the gates are strongly barred at night, it is necessary that the sentinel should enter the sacred precincts of the harem, for the purpose of closing them at night, and opening them in the morning. For this purpose, certain individuals of the sentinels are told off, and to them alone is the delicate duty confided. The Kafir despot does not employ for this purpose the unfortunate individuals who guard the harems in Turkey, Persia, and even in

Western Africa. But the king takes care to select men who are particularly ill-favored; and if any of them should happen to be deformed, he is sure to be chosen as a janitor. Mr. Shooter's servant, when talking with his master on the subject, mentioned several individuals who would make excellent janitors. One of them had a club-foot, another had a very protuberant chest, while a third had bad eyes, and was altogether so ugly that he would never succeed in procuring a wife. The matrimonial adventures of this man will be narrated in a future page. His uniform failures in procuring a legitimate wife were exceedingly ludicrous and mortifying, and quite justified the opinion expressed by his companion.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATTLE KEEPING.

THE ISI-BAYA AND ITS PRIVILEGES—MILKING COWS—THE CURIOUS MILK PAIL—MODE OF MAKING IT—A MILKING SCENE, AND THE VARIOUS PERSONAGES EMPLOYED IN IT—PRECAUTIONS TAKEN WITH A RESTIVE COW—KAFFIR COW WHISTLES—CHIEFS AND THEIR CATTLE—MANAGEMENT OF THE HERDS, AND CATTLE “LIFTING”—A COW THE UNIT OF KAFFIR CURRENCY—A KAFFIR’S WEALTH, AND THE USES TO WHICH IT IS PUT—A KAFFIR BOB ROY—ADVENTURES OF DUTULU, HIS EXPLOITS, HIS ESCAPES, AND HIS DEATH—ODD METHOD OF ORNAMENTING COWS—LE VAILLANT’S ACCOUNT OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN DECORATING THE CATTLE—HOW OBSTINATE COWS ARE FORCED TO GIVE THEIR MILK—A KAFFIR HOMESTEAD—VARIOUS USES OF CATTLE—HOW MILK IS PREPARED—“AMASI,” OR THICKENED MILK—OTHER USES FOR CATTLE—THE SADDLE AND PACK OXEN—HOW THEY ARE LADEN AND GIRTHED.

THE isi-baya is quite a sacred spot to a Kaffir, and in many tribes the women are so strictly prohibited from entering it, that if even the favorite wife were discovered within its precincts she would have but a very poor chance of her life.

During the day-time the herd are out at pasture, watched by “boys” appointed to this important office, but when night approaches, or if there is any indication of danger from enemies, the cows are driven into the isi-baya, and the entrances firmly barred. It is mostly in this enclosure that the cattle are milked, this operation being always intrusted to the men. Indeed, as is well observed by Mr. Shooter, milking his cows is the only work that a Kaffir really likes. About ten in the morning the cattle are taken into the isi-baya, and the Kaffir proceeds to milk them. He takes with him his milk pail, an article very unlike that which is in use in Europe. It is carved out of a solid piece of wood, and has a comparatively small opening. The specimen from which the figure on page 67 is drawn was brought to England by Mr. Shooter, and is now before me. It is rather more than seventeen inches in length, and is four inches wide at the top, and six inches near the bottom. In interior measurement it is only fourteen inches deep, so that three inches of solid wood are left at the bottom. Its capacity is not very great, as the Kaffir cow does not give nearly as much milk as the cows of an English farmyard. Toward the top are two projecting ears, which enable the milker to hold it firmly between the knees.

In hollowing out the interior of the pail, the Kaffir employs a rather ingenious device. Instead of holding it between his knees, as he does when shaping and ornamenting the exterior, he digs a hole in the ground, and buries the pail as far as the two projecting ears. He then has both his hands at liberty, and can use more force than if he were obliged to trust to the comparatively slight hold afforded by the knees. Of course he sits down while at work, for a Kaffir, like all other savages, has the very strongest objection to needless labor, and will never stand when he has any opportunity of sitting. It will be seen that the pail is not capable of holding much more than the quantity which a good cow ought to yield, and when the Kaffir has done with one cow, he pours the milk into a large receptacle, and then goes off with his empty pail to another cow for a fresh supply.

The scene that presents itself in the isi-baya is a very singular one, and strikes oddly upon European ears, as well as eyes. In the first place, the figure of the milker is calculated to present an aspect equally strange and ludicrous. Perfectly naked, with the exception of the smallest imaginable apology for a garment, adorned with strings of beads that contrast boldly with his red-black skin, and with his head devoid of hair, except the oval ring which denotes his position as a married “man,” the Kaffir sits on the ground, his knees on a level with his chin, and the queer-looking milk pail grasped between them.

Then we have the spectacle of the calf try-

ing to eject the milker, and being continually kept away from her mother by a young boy armed with a stick. And, in cases where the cow is vicious, a third individual is employed, who holds the cow by her horns with one hand, and grasps her nostrils firmly with the other. As soon as the supply of milk ceases, the calf is allowed to approach its mother and suck for a short time, after which it is driven away, and the man resumes his place. Cattle are milked twice in the day, the second time being at sunset, when they are brought home for the night. Generally, however, a cow will stand still to

of universal cow language, in which every dairy-maid and farmyard laborer is versed, and which is not easily learned by an uninitiate. But the Kaffir, who is naturally an adept at shouting and yelling, encourages the cow by all the varied screams at his command, mixed with loud whistles and tender words of admiration. One consequence of this curious proceeding is, that the cows have always been so accustomed to associate these sounds with the process of being milked, that when an Englishman buys cows he is obliged to have a Kaffir to milk them, no white man being able to produce



1. MILKING PAIL. 2. BEER-BOWL. 3. BEER-STRAINER. 4. WATER-PIPE.
5. WOMAN'S BASKET.

be milked, as is the case with our own cattle, and in that case no precaution is needed, except that of putting through the nose a stick of some eighteen inches in length. The cattle know by experience that if this is grasped and twisted it gives great pain, and so they prefer to remain quiet. The hole in the nose is made at a very early age.

So much for the strangeness of the sight, which is very unlike a corresponding scene in an English farmyard. The Kaffir is never silent while milking his cows, but thinks it necessary to utter a series of the oddest sounds that ever greeted mortal ears. Even in England there seems to be a kind

those cries, screams, and whistles to which they have always been accustomed.

In driving the cattle, and in calling them from a distance, the Kaffir makes great use of whistling, an art in which he excels. With his lips alone he can produce the most extraordinary sounds, and by the aid of his fingers he can whistle so loudly as to half-deafen any one who may be near. Sometimes, however, he has recourse to art, and makes whistles of great efficacy, though of simple construction. They are made of bone, or ivory, and are used by being held to the lower lip, and sounded exactly as we blow a key when we wish to ascertain whether it is clear.

The chiefs who possess many oxen are very fastidious about them, and have an odd fancy of assembling them in herds, in which every animal is of the same color. The oxen also undergo a sort of training, as was remarked by Retief, who was killed in battle with Dingan, the Zulu king. He paid a visit to that treacherous despot, and was entertained by dances in which the cattle had been trained to assist. "In one dance," he says, "the people were intermixed with one hundred and seventy-six oxen, all without horns, and of one color. They have long strips of skin hanging pendent from the forehead, cheeks, shoulders, and under the throat; these strips being cut from the hide when the animals are calves. These oxen are divided into two and three among the whole army, which then dance in companies, each with its attendant oxen. In this way they all in turn approach the king, the oxen turning off into a kraal, and then manoeuvring in a line from the king. It is surprising that the oxen should be so well trained; for, notwithstanding all the startling and yelling which accompany the dance, they never move faster than a slow walking pace. Dingan showed me, as he said, his smallest herd of oxen, all alike, and with white backs. He allowed two of my people to count them, and the enumeration amounted to two thousand four hundred and twenty-four. I am informed that his herds of red and black oxen consist of three to four thousand each." I may here mention casually, that the same fashion of keeping animals of similar colors in separate herds is in force in South America, among the owners of the vast herds of horses which thrive so well in that country.

The Kaffirs manage their cattle with wonderful skill, and the animals perfectly understand the meaning of the cries with which they are assailed. Consequently, it is almost as difficult for an Englishman to drive his cows as to milk them, and assistance has to be sought from the natives. This noisy method of cattle driving is the source of much difficulty to the soldiers, when they have been sent to recover cattle stolen by those inveterate thieves, the Kaffir tribes, who look upon the cattle of the white man as their legitimate prize, and are constantly on the look-out for them. Indeed, they enact at the present day that extinct phase of Scottish life when the inhabitants of the Highlands stole the cattle of the Lowlanders, and euphemistically described the operation as "lifting;" themselves not being by any means thieves, but "gentleman drovers," very punctilious in point of honor, and thinking themselves as good gentlemen as any in the land.

The cow constitutes now, in fact, the wealth of the Kaffir, just as was the case in the early patriarchal days. Among those tribes which are not brought into connection

with the white man, money is of no value, and all wealth is measured by cows. One of the great inland chiefs, when asking about the Queen of England, was naturally desirous of hearing how many cattle she possessed, and on hearing that many of her subjects had more cows than herself, conceived a very mean opinion of her power. He counted his cattle by the thousand, and if any inferior chief had dared to rival him in his wealth, that chief would very soon be incapacitated from possessing anything at all, while his cattle would swell the number of the royal herds. His idea was, that even if her predecessor had bequeathed so poor a throne to her, she ought to assert her dignity by seizing that wealth which she had not been fortunate enough to inherit.

The cow is the unit of money. The cost of anything that is peculiarly valuable is reckoned by the number of cows that it would fetch if sold, and even the women are reckoned by this standard, eight cows equalling one woman, just as twelve pence equal one shilling. Most of the wars which devastate Southern Africa are caused entirely by the desire of one man to seize the herds that belong to another, and when the white man is engaged in African warfare, he is perforce obliged to wage it on the same principle. During the late Kaffir war, the reports of the newspapers had a singularly unimposing appearance. The burden of their song was invariably cows. General Blank had advanced so far into the enemy's country, and driven off five thousand head of cattle. Or perhaps the case was reversed; the position of the European troops had been suddenly surprised, and several thousand cattle stolen. In fact, it seemed to be a war solely about cattle, and, to a certain extent, that was necessarily the case. The cattle formed not only the wealth of the enemy, but his resources, so that there was no better way of bringing him to terms than by cutting off his commissariat, and preventing the rebellious chiefs from maintaining their armed forces. We had no wish to kill the Kaffirs themselves, but merely that they should be taught not to meddle with us, and there was no better way of doing so than by touching them on their tenderest point.

The greatest ambition of a Kaffir is to possess cattle, inasmuch as their owner can command every luxury which a savage millionaire desires. He can eat beef and drink sour milk every day; he can buy as many wives as he likes, at the current price of eight to fourteen cows each, according to the fluctuation of the market; he can make all kinds of useful articles out of the hides; he can lubricate himself with fat to his heart's content, and he can decorate his sable person with the flowing tails. With plenty of cattle, he can set himself up as a great man; and, the more cattle he has, the

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greater man he becomes. Instead of being a mere "boy," living with a number of other "bays" in one hut, he becomes a "man," shaves his head, assumes the proud badge of manhood, and has a hut to himself. As his cattle increase, he adds more wives to his stock, builds separate huts for them, has a kraal of his own, becomes the "umumzana," or great man—a term about equivalent to the familiar "Burra Sahib" of Indian life—and may expect to be addressed by strange boys as "inkosi," or chief. Should his cattle prosper, he gathers round him the young men who are still poor, and who are attracted by his wealth, and the hope of eating beef at his cost. He assigns huts to them within his kraal, and thus possesses an armed guard who will take care of his cherished cattle. Indeed, such a precaution is absolutely necessary. In Africa, as well as in Europe, wealth creates envy, and a man who has succeeded in gathering it knows full well that there are plenty who will do their best to take it away. Sometimes a more powerful man will openly assault his kraal, but stratagem is more frequently employed than open violence, and there are in every tribe certain old and crafty cattle-stealers, who have survived the varied dangers of such a life, and who know every ruse that can be employed.

There is a story of one of these men, named Dutulu, who seems to have been a kind of Kafir Rob Roy. He always employed a mixture of artifice and force. He used to set off for the kraal which he intended to rob, and, in the dead of night, contrived to place some of his assistants by the entrance of the huts. Another assistant then quietly removed the cattle from the isi-baya, while he directed the operations. Dutulu then caused an alarm to be made, and as the inmates crept out to see what was the matter, they were speared by the sentinels at the entrance. Not one was spared. The men were killed lest they should resist, and the women lest they should give the alarm. Even when he had carried off the cattle, his anxieties were not at an end, for cattle cannot be moved very fast, and they are not easily concealed. But Dutulu was a man not to be baffled, and he almost invariably succeeded in reaching home with his spoil. He never, in the first instance, allowed the cattle to be driven in the direction which he intended to take. He used to have them driven repeatedly over the same spot, so as to mix the tracks and bewilder the men who were sure to follow. More than once he baffled pursuit by taking his stolen herd back again, and keeping it in the immediate neighborhood of the desolated kraal, calculating rightly that the pursuers would follow him in the direction of his own home.

The man's cunning and audacity were

boundless. On one occasion, his own kraal was attacked, but Dutulu was far too clever to fall into the trap which he had so often set for others. Instead of crawling out of his hut and getting himself speared, he rolled up his leather mantle, and pushed it through the door. As he had anticipated, it was mistaken in the semi-darkness for a man, and was instantly pierced with a spear. While the weapon was still entangled in the kaross, Dutulu darted from his hut, sprang to the entrance of his isi-baya fully armed, and drove off the outwitted assailants. Even in his old age his audacity did not desert him, and he actually determined on stealing a herd of cattle in the day-time. No one dared to join him, but he determined on carrying out his desperate intention single-handed. He succeeded in driving the herd to some distance, but was discovered, pursued, and surrounded by the enemy. Although one against many, he fought his foes bravely, and, although severely wounded, succeeded in escaping into the bush, where they dared not follow him.

Undeterred by this adventure, he had no sooner recovered than he planned another cattle-stealing expedition. His chief dissuaded him from the undertaking, urging that he had quite enough cattle, that he had been seriously wounded, and that he was becoming too old. The ruling passion was, however, too strong to be resisted, and Dutulu attacked a kraal on his old plan, letting the cattle be driven in one direction, killing as many enemies as he could, and then running off on the opposite side to that which had been taken by the cattle, so as to decoy his pursuers in a wrong direction. However, his advanced years, and perhaps his recent wounds, had impaired his speed, and as there was no bush at hand, he dashed into a morass, and crouched beneath the water. His enemies dared not follow him, but surrounded the spot, and hurled their assagais at him. They did him no harm, because he protected his head with his shield, but he could not endure the long immersion. So, finding that his strength was failing, he suddenly left the morass, and dashed at his enemies, hoping that he might force his way through them. He did succeed in killing several of them, and in passing their line, but he could not run fast enough to escape, and was overtaken and killed.

So, knowing that men of a similar character are hankering after his herd, their dusky owner is only too glad to have a number of young men who will guard his cattle from such cunning enemies.

The love that a Kafir has for his cattle induces him to ornament them in various ways, some of which must entail no little suffering upon them. To this, however, he is quite indifferent, often causing frightful tortures to the animals which he loves, not from the least desire of hurting them, but

from the utter unconcern as to inflicting pain which is characteristic of the savage, in whatever part of the earth he may be. He trims the ears of the cows into all kinds of odd shapes, one of the favorite patterns being that of a leaf with deeply serrated edges. He gathers up bunches of the skin, generally upon the head, ties string tightly round them, and so forms a series of projecting knots of various sizes and shapes. He cuts strips of hide from various parts of the body, especially the head and face, and lets them hang down as lappets. He cuts the dewlap and makes fringes of it, and all without the least notion that he is causing the poor animal to suffer tortures.

But, in some parts of the country, he lavishes his powers on the horns. Among us the horn does not seem capable of much modification, but a Kaffir, skilful in his art, can never be content to leave the horns as they are. It will cause one horn to project forward and another backward, and he will train one to grow upright, and the other pointing to the ground. Sometimes he observes a kind of symmetry, and has both horns bent with their points nearly touching the shoulders, or trains them so that their tips meet above, and they form an arch over their head. Now and then an ox is seen in which a most singular effect has been produced. As the horns of the young ox sprout they are trained over the forehead until the points meet. They are then manipulated so as to make them coalesce, and so shoot upward from the middle of the forehead, like the horn of the fabled unicorn.

Le Vaillant mentions this curious mode of decorating the cattle, and carefully describes the process by which it is performed. "I had not yet taken a near view of the horned cattle which they brought with them, because at break of day they strayed to the thickets and pastures, and were not brought back by their keepers until the evening. One day, however, having repaired to their kraal very early, I was much surprised when I first beheld one of these animals. I scarcely knew them to be oxen and cows, not only on account of their being much smaller than ours, since I observed in them the same form and the same fundamental character, in which I could not be deceived, but on account of the multiplicity of their horns, and the variety of their different twistings. They had a great resemblance to those marine productions known by naturalists under the name of stag's horns. Being at this time persuaded that these conceptions, of which I had no idea, were a peculiar present of nature, I considered the Kaffir oxen as a variety of the species, but I was undeceived by my guide, who informed me that this singularity was only the effect of their invention and taste; and that, by means of a process with which they were

well acquainted, they could not only multiply these horns, but also give them any form that their imaginations might suggest. Having offered to exhibit their skill in my presence, if I had any desire of learning their method, it appeared to me so new and uncommon, that I was willing to secure an opportunity, and for several days I attended a regular course of lessons on this subject.

"They take the animal at as tender an age as possible, and when the horns begin to appear they make a small vertical incision in them with a saw, or any other instrument that may be substituted for it, and divide them into two parts. This division makes the horns, yet tender, separate of themselves, so that in time the animal has four very distinct ones. If they wish to have six, or even more, similar notches made with the saw produce as many as may be required. But if they are desirous of forcing one of these divisions in the whole horn to form, for example, a complete circle, they cut away from the point, *which must not be hurt*, a small part of its thickness, and this amputation, often renewed, and with much patience, makes the horn bend in a contrary direction, and, the point meeting the root, it exhibits the appearance of a perfect circle. As it is certain that incision always causes a greater or less degree of bending, it may be readily conceived that every variation that caprice can imagine may be produced by this simple method. In short, one must be born a Kaffir, and have his taste and patience, to submit to that minute care and unwearied attention required for this operation, which in Kaffirland can only be useless, but in other climates would be hurtful. For the horn, thus disfigured, would become weak, whereas, when preserved strong and entire, it keeps at a distance the famished bears and wolves of Europe." The reader must remember that the words refer to France, and that the date of Le Vaillant's travels was 1780-85.

The same traveller mentions an ingenious method employed by the Kaffirs when a cow is bad-tempered, and will not give her milk freely. A rope is tied to one of the hind feet, and a man hauls the foot off the ground by means of the rope. The cow cannot run away on account of the man who is holding her nose, and the pain caused by the violent dragging of her foot backward, together with the constrained attitude of standing on three legs, soon subdues the most refractory animal.

Before proceeding to another chapter, it will be well to explain the illustration on page 57, called "The Kaffirs at Home."

The spectator is supposed to be just inside the outer enclosure, and nearly opposite to the isi-baya, in which some cattle are seen. In the centre of the plate a milking scene is shown. The cow, being a restive one, is being held by the "man," by means of a

stick passed through its nostrils, and by means of the contrast between the man and the animal the small size of the latter is well shown. A Kaffir ox averages only four hundred pounds in weight. Beneath the cow is seen the milker, holding between his knees the curiously shaped milkpail. On the right hand is seen another Kaffir emptying a pailful of milk into one of the baskets which are used as stores for this article. The reader will notice that the orifice of the basket is very small, and so would cause a considerable amount of milk to be spilt, if it were poured from the wide mouth of the pail. The Kaffir has no funnel, so he extemporizes one by holding his hands over the mouth of the pail, and placing his thumbs so as to cause the milk to flow in a narrow stream between them.

A woman is seen in the foreground, going out to labor in the fields, with her child slung at her back, and her heavy loe on her shoulder. In order to show the ordinary size of the huts a young Kaffir is shown standing near one of them, while a "man" is seated against it, and engaged alternately in his pipe and conversation. Three shield sticks are seen in the fence of the *Isi-baya*, and the strip of skin suspended to the pole shows that the chief man of the kraal is in residence. In front are several of the odd-shaped Cape sheep, with their long legs and thick tails, in which the whole fat of the body seems to concentrate itself. Two of the characteristic trees of the country are shown, namely, an *cuphorbia* standing within the fence, and an *acacia* in the background. This last mentioned tree is sometimes called *Kameel-dorn*, or *Camel-thorn*, because the giraffe, which the Dutch colonists will call a camel, feeds upon its leaves. In the distance are two of those table-topped mountains which are so characteristic of Southern Africa.

The Kaffir uses his cattle for various purposes. Whenever he can afford such a luxury, which is very seldom, he feasts upon its flesh, and contrives to consume a quantity that seems almost too much for human digestion to undertake. But the chief diet is the milk of the cows, generally mixed with meal, so as to form a kind of porridge. The milk is never eaten in its fresh state, the Kaffirs thinking it to be very indigestible. Indeed, they look upon fresh milk much as a beer-drinker looks upon sweet-wort, and have an equal objection to drinking the liquid in its crude state. When a cow has been milked, the Kaffir empties the pail into a large store basket, such as is seen on the right-hand of the engraving "*Kaffirs at Home*," page 57. This basket already contains milk in the second stage, and is never completely emptied. Soon after the milk has been placed in the basket, a sort of fermentation takes place, and in a short time the whole of the liquid is converted into a

semi-solid mass, and a watery fluid something like whey. The latter is drawn off, and used as a drink, or given to the children; and the remainder is a thick, clotted substance, about the consistency of Devonshire cream.

This is called "*amasi*," and is the staff of life to a Kaffir. Europeans who have lived in Kaffirland generally dislike *amasi* exceedingly at first, but soon come to prefer it to milk in any other form. Some persons have compared the *amasi* to curds after the whey has been drawn off; but this is not a fair comparison. The *amasi* is not in lumps or in curd, but a thick, creamy mass, more like our clotted cream than any other substance. It has a slightly acid flavor. Children, whether black or white, are always very fond of *amasi*, and there can be no better food for them. Should the Kaffir be obliged to use a new vessel for the purpose of making this clotted milk, he always takes some *amasi* ready prepared, and places it in the vessel together with the fresh milk, where it acts like yeast in liquid fermentation, and soon reduces the entire mass to its own consistency.

The oxen are also used for riding purposes, and as beasts of burden. Europeans employ them largely as draught oxen, and use a great number to draw a single wagon; but the wagon is an European invention, and therefore without the scope of the present work. The native contrives to ride the oxen without the use of a saddle, balancing himself ingeniously on the sharply ridged back, and guiding his horned steed by means of a stick through its nostrils, with a cord tied to each end of it. He is not at all a graceful rider, but jogs along with his arms extended, and his elbows jerking up and down with every movement of the beast. Still, the ox answers his purpose; and, as it never goes beyond a walking pace, no great harm is done by a fall.

Since the introduction of horses, the Kaffirs have taken a great liking to them, and have proved themselves capable of being good horsemen, after their fashion. This fashion is, always to ride at full gallop; for they can see no object in mounting a swift animal if its speed is not to be brought into operation. It is a very picturesque sight when a party of mounted Kaffirs come dashing along, their horses at full speed, their shields and spears in their hands, and their *karosses* flying behind them as they ride. When they have occasion to stop, they pull up suddenly, and are off their horses in a moment.

However the Kaffir may be satisfied with the bare back of the ox, the European cannot manage to retain his seat. In the first place, the sharp spine of the ox does not form a very pleasant seat; and in the next place, its skin is so loose that it is impossible for the rider to retain his place by any

grasp of the legs. A few cloths or hides are therefore placed on the animal's back, and a long "reim," or leathern rope, is passed several times round its body, being drawn tightly by a couple of men, one at each side. By this operation the skin is braced up tight, and a saddle can be fixed nearly as firmly as on a horse. Even under these circumstances, the movements of the ox are very unpleasant to an European equestrian, and, although not so fatiguing as those of a camel, require a tolerable course of practice before they become agreeable.

This custom of tightly girthing is not confined to those animals which are used for the saddle, but is also practised on those that are used as pack-oxen; the loose skin rendering the packages liable to slip off the animal's back. The whole process of girthing the ox is a very curious one. A sturdy Kaffir stands at each side, while another holds the ox firmly by a stick passed through its nostrils. The skins or cloths are then laid on the back of the ox, and the long rope thrown over them. One man retains his hold of one end, while the other passes the rope round the animal's body. Each man takes firm hold of the rope, puts one foot against the ox's side, by way of a fulcrum, and then hauls away with the full force of his body. Holding his own part of the rope tightly with one hand, the second Kaffir dexterously throws the end under the animal to his comrade, who catches it, and passes it over the back, when it is seized as before.

Another hauling-match now takes place, and the process goes on until the cord is exhausted, and the diameter of the ox notably diminished. In spite of the enormous pressure to which it is subject, the beast seems to care little about it, and walks away as if unconcerned. If the journey is a long one, the ropes are generally tightened once or twice, the native drivers seeming to take a strange pleasure in the operation.

The illustration No. 1, on page 73, shows the manner in which the Kaffir employs the ox for riding and pack purposes. A chief is returning with his triumphant soldiers from a successful expedition against an enemy's kraal, which they have "eaten up," as their saying is. In the foreground is seen the chief, fat and pursy, dressed in the full paraphernalia of war, and seated on an ox. A hornless ox is generally chosen for the saddle, in order to avoid the danger of the rider falling forward and wounding himself; but sometimes the Kaffir qualifies an ox for saddle purposes by forcing the horns to grow downward, and in many instances contrives to make the horns flap about quite loosely, as if they were only suspended by thongs from the animal's head. The soldiers are seen in charge of other oxen, laden with the spoils of the captured kraal, to which they have set fire; and in the middle distance, a couple of men are reloading a refractory ox, and drawing the rope tightly round it, to prevent it from shaking off its load a second time.

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(1.) KAFFIR CATTLE—TRAINING THE HORNS.

(See page 70.)



(2.) RETURN OF A WAR PARTY.

(See page 72.)

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CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE.

POLYAMY PRACTISED AMONG THE KAFFIRS—GOZA AND HIS WIVES—NUMBER OF A KING'S HAREM—TCHAKA, THE BACHELOR KING—THE KING AND HIS SUCCESSORS—A BARBAROUS CUSTOM—CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF POLYAMY AMONG THE KAFFIRS—DOMESTIC LIFE AND ITS CUSTOMS—THE VARIOUS DUTIES OF A WIFE—ANECDOTE OF A KAFFIR HUSBAND—JEALOUSY AND ITS EFFECTS—A FAVORITE WIFE MURDERED BY HER COMPANIONS—MINOR QUARRELS, AND SUMMARY JUSTICE—THE FIRST WIFE AND HER PRIVILEGES—MINUTE CODE OF LAWS—THE LAW OF INHERITANCE AND PRIMOGENITURE—THE MASTERSHIP OF THE KRAAL—PROTECTION TO THE ORPHAN—GUARDIANS, THEIR DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES—PRELIMINARIES TO MARRIAGE—KAFFIR COURTSHIP—THE BRIDECHAMBER ON APPROVAL—AN UNWILLING CELIBATE—A KAFFIR LOVE TALE—UZINTO AND HER ADVENTURES—REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

CONTRARY to general opinion, marriage is quite as important a matter among the Kaffirs as with ourselves, and even though the men who can afford it do not content themselves with one wife, there is as much ceremony in the last marriage as in the first. As to the number of wives, no law on that subject is found in the minute, though necessarily traditional, code of laws, by which the Kaffirs regulate their domestic polity. A man may take just as many wives as he can afford, and the richer a man is, the more wives he has as a general rule. An ordinary man has generally to be content with one, while those of higher rank have the number of wives dependent on their wealth and position. Goza, for example, whose portrait is given on page 117 and who is a powerful chief, has a dozen or two of wives. There is now before me a photograph representing a whole row of his wives, all sitting on their heels, in the attitude adopted by Kaffir women, and all looking rather surprised at the photographer's operations. In our sense of the world, none of them have the least pretence to beauty, whatever may have been the case when they were young girls, but it is evident that their joint husband was satisfied with their charms, or they would not retain a position in his household.

As to the king, the number of his wives is illimitable. Parents come humbly before

him, and offer their daughters to him, only too proud if he will accept them, and asking no payment for them. The reverence for authority must be very strong in a Kaffir's breast, if it can induce him to forego any kind of payment whatever, especially as that payment is in cattle. The king has perhaps twenty or thirty large kraals in different parts of the country, and in each of them he has a considerable number of wives, so that he is always at home whenever he changes his residence from one kraal to another. In fact, he never knows, within fifty or so, how many wives he has, nor would he know all his wives by sight, and in consequence he is obliged to keep a most jealous watch over his household, lest a neglected wife should escape and take a husband, who, although a plebeian, would be her own choice. In consequence of this feeling, none of the inhabitants of the royal harem ever leave their house without a strong guard at hand, besides a number of spies, who conceal themselves in unsuspected places, and who would report to the king the slightest indiscretion on the part of any of his wives. It is not even safe for a Kaffir to speak to one of these closely guarded beauties, for, even if no guards are openly in sight, a spy is sure to be concealed at no great distance, and the consequence of such an indiscretion would be, that the woman would certainly lose her

life, and the man probably be a fellow sufferer.

That able and sanguinary chief Tehaka formed an exception to the ordinary rule. He would accept as many dark maidens as might be offered to him, but he would not raise one of them to the rank of wife. The reason for this line of conduct was his horror of seeing a successor to his throne. A Kaffir of rank always seems to think that he himself is exempt from the ordinary lot of humanity, and will never speak of the possibility of his own death, nor allow any one else to do so. In a dependent, such a piece of bad breeding would be looked upon as an overt act of treachery, and the thoughtless delinquent would instantly lose the power of repeating the offence by forfeiting his life. Even in an European, the offence would be a very grave one, and would jar gratingly on the feelings of all who heard the ill-omened words. This disinclination to speak of death, sometimes shows itself very curiously. On one occasion, an Englishman went to pay a visit to Panda, after the contradiction of a report of that monarch's death. After the preliminary greetings, he expressed his pleasure at seeing the chief so well, especially after the report of his death. The word "death" seemed to strike the king and all the court like an electric shock, and an ominous silence reigned around. At last Panda recovered himself, and, with a voice that betrayed his emotion, said that such subjects were never spoken of, and then adroitly changed the conversation.

Now, the idea of a successor implies the death of the present occupant of the throne, and therefore Tehaka refused to marry any wives, from whom his successor might be born. More than that, if any of the inmates of his harem showed signs that the population was likely to be increased, they were sure to be arrested on some trivial pretence, dragged out of their homes, and summarily executed. We may feel disposed to wonder that such a heartless monster could by any means have found any inmates of his harem. But we must remember that of all men a Kaffir chief is the most despotic, having absolute power over any of his subjects, and his orders being obeyed with an instantaneous obedience, no matter how revolting they might be. Parents would kill their children and children their parents at his command; and so strange a hold has obedience to the king upon the mind of a Kaffir, that men have been known to thank him and utter his praises while being beaten to death by his orders.

Therefore the parents of these ill-fated girls had no option in the matter. If he wanted them he would take them, probably murdering their parents, and adding their cattle to his own vast herds. By voluntarily offering them they might possibly gain his good graces, and there might be a

chance that they would escape the fate that had befallen so many of their predecessors in the royal favor. These strange effects of despotism are by no means confined to Southern Africa, but are found among more civilized people than the Kaffirs. We all remember the opening story of the "Arabian Nights," which furnishes the thread on which all the stories are strung. How a king found that his wife was unworthy of her position, and how he immediately rushed to the conclusion that such unworthiness was not the fault of an individual, but a quality inherent in the sex. How he reduced his principle to practice by marrying a new wife every evening, and cutting off her head next morning, until his purpose was arrested by the ingenious narrator of the tales, who originated the practice now prevalent in periodicals, namely, always leaving off unexpectedly in an interesting part of the story.

This extraordinary proceeding on the part of an Oriental monarch is told with a perfect absence of comment, and neither the narrator nor the hearer displays any signs that such a line of conduct was strange, or even culpable. The subjects who were called upon to supply such a succession of wives certainly grumbled, but they continued to supply them, and evidently had no idea that their monarch's orders could be disobeyed.

The effect of polygamy among the wives themselves is rather curious. In the first place, they are accustomed to the idea, and have never been led to expect that they would bear sole rule in the house. Indeed, none of them would entertain such an idea, because the very fact that a man possessed only one wife would derogate from his dignity, and consequently from her own. There is another reason for the institution of polygamy, namely, the division of labor. Like all savages, the Kaffir man never condescends to perform manual labor, all real work falling to the lot of the women. As to any work that requires bodily exertion, the Kaffir never dreams of undertaking it. He would not even lift a basket of rice on the head of his favorite wife, but would sit on the ground and allow some woman to do it. One of my friends, when rather new to Kaffirland, happened to look into a hut, and there saw a stalwart Kaffir sitting and smoking his pipe, while the women were hard at work in the sun, building huts, carrying timber, and performing all kinds of severe labor. Struck with a natural indignation at such behavior, he told the smoker to get up and work like a man. This idea was too much even for the native politeness of the Kaffir, who burst into a laugh at so absurd a notion. "Women work," said he, "men sit in the house and smoke."

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the married woman. Beside doing all the ordinary work of the house, including the building of it, she has to prepare all the food and keep the hungry men supplied. She cannot go to a shop and buy bread. She has to till the ground, to sow the grain, to watch it, to reap it, to thrash it, to grind it, and to bake it. Her husband may perhaps condescend to bring home game that he has killed, though he will not burden himself longer than he can help. But the cooking falls to the woman's share, and she has not only to stew the meat, but to make the pots in which it is prepared. After a hard day's labor out of doors, she cannot go home and rest, but is obliged to grind the maize or millet, a work of very great labor, on account of the primitive machinery which is employed—simply one stone upon another, the upper stone being rocked backward and forward with a motion like that of a chemist's pestle. The Kaffirs never keep flour ready ground, so that this heavy task has to be performed regularly every day. When she has ground the corn she has either to bake it into cakes, or boil it into porridge, and then has the gratification of seeing the men eat it. She also has to make the beer which is so popular among the Kaffirs, but has very little chance of drinking the product of her own industry.

It will be seen, therefore, that the work of a Kaffir wife is about twice as hard as that of an English farm laborer, and that therefore she is rather glad than otherwise when her husband takes another wife, who may divide her labors. Moreover, the first wife has always a sort of preëminence over the others, and retains it unless she forfeits the favor of her husband by some peculiarly flagrant act, in which case she is deposed, and another wife raised to the vacant honor. When such an event takes place, the husband selects any of his wives that he happens to like best, without any regard for seniority, and, as a natural consequence, the youngest has the best chance of becoming the chief wife, thus causing much jealousy among them. Did all the wives live in the same house with their husband, the bickerings would be constant; but, according to Kaffir law, each wife has her own hut, that belonging to the principal wife being on the right hand of the chief's house.

Sometimes, however, jealousy will prevail, in spite of these preventives, and has been known to lead to fatal results. One case of poisoning has already been mentioned (page 51), and others occur more frequently than is known. One such case was a rather remarkable one. There had been two wives, and a third was afterward added. The other two wives felt themselves injured by her presence, and for a year subjected her to continual persecution. One day, when the husband returned to his house, he found her absent, and asked from the

others where she was. They replied that they did not know, and that when they went to fetch firewood, according to daily custom, they had left her in the kraal. Dissatisfied with the answer, he pressed them more closely, and was then told that she had gone off to her father's house. At the first dawn he set off to the father's kraal, and found that nothing had been heard of her. His next step was to go to one of the witch doctors, or prophets, and ask him what had become of his favorite wife. The nan answered that the two elder wives had murdered her. He set off homeward, but before he reached his kraal, the dead body of the murdered wife had been discovered by a herd boy. The fact was, that she had gone out with the other two wives in the morning to fetch firewood, a quarrel had arisen, and they had hanged her to a tree with the bush-rope used in tying up the bundles of wood.

As to minor assaults on a favorite wife, they are common enough. She will be beaten, or have her face scratched so as to spoil her beauty, or the holes in her ears will be torn violently open. The assailants are sure to suffer in their own turn for their conduct, their husband beating them most cruelly with the first weapon that happens to come to hand. But, in the mean time, the work which they have done has been effected, and they have at all events enjoyed some moments of savage vengeance. Fights often take place among the wives, but if the husband hears the noise of the scuffle he soon puts a stop to it, by seizing a stick, and impartially belaboring each combatant.

The position of a first wife is really one of some consequence. Although she has been bought and paid for by her husband, she is not looked upon as so utter an article of merchandise as her successors. "When a man takes his first wife," says Mr. Shooter, "all the cows he possesses are regarded as her property. She uses the milk for the support of her family, and, after the birth of her first son, they are called his cattle. Theoretically, the husband can neither sell nor dispose of them without his wife's consent. If he wish to take a second wife, and require any of these cattle for the purpose, he must obtain her concurrence.

"When I asked a native how this was to be procured, he said by flattery and coaxing, or if that did not succeed, by bothering her until she yielded, and told him not to do so to-morrow, i. e. for the future. Sometimes she becomes angry, and tells him to take all, for they are not hers, but his. If she comply with her husband's polygamous desires, and furnish cattle to purchase and induce a new wife, she will be entitled to her services, and will call her *my* wife. She will also be entitled to the cattle received for a new wife's eldest daughter. The cattle assigned to the

second wife are subject to the same rules, and so on, while fresh wives are taken. Any wife may furnish the cattle necessary to add a new member to the harem, and with the same consequences as resulted to the first wife; but it seems that the queen, as the first is called, can claim the right of refusal." It will be seen from this account of the relative stations of the different wives, that the position of chief wife is one that would be much prized, and we can therefore understand that the elevation of a new comer to that rank would necessarily create a strong feeling of jealousy in the hearts of the others.

In consequence of the plurality of wives, the law of inheritance is most complicated. Some persons may wonder that a law which seems to belong especially to civilization should be found among savage tribes like the Kaffirs. But it must be remembered that the Kaffir is essentially a man living under authority, and that his logical turn of intellect has caused him to frame a legal code which is singularly minute in all its details, and which enters not only into the affairs of the nation, but into those of private life. The law respecting the rank held by the wives, and the control which they exercise over property, is sufficiently minute to give promise that there would also be a law which regulated the share held in the property of their respective children.

In order to understand the working of this law, the reader must remember two facts which have been mentioned: the one, that the wives do not live in common, but that each has her own house; and moreover, that to each house a certain amount of cattle is attached, in theory, if not in practice. When the headman of a kraal dies, his property is divided among his children by virtue of a law, which, though unwritten, is well known, and is as precise as any similar law in England. If there should be an eldest son, born in the house of the chief wife, he succeeds at once to his father's property, and inherits his rank. There is a very common Kaffir song, which, though not at all filial, is characteristic. It begins by saying, "My father has died, and I have all his cattle," and then proceeds to expatiate on the joys of wealth. He does not necessarily inherit all the cattle in the kraal, because there may be sons belonging to other houses; in such cases, the eldest son of each house would be entitled to the cattle which are recognized as the property of that house. Still, he exercises a sort of paternal authority over the whole, and will often succeed in keeping all the family together instead of giving to each son his share of the cattle, and letting them separate in different directions. Such a course of proceeding is the best for all parties, as they possess a strength when united, which they could not hope to attain when separated.

It sometimes happens that the owner of the kraal has no son, and in that case, the property is claimed by his father, brother, or nearest living relative, — always, if possible, by a member of the same house as himself. It sometimes happens that no male relation can be found, and when such a failure takes place, the property goes to the chief, as the acknowledged father of the tribe. As to the women, they very seldom inherit anything, but go with the cattle to the different heirs, and form part of their property. To this general rule there are exceptional cases, but they are very rare. It will be seen, therefore, that every woman has some one who acts as her father, whether her father be living or not, and although the compulsory dependent state of women is not conducive to their dignity, it certainly protects them from many evils. If, for example, a girl were left an orphan, an event which is of very frequent occurrence in countries where little value is placed on human life, she would be placed in a very unpleasant position, for either she would find no husband at all, or she would be fought over by poor and turbulent men who wanted to obtain a wife without paying for her. Kaffir law, however, provides for this difficulty by making the male relations heirs of the property, and, consequently, protectors of the women; so that as long as there is a single male relation living, an orphan girl has a guardian. The law even goes further, and contemplates a case which sometimes exists, namely, that all the male relatives are dead, or that they cannot be identified. Such a case as this may well occur in the course of a war, for the enemy will sometimes swoop down on a kraal, and if their plans be well laid, will kill every male inhabitant. Even if all are not killed, the survivors may be obliged to flee for their lives, and thus it may often happen that a young girl finds herself comparatively alone in the world. In such a case, she would go to another chief of her tribe, or even to the king himself, and ask permission to become one of his dependants, and many instances have been known where such refugees have been received into tribes not their own.

When a girl is received as a dependant, she is treated as a daughter, and if she should happen to fall ill, her guardian would offer sacrifices for her exactly as if she were one of his own daughters. Should a suitor present himself, he will have to treat with the guardian exactly as if he were the father, and to him will be paid the cattle that are demanded at the wedding. Mr. Fynn mentions that the women are very tenacious about their relatives, and that in many cases when they could not identify their real relations, they have made arrangements with strangers to declare relationship with them. It is possible that this feeling arises from the notion that a husband would have more

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As an example of the curious minuteness with which the Kaffir law goes into the details of domestic polity, it may be mentioned that if a female dependant be married, and should afterward be fortunate enough to discover her real relatives, they may claim the cattle paid for her by the husband. But they must give one of the cows to her protector as payment for her maintenance, and the trouble taken in marrying her. Moreover, if any cattle have been sacrificed on her behalf, these must be restored, together with any others that may have been slaughtered at the marriage-feast. The fact that she is paid for by her husband conveys no idea of degradation to a Kaffir woman. On the contrary, she looks upon the fact as a proof of her own worth, and the more cattle are paid for her, the prouder she becomes. Neither would the husband like to take a wife without paying the proper sum for her, because in the first place it would be a tacit assertion that the wife was worthless, and in the second, it would be an admission that he could not afford to pay the usual price. Moreover, the delivery of the cattle. on the one side, and the delivery of the girl on the other, are considered as constituting the validity of the marriage contract, and are looked upon in much the same light as the giving of a ring by the husband and the giving away of the bride by her father in our own marriage ceremonies.

What that price may be is exceedingly variable, and depends much on the beauty and qualifications of the bride, and the rank of her father. The ordinary price of an unmarried girl is eight or ten cows, while twelve or fifteen are not unfrequently paid, and in some cases the husband has been obliged to give as many as fifty before the father would part with his daughter. Payment ought to be made beforehand by rights, and the man cannot demand his wife until the cattle have been transferred. This rule is, however, frequently relaxed, and the marriage is allowed when a certain instalment has been paid, together with a guarantee that the remainder shall be forthcoming within a reasonable time. All preliminaries having been settled, the next business is for the intending bridegroom to present himself to his future wife. Then, although a certain sum is demanded for a girl, and must be paid before she becomes a wife, it does not follow that she exercises no choice whatever in accepting or rejecting a suitor, as may be seen from the following passages taken from Mr. Shooter's valuable work on Kaffirland:—

"When a husband has been selected for a girl, she may be delivered to him without any previous notice, and Mr. Fynn acknowledges that in some cases this is done. But

usually, he says, she is informed of her parent's intention a month or some longer time beforehand, in order, I imagine, that she may, if possible, be persuaded to think favorably of the man. Barbarians as they are, the Kaffirs are aware that it is better to reason with a woman than to beat her; and I am inclined to think that moral means are usually employed to induce a girl to adopt her parent's choice, before physical arguments are resorted to. Sometimes very elaborate efforts are made, as I have been told, to produce this result. The first step is to speak well of the man in her presence; the kraal conspire to praise him—her sisters praise him—all the admirers of his cattle praise him—he was never so praised before. Unless she is very resolute, the girl may now perhaps be prevailed on to see him, and a messenger is despatched to communicate the hopeful fact, and summon him to the kraal. Without loss of time he prepares to show himself to the best advantage; he goes down to the river, and having carefully washed his dark person, comes up again dripping and shining like a dusky Triton; but the sun soon dries his skin, and now he shines again with grease.

"His dancing attire is put on, a vessel of water serving for a mirror; and thus clothed in his best, and carrying shield and assagai, he sets forth, with beating heart and gallant step, to do battle with the scornful belle. Having reached the kraal he is received with a hearty welcome, and squatting down in the family 'circle' (which is here something more than a figure of speech), he awaits the lady's appearance. Presently she comes, and sitting down near the door stares at him in silence. Then having surveyed him sufficiently in his present attitude, she desires him through her brother (for she will not speak to him) to stand up and exhibit his proportions. The modest man is embarrassed; but the mother encourages him, and while the young ones laugh and jeer, he rises before the damsel. She now scrutinizes him in this position, and having balanced the merits and defects of a front view, desires him (through the same medium as before) to turn round and favor her with a different aspect. (See page 97.) At length he receives permission to squat again, when she retires as nuptial as she came. The family troop rush after her impatient to learn her decision; but she declines to be hasty—she has not seen him walk, and perhaps he limps. So, next morning, the unfortunate man appears in the cattle fold, to exhibit his paces before a larger assembly. A volley of praises is showered upon him by the interested spectators; and perhaps the girl has come to think as they think, and signifies her approval. In this case, arrangements are made for the betrothal." This amusing ceremony has two mean-

ings—the first, that the contract of marriage is a voluntary act on both sides; and the second, that the intending bridegroom has as yet no authority over her. This last point seems to be thought of some importance, as it is again brought forward when the marriage ceremony takes place. That the girl has no choice in a husband is evidently not true. There are, of course, instances in Kaffirland, as well as in more civilized countries, where the parents have set their hearts on a particular alliance, and have disregarded the aversion of their daughters, forcing her by hard words and other cruelties to consent to the match. But, as a general rule, although a girl must be bought with a certain number of cows, it does not at all follow that every one with the requisite means may buy her.

A rather amusing proof to the contrary is related by one of our clergy who resided for a long time among the Kaffir tribes. There was one "boy," long past the prime of life, who had distinguished himself in war, and procured a fair number of cows, and yet could not be ranked as a "man," because he was not married. The fact was, he was so very ugly that he could not find any of the dusky beauties who would accept him, and so he had to remain a bachelor in spite of himself. At last the king took compassion on him, and authorized him to assume the head-ring, and take brevet rank among the men, or "ama-doda," just as among ourselves an elderly maiden lady is addressed by courtesy as if she had been married. Sometimes a suitor's heart misgives him, and he fears that, in spite of his wealth and the costly ornaments with which he adorns his dark person, the lady may not be propitious. In this case he generally goes to a witch doctor and purchases a charm, which he hopes will cause her to relent. The charm is sometimes a root, or a piece of wood, bone, metal, or horn, worn about the person, but it most usually takes the form of a powder. This magic powder is given to some trusty friend, who mixes it surreptitiously in the girl's food, sprinkles it on her dress, or deposits it in her snuff box, and shakes it up with the legitimate contents.

Not unfrequently, when a suitor is very much disliked, and has not the good sense to withdraw his claims, the girl takes the matter into her own hands by running away, often to another tribe. There is always a great excitement in these cases, and the truant is hunted by all her relations. One of these flights took place when a girl had been promised to the ill-favored bachelor who has just been mentioned. He offered a chief a considerable number of cattle for one of his wards, and paid the sum in advance, hoping so to clinch the bargain. But when the damsel found who her husband was to be, she flatly refused to marry so ugly a man. Neither cajolements,

threats, nor actual violence had any effect, and at last she was tied up with ropes and handed over to her purchaser. He took her to his home, but in a few hours she contrived to make her escape, and fled for refuge to the kraal of a neighboring chief, where it is to be hoped she found a husband more to her taste. Her former possessor declined to demand her back again, inasmuch as she had been paid for and delivered honorably, and on the same grounds declined to return the price paid for her. So the unfortunate suitor lost not only his cattle but his wife.

This man was heartily ashamed of his bachelor condition, and always concealed it as much as he could. One day, an Englishman who did not know his history asked him how many wives he had; and, although he knew that the falsehood of his answer must soon be detected, he had not moral courage to say that he was a bachelor, and named a considerable number of imaginary wives.

Now that the English have established themselves in Southern Africa, it is not at all an unusual circumstance for a persecuted girl to take refuge among them, though in many instances she has to be given up to her relations when they come to search for her.

Sometimes the young damsel not only exercises the right of refusal, but contrives to choose a husband for herself. In one such instance a man had fallen into poverty, and been forced to become a dependant. He had two unmarried daughters, and his chief proposed to buy them. The sum which he offered was so small that the father would not accept it, and there was in consequence a violent quarrel between the chief and himself. Moreover, the girls themselves had not the least inclination to become wives of the chief, who already had plenty, and they refused to be purchased, just as their father refused to accept so negligently a sum for them. The chief was very angry, went off to Panda, and contrived to extort an order from the king that the girls should become the property of the chief at the price which he had fixed. The girls were therefore taken to the kraal, but they would not go into any of the huts, and sat on the ground, much to the annoyance of their new owner, who at last had them carried into a hut by main force. One of the girls, named Uzinto, contrived ingeniously to slip unperceived from the hut at dead of night, and escaped from the kraal by creeping through the fence, lest the dogs should be alarmed if she tried to open the door. In spite of the dangers of night-travelling, she pushed on toward Natal as fast as she could, having nothing with her but the sleeping mat which a Kaffir uses instead of a bed, and which can be rolled up into a cylinder and slung over the shoulders. On her

had any effect, with ropes and her. He took her hours she could and fled for refuge to a neighboring chief, found a husband, former possessor of the land, and delivered her from the hands of her captors. So she was not only his

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way she met with two adventures, both of which nearly frustrated her plan. At the dawn of the day on which she escaped, she met a party of men, who saw tears in her face, and taxed her with being a fugitive. However, she was so ready with the answer that she had been taking snuff (the Kafir snuff always makes the eyes water profusely), that they allowed her to proceed on her journey.

The next was a more serious adventure. Having come to the territories of the Amakoba tribe, she went into a kraal for shelter at night, and the inhabitants, who knew the quarrel between her father and the chief, first fed her hospitably, and then tied her hand and foot, and sent off a messenger to the chief from whom she had escaped. She contrived, however, to get out of the kraal, but was captured again by the women. She was so violent with them, and her conduct altogether so strange, that they were afraid of her, and let her go her own way. From that time she avoided all dwellings, and only travelled through the bush, succeeding in fording the Tugela river at the end of the fourth day, thus being out of Panda's power. Her reason for undertaking this long and perilous journey was twofold; first, that she might escape from a husband whom she did not like, and secondly, that she might obtain a husband whom she did. For in the Natal district was living a young man with whom she had carried on some love-passages, and who, like herself, was a fugitive from his own land. After some difficulty, she was received as a dependant of a chief, and was straightway asked in marriage by two young men. She would have nothing to say to them, but contrived to find out her former lover. Then followed an absurd series of scenes, too long to be narrated in detail.

First the young man was rather cool toward her, and so she went off in a huff, and would not speak to him. Then he went after her, but was only repulsed for his pains. Then they met while the chief's corn was being planted, and made up the quarrel, but were espied by the chief, and both soundly beaten for idling instead of working. Then he fell ill, and she went to see him, but would not speak a word. Then he got well, and they had another quarrel, which was unexpectedly terminated by Uzinto insisting on being married. The young man objected that he did not know

how many cows the chief would want for her, and that he had not enough to pay for a wife. She was equal to the occasion, however, fixed her own value at ten cows, and ordered him to work hard until he had earned them. Meanwhile her protector had made up his mind to take her for his own wife, thinking it a good opportunity to gain another wife without paying for her. Uzinto, however, had not gone through so much to lose the husband on whom she had set her heart, and she went to the young man's kraal, appeared before the headman, and demanded to be instantly betrothed. He naturally feared the anger of the chief, and sent her back again to his kraal, where, with tears, sulking fits, anger fits, and threats of suicide, she worried all the inmates so completely, that they yielded the point for the sake of peace and quietness, accepted four cows from the lover as an instalment of the required ten, and so married her to him at last.

There is another instance, where a girl fell ardently in love with a young Kafir chief, as he was displaying his agility in a dance. He did not even know her, and was rather surprised when she presented herself at his kraal, and avowed the state of her affections. He, however, did not return them, and as the girl refused to leave his kraal, he was obliged to send for her brother, who removed her by force. She soon made her way back again, and this time was severely beaten for her pertinacity. The stripes had no effect upon her; and in less than a week she again presented herself. Finding that his sister was so determined, the brother suggested that the too-fascinating chief had better marry the girl, and so end the dispute; and the result was that at last the lady gained her point, the needful cows were duly paid to the brother, and the marriage took place.

Even after marriage, there are many instances where the wife has happened to possess an intellect far superior to that of her husband, and where she has gained a thorough ascendancy over him, guiding him in all his transactions, whether of peace or war. And it is only just to say that in these rare instances of feminine supremacy, the husband has submitted to his wife's guidance through a conviction that it was exercised judiciously, and not through any weakness of character on his own part, or ill-temper on hers.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE—*Concluded.*

WEDDING CEREMONIES—PROCESSION OF THE BRIDE—THE WEDDING DRESS—THE OXEN—THE WEDDING DANCE—MUTUAL DEPRECIATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT—ADVICE TO THE BRIDEOROOM—MUTUAL RELATIONS OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES—A KAFFIR PETRUCHIO—THE OX OF THE OIRL—UZINTO AGAIN—THE OX OF THE SURPLUS—ITS IMPORT—VARIETIES OF MARRIAGE CEREMONIES—POWER OF DIVORCE—COMPARISON OF THE KAFFIR AND MOSAIC LAWS—IRRESPONSIBLE AUTHORITY OF THE HUSBAND—CURIOUS CODE OF ETIQUETTE—KAFFIR NAMES, AND MODES OF CHOOSING THEM—THE BIRTH-NAME AND THE SURNAMES—SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING THE BIRTH-NAME—AN AMUSING STRATAGEM—THE SURNAMES, OR PRAISE-NAMES—HOW EARNED AND CONFERRED—VARIOUS PRAISE-NAMES OF PANDA—A KAFFIR BOASTER—SONG IN PRAISE OF PANDA—THE ALLUSIONS EXPLAINED—A STRANGE RESTRICTION, AND MODE OF EVADING IT—INFERIOR POSITION OF WOMEN—WOMEN WITH FIREWOOD—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GIRLS OF VARIOUS RANKS.

WHEN the marriage-day is fixed, a ceremonial takes place, differing in detail according to the wealth of the parties, but similar in all the principal points. The bride, decked in all the beads and other finery that she can muster, proceeds in a grand procession to the kraal of her future husband. Her head is shaved with an assagai before she starts, the little tuft of hair on the top of her bare pate is rubbed with red paint, and dressed with various appliances, until it stands on end, and the odd little tuft looks as much as possible like a red shaving brush, with very short, diverging bristles. She is escorted by all her young friends, and is accompanied by her mother and many other married women of the tribe, all bedizened to the utmost. Her male relatives and friends make a point of joining the procession, also dressed in their best, but each bearing his shield and a bundle of assagais, so as to guard the bride against enemies. She then seats herself, surrounded by her companions, outside the kraal.

About this period of the ceremony there is generally a considerable amount of hy-play respecting certain oxen, which have to be given by the bridegroom and the father of the bride. The former is called the "Ukutu" ox, which is given to the mother of the bride by the bridegroom. The word "Ukutu" literally signifies the leathern

things which are hung about the bodies of children by way of charms, and the present of the ox to the mother is made in order to reimburse her for the expenditure in things during her daughter's childhood. The mother does not keep the ox, but slaughters it and dresses it for the marriage feast, and by the time that the wedding has been fairly begun, the Ukutu ox is ready for the guests.

Another ox, called by the curious name of "Umquoliswa," is given by the bridegroom to the girl's father, and about this there is much ceremony, as is narrated by Mr. Shooter. "The day having considerably advanced, the male friends of the bride go to the bridegroom's kraal to claim the ox called Umquoliswa. In a case which I witnessed, they proceeded in a long file, with a step difficult to describe, being a sort of slow and measured stamping, an imitation of their dancing movement. Wearing the dress and ornaments previously mentioned as appropriated to occasions of festivity, they brandished shields and sticks, the usual accompaniment of a wedding dance; while their tongues were occupied with a monotonous and unsentimental chant—

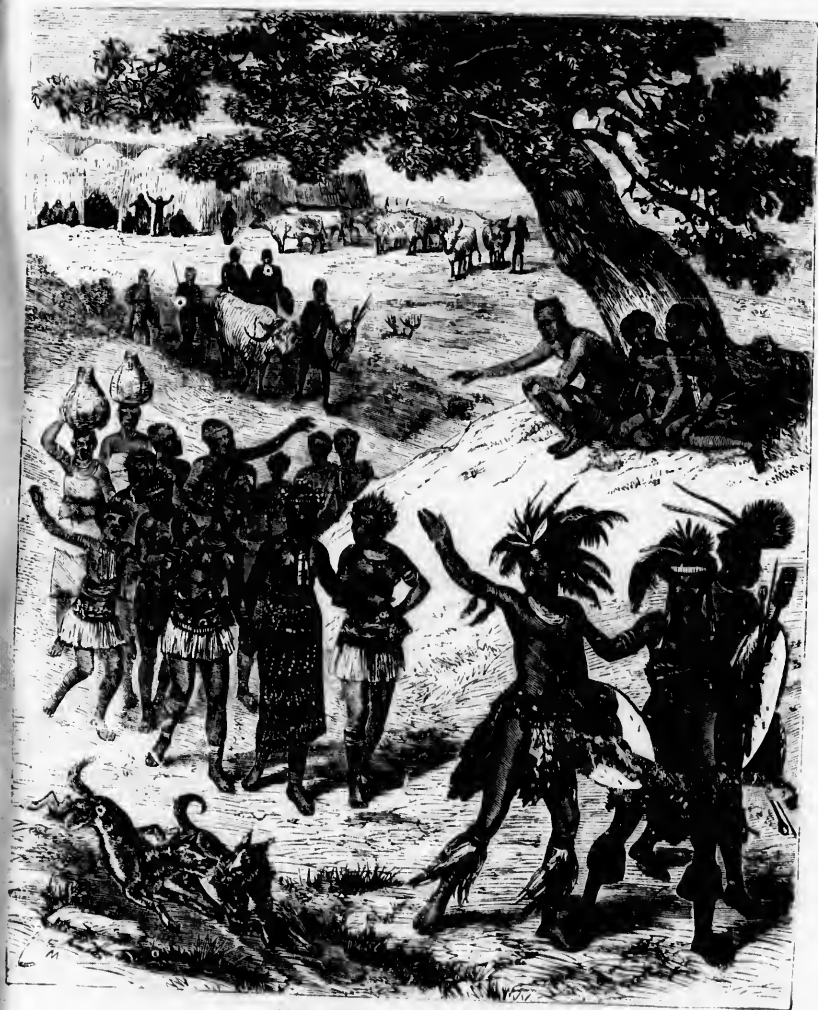
"Give us the Ur oliswa,
We desire the Umquoliswa."

"In this way they entered the kraal, and, turning to the right, reached the principal

THE OXEN—THE WED-
THE BRIDEGROOM—
THE OX OF THE GIRL—
MARRIAGE CEREMONIES
LAWS—IRRESPONSIBLE
GAMES, AND MODES OF
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PROCESSION OF THE BRIDE.

(See page 82.)

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hut. The father of the girl now called upon the bridegroom, who was inside, to come forth and give them the Umquoliswa. The latter replied that he had no ox to present to them. He was then assured that the bride would be taken home; but he remained invisible until other members of the party had required him to appear. Having left the house, he hurried to the gateway, and attempted to pass it. His exit, however, was barred by a company of women already in possession of the entrance, while a smile on his face showed that his efforts to escape were merely formal, and that he was going through an amusing ceremony. The Umquoliswa was now fetched from the herd, and given to the bride's party, who were bivouacking under the lee of a clump of bush. Her sisters affected to despise it as a paltry thing, and bade the owner produce a better. He told them that it was the largest and the fattest that he could procure; but they were not satisfied—they would not eat it. Presently, the father put an end to their noisy by-play, and accepted the beast. The bride then ran toward the kraal, and after a while the dances commenced."

The dances are carried on with the violent, and almost furious energy that seems to take possession of a Kaffir's soul when engaged in the dance, the arms flourishing sticks, shields, and spears, while the legs are performing marvellous feats of activity. First, the bridegroom and his companions seat themselves in the cattle pen, and refresh themselves copiously with beer, while the party of the bride dances before him. The process is then reversed, the bride sitting down, and her husband's party dancing before her. Songs on both sides accompany the dance.

The girl is addressed by the matrons belonging to the bridegroom's party, who depreciate her as much as possible, telling her that her husband has given too many cows for her, that she will never be able to do a married woman's work, that she is rather plain than otherwise, and that her marriage to the bridegroom is a wonderful instance of condescension on his part. This cheerful address is intended to prevent her from being too much elated by her translation from the comparative nonentity of girlhood to the honorable post of a Zulu matron.

Perfect equity, however, reigns; and when the bride's party begin to dance and sing, they make the most of their opportunity. Addressing the parents, they congratulate them on the possession of such a daughter, but rather condole with them on the very inadequate number of cows which the bridegroom has paid. They tell the bride that she is the most lovely girl in the tribe, that her conduct has been absolute perfection, that the husband is quite

unworthy of her, and ought to be ashamed of himself for making such a hard bargain with her father. Of course neither party believes a word that is said, but everything in Kaffirland must be conducted with the strictest etiquette.

After each dance, the leader—usually the father—addresses a speech to the contracted couple; and, if the bridegroom be taking a wife for the first time, the quantity of good advice that is heaped upon him by the more experienced would be very useful if he were likely to pay any attention to it. He is told that, being a bachelor, he cannot know how to manage a wife, and is advised not to make too frequent use of the stick, by way of gaining obedience. Men, he is told, can manage any number of wives without using personal violence; but boys are apt to be too hasty with their hands. The husband of Uzinto, whose adventures have already been related, made a curious stipulation when thus addressed, and promised not to beat her *if she did not beat him*. Considering the exceedingly energetic character of the girl, this was rather a wise condition to make.

All these preliminaries being settled, the bridegroom seats himself on the ground while the bride dances before him. While so doing, she takes the opportunity of calling him by opprobrious epithets, kicks dust in his face, disarranges his elegant head-dress, and takes similar liberties by way of letting him know that he is not her master yet. After she is married she will take no such liberties.

Then another ox comes on the scene, the last, and most important of all. This is called the Ox of the Girl, and has to be presented by the bridegroom.

It must here be mentioned that, although the bridegroom seems to be taxed rather heavily for the privilege of possessing a wife, the tax is more apparent than real. In the first place, he considers that all these oxen form part of the price which he pays for the wife in question, and looks upon them much in the same light that householders regard the various taxes that the occupier of a house has to pay—namely, a recognized addition to the sum demanded for the property. The Kaffir husband considers his wife as much a portion of his property as his spear or his kaross, and will sometimes state the point very plainly.

When a missionary was trying to remonstrate with a Kaffir for throwing all the hard work upon his wife and doing nothing at all himself, he answered that she was nothing more or less than his ox, bought and paid for, and must expect to be worked accordingly. His interlocutor endeavored to strengthen his position by mentioning the manner in which Europeans treated their wives, but met with little success in his argument. The Kaffir's reply was

simple enough, and perfectly unanswerable. "While men do not buy their wives, and the two cases are not parallel." In fact, a Kaffir husband's idea of a wife does not differ very far from that of Petruccio, although the latter did happen to be an European—

"I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything."

And the Kaffir wife's idea of a husband is practically that of the tamed Katherine—

"Thy husband is thy lord, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign"—

though she could by no manner of means finish the speech with truth, and say that he labors for her while she abides at home at ease, and asks no other tribute but obedience and love. The former portion of that tribute is exacted; the latter is not so rare as the circumstances seem to denote.

The sums which a Kaffir pays for his wife he considers as property invested by himself, and expected to return a good interest in the long run, and, as has already been mentioned, there are often circumstances under which he takes credit for the amount, and expects to be repaid. So, although a bridegroom is obliged to part with certain cattle on the occasion of his wedding, he keeps a very accurate mental account of them, and is sure to repay himself in one way or another.

After the Ox of the Girl has been furnished, it is solemnly slaughtered, and this constitutes the binding portion of the marriage. Up to that time the father or owner of the girl might take her back again, of course returning the cattle that had been paid for her, as well as those which had been presented and slaughtered. Our heroine, Uzinto, afforded an example of this kind. The bridegroom had a natural antipathy to the chief, who had tried to marry the lady by force, and showed his feelings by sending the very smallest and thinnest ox that could be found. The chief remonstrated at this insult, and wanted to annul the whole transaction. In this he might have succeeded, but for a curious coincidence. The father of the bride had finally quarrelled with his chief, and had been forced to follow the example of his daughter and her intended husband, and to take refuge in Natal. Just at the wedding he unexpectedly made his appearance, and found himself suddenly on the way to wealth. His daughter was actually being married to a man who had engaged to pay ten cows for her. So he did not trouble himself in the least about the size of the ox that was to be slaughtered, but accepted the animal, and accordingly became owner

of the cows in question, *minus* those which had to be paid as honorary gifts to the disappointed chief and the successful lover.

After the ceremonies are over, the husband takes his wife home, the character of that home being dependent on his rank and wealth. But when the couple have fairly taken up their abode, the father or previous owner of the wife always sends one ox to her husband. This ox is called the Ox of the Surplus, and represents several ideas. In the first place it is supposed to imply that the girl's value very far exceeds that of any number of oxen which can be given for her, and is intended to let the bridegroom know that he is not to think too much of himself. Next, it is an admission on the father's side that he is satisfied with the transaction, and that when he dies he will not avenge himself by haunting his daughter's household, and so causing the husband to be disappointed in his wishes for a large family of boys and girls, the first to be warriors and extend the power of his house, and the second to be sold for many cows and increase his wealth. So curiously elaborate are the customs of the Kaffirs, that when this Ox of the Surplus enters the kraal of the husband it is called by another name, and is then entitled "The Ox that opens the Cattle-fold." The theory of this name is, that the husband has paid for his wife all his oxen, and that in consequence the cattle-fold is empty. But the ox that she brings with her reopens the gate of the fold, and is looked upon as an earnest of the herds that are to be purchased with the daughters which she may have in the course of her married life. These curious customs strongly remind us of the old adage respecting the counting of chickens before they are hatched, but the Kaffir seems to perform that premature calculation in more ways than one.

The reader will understand that these minute and complicated ceremonies are not always observed in precisely the same manner. In many cases, especially when the Kaffirs have lived for any length of time under the protection of white men, there is very little, if any ceremony; the chief rites being the arrangement with the girl's owner or father, the delivery of the cattle, and the transfer of the purchased girl to the kraal of her husband. Moreover, it is very difficult for white men to be present at Kaffir ceremonies, and in many cases the Kaffirs will pretend that there is no ceremony at all, in order to put their interrogators off the track. The foregoing account is, however, a tolerably full description of the ceremonies that are, or have been, practised by the great Zulu tribe.

A marriage thus made is considered quite as binding as any ceremony among ourselves, and the Kaffir may not put away his

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wife except for causes that are considered valid by the councillors of the tribe. Infidelity is, of course, punished by instant dismissal of the unfaithful wife, if not by her death, the latter fate invariably befalling the erring wife of a chief. As for the other culprit, the aggrieved husband has him at his mercy, and sometimes puts him to death, but sometimes commutes that punishment for a heavy fine. Constant and systematic disobedience is also accepted as a valid cause of divorce, and so is incorrigible idleness. The process of reasoning is, that the husband has bought the woman in order to perform certain tasks for him. If she refuses to perform them through disobedience, or omits to perform them through idleness, it is clear that he has paid his money for a worthless article, and is therefore entitled to return her on the hands of the vendor, and to receive back a fair proportion of the sum which he has paid. Sometimes she thinks herself ill treated, and betakes herself to the kraal of her father. In this case, the father can keep her by paying back the cattle which he has received for her; and if there should be any children, the husband retains them as hostages until the cattle have been delivered. He then transfers them to the mother, to whom they rightly belong.

Another valid cause of divorce is the misfortune of a wife being childless. The husband expects that she shall be a fruitful wife, and that his children will add to his power and wealth; and if she does not fulfil this expectation, he is entitled to a divorce. Generally, he sends the wife to the kraal of her father, who propitiates the spirits of her ancestors by the sacrifice of an ox, and begs them to remove the cause of divorce. She then goes back to her husband, but if she should still continue childless, she is sent back to her father, who is bound to return the cattle which he has received for her. Sometimes, however, a modification of this system is employed, and the father gives, in addition to the wife, one of her unmarried sisters, who, it is hoped, may better fulfil the wishes of the husband. The father would rather follow this plan than consent to a divorce, because he then retains the cattle, and to give up a single ox causes pangs of sorrow in a Kaffir's breast. Should the sister become a fruitful wife, one or two of the children are transferred to the former wife, and ever afterward considered as belonging to her house.

All these details remind the observer of similar details in the Mosaic law of marriage, and, in point of fact, the social condition of the Kaffir of the present day is not very different from that of the Israelite when the Law was first promulgated through the great legislator. Many of the customs are identical, and in others

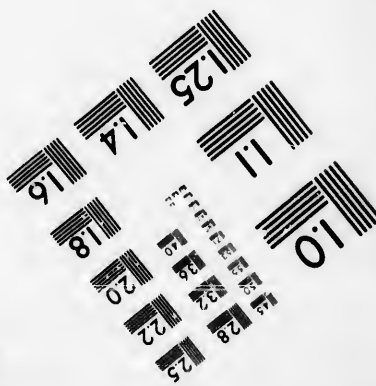
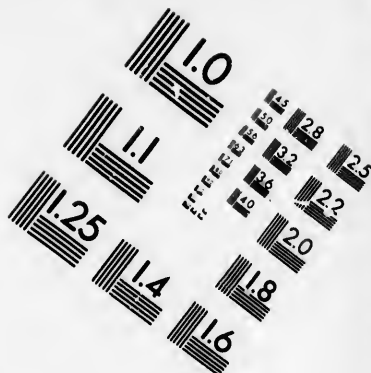
there is a similitude that is almost startling. But, as far as the facility of divorce goes, the Kaffir certainly seems to look upon marriage, even though he may have an unlimited number of wives, with more reverence than did the ancient Israelite, and he would not think of divorcing a wife through a mere caprice of the moment, as was sanctioned by the traditions of the Jews, though not by their divinely given law.

Still, though he does not, as a general rule, think himself justified in such arbitrary divorces, he considers himself grieved with an irresponsible authority over his wives, even to the power of life and death. If, for example, a husband in a fit of passion were to kill his wife—a circumstance that has frequently occurred—no one has any business to interfere in the matter, for, according to his view of the case, she is his property, bought, and paid for, and he has just as much right to kill her as if she were one of his goats or oxen. Her father cannot proceed against the murderer, for he has no further right in his daughter, having sold her and received the stipulated price. The man has, in fact, destroyed valuable property of his own—property which might be sold for cows, and which was expected to work for him, and produce offspring exchangeable for cows. It is thought, therefore, that if he chooses to inflict upon himself so severe a loss, no one has any more right to interfere with him than if he were to kill a number of oxen in a fit of passion. Sometimes, however, the chief has been known to take such a matter in hand, and to fine the delinquent in a cow or two for destroying a valuable piece of property, which, though his own, formed a unit in the strength of the tribe, and over which he, as the acknowledged father of the tribe, had a jurisdiction. But, even in such rare instances, his interference, although it would be made ostensibly for the sake of justice, would in reality be an easy mode of adding to his own wealth by confiscating the cattle which he demanded as a fine from the culprit.

Between married persons and their relatives a very singular code of etiquette prevails. In the first place, a man is not allowed to marry any one to whom he is related by blood. He may marry two or more sisters, provided that they come from a different family from his own, but he may not take a wife who descended from his own immediate ancestors. But, like the ancient Hebrews, a man may not only marry the wife of a deceased brother, but considers himself bound to do so in justice to the woman, and to the children of his brother, who then become to all intents and purposes his own.

The peculiar etiquette which has been mentioned lies in the social conduct of





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those who are related to each other by marriage and not by blood. After a man is married, he may not speak familiarly to his wife's mother, nor even look upon her face, and this curious custom is called "being ashamed of the mother-in-law." If he wishes to speak to her, he must retire to some distance, and carry on his communication by shouting; which, as has been truly said, is certainly no hardship to a Kaffir. Or, if the communication be of a nature that others ought not to hear, the etiquette is thought to be sufficiently observed provided that the two parties stand at either side of a fence over which they cannot see.

If, as is often the case, the man and his mother-in-law happen to meet in one of the narrow paths that lead from the kraal to the gardens and cultivated fields, they must always pretend not to see each other. The woman generally looks out for a convenient bush, and crouches behind it, while the man carefully holds his shield to his face. So far is this peculiar etiquette carried that neither the man nor his mother-in-law is allowed to mention the name of the other. This prohibition must in all places be exceedingly awkward, but it is more so in Kaffirland, where the name which is given to each individual is sure to denote some mental or physical attribute, or to be the name of some natural object which is accepted as the embodiment of that attribute.

Supposing, then, that the name of the man signified a house, and that the name of his mother-in-law signified a cow, it is evident that each must be rather embarrassed in ordinary conversation. Persons thus situated always substitute some other word for that which they are forbidden to pronounce, and that substitution is always accepted by the friends. Curiously circumlocutory terms are thus invented, and very much resemble the euphemisms which prevail both in Northern America and Northern Europe. In such a case as has been mentioned, the man might always speak of a cow as the "horned one," and the woman would use the word "dwelling" or "habitation" instead of "house."

As, moreover, a man has generally a considerable number of mothers-in-law, it is evident that this rule must sometimes be productive of much inconvenience, and cause the memory to be always on the stretch. How such a man as Panda, who has at least a thousand mothers-in-law, contrives to carry on conversation at all, is rather perplexing. Perhaps he is considered to be above the law, and that his words are as irresponsible as his actions. The

reader may perhaps remember that a similar custom prevails throughout the greater part of Polynesia.

The wife, again, is interdicted from pronouncing the name of her husband, or that of any of his brothers. This seems as if she would be prevented from speaking to him in familiar terms, but such is not really the case. The fact is, that every Kaffir has more than one name; and the higher the rank, the greater the number of names. At birth, or soon afterward, a name is given to the child, and this name has always reference to some attribute which the



KAFFIR PASSING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

child is desired to possess, or to some circumstance which has occurred at the time.

For example, a child is sometimes called by the name of the day on which it is born, just as Robinson Crusoe called his servant Friday. If a wild beast, such as a lion or a jackal, were heard to roar at the time when the child was born, the circumstance would be accepted as an omen, and the child called by the name of the beast, or by a word which represents its cry. Mr. Shooter mentions some rather curious examples of these names. If the animal which was heard at the time of the child's birth were the hyæna, which is called *impisi* by the natives, the name of the child might be either Umpisi, or U-huhu, the second being an imitative sound representing the laugh-like cry of the hyæna. A boy whose father prided himself on the number of his stud, which of course would be very much increased when his son inherited them, called the child "Uso-mahashe," i. e. the father of horses. This child became afterward a well-known chief in the Natal district. A girl, again, whose mother had been presented with a new hoe just before

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her daughter was born, called the girl
"Uno-ntsimbi," i. e. the daughter of iron.
The name of Panda, the king of the Zulu
tribes, is in reality "U-mpande," a name
derived from "impande," a kind of root.

These birth-names are known by the title
"igama," and it is only to them that the
prohibitive custom extends. In the case of
a chief, his igama may not be spoken by
any belonging to his kraal; and in the case
of a king, the law extends to all his sub-
jects. Thus, a Kafir will not only refuse to
speak of Panda by his name, but when he
has occasion to speak of the root *impande*,
he substitutes another word, and calls it
"ingxabo."

A Kafir does not like that a stranger
should even hear his igama, for he has a
hazy sort of idea that the knowledge might
be used for some evil purpose. One of my
friends, who lived in Kafirland for some
years, and employed a considerable number
of the men, never could induce any of them
to tell him their igama, and found that they
would always prefer to be called by some
English name, such as Tom, or Billy. At
last, when he had attained a tolerable idea
of the language, he could listen to their
conversation, and so find out the real names
by which they addressed each other. When
he had mastered these names, he took an
opportunity of addressing each man by his
igama, and frightened them exceedingly.
On hearing the word spoken, they started
as if they had been struck, and laid their
hands on their mouths in horrified silence.
The very fact that the white man had been
able to gain the forbidden knowledge af-
fected them with so strong an idea of his
superiority that they became very obedient
servants.

In addition to the igama, the Kafir takes
other names, always in praise of some
action that he has performed, and it is
thought good manners to address him by
one or more of these titles. This second
name is called the "isi-bonga," a word which
is derived from "uku-bonga," to praise.
In Western Africa, a chief takes, in addi-
tion to his ordinary name, a whole series of
"strong-names," all allusive to some por-
tion of his history. Sometimes, the *isi-*
bonga is given to him by others. For
example, as soon as a boy is enrolled among
the youths, his parents give him an *isi-*
bonga; and when he assumes the head-ring
of manhood, he always assumes another
praise-name. If a man distinguishes him-
self in battle, his comrades greet him by an
isi-bonga, by which he is officially known
until he earns another. On occasions of
ceremony he is always addressed by one or
more of these praise-names; and if he be
visited by an inferior, the latter stands out-
side his hut, and proclaims aloud as many
of his titles as he thinks suitable for the
occasion. It is then according to etiquette

to send a present of snuff, food, and drink to
the visitor, who again visits the hut, and
recommences his proclamation, adding more
titles as an acknowledgment of the chief's
liberality.

A king has, of course, an almost illimit-
able number of *isi-bongas*, and really to
learn them all in order requires a memory
of no mean order. Two or three of them
are therefore selected for ordinary use, the
remainder being reserved for the heralds
whose peculiar office it is to recite the
praises of their monarch. Panda, for exam-
ple, is usually addressed as "O Elephant."
This is merely a symbolical *isi-bonga*, and
is given to the king as admitting him to
be greatest among men as the elephant is
greatest among beasts. In one sense it is
true enough, the elephantine proportions of
Panda quite justifying such an allusion.
This title might be given to any very great
man, but it is a convenient name by which
the king may be called, and therefore by
this name he is usually addressed in council
and on parade.

For example, Mr. Shooter recalls a little
incident which occurred during a review by
Panda. The king turned to one of the
"boys," and asked how he would behave if
he met a white man in battle? Never was
there a more arrant coward than this
"boy," but boasting was safe, and springing
to his feet he spoke like a brave: "Yes, O
Elephant! You see me! I'll go against
the white man. His gun is nothing. I'll
rush upon him quickly before he has time
to shoot, or I'll stoop down to avoid the ball.
See how I'll kill him!" and forthwith his
stick did the work of an assagai on the body
of an imaginary European. Ducking to
avoid a bullet, and then rushing in before
the enemy had time to reload, was a very
favorite device with the Kafir warriors,
and answered very well at first. But their
white foes soon learned to aim so low that
all the ducking in the world could not elude
the bullet, while the more recent invention
of revolvers and breech-loaders has entirely
discomfited this sort of tactics.

In a song in honor of Panda, a part of
which has already been quoted, a great
number of *isi-bongas* are introduced. It
will be therefore better to give the song
entire, and to explain the various allusions
in their order. It must be remembered
that in his earlier days Panda, whose life
was originally spared by Dingan, when he
murdered Tehaka and the rest of the fam-
ily, was afterward obliged to flee before
him, and very ingeniously contrived to get
off safely across the river by watching his
opportunity while the army of Dingan was
engaged in another direction. He then
made an alliance with the white men,
brought a large force against Dingan, and
conquered him, driving him far beyond the
boundaries, and ending by having himself

proclaimed as King of the Zulu tribes. This fight took place at the Makonko, and was witnessed by Panda's wife, who came from Mankebe. The various praise-names of Panda, or the isi-bongas, are marked by being printed in italics.

- "1. Thou brother of the Tchakas, *considerate forder,*
2. *A swallow which fled in the sky;*
3. *A whose cattle with a whiskered breast;*
4. *Whose cattle was ever in so huddled a crowd,*
5. *They stumbled for room when they ran.*
6. *Thou false adorer of the valor of another,*
7. *That valor thou tookest at the battle of Makonko.*
8. *Of the stock of N'dabazita, ramrod of brass,*
9. *Survivor alone of all other rods;*
10. *Others they broke and left this in the soot,*
11. *Thinking to burn it some rainy cold day.*
12. *Thigh of the bullock of Inkakacini,*
13. *Always delicious if only 'tis roasted,*
14. *It will always be tasteless if boiled.*
15. *The woman from Mankebe is delighted;*
16. *She has seen the leopards of Jama*
17. *Fighting together between the Makonko.*
18. *He passed between the Jutima and Ihiza,*
19. *The Celestial who thundered between the Makonko.*
20. *I praise thee, O king! son of Jokwane, the son of Uidaba,*
21. *The merciless opponent of every conspiracy.*
22. *Thou art an elephant, an elephant, an elephant.*
23. *All glory to thee, thou monarch who art black."*

The first isi-bonga in line 1, alludes to the ingenuity with which Panda succeeded in crossing the river, so as to escape out of the district where Dingan exercised authority. In the second line, "swallow which fled in the sky," is another allusion to the secrecy with which he managed his flight, which left no more track than the passage of a swallow through the air. Lines 4 and 5 allude to the wealth, *i. e.* the abundance of cattle, possessed by Panda. Line 6 asserts that Panda was too humble-minded, and thought more of the power of Dingan than it deserved; while line 7 offers as proof of this assertion that when they came to fight Panda conquered Dingan. Lines 8 to 11 all relate to the custom of scolding sticks by hanging them over the fireplaces in Kaffir huts. Line 14 alludes to the fact that meat is very seldom roasted by the Kaffirs, but is almost invariably boiled, or rather stewed, in closed vessels. In line 15 the "woman from Mankebe" is Panda's favorite wife. In line 19, "The Celestial" alludes to the name of the great Zulu tribe over which Panda reigned; the word "Zulu" meaning celestial, and having much the same import as the same word when employed by the Chinese to denote their origin. Line 21 refers to the attempts of Panda's rivals to dethrone him, and the ingenious manner in which he contrived to defeat their plans by forming judicious alliances. Line 22 reiterates the chief isi-bonga by which he is orally addressed, and the words "Monarch who art black" have

already been explained at p. 12, when treating of the appearance of the Kaffir tribes.

As is the case in many countries, when a man has his first-born son presented to him he takes as a new isi-bonga the name of the son, with that of "father" prefixed to it; while, on the other hand, if his father should happen to be a man of peculiar eminence he takes as a praise-name that of his father, with the word "son" prefixed. It will be seen, therefore, that while the original name, or igama, is permanent, though very seldom mentioned, his isi-bonga, or praise-name, is continually changing.

Fortunately, the Zulu language is complex in its structure, and its purity is jealously preserved by the continual councils which are held, and the displays of oratory which always accompany them. Otherwise, this curious custom of substituting arbitrarily one word for another might have an extremely injurious effect on the language, as has indeed been the case in the countries where a similar custom prevails, and in which the language has changed so completely that the natives who had left their own country, and returned after a lapse of some thirty years, would scarcely be able to make themselves understood, even though they had perfectly retained the language as it was when they last spoke it in their own land.

There is a curious regulation among the Kaffirs, that a man is not allowed to enter the hut in which either of his son's wives may be. If he wishes to enter he gives notice, and she retires. But, when he is in possession of the hut, she is placed at equal disadvantage, and cannot enter her own house until he has left it. This rule, however, is seldom kept in all its strictness, and indeed such literal obedience is hardly possible, because the eldest son very seldom leaves his father's kraal until he has married at least two wives. In consequence of the great practical inconvenience of this rule, the Kaffirs have contrived to evade it, although they have not openly abandoned it. The father-in-law presents an ox to his son's wife, and in consideration of this liberality, she frees him from the obligation of this peculiar and troublesome courtesy. The native name for this custom is "uku-hlonipa."

From what has been said, it is evident that women hold a very inferior position among the Kaffirs, and are looked upon quite as if they were cattle; liable, like cattle, to be bought and sold. A Kaffir never dreams that he and his wife are on terms of the least equality, or that he does not deserve praise at her hand for his condescension in marrying her at all. A man will scarcely condescend to notice the women of his own household. If they go out on their several labors, they go their several ways. Supposing, for example, that a man were to cut sticks for firing, or poles for the support of a new house; his wives, in going

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to the same spot, would be careful to choose a different path. When he has cut the wood he walks off, leaving his wives to perform the really heavy labor of bringing it home, and no man would ever think of assisting a woman in so menial a labor.

There are now before me several photographs representing women carrying bundles of sticks, and it is wonderful what huge burdens these hard worked women will carry. A man will not even lift the wood upon the head of his wife, but expects that one of her own sex will assist her. Sometimes, when a number of women are returning from wood cutting, walking in single file, as is their custom, a "boy" will take the head of the procession. But he will not degrade himself by carrying so much as a stick, and bears nothing but his weapons, and perhaps a small shield.

The unceremonious manner in which these hard worked women are treated is little less singular than the cheerful acquiescence with which they obey the commands of their sable masters. Once, when Captain Gardiner was visiting Dingan, he was roused long before daybreak by the vociferation of a man who was running through the kraal, and shouting some command in a most peremptory tone. It turned out that Dingan had suddenly taken into his head to build a new kraal, and had ordered all the women into the bush to procure reeds and branches for building purposes. In a few minutes a vast number of female voices were heard uniting in a pleasing melody, which became louder and louder as the numbers of the singers increased on their mustering ground, and then gradually died away in the distance as they moved to the scene of their labors. The bush to which they were sent was ten miles from the kraal, but they went off quite cheerfully, and in the afternoon, when they returned, each bearing a huge bundle of bushes on her head, they were singing the same song, though they had walked so long a distance and so heavily laden. The song does not seem to have possessed much variety, as it chiefly consisted of one line, "Akoosiniki, ingonyama izezewi," and a chorus of "Haw! haw! haw!" It was probably intended for the same purpose as the tunes played by regimental bands; namely, to enable the party to keep step with each other. Dingan was so tenacious of the superiority of his own sex that he would never allow his wives to stand in his presence, but made them shuffle about from place to place on their knees.

In consequence of their different habits of life, the men and women hardly seem to belong to the same race. The men, as a rule, are exceptionally fine specimens of humanity; and, despite their high cheekbones, woolly hair, and thick lips, might serve as models for a sculptor. Their stature

is tall, their forms are elastic and muscular, and their step is free and noble, as becomes the gait of warriors. In all these respects they are certainly not inferior to Europeans, and in many are decidedly superior. The women, however, are rather stunted than otherwise; their figures are bowed by reason of the heavy weights which they have to carry, and they rapidly lose that wonderful symmetry of form which distinguished them while still in the bloom of youth. The men preserve their grandeur of demeanor and their bold, intelligent aspect, even until their hair is gray from age, while the elderly Kafir woman is at best awkward and unsightly, and the old woman irresistibly reminds the observer of an aged and withered monkey.

Exceptions to the general rule are sometimes found. A chief or wealthy man, for example, would take a pride in freeing his daughters and chief wife from the exceptionally hard labor which falls to the lot of the sex in Kafirland. In the case of the daughters, he is moved quite as much by self-interest as by parental affection. A girl fetches a price commensurate with her appearance, and the very best price is always to be obtained for the best article. The daughter of a poor man, or dependant, is obliged to work hard and live hard; and the natural consequence is, that she has scarcely any real youth, and that her form is spoiled by the heavy labors which are imposed upon her at an age when all the bodily powers ought to be employed in adding to the physical energy of her frame. Therefore, when such a girl is old enough to be married, she is thin, careworn, and coarse, and no one will give very much for her. Indeed, if she should be married, she is perfectly aware that her real post in the kraal of her husband is little more than that of a purchased drudge.

The daughter of a wealthy man, on the contrary, undertakes but little of the really hard work which falls to the lot of her sex; and as she is not only allowed, but encouraged, to eat the most fattening food with as much despatch as possible, it naturally follows that, when compared with the ordinary drudge of every-day life, she is by far the more prepossessing, and her father is sure to obtain a very much higher price for her than would have been the case if she had been forced to do hard labor. Thus the three great requisites of a Kafir girl are, that she should be fat, strong, and have a tolerably good-looking face. This last qualification is, however, subordinate to the other two. That she is fat, shows that she has not been prematurely worn out by hard work; and that she is strong, gives promise that she will be able to do plenty of work after her marriage, and that the purchaser will not have reason to think that he has wasted his money.

CHAPTER XI.

WAR—OFFENSIVE WEAPONS.

THE KAFFIR MILITARY SPIRIT, HOW GENERATED, AND HOW FOSTERED—DREAD OF THE UNKNOWN—ARTILLERY—ITS MORAL EFFECT ON THE KAFFIR—NATIVE NAME FOR CANNON—ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY—WEAPONS USED BY THE ZULU TRIBES—PRIMITIVE FORMATION OF THE SPEAR—MATERIALS USED FOR SPEAR-HEADS—ZULU SPEARS, OR "ASSAGAIS"—THE ZULU AS A BLACK-SMITH—SHAPE OF THE ASSAGAI HEAD—THE KAFFIR'S PREFERENCE FOR SOFT STEEL—THE KAFFIR KNIFE AND AXE—RUST-RESISTING PROPERTY—THE KAFFIR FORGE AND BELLOWS—SMELTING IRON—A KAFFIR CHIEF ASTONISHED—LE VAILLANT INSTRUCTING THE NATIVES IN THE USE OF THE FORGE—WIRE-DRAWING AND WORKING IN BRASS—HOW THE KAFFIR CASTS AND MODELS BRASS—DIFFICULTIES IN IRON WORKING—HOW A KAFFIR OBTAINS FIRE—TEMPER OF ASSAGAI HEADS—ASSAGAI SHAFTS—CURIOUS METHOD OF FASTENING THE HEAD TO THE SHAFT—A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF THE ASSAGAI—HOW THE ASSAGAI IS THROWN—A KAFFIR CHIEF'S STRATAGEM, AND A CLASSICAL PARALLEL—THE TWO KINDS OF ASSAGAI—THE KNOB-KERRY, AND MODE OF USING IT.

If there is any one trait which distinguishes the true Kafir race, it is the innate genius for warfare. The Kafir lives from his childhood to his death in an atmosphere of war. Until he is old and wealthy, and naturally desires to keep his possessions in tranquillity, a time of peace is to him a time of trouble. He has no opportunity of working off his superabundant energy; he has plenty of spears which he cannot use against an enemy, and a shield which he can only employ in the dance. He has no chance of distinguishing himself, and so gaining both rank and wealth; and if he be a young bachelor, he cannot hope to be promoted to the rank of "man," and allowed to marry, for many a long year. It is true, that in a time of war he may be killed; but that is a reflection which does not in the least trouble a Kafir. For all he knows, he stands in just as great danger of his life in a time of peace. He may unintentionally offend the king; he may commit a breach of discipline which would be overlooked in war time; he may be accused as a wizard, and tortured to death; he may accumulate a few cows, and so excite the cupidity of the chief, who will fine him heavily for something which either he did not do, or which was not of the slightest importance.

Knowing, therefore, that a violent death

is quite as likely to befall him in peace as in war, and as in peace he has no chance of gratifying his ambitious feelings, the young Kafir is all for war. Indeed, had it not been for the judicious counsils of the old men, the English Government would have had much more trouble with these tribes than has been the case. Even under Panda's rule, there have been great dissensions among the army. All agreed in disliking the rule of the English in the Natal district, because Natal formed a refuge for thousands of Kafirs, most of them belonging to the Zulu tribe, and having fled from the tyranny of Panda; while others belonged to tribes against which Panda had made war, and had fled for protection to the English flag.

The younger warriors, fierce, arrogant, despising the white man because they do not know him, have repeatedly begged to be allowed to invade Natal. They urge, in pursuance of their request, that they will conquer the country, restore to their king all the fugitives who have run away from him, and inflame their own minds, and those of the young and ignorant, by glowing descriptions of the rich spoil which would fall to the conquerors, of the herds of cattle, the tons of beads, the quantities of fire-arms and ammunition, and, in fact, the unlimited sup-

ply of everything which a Kaffir's heart can possibly desire. The older men, however, who have more acquaintance with the white men, and a tolerably good experience of the fact that when a white man fires his gun he generally hits his mark, have always dissuaded their younger and more impetuous comrades from so rash an attempt.

Strangely enough, the argument which has proved most powerful is really a very weak one. The Kaffir, like other men, is brave enough when he can comprehend his danger; but he does not at all like to face a peril which he cannot understand. Like all unknown things, such a peril is indeed terrible to a Kaffir's mind, and this unknown peril is summed up in the word cannon, or "By-and-by" — to use the native term. Why cannon are so called will presently be mentioned. The Kaffirs have heard that the dreadful By-and-by eats up everything — trees, houses, stones, grass; and, as they justly argue, it is very likely to eat up Kaffir soldiers. Of course, in defending a fort against Kaffirs, cannon, loaded with grape and canister, would be of terrible efficacy, and they would be justified in declining to assault any place that was defended with such dreadful weapons. But they do not seem to be aware that guns in a fort and guns in the bush are two very different things, and that, if they could decoy the artillery into the bush, the dreaded weapons would be of scarcely more use than if they were logs of wood. This distinction the Kaffir never seems to have drawn, and the wholesome dread of cannon has done very much to insure tranquillity among the impetuous and self-confident soldiery of Kaffir-land.

The odd name of "By-and-by" became attached to the cannon in the following manner: — When the natives first saw some pieces of artillery in the Natal district, they asked what such strange objects could be, and were answered that they would learn "by-and-by." Further questions, added to the firing of a few shots, gave them such a terror of the "By-and-by," that they have never liked to match themselves against such weapons.

The Zulu tribes are remarkable for being the only people in that part of Africa who have practised war in an European sense of the word. The other tribes are very good at bush-fighting, and are exceedingly crafty at taking an enemy unawares, and coming on him before he is prepared for them. Guerilla warfare is, in fact, their only mode of waging battle, and, as is necessarily the case in such warfare, more depends on the exertion of individual combatants than on the scientific combination of masses. But the Zulu tribe have, since the time of Tshaka, the great inventor of military tactics, carried on war in a manner approaching the notions of civilization.

Their men are organized into regiments, each subdivided into companies, and each commanded by its own chief, or colonel, while the king, as commanding general, leads his forces to war, disposes them in battle array, and personally directs their movements. They give an enemy notice that they are about to march against him, and boldly meet him in the open field. There is a military etiquette about them which some of our own people have been slow to understand. They once sent a message to the English commander that they would "come and breakfast with him." He thought it was only a joke, and was very much surprised when the Kaffirs, true to their promise, came pouring like a torrent over the hills, leaving him barely time to get his men under arms before the dark enemies arrived.

As, in Kaffir warfare, much stress is laid upon the weapons, offensive and defensive, with which the troops are armed, it will be necessary to give a description of their weapons before we proceed any further. They are but few and simple, and consist of certain spears, called "assagais," short clubs, called "kerries," and shields made of the hides of oxen.

Almost every nation has its distinguishing weapons, or, at all events, one weapon which is held in greater estimation than any other, and which is never used so skillfully as by itself. The Australian savage has the boomerang, a weapon which cannot be used rightly except by an Australian. Many Europeans can throw it so as to make it perform some trifling evolution in the air, but there are none who can really use it as an efficient weapon or instrument of hunting. The Dyak has his sumpitan, and the Macoushie Indian his analogous weapon, the zarabatar, through which are blown the thy poisoned arrows, a hundred of which can be held in the hand, and each one of which has death upon its point. The Ghoorka has his kookery, the heavy curved knife, with which he will kill a tiger in fair fight, and boldly attack civilized soldiers in spite of their more elaborate arms. Then the Sikh has the strange quiet weapon, or chakra, which skims through the air or ricochets from the ground, and does frightful execution on the foe. The Esquimaux have their harpoons, which will serve either for catching seals or assaulting the enemy. The Polynesians have their terrible swords and gauntlets armed with the teeth of sharks, each of which cuts like a lancet, and inflicts a wound which, though not dangerous by itself, becomes so when multiplied by the score and inflicted on the most sensitive part of the body.

Some of these weapons are peculiar in shape, and are not used in other countries, whereas some are modifications of implements of warfare spread over a great part of

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the globe, and altered in shape and size to suit the locality. Of such a nature is the special weapon of the Kaffirs inhabiting the Natal district, the slight-looking but most formidable spear or assagai. The spear is one of the simplest of all weapons, the simplest of all excepting the club. In its primitive state the spear is nothing but a stick of greater or lesser length, sharpened at one end. The best example of this primitive spear may be found in Borneo, where the weapon is made in a few minutes by taking a piece of bamboo of convenient length, and cutting off one end diagonally. The next improvement in spear making was to put the pointed end in the fire for a few moments. This process enabled the spear maker to scrape the point more easily, while the charred wood was rendered hard, and capable of resisting damp better than if it had been simply scraped to a point. Spears of this kind are to be found in almost every primitive savage tribe.

A further improvement now takes place. The point is armed with some material harder than wood, which material may be bone, horn, stone, metal, or other similar substance. Some nations arm the heads of their spears with sharp flakes of flint or obsidian. Some tip them with the end of a sharp horn, or even with the claws of a mammal or a bird—the kangaroo, emu, and cassowary being used for this singular purpose. In many parts of the earth, the favorite spears are armed with the teeth of sharks, while others are headed with the tail spine of the sting-ray, which not only penetrates deeply, but breaks into the wound, and always causes death. These additions to the spears, together with others formed of certain marine shells, are necessarily the productions of tribes that inhabit certain islands in the warmer seas. The last and greatest improvement that is made in the manufacture of spears is the abolition of all additions to the head, and making the head itself of metal. For this purpose iron is generally used, partly because it takes a sharp edge, and partly because it can be easily forged into any required shape. The natives of Southern Africa are wonderful proficient in forging iron, and indeed a decided capability for the blacksmith's art seems to be inherent in the natives of Africa, from north to south and from east to west. None of the tribes can do very much with the iron, but the little which they require is worked in perfection. As is the case with all uncivilized beings, the whole treasures of the art are lavished on their weapons; and so if we wish to see what an African savage can do with iron, we must look at his spears, knives, and arrows—the latter indeed being but spears in miniature.

The heads of the Kaffir's spears are extremely variable in form, some being a

mere spike, but the generality being blade shaped. Very few are barbed, and the ordinary shape is that which is seen several times in the illustration on page 103. Still, wherever the blade is adopted, it has always one peculiarity of structure, whether it be plain or barbed. A raised ridge passes along the centre, and the blade is convex on one side of the ridge, and concave on the other. The reason of this curious structure seems to be twofold. In the first place, it is possible that this structure of the blade acts much as the feathers of an arrow, or the spiral groove on the rifle balls invented by Dr. Croft, and which can be used in smooth bore barrels. Colonel Lane Fox finds that if a thread be tied to the point of an assagai, and the weapon be thrown with great care, so that no revolving force is given by the thrower, the thread is found spirally twisted round the head and shaft by the time that the weapon has touched the ground. That certainly seems to be one reason for the form. Another reason is, that a blade thus shaped can be sharpened very easily, when it becomes blunt. Nothing is needed but to take a flint, or even the back of a common knife, and scrape it along the edge, and, if properly done, a single such scrape will sharpen the weapon afresh. The head is always made of soft iron, and so yields easily to the sharpening process. The reader may remember that the harpoons which we use for whale hunting are always made of the softest iron; were they made of steel, the first furious tug of the whale might snap them, while, if they were to become blunt, they could not be sharpened without much trouble and hard work at the grindstone.

Setting aside the two questions of rotatory motion and convenience of sharpening, it is possible that the peculiar structure of the blade may be owing to the fact that such a structure would produce the greatest amount of strength with the least amount of material. The sword bayonet of the Chassepot rifle is made on a similar principle. Whether the Kaffir is aware of this principle and forges his spear head in accordance with it, is another point. The reader, better informed than the Kaffir, may perhaps remember that the identical principle is carried out in the "corrugated" iron, now in such general use for buildings, roofs, and similar purposes.

Kaffirs have a great fondness for implements made of soft iron, and prefer a knife made of that material to the best blade that Sheffield can produce. They admit that for some purposes the steel blade is superior to their own, but that for ordinary work nothing can compare with the soft iron. The steel blade breaks, and is useless, while the soft iron only bends. Moreover, when they want to scoop out a hollow in a piece of wood, such as the bowl of a spoon, the

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less. But a Kaffir simply takes his soft iron
knife, bends it to the requisite curve, and
thus can make, at a moment's notice, a
gouge with any degree of curvature. When
he has finished his work, he puts the blade
on a flat stone, and beats it straight again
in a few seconds. The Kaffir knife is not at
all like our own, but is shaped just like the
head of an assagai. In using it, he grasps
the handle just as artists represent assassins
holding daggers, and not as we hold knives.
He always cuts away from himself, as is
shown on page 73, No. 1; and, clumsy as
this mode of using a knife may appear, Eng-
lishmen have often learned to appreciate it,
and to employ it in preference to the ordi-
nary European fashion.

Until as would be the tools made by a
Kaffir when employed in Europe, those
made in Europe and used in Southern
Africa are still less useful. Being unac-
quainted with this fact, both travellers and
settlers are apt to spend much money in
England upon articles which they after-
ward find to be without the least value—
articles which an experienced settler would
not take as a gift. As a familiar example
of the difference between the tools required
in various countries, the axo may be men-
tioned. It is well known that, of all the
varieties of this tool, the American axe is
the best, as it has attained its present supe-
riority by dint of long experience on part of
the makers among the vast forests of their
country. Emigrants, therefore, almost in-
variably supply themselves with a few
American axes, and in most cases they
could not do better. But in Southern
Africa this excellent tool is as useless as
would be a razor in chipping stones. The
peculiar wood of the mimosa, a tree which
is used so universally in Southern Africa, is
sure to notch the edge of the axe, and in a
short time to render it incapable of doing
its work; whereas the South African axe,
which would be a clumsy and slow working
tool in America, can cut down the hardest
mimosa without suffering any injury.

There is another reason why a Kaffir
prefers his own iron work to that of Eu-
ropean make. His own manufacture has
the property of resisting damp without
rusting. If an European knife or steel tool
of the finest quality be left in the open air
all night, and by the side of it a Kaffir's
assagai, the former will be covered with
rust, while the latter is as bright as ever.
Such is the case with those assagais which
are brought to England. It is possible that
this freedom from rust may be obtained by
a process similar to that which is employed
in the manufacture of geological hammers,
namely, that while the metal is hot, it is
plunged into oil, and then hammered. The
excellence of the blade is partially owing to
the fact that the fire in which the metal is

smelted, and afterward heated for the forge,
is made of charcoal, so as to convert the
iron into a kind of steel. The celebrated
"wootz" steel of India is made by placing
the iron in small crucibles together with
little twigs of certain trees, and then sub-
mitting the crucible to a very intense heat.

It is evident that, in order to produce
such weapons, the Kaffir must be a good
blacksmith, and it is certain that, when we
take into consideration the kind of work
which has to be done, he can hardly be sur-
passed in his art. Certainly, if any English
blacksmith were given a quantity of iron
ore, and only had the very primitive tools
which the Kaffir blacksmith employs, he
would be entirely vanquished by his dusky
brother of the forge.

Among the Kaffirs, a blacksmith is a man
of considerable importance, and is much
respected by the tribe. He will not profane
the mystery of his craft by allowing uninitia-
ted eyes to inspect his various processes,
and therefore carries on his operations at
some distance from the kraal. His first care
is to prepare the bellows. The form which
he uses prevails over a very large portion of
Africa, and is seen, with some few modifica-
tions, even among the many islands of Pol-
ynesia. It consists of two leathern sacks, at
the upper end of which is a handle. To the
lower end of each sack is attached the hol-
low horns of some animal, that of the cow
or the eland being most commonly used;
and when the bags are alternately inflated
and compressed, the air passes out through
the two horns. Of course the heat of the
fire would destroy the horns if they were
allowed to come in contact with it, and they
are therefore inserted, not into the fire, but
into an earthenware tube, which communi-
cates with the fire. The use of valves is
unknown; but as the two horns do not open
into the fire, but into the tube, the fire is
not drawn into the bellows as would other-
wise be the case. This arrangement, how-
ever, causes considerable waste of air, so
the bellows blower is obliged to work much
harder than would be the case if he were
provided with an instrument that could con-
duct the blast directly to its destination.
The ancient Egyptians used a bellows of
precisely similar construction, except that
they did not work them entirely by hand.
They stood with one foot on each sack, and
blew the fire by alternately pressing on
them with the feet, and raising them by
means of a cord fastened to their upper
ends.

When the blacksmith is about to set to
work, he digs a hole in the ground, in which
the fire is placed, and then sinks the earthen-
ware tube in a sloping direction, so that
the lower end opens at the bottom of the
hole, while the upper end projects above the
level of the ground. The two horns are
next inserted into the upper end of the

earthenware tube, and the bellows are then fastened in their places, so that the sacks are conveniently disposed for the hands of the operator, who sits between them. A charcoal fire is then laid in the hole, and is soon brought to a powerful heat by means of the bellows. A larger stone serves the purpose of an anvil, and a smaller stone does duty for a hammer. Sometimes the hammer is made of a conical piece of iron, but in most cases a stone is considered sufficient. The rough work of hammering the iron into shape is generally done by the chief blacksmith's assistants, of whom he has several, all of whom will pound away at the iron in regular succession. The shaping and finishing the article is reserved by the smith for himself. The other tools are few and simple, and consist of punches and rude pliers made of two rods of iron.

With these instruments the Kaffir smith can cast brass into various ornaments. Sometimes he pours it into a cylindrical mould, so as to make a bar from which bracelets and similar ornaments can be hammered, and sometimes he makes studs and knobs by forming their shapes in clay moulds.

In the illustration No. 2, on page 97, a native forge is seen in full operation. The chief smith is at the left of the engraving, seated at the bellows and blowing the fire, in which is placed an iron rod which is going to be forged into an assegai head. The manner in which the horn tubes of the bellows are fastened to the ground—a stick being laid across each horn, and a heavy stone upon each stick—is well shown. At the right hand of the smith is a basket containing charcoal, and another is seen near the assistant. On the opposite side sits the assistant or apprentice blacksmith, busily hammering with a conical stone at the spear head which is being forged, and at his side lie one or two finished heads. Behind them, another smith is hard at work with a huge stone with which he is crushing the ore. On the right hand of the illustration is seen the reed fence which is erected in order to keep off the wind, and in the middle distance is the kraal to which the smiths belong. The reed fence is supported by being lashed to a mimosa. Some jars of beer stand within the shadow of the fence for the occasional refreshment of the blacksmiths.

How the blacksmith contrives to work without burning his right hand is rather unintelligible. I have handled the conical hammer, and find that the hand is brought so close to the iron that, when it is heated to a glowing redness, the effect upon the fingers must be singularly unpleasant, not to mention the sparks that fly about so liberally when heated iron is struck. Sometimes, when a native is making small objects, he takes a tolerably large hammer, reverses it, and drives the small end deeply

into the ground. The face of the hammer is then uppermost, and answers as an anvil, on which he works with a hammer of smaller size.

Although the bellows which a Kaffir makes are sufficiently powerful to enable him to melt brass, and to forge iron into various shapes, they do not seem to give a sufficiently strong and continuous blast to enable him to weld iron together. Mr. Moffatt mentions a curious anecdote, which illustrates this point. He was visiting Moselekatsé, the king of the northern division of the Zulu tribes, and very much frightened the savage monarch by the sight of the wagon, the wheels of which seemed to his ignorant mind to be endowed with motion by some magic power. His greatest wonder was, however, excited by the fire of the wheel, as he could not comprehend how such a piece of iron could be made without the junction of the ends being visible. A native who had accompanied Mr. Moffatt explained to the king how the mystery was solved. He took the missionary's right hand in his own, held it up before the king, and said, "My eyes saw that very hand cut those bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you see now." After a careful inspection, the spot where the iron had been welded was pointed out. The king then wanted to know whether medicine were given to the iron in order to endow it with such wonderful powers, but was told that nothing was used except fire, a chisel, and a hammer. Yet Moselekatsé was king of the essentially warlike Zulus, a nation which possessed plenty of blacksmiths who were well versed in their art, and could forge the leaf shaped blades of the assegais with such skill that the best European smiths could not produce weapons more perfectly suited for the object which they were intended to fulfil.

Le Vaillant narrates an amusing instance of the astonishment caused to some Kaffir blacksmiths by a rude kind of bellows which he made after the European fashion. After paying a just tribute of admiration to the admirable work produced by the dusky blacksmiths in spite of their extremely rude and imperfect tools, he proceeds to describe the form of bellows that they used, which is just that which has been already mentioned.

"I had great difficulty in making them comprehend how much superior the bellows of our forges in Europe were to their invention; and being persuaded that the little they might catch of my explanation would soon escape from their memories, and would consequently be of no real advantage to them, I resolved to add example to precept, and to operate myself in their presence.

"Having despatched one of my people to our camp with orders to bring the bottoms

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(1.) BRIDEGROOM ON APPROVAL. (See page 79.)



(2.) KAFFIR AT HIS FORGE. (See page 96.)

of two boxes, a piece of a summer kaross, a hoop, a few small nails, a hammer, a saw, and other small tools that I might have occasion for, as soon as he returned I formed in great haste, and in a very rude manner, a pair of bellows, which were not more powerful than those generally used in our kitchens. Two pieces of hoop which I placed in the inside served to keep the skin always at an equal distance; and I did not forget to make a hole in the inferior part, to give a readier admittance to the air—a simple method of which they had no conception, and for want of which they were obliged to waste a great deal of time in filling the sheepskin.

"I had no iron pipe, but, as I only meant to make a model, I fixed to the extremity of mine a toothpick case, after sawing off one of its ends. I then placed my instrument on the ground near the fire, and, having fixed a forked stick in the ground, I laid across it a kind of lever, which was fastened to a bit of packthread proceeding from the bellows, and to which was fixed a piece of lead weighing seven or eight pounds. To form a just idea of the surprise of these Kaffirs on this occasion, one must have seen with what attention they beheld all my operations; the uncertainty in which they were, and their anxiety to discover what would be the event. They could not resist their exclamations when they saw me, by a few easy motions and with one hand, give their fire the greatest activity by the velocity with which I made my machine draw in and again force out the air. Putting some pieces of iron into their fire, I made them red hot in a few minutes, which they undoubtedly could not have done in half an hour.

"This specimen of my skill raised their astonishment to the highest pitch. I may venture to say that they were almost convulsed and thrown into a delirium. They danced and capered round the bellows; each tried them in turn, and they clapped their hands the better to testify their joy. They begged me to make them a present of this wonderful machine, and seemed to wait for my answer with impatience, not imagining, as I judged, that I would readily give up so valuable a piece of furniture. It would afford me great pleasure to hear, at some future period, that they have brought them to perfection, and that, above all, they preserve a remembrance of that stranger who first supplied them with the most essential instrument in metallurgy."

As far as can be judged by the present state of the blacksmith's art in Kaffirland, the natives have not derived the profit from Le Vaillant's instructions which he so ingeniously predicted. In all probability, the bellows in question would be confiscated by the chief of the tribe, who would destroy their working powers in endeavoring to

make out their action. Moreover, the Kaffir is eminently conservative in his notions, and he would rather prefer the old sheepskin, which only required to be tied at the legs and neck with thongs, to the comparatively elaborate instrument of the white traveller, which needed the use of wooden hoops, nails, saw, hammer, and the other tools of the civilized workman.

The Kaffir smiths have long known the art of wire drawing, though their plates are very rude, the metal comparatively soft, and the wire in consequence irregularly drawn. Moreover, they cannot make wire of iron, but are obliged to content themselves with the softer metals, such as brass and copper. Mr. Moffat, the African missionary, relates an amusing anecdote of an interview with a native metal worker. As a missionary ought to do, he had a practical knowledge of the blacksmith's art, and so became on friendly terms with his dark brother of the forge; and after winning his heart by making him a new wire drawing plate, made of steel, and pierced for wires of twenty variations in thickness, induced him to exhibit the whole of his mystic process.

His first proceeding was to prepare four moulds, very simply made by building a little heap of dry sand, and pushing into it a little stick about a quarter of an inch in diameter. He then built and lighted a charcoal fire, such as has already been described, and he next placed in a kind of rude clay crucible some copper and a little tin. A vigorous manipulation of the bellows fused the copper and tin together, and he then took out the crucible with a rude kind of tongs made of bark, and poured the contents into the holes, thus making a number of short brass rods about a quarter of an inch in diameter and three or four inches in length. These rods were next removed from the moulds and hammered with a stone until they were reduced to half their diameter. During this operation, the rods were frequently heated in the flame of burning grass.

Next came the important operation of drawing the rods through the holes, so as to convert them into wire. The end of a rod was sharpened and forced through the largest hole, a split stick being used by way of pincers, and the rod continually greased. By repeating this process the wire is passed through holes that become regularly smaller in diameter, until at last it is scarcely thicker than sewing thread. The wire plate is about half an inch in thickness. The brass thus made is not equal in color to that in which zinc is used instead of tin, but as it is capable of taking a high polish, the native cares for nothing more. The reader may perhaps remember that Mr. Williams, the well-known missionary, established his reputation among the savages to whom he was sent by making an extemporized set of bellows out of boxes and boards, the rats

always eating every scrap of leather that was exposed.

The knowledge of forge work which Mr. Moffatt possessed was gained by him under very adverse circumstances. A broken-down wagon had to be mended, and there was no alternative but to turn blacksmith and mend the wagon, or to abandon the expedition. Finding that the chief drawback to the powers of the forge was the inefficient construction of the native bellows, he set to work, and contrived to make a pair of bellows very similar to those of which Le Vaillant gave so glowing a description. And, if any proof were needed that the French traveller's aspirations had not been realized, it may be found in the fact that the rude bellows made by the English missionary were as much a matter of astonishment to the natives as those which had been made by J. E. Vaillant some sixty years before.

Much of the iron used in Southern Africa seems to be of meteoric origin, and is found in several localities in a wonderfully pure state, so that very little labor is needed in order to make it fit for the forge.

The Kaffir blacksmith never need trouble himself about the means of obtaining a fire. Should he set up his forge in the vicinity of a kraal, the simplest plan is to send his assistant for a firebrand from one of the huts. But, if he should prefer, as is often the case, to work at some distance from the huts, he can procure fire with perfect certainty, though not without some labor.

He first procures two sticks, one of them taken from a soft wood tree, and the other from an acacia, or some other tree that furnishes a hard wood. Of course both the sticks must be thoroughly dry, a condition about which there is little difficulty in so hot a climate. His next care is to shape one end of the hard stick into a point, and to bore a small hole in the middle of the soft stick. He now squats down, places the pointed tip of the hard stick in the hole of the soft stick, and, taking the former between his hands, twirls it backward and forward with extreme rapidity. As he goes on, the hole becomes enlarged, and a small quantity of very fine dust falls into it, being rubbed away by the friction. Presently, the dust is seen to darken in color, then to become nearly black; and presently a very slight smoke is seen to rise. The Kaffir now redoubles his efforts; he aids the effect of the revolving stick by his breath, and in a few more seconds the dust bursts into a flame. The exertion required in this operation is very severe, and by the time that the fire manifests itself the producer is bathed in perspiration.

Usually, two men, at least, take part in fire making, and, by dividing the labor, very much shorten the process. It is evident

that, if the perpendicular stick be thus worked, the hands must gradually slide down it until they reach the point. The solitary Kaffir would then be obliged to stop the stick, shift his hands to the top, and begin again, thus losing much valuable time. But when two Kaffirs unite in fire making, one sits opposite the other, and as soon as he sees that his comrade's hands have nearly worked themselves down to the bottom of the stick, he places his own hands on the top, continues the movement, and relieves his friend. Thus, the movement of the stick is never checked for a moment, and the operation is consequently hastened. Moreover, considerable assistance is given by the second Kaffir keeping the dust properly arranged round the point of the stick, and by taking the part of the bellows, so as to allow his comrade to expend all his strength in twirling the stick.

I have now before me one of the soft sticks in which fire has been made. There is a hole very much resembling in shape and size the depressions in a solitaire board, except that its sides are black and deeply charred by the fire, and in places highly polished by the friction. Some of my readers may perhaps remember that English blacksmiths are equally independent of lucifer matches, flint and steel, and other recognized modes of fire raising. They place a small piece of soft iron on the anvil, together with some charcoal dust, and hammer it furiously. The result is that enough heat is evolved to light the charcoal, and so to enable the blacksmith to set to work.

We will now see how the native makes his assagai.

With their simple tools the native smiths contrive to make their spear heads of such an excellent temper that they take a very sharp edge: so sharp, indeed, that the assagai is used, not only for cutting up meat and similar offices, but for shaving the head. Also, it is so pliable, that a good specimen can be bent nearly double and beaten straight again, without being heated.

When the Kaffir smith has finished the head of the assagai, it looks something like the blade of a table knife before it is inserted into the handle, and has a straight projecting peg, by which it is fastened into the wooden shaft. This peg, or tang as cutlers call it, is always notched, so as to make it retain its hold the better.

Now comes the next process. The spear maker has already by him a number of shafts. These are cut from a tree which is popularly called "assagai-wood," and on the average are nearly five feet in length. In diameter they are very small, seldom exceeding that of a man's little finger at the thick end, while the other end tapers to the diameter of an ordinary black-lead pencil. The assagai-tree is called *scien-*

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tifically *Curtisia Jaginea*, and is something like the mahogany. The shaft of the assagai is seldom, if ever, sufficiently straight to permit the weapon to be used at once. It is straightened by means of heating it over the fire, and then scraping, beating, and bending it until the maker is pleased with the result. Even after the weapon has been made and in use, the shaft is very apt to warp, and in this case the Kaffir always rapidly straightens the assagai before he throws it. In spite of its brittle nature, it will endure a considerable amount of bending, provided that the curve be not too sharp, and that the operator does not jerk the shaft as he bends it. Indeed, if it were not for the elasticity of the shaft, the native would not be able to produce the peculiar quivering or vibrating movement, to which the weapon owes so much of its efficiency.

By means of heating the "tang" of the head red hot, a hole is bored into the thick end of the shaft, and the tang passed into it. Were it left without further work, the spear would be incomplete, for the head would fall away from the shaft whenever the point was held downward. In order to fasten it in its place, the Kaffir always makes use of one material, namely, raw hide. He cuts a narrow strip of hide, sometimes retaining the hair, and binds it while still wet upon the spear. As it dries, the hide contracts, and forms a band nearly as strong as if made of iron. There is no particular art displayed in tying this band; we never see in that portion of an assagai the least trace of the elaborate and elegant patterns used by the New Zealanders in the manufacture of their weapons. The strip of hide is merely rolled round the spear and the loose end tucked beneath a fold. Yet the Kaffir is not without the power of producing such patterns, and will commonly weave very elaborate and elegant ornaments, from the hair of the elephant's tail and similar materials. These ornamental lashings are, however, always placed on the shaft of the weapon, and are never employed in fastening the head of the assagai in its place.

In the illustration on page 103 is drawn a group of assagais, in order to show the chief varieties of this weapon. The whole of them have been drawn from specimens in my own possession. The word "assagai" is not a Kaffir term, but, like the popular name of the tribe, like the words *kaross*, *kraal*, &c., has been borrowed from another language. The Zulu word for the assagai is *um-konto*, a word which has a curious though accidental resemblance to the Latin *contus*.

The ordinary form or "throwing assagai" is shown at fig. 5. It is used as a missile, and not as a dagger. In some cases the throwing assagai is shaped in a more simple

manner, the head being nothing but a sharpened spike of iron, without any pretensions of being formed into a blade. This weapon is five feet seven inches in total length, and the blade measures a foot in length from its junction with the shaft. Sometimes the blade is much longer and wider, as seen at fig. 4, which represents the ordinary "stabbing assagai." This weapon can be used as a missile, but is very seldom employed except as a manual weapon. Its long, straight blade is much used in the more peaceful vocations of daily life, and a Kaffir in time of peace seldom uses it for any worse purpose than slaughtering cattle, and cutting them up afterward. This is the assagai that is usually employed as a knife, and with which the ingenious native contrives to shave his head.

At fig. 7 is shown a very remarkable specimen of the barbed assagai. Intending to produce an extremely elegant weapon, the artificer has lavished much pains on his work. In the first place, he has forged a deeply barbed head, a form which is but rarely seen. He has then fastened it to the shaft in a rather singular way. Instead of cutting a strip of raw hide and binding it round the weapon, he has taken the tail of a calf, cut off a piece about four inches in length, drawn the skin from it so as to form a tube, and slipped this tube over the spear. As is the case with the hide lashing, the tube contracts as it dries, and forms a singularly effective mode of attaching the head to the shaft. The hair has been retained, and, in the maker's opinion, a very handsome weapon has been produced.

The assagai, in its original form, is essentially a missile, and is made expressly for that purpose, although it serves several others. And, insignificant as it looks when compared with the larger and more elaborate spears of other nations, there is no spear or lance that can surpass it in efficacy.

The Kaffir, when going on a warlike or hunting expedition, or even when travelling to any distance, takes with him a bundle, or "sheaf" of assagais, at least five in number, and sometimes eight or nine. When he assails an enemy, he rushes forward, springing from side to side in order to disconcert the aim of his adversary, and hurling spear after spear with such rapidity that two or three are in the air at once, each having been thrown from a different direction. There is little difficulty in avoiding a single spear when thrown from the front; but when the point of one is close to the heart, and another is coming to the right side, and the enemy is just hurling another on the left, it is a matter of no small difficulty to escape one or other of them. If the assailed individual stands still, he is sure to be hit, for the Kaffir's aim is absolute certainty; while if he tries to escape a spear coming

from the left, he will probably be hit by another coming from the right.

Moreover, the mode in which the weapon is thrown serves to disconcert the enemy, and bewilder his gaze. Just before he throws the spear, the Kaffir makes it quiver in a very peculiar manner. He grasps it with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, holding it just above the spot where it balances itself, and with the head pointing up his arm. The other fingers are laid along the shaft, and are suddenly and firmly closed, so as to bring the balance spot of the spear against the root of the hand. This movement causes the spear to vibrate strongly and is rapidly repeated, until the weapon gives out a peculiar humming or shivering noise, impossible to be described, and equally impossible to be forgotten when once heard. It is as menacing a sound as the whirr of the rattlesnake, and is used by the Kaffirs when they wish to strike terror into their opponents. When thrown, the assagai does not lose this vibrating movement, but seems even to vibrate stronger than before, the head describing a large arc of a circle, of which the balance point forms the centre. This vibration puzzles the eye of the adversary, because it is almost impossible to tell the precise direction which the weapon is taking. Any one can calculate the flight of a rigid missile, such as a thick spear or arrow, but when the weapon is vibrating the eye is greatly bewildered.

The whole look of an assagai in the air is very remarkable, and has never been properly represented. All illustrations have represented it as quite straight and stiff in its flight, whereas it looks just like a very slender serpent undulating itself gracefully through the air. It seems instinct with life, and appears rather to be seeking its own course than to be a simple weapon thrown by the hand of a man. As it flies along it continually gives out the peculiar shivering sound which has been mentioned, and this adds to the delusion of its aspect.

An illustration on page 111 represents a group of Kaffir warriors engaged in a skirmish. In the present instance they are exhibiting their prowess in a mock fight, the heads of the assagais being of wood instead of iron, and blunted, but still hard and sharp enough to give a very severe blow—*experto crede*. In the background are seen a number of soldiers standing behind their shields so as to exemplify the aptness of their title, the Matabele, or Disappears. In the immediate foreground is a soldier in the full uniform of his regiment. He has just hurled one assagai, and, as may be seen by the manner in which his dress is flying, has leaped to his present position with another assagai ready in his hand. Two soldiers are plucking out of the ground the assagais thrown by their antagonists, covering themselves with their

shields while so doing. All these soldiers belong to the same regiment, as may be seen by the headdress, which constitutes their distinctive uniform.

The skill displayed by the Kaffirs in the use of this weapon is really surprising. The rapidity with which the assagais are snatched from the sheaf, poised, quivered, and hurled is almost incredible. We are told that the great mastery of the old English archers over the powerful bows which they used, was not so much owing to the personal strength of the archer, as to the manner in which he was taught to "lay his body in his bow," and thus to manage with ease a weapon that much stronger men could not draw. In a similar manner, the skill of the Kaffir in hurling the assagai is attributable not to his bodily strength, but to the constant habit of using the weapon. As soon as a boy can fairly walk alone, he plays at spear throwing—throwing with sticks; and as he grows up, his father makes sham assagais for him, with wooden instead of iron heads. Two of these mock weapons are shown at fig 8 in the illustration on p. 103. They exactly resemble the ordinary assagai, except that their heads are of wood; and if one of them happened to hit a man, it would inflict rather an unpleasant wound.

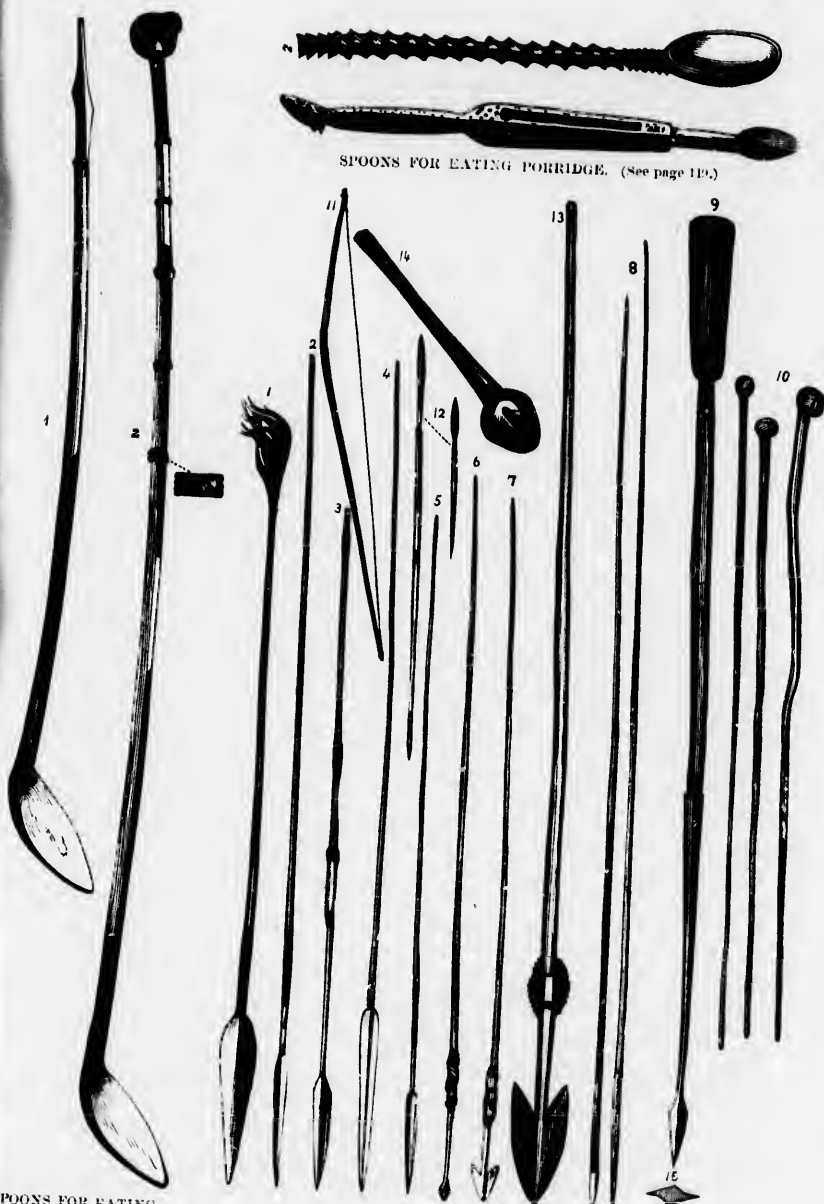
When the Kaffir grasps his assagai, he and the weapon seem to become one being, the quivering spear seeming instinct with life imparted to it by its wielder. In hurling it, he assumes intuitively the most graceful of attitudes, reminding the observer of some of the ancient statues, and the weapon is thrown with such seeming ease that, as a sojourner among them told me, "the man looks as if he were made of oil." As he hurls the weapon, he presses on his foe, trying to drive him back, and at the same time to recover the spent missile.

Sometimes, when he has not space to raise his arm, or when he wants to take his foe by surprise, he throws the assagai with a kind of underhand jerk, his arm hanging at full length. An assagai thus delivered cannot be thrown so far as by the ordinary method, but it can be propelled with considerable force, and frequently achieves the object for which it was intended. He never throws the last of the sheaf, but if he cannot succeed in picking up those that are already thrown, either by himself or his enemy, he dashes forward, and, as he closes with the foe, snaps the shaft of the assagai in the middle, throws away the tip, and uses the remaining portion as a dagger.

The wood of which the shaft is made, though very elastic, is very brittle, and a novice in the art is sure to break several of his spears before he learns to throw them properly. Unless they are rightly cast, as soon as the blade reaches the ground the shaft gives a kind of "whip" forward, and snaps short just above the

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SPOONS FOR EATING PORRIDGE. (See page 119.)

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 (See page 148.)

GROUP OF ASSAGAIS. (See pages 101, 105.)

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blade. One of the great warrior chiefs made a singular use of this property. Just before going into action, he made his men cut the shafts of their assagais nearly across, just beyond the junction of the shaft and the head. The consequence of this ingenious ruse became evident enough when the action commenced. If the weapon went true to its mark, it pierced the body of the foe just as effectually as if nothing had been done to it; while if it missed, and struck the ground or a shield, the shaft instantly snapped, and the weapon was thereby rendered useless to the foe.

Unknowingly, the barbaric chief copied the example that was set by a Roman general nearly two thousand years ago. When Marius made war against the Cimbri, his troops carried the short heavy javelin, called the *pilum*. This weapon had a thick handle, to the end of which the long blade was attached by two iron rivets, one in front of the other. Before going to battle, he ordered the soldiers to remove the rivet farthest from the point, and to supply its place with a slight wooden peg, just strong enough to hold the head in its proper position as long as no force was used. When the javelin was hurled, the enemy tried to receive it on their shields; and if they succeeded in doing so, they drew out the weapon and lunged it back at the foe. But as soon as the action began, the Cimbri found themselves in a sore strait. No sooner had they caught the javelin in their shields, than the slight wooden peg snapped, and allowed the shaft to dangle from the blade. Not only was the weapon useless, but it became a serious incumbrance. It could not be pulled out of the shield, as it afforded no grasp, and the heavy shaft dragged on the ground so as to force the soldier to throw away his shield, and to fight without it.

A very singular modification of the assagai was made by the terrible Tchaka, a chief who lived but for war, and was a man of wonderful intellect, dauntless courage, singular organizing power, and utterly devoid of compassion. Retaining the assagai, he altered its shape, and made it a much shorter and heavier weapon, unfit for throwing, and only to be used in a hand-to-hand encounter. After arming his troops with this modified weapon, he entirely altered the mode of warfare.

His soldiers were furnished with a very large shield and a single assagai. When they went into action, they ran in a compact body on the enemy, and as soon as the first shower of spears fell, they crouched beneath their shields, allowed the weapons to expend their force, and then sprang in for a hand-to-hand encounter. Their courage, naturally great, was excited by promises of reward, and by the certainty that not to conquer was to die. If a soldier was detected in running away, he was instantly

killed by the chief, and the same punishment awaited any one who returned from battle without his spear and shield. Owing to these tactics, he raised the tribe of the Amazulu to be the most powerful in the country. He absorbed nearly sixty other tribes into his own, and extended his dominions nearly half across the continent of Africa.

He at last formed the bold conception of sweeping the whole South African coast with his armies, and extirpating the white inhabitants. But, while at the zenith of his power, he was treacherously killed by two of his brothers, Dingan and Umlangane. The two murderers fought for the kingdom on the following day, and Dingan ascended the throne over the bodies of both his brothers. The sanguinary mode of government which Tchaka had created was not likely to be ameliorated in such hands, and the name of Dingan was dreaded nearly as much as that of his brother. His successor and brother, Panda, continued to rule in the same manner, though without possessing the extraordinary genius of the mighty founder of his kingdom, and found himself obliged to form an alliance with the English, instead of venturing to make war upon them. Tchaka's invention of the single stabbing assagai answered very well as long as the Zulus only fought against other tribes of the same country. But, when they came to encounter the Dutch Boers, it was found that the stabbing assagai was almost useless against mounted enemies, and they were obliged to return to the original form of the weapon.

If the reader will refer to the illustration which has already been mentioned, he will see two specimens of the short stabbing assagai with the large blade. A fine example of this weapon is seen at fig. 1. The reader will see that the blade is extremely wide and leaf shaped, and that the other end, or but of the spear, is decorated with a tuft of hairs taken from the tail of a cow. Another example is seen at fig. 3. The maker has bestowed great pains on this particular weapon. Just at the part where the spear balances, a piece of soft leather is formed into a sort of handle, and is finished off at either end with a ring made of the wire-like hair of the elephant's tail. Several wide rings of the same material decorate the shaft of the weapon, and all of them are like the well-known "Turk's-head" knot of the sailors. Fig. 6 shows another assagai, which has once had a barbed blade like that at fig. 7, but which has been so repeatedly ground that the original shape is scarcely perceptible. The spear which is drawn at fig. 13 is one of the ornamental wooden weapons which a Kaffir will use when etiquette forbids him to carry a real assagai. This particular spear is cut from one piece of wood, and is decorated according to Kaffir

notions of beauty, by contrasts of black and white gained by charring the wood. The ornamental work on the shaft is thus blackened, and so is one side of the broad wooden blade. The spear shown at fig. 9 is used in elephant hunting, and will be described in a future chapter.

To a Kaffir the assagai is a necessary of life. He never stirs without taking a weapon of some kind in his hand, and that weapon is generally the assagai. With it he kills his game, with it he cuts up the carcass, with it he strips off the hide, and with it he fashions the dresses worn by the women as well as the men. The ease and rapidity with which he performs these acts are really astonishing. When cutting up slaughtered cattle, he displays as much knowledge of the various cuts as the most experienced butcher, and certainly no butcher could operate more rapidly with his knife, saw, and cleaver, than does the Kaffir with his simple assagai. For every purpose wherein an European uses a knife, the Kaffir uses his assagai. With it he cuts the shafts for his weapons, and with its sharp blade he carves the wooden clubs, spoons, dishes, and pillows, and the various utensils required in his daily life.

When hurling his assagai, whether at an animal which he is hunting or at a foe, or even when exhibiting his skill to a spectator, the Kaffir becomes strongly excited, and seems almost beside himself. The sweetest sound that can greet a Kaffir's ears is the sound of his weapon entering the object at which it was aimed, and in order to enjoy this strange gratification, he will stab a slain animal over and over again, forgetful in the excitement of the moment that every needless stab injures the hide which might be so useful to him. When the chief summons his army, and the warriors go through their extraordinary performances in his presence, they never fail to expatiate on the gratification which they shall derive from hearing their assagais strike into the bodies of their opponents.

It is rather a curious fact that the true Kaffir never uses the bow and arrow. Though nearly surrounded by tribes which use this weapon, and though often suffering in skirmishes from the poisoned arrows of the Bosjesmans, he rejects the bow in warfare, considering it to be a weapon inconsistent with the dignity of a warrior. He has but two weapons, the assagai and the club, and he wields the second as skilfully as the first. The clubs used by the Kaffir tribes are extremely variable in size, and rather so in form. Some of them are more than six feet in length, while some are only fourteen or fifteen inches. But they all agree in one point, namely, that they are straight, or, at all events, are intended to be so; and that one end is terminated by a knob. They are popularly known as "knob-kerries."

In order to show the extreme difference of size that is found among them, several specimens are figured in the illustration on page 103. Three specimens are seen at fig. 10. That on the right hand is used as a weapon, and is wielded in a very curious manner. Not only can it be employed as a weapon with which an opponent can be struck, but it is also used as a missile, sometimes being flung straight at the antagonist, and sometimes thrown on the ground in such a manner that its elasticity causes it to rebound and strike the enemy from below instead of from above. The Australian savages possess clubs of a similar shape, and also employ the *ricochet*. The other two kerries are not meant as weapons.

It is contrary to etiquette for a Kaffir to carry an assagai when he enters the hut of a superior, and he therefore exchanges the weapon for the innocent kerrie. And it is also contrary to etiquette to use the real assagai in dances. But, as in their dances the various operations of warfare and hunting are imitated, it is necessary for the performers to have something that will take the place of an assagai, and they accordingly provide themselves with knob-kerries about the same length as the weapons whose place they supply.

One very common form of the short knob-kerrie is shown at fig. 14. This weapon is only twenty inches in length, and can be conveniently carried in the belt. At close quarters it can be used as a club, but it is more frequently employed as a missile.

The Kaffir is so trained from infancy to hurl his weapons that he always prefers those which can be thrown. The force and precision with which the natives will fling these short kerries is really astonishing. If Europeans were to go after birds, and provide themselves with knobbed sticks instead of guns, they would bring home but very little game. Yet a Kaffir takes his knob-kerries as a matter of course, when he goes after the bustard, the quail, or other birds, and seldom returns without success.

The general plan is for two men to hunt in concert. They walk some fifty yards apart, and when they come to any spot which seems a likely place for game, they rest their kerries on their right shoulders, so as to lose no time in drawing back the hand when they wish to fling the weapon. As soon as a bird rises, they simultaneously hurl their kerries at it, one always aiming a little above the bird, and the other a little below. If, then, the bird catches sight of the upper club, and dives down to avoid it, the lower club takes effect, while, if it rises from the lower kerrie, it falls a victim to the upper. This plan is wonderfully efficacious, as I have proved by personal experience. One of my friends and myself determined to try whether we could kill game in the Kaffir fashion. So we cut some knobbed sticks,

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and started off in search of snipe. As soon as a snipe rose, we flung the stick at it, and naturally missed, as it was quite beyond the range of any missile propelled by hand. However, marking the spot where it alighted, we started it afresh, and by repeating this process, we got sufficiently near to bring it within the compass of our powers, and succeeded in knocking it down.

Generally the short, thick, heavily knobbed kerrie belongs rather to the Hottentot and the Bosjesman than to the Zulu, who prefers the longer weapon, even as a missile. But it is evident that the former shape of the weapon is the original one, and that the Kaffir, who derived it from its original inventor, the Hottentot, has gradually lengthened the shaft and diminished the size of the head.

The material of which the kerrie is made is mostly wood, that of the acacia being frequently used for this purpose. The long knob-kerries of the Zulus are generally cut from the tree that is emphatically, though not euphoniously, named Stink-wood, on account of the unpleasant odor which it gives out while being worked. As soon as it is dry, this odor goes off, and not even the

most sensitive nostril can be annoyed by it. The stink-wood is a species of laurel, and its scientific name is *Laurus bullata*. The most valuable, as well as the most durable knob-kerries are those which are cut out of rhinoceros horn, and a native can hardly be induced to part with a fine specimen for any bribe. In the first place, the very fact of possessing such an article shows that he must be a mighty hunter, and have slain a rhinoceros; and in the second place, its great efficacy, and the enormous amount of labor expended in carving out of the solid horn, endear it so much to him, that he will not part with it except for something which will tend to raise him in the eyes of his comrades. In England, a fine specimen of knob-kerrie, made from the horn of the white rhinoceros, has been known to fetch even ten pounds.

Thus much for the offensive weapons of the Zulu Kaffir. Toward the north as well as to the west of the Draakensberg Mountains, a peculiar battle-axe is used, which is evidently a modification of the barbed spear which has already been described; but the true Zulu uses no weapon except the assagal and the kerrie.

CHAPTER XII.

WAR—*Concluded.*

DEFENSIVE WEAPONS, AND MODE OF FIGHTING.

BODY ARMOR NOT WORN—THE KAFFIR'S SHIELD—ITS SHAPE, MATERIAL, AND COLOR—THE SHIELD AS A UNIFORM—CURIOUS RUSE—HOW THE SHIELD IS HELD AND USED—THE SHIELD STICK AND ITS ORNAMENTS—VALUE OF THE SHIELD AGAINST SPEARS AND ARROWS—THE BLACK AND WHITE SHIELD REGIMENTS—DISTRIBUTION OF SHIELDS—MILITARY AMBITION AND ITS INCENTIVES—CHIEF OBJECTS OF WARFARE—DISCIPLINE OF KAFFIR ARMY—CRUELTY OF TCHAKA AND OTHER ZULU MONARCHS—OBSERVANCES BEFORE A CAMPAIGN—SUPERSTITIOUS CEREMONIES—HOW THE ARMY IS MAINTAINED IN THE FIELD—TRACK OF AN ARMY THROUGH AN ENEMY'S LAND—JEALOUSY BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT REGIMENTS—ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY—NUMBER OF REGIMENTS AND GARRISON TOWNS—NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT REGIMENTS—GOZA AND SANDILLI—DISTINGUISHING UNIFORMS OF THE REGIMENTS—THE REVIEW AFTER A BATTLE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—THE SHIELD BEARER AND HIS PERILOUS TASK—THE ROYAL ATTENDANTS—REWARD AND PUNISHMENT—KAFFIR HERALDS—VARIOUS TITLES OF THE KING—PANDA'S REVIEW COSTUME—THE KING'S PROGRESS THROUGH HIS COUNTRY—INVENTION AND COMPLETION OF A MILITARY SYSTEM—TCHAKA'S POLICY COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON—TCHAKA'S RISE AND FALL—AN UNSUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION—FAMILY QUARRELS—A TREACHEROUS CONSPIRACY—MURDER OF TCHAKA, AND ACCESSION OF DINOAN.

THE Zulu tribe have but one piece of defensive armor, namely, the shield. The Kaffirs either are ignorant of, or despise bodily armor of any kind, not even protecting their heads by caps and helmets, but exposing their naked bodies and limbs to the weapons of the foe. The shields are always made of ox-hide, and their color denotes the department of the army to which the owner belongs. None but "men," who are entitled to wear the head-ring, are privileged to carry white shields, while the "boys" on their promotion are furnished with black shields. Some of them have their black and white shields spotted with red or brown, this coloring denoting the particular regiment to which they belong. It will be seen, therefore, that the shield constitutes a kind of uniform, and it has more than once happened, that when the Zulu warriors have got the better of their enemies, some of the more crafty among the vanquished have contrived to exchange their own shields for those belonging to slain Zulu warriors, and have thus contrived to pass themselves off as victorious Amazulu until they could find an opportunity of making their escape.

The double row of black marks down the centre of the shield (see Goza's, page 117.)

is an addition which is invariably found in these weapons of war, and serves partly as an ornament, and partly as a convenient mode for fastening the handle. In ornamenting the shield with these marks, the Kaffir cuts a double row of slits along the shield while it is still wet and pliant, and then passes strips of black hide in and out through the slits, so as to make the black of the strip contrast itself boldly with the white of the shield.

The handle of the Kaffir's shield is quite unique. Instead of being a mere loop or projection in the centre of the shield, it is combined with a stick which runs along the centre of the shield, and is long enough to project at both ends. This stick serves several purposes, its chief use being to strengthen the shield and keep it stiff, and its second object being to assist the soldier in swinging it about in the rapid manner which is required in the Kaffir's mode of fighting and dancing. The projection at the lower end is used as a rest, on which the shield can stand whenever the warrior is tired of carrying it in his arms, and the shield ought to be just so tall that, when the owner stands erect, his eyes can just look over the top of the shield, while the

end of the stick reaches to the crown of his head. It will be seen that the upper end of the stick has an ornament upon it. This is made of the furry skin of some animal, which is cut into strips just like those which are used for the "tails," and the strips wound upon the stick in a drum-like shape.

If the reader will refer to the illustration on p. 57, entitled "Kaffirs at Home," he will see three of these shield-sticks placed in the fence of the cattle-fold, ready to be inserted in the shield whenever they are wanted.

At each side of the shield there is a slight indentation, the object of which is not very clear, unless it be simple fashion. It prevails to a large extent throughout many parts of Africa, in some places being comparatively slight, and in others so deep that the shield looks like a great hour-glass. Although the shield is simply made of the hide of an ox, and without that elaborate preparation with glue and size which strengthens the American Indian's shield, the native finds it quite sufficient to guard him against either spear or club, while those tribes which employ the bow find that their weapons can make but little impression on troops which are furnished with such potent defences. The Bosjesmans, and all the tribes which use poisoned arrows, depend entirely on the virulence of the poison, and not on the force with which the arrow is driven, so that their puny bow and slender arrows are almost useless against foes whose whole bodies are covered by shields, from which the arrows recoil as harmlessly as if they were bucklers of iron.

As is the case in more civilized communities, the shields, which constitute the uniforms, are not the private property of the individual soldier, but are given out by the chief. Moreover, it seems that the warlike chief Dingan would not grant shields to any young soldier until he had shown himself worthy of wearing the uniform of his sovereign. The skins of all the cattle in the garrison towns belong of right to the king, and are retained by him for the purpose of being made into shields, each skin being supposed to furnish two shields—a large one, and a small, or hunting shield. Men are constantly employed in converting hides into shields, which are stored in houses devoted to the purpose.

Captain Gardiner gives an interesting account of an application for shields made by a party of young soldiers, and their reception by the king. It must be first understood that Dingan was at the time in his chief garrison town, and that he was accompanied by his two favorite Indoonas, or petty chiefs, one of whom, by name Tamboozza, was a singularly cross-grained individual, whose chief delight was in fault finding. After mentioning that a chief, named George, had travelled to the king's palace, at the

head of a large detachment, for the purpose of asking for shields, he proceeded as follows:—

"Their arrival at the principal gate of the town having been notified to the king, an order was soon after sent for their admission, when they all rushed up with a shout, brandishing their sticks in a most violent manner, until within a respectable distance of the Issigordlo, when they halted. Dingan soon mounted his pedestal and showed himself over the fence, on which a simultaneous greeting of 'Byate!' ran through the line into which they were now formed. He soon disappeared, and the whole party then scated themselves on the ground they occupied. Dingan shortly after came out, the two Indoonas and a number of his great men having already arrived, and seated themselves in semi-circular order on each side of his chair, from whom he was, however, removed to a dignified distance. Tamboozza, who is the great speaker on all these occasions, and the professed scolder whenever necessity requires, was now on his legs; to speak publicly in any other posture would, I am convinced, be painful to a Zulu; nor is he content with mere gesticulation—actual space is necessary; I had almost said sufficient for a cricket ball to bound in, but this would be hyperbole—a run, however, he must have, and I have been surprised at the grace and effect which this novel accompaniment to the art of elocution has often given to the point and matter of the discourse.

"In this character Tamboozza is inimitable, and shone especially on the present occasion, having doubtless been instructed by the king, in whose name he addressed George and his party, to interlard his oration with as many pungent reproofs and cutting invectives as his fertile imagination could invent, or his natural disposition suggest. On a late expedition, it appears that the troops now harangued had not performed the service expected—they had entered the territory of Umselkazi, and instead of surrounding and capturing the herds within their reach, had attended to some pretended instructions to halt and return; some palliating circumstances had no doubt screened them from the customary rigor on such occasions, and this untoward occurrence was now turned to the best advantage. After a long tirade, in which Tamboozza ironically described their feeble onset and fruitless effort, advancing like a Mercury to fix his part, and gracefully retiring as though to point a fresh barb for the attack; now slaking his wrath by a journey to the right, and then as abruptly recoiling to the left, by each detour increasing in vehemence, the storm was at length at its height, and in the midst of the tempest he had stirred he retired to the feet

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THE BLACK AND WHITE
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of his sovereign, who, I remarked, could scarcely refrain from smiling at many of the taunting expressions that were used.

"Georgo's countenance can better be imagined than described at this moment. Impatient to reply, he now rose from the centre of the line, his person decorated with strings of pink beads worn over his shoulders like a cross belt, and large brass rings on his arms and throat. 'Amanka' (it is false), was the first word he uttered. The various chivalrous deeds of himself and his men were then set forth in the most glowing colors, and a scene ensued which I scarcely know how to describe. Independent of his own energetic gesticulations, his violent leaping and sententious running; on the first announcement of any exculpatory fact indicating their prowess in arms, one or more of the principal warriors would rush from the ranks to corroborate the statement by a display of muscular power in leaping, charging, and pantomimic conflict, which quite made the ground to resound under their feet; alternately leaping and galloping (for it is not running) until, frenzied by the tortuous motion, their nerves were sufficiently strong for the acme posture—vaulting several feet in the air, drawing the knees toward the chin, and at the same time passing the hands between the ankles. (See illustration No. 2 on page opposite.)

"In this singular manner were the charges advanced and rebutted for a considerable time; Dingan acting behind the scenes as a moderator, and occasionally calling off Tamboozas as an unruly bull-dog from the bait. At length, as though imperceptibly drawn into the argument, he concluded the business in these words:—'When have we heard anything good of Georgo? What has Georgo done? It is a name that is unknown to us. I shall give you no shields until you have proved yourself worthy of them; go and bring me some cattle from Umselekaz, and then shields shall be given you.' A burst of applause rang from all sides on this unexpected announcement; under which, in good taste, the despot made his exit, retiring into the Issogordlo, while bowis of beer were served out to the soldiers, who with their Indoon were soon after observed marching over the hills, on their way to collect the remainder of their regiment, for the promised expedition.

"I am inclined to think that there was much of state policy in the whole of these proceedings, particularly as the order for the attack on Umselekaz was shortly after countermanded, and not more than ten or twelve days elapsed before the same party returned, and received their shields. At this time I was quietly writing in my hut; one of the shield houses adjoined; and I shall never forget the unceremonious rush they made. Not contented with turning them

all out, and each selecting one, but, in order to prove them and shake of the dust, they commenced beating them on the spot with sticks, which, in connection with this sudden laceration, occasioned such an unusual tumult that I thought a civil war had commenced.

HAVING now seen the weapons used by the Kaffir warriors, we will see how they wage war.

When the chief arranges his troops in order of battle, he places the "boys" in the van, and gives them the post of honor, as well as of danger. In this position they have the opportunity of distinguishing themselves for which they so earnestly long, and, as a general rule, display such valor that it is not very easy to pick out those who have earned especial glory. Behind them are arranged the "men" with their white shields. These have already established their reputation, and do not require further distinction. They serve a double purpose. Firstly, they act as a reserve in case the front ranks of the "black-shields" should be repulsed, and, being men of more mature age, oppose an almost impregnable front to the enemy, while the "black-shields" can re-form their ranks under cover, and then renew the charge. The second object is, that they serve as a very effectual incitement to the young men to do their duty. They know that behind them is a body of skilled warriors, who are carefully noting all their deeds, and they are equally aware that if they attempt to run away they will be instantly killed by the "white-shields" in their rear. As has already been mentioned, the dearest wish of a young Kaffir's heart is to become a "white-shield" himself, and there is no prouder day of his life than that in which he bears for the first time the white war shield on his arm, the "isikoko" on his head, and falls into the ranks with those to whom he has so long looked up with admiration and envy.

In order to incite the "black-shields" to the most strenuous exertions, their reward is promised to them beforehand. Just before they set out on their expedition, the young unmarried girls of the tribe are paraded before them, and they are told that each who succeeds in distinguishing himself before the enemy shall be presented with one of those damsels for a wife when he returns. So he does not only receive the barren permission to take a wife, and thus to enrol himself among the men, but the wife is presented to him without pay, his warlike deeds being considered as more than an equivalent for the cows which he would otherwise have been obliged to pay for her.

A curious custom prevails in the households of the white-shield warriors. When one of them goes out to war, his wife takes his sleeping mat, his pillow, and his spoon,

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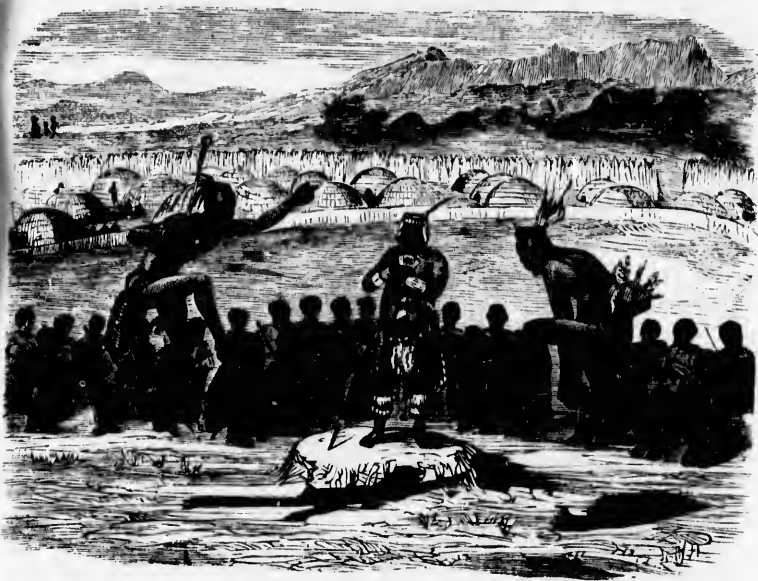
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(1.) KAFFIR WARRIORS SKIRMISHING. (See page 102.)



(2.) MUSCULAR ADVOCACY. (See page 110.)

and hangs them upon the wall of the hut. Every morning at early dawn she goes and inspects them with loving anxiety, and looks to see whether they cast a shadow or not. As long as they do so, she knows that her husband is alive; but if no shadow should happen to be thrown by them, she feels certain that her husband is dead, and laments his loss as if she had actually seen his dead body. This curious custom irresistibly reminds the reader of certain tales in the "Arabian Nights," where the life or death of an absent person is known by some object that belonged to him—a knife, for example—which dripped blood as soon as its former owner was dead.

Before Tehaka's invention of the heavy stabbing-assagal, there was rather more noise than execution in a Kaffir battle, the assagais being received harmlessly on the shields, and no one much the worse for them. But his trained troops made frightful havoc among the enemy, and the destruction was so great, that the Zulus were said to be not men, but eaters of men. The king's place was in the centre of the line, and in the rear, so that he could see all the proceedings with his own eyes, and could give directions, from time to time, to the favored councillors who were around him, and who acted as aides-de-camp, executing their commissions at their swiftest pace, and then returning to take their post by the sacred person of their monarch.

The commander of each regiment and section of a regiment was supposed to be its embodiment, and on him hung all the blame if it suffered a repulse. Tehaka made no allowance whatever for superior numbers on the part of the enemy, and his warriors knew well that, whatever might be the force opposed to them, they had either to conquer or to die; and, as it was better to die fighting than to perish ignominiously as cowards after the battle, they fought with a frantic valor that was partly inherent in their nature, and was partly the result of the strict and sanguinary discipline under which they fought. After the battle, the various officers are called out, and questioned respecting the conduct of the men under their command. Reward and retribution are equally swift in operation, an immediate advance in rank falling to the lot of those who had shown notable courage, while those who have been even suspected of cowardice are immediately slain.

Sometimes the slaughter after an expedition is terrible, even under the reign of Panda, a very much milder man than his great predecessor. Tehaka has been known to order a whole regiment for execution; and on one occasion he killed all the "white-shields," ordering the "boys" to assume the head-ring, and take the positions and shields of the slain. Panda, however, is not such a despot as Tehaka, and, indeed,

does not possess the irresponsible power of that king. No one ever dared to interfere with Tehaka, knowing that to contradict him was certain death. But when Panda has been disposed to kill a number of his subjects his councillors have interfered, and by their remonstrances have succeeded in stopping the massacre.

Sometimes these wars are carried on in the most bloodthirsty manner, and not only the soldiers in arms, but the women, the old and the young, fall victims to the assagais and clubs of the victorious enemy. Having vanquished the foe, they press on toward the kraals, spearing all the inhabitants, and carrying off all the cattle. Indeed, the "lifting" of cattle on a large scale often constitutes the chief end of a Kaffir war.

Before starting on an expedition the soldiers undergo a series of ceremonies, which are supposed to strengthen their bodies, improve their courage, and propitiate the spirits of their forefathers in their favor. The ceremony begins with the king, who tries to obtain some article belonging to the person of the adverse chief, such as a scrap of any garment that he has worn, a snuff box, the shaft of an assagal, or, indeed, anything that has belonged to him. A portion of this substance is scraped into certain medicines prepared by the witch doctor, and the king either swallows the medicine, or cuts little gashes on different parts of his body, and rubs the medicine into them. This proceeding is supposed to give dominion over the enemy, and is a sign that he will be "eaten up" in the ensuing battle. So fearful are the chiefs that the enemy may thus overcome them, that they use the most minute precautions to prevent any articles belonging to themselves from falling into the hands of those who might make a bad use of them. When a chief moves his quarters, ever, the floor of his hut is carefully scraped; and Dingan was so very particular on this point that he has been known to burn down an entire kraal, after he left it, in order that no vestige of anything that belonged to himself should fall into evil hands.

After the king, the men take their turn of duty, and a very unpleasant duty it is. An ox is always slain, and one of its legs cut off; and this extraordinary ceremony is thought to be absolutely needful for a successful warfare. Sometimes the limb is severed from the unfortunate animal while it is still alive. On one occasion the witch doctor conceived the brilliant idea of cutting off the leg of a living bull, and then making the warriors eat it raw, tearing the flesh from the bone with their teeth. They won the battle, but the witch doctor got more credit for his powerful charms than did the troops for their courage.

Of course the animal cannot survive very long after such treatment; and when it is dead, the flesh is cut away with assagais,

and a part of it chopped into small morsels, in each of which is a portion of some charmed powder. The unclean bones are thrown among the warriors, scrambled for, and eaten; and when this part of the ceremony has been concluded, the remainder of the flesh is cooked and eaten. A curious process then takes place, a kind of purification by fire, the sparks from a burning brand being blown over them by the witch doctor. Next day they are treated to a dose which acts as a violent emetic; and the ceremonies conclude with a purification by water, which is sprinkled over them by the chief himself. These wild and savage ceremonies have undoubtedly a great influence over the minds of the warriors, who fancy themselves to be under the protection of their ancestors, the only deities which a Kaffir seems to care much about.

As to the department of the commissariat, it varies much with the caprice of the chief. Tshaka always used to send plenty of cattle with his armies, so that they never need fear the weakening of their forces by hunger. He also sent very large supplies of grain and other food. His successors, however, have not been so generous, and force their troops to provide for themselves by foraging among the enemy.

Cattle are certainly taken with them, but not to be eaten. In case they may be able to seize the cattle of the enemy, they find that the animals can be driven away much more easily if they are led by others of their own kind. The cattle that accompany an expedition are therefore employed as guides. They sometimes serve a still more important purpose. Clever as is a Kaffir in finding his way under ordinary circumstances, there are occasions where even his wonderful topographical powers desert him. If, for example, he is in an enemy's district, and is obliged to travel by night, he may well lose his way, if the nights should happen to be cloudy, and neither moon nor stars be visible; and, if he has a herd of the enemy's oxen under his charge, he feels himself in a very awkward predicament. He dares not present himself at his kraal without the oxen, or his life would be instantly forfeited; and to drive a herd of oxen to a place whose position he does not know would be impossible. He therefore allows the oxen that he has brought with him to go their own way, and merely follows in their track, knowing that their instinct will surely guide them to their home.

When the Kaffir soldiery succeed in capturing a kraal, their first care is to secure the oxen; and if the inhabitants should have been prudent enough to remove their much loved cattle, their next search is for maize, millet, and other kinds of corn. It is not a very easy matter to find the grain stores, because they are dug in the ground, and, after being filled, are covered over so neatly

with earth, that only the depositors know the exact spot. The "isi-baya" is a favorite place for these subterranean stores, because the trampling of the cattle soon obliterates all marks of digging. The isi-baya is, therefore, the first place to be searched; and in some cases the inhabitants have concealed their stores so cleverly that the invaders could not discover them by any other means except digging up the whole of the enclosure to a considerable depth. Now and then, when the inhabitants of a kraal have received notice that the enemy is expected, they remove the grain from the storehouses, and hide it in the bush, closing the granaries again, so as to give the enemy all the trouble of digging, to no purpose.

Panda, who refuses to send provisions with his forces, has sometimes caused them to suffer great hardships by his penurious conduct. On one occasion they discovered a granary with plenty of corn in it, and were so hungry that they could not wait to cook it properly, but ate it almost raw, at the same time drinking large quantities of water. The consequence was, that many of them were so ill that they had to be left behind when the march was resumed, and were detected and killed by the inhabitants of the kraal, who came back from their hiding places in the bush as soon as they saw the enemy move away. In one case, Panda's army was so badly supplied with provisions that the soldiers were obliged to levy contributions even on his own villages. In some of these kraals the women, who expected what might happen, had emptied their storehouses, and hidden all their food in the bush, so that the hungry soldiers could not even find some corn to grind into meal, nor elotted milk to mix with it. They were so angry at their disappointment that they ransacked the cattle-fold, discovered and robbed the subterranean granaries, and, after cooking as much food as they wanted, carried off a quantity of corn for future rations, and broke to pieces all the cooking vessels which they had used. If they could act thus in their own country, their conduct in an enemy's land may be easily conjectured.

One reason for the withholding of supplies may probably be due to the mode of fighting of the Zulu armies. They are entirely composed of light infantry, and can be sent to great distances with a rapidity that an ordinary European soldier can scarcely comprehend. The fact is, they carry nothing except their weapons, and have no heavy knapsack nor tight clothing to impede their movements. In fact, the clothing which they wear on a campaign is more for ornament than for covering, and consists chiefly of feathers stuck in the hair. So careless are the chiefs that their soldiers should not be impeded by baggage of any kind, that they are not even allowed to take a kaross with

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out any covering, just as is the case with the
guardians of the harem, who are supposed,
by virtue of their office, to be soldiers en-
gaged in a campaign.

As to pay, as we understand the word,
neither chief nor soldiers have much idea of
it. If the men distinguish themselves, the
chief mostly presents them with beads and
blankets, not as pay to which they have a
right, but as a gratuity for which they are
indebted to his generosity. As to the
"boys," they seldom have anything, being
only on their promotion, and not considered
as enjoying the privileges of manhood.
This custom is very irritating to the "boys,"
some of whom are more than thirty years of
age, and who consider themselves quite as
effective members of the army as those who
have been permitted to wear the head-ring
and bear the white shield. Their dissatis-
faction with their rank has, however, the
good effect of making them desirous of
becoming "ama-doda," and thus increasing
their value in time of action.

Sometimes this distinction of rank breaks
out in open quarrel, and on one occasion
the "men" and the "boys" came to blows
with each other, and would have taken to
their spears if Panda and his councillors had
not personally quelled the tumult. The fact
was, that Panda had organized an invasion,
and, as soon as they heard of it, the black-
shield regiment begged to be sent off at
once to the scene of battle. The white-
shields, however, suspected what was really
the case; namely, that the true destination
of the troops was not that which the king
had mentioned, and accordingly sat silent,
and took no part in the general enthusiasm.
Thereupon the "boys" taunted the "men"
with cowardice, and said that they preferred
their comfortable homes to the hardships of
warfare. The "men" retorted that, as they
had fought under Telhaka and Dingan, as
well as Panda, and had earned their ad-
vancement under the eye of chiefs who
killed all who did not fight bravely, no one
could accuse them of cowardice; whereas the
"boys" were ignorant of warfare, and were
talking nonsense. These remarks were too
true to be pleasant, and annoyed the "boys"
so much that they grew insolent, and pro-
voked the "men" to take to their sticks.
However, instead of yielding, the "boys"
only returned the blows, and if Panda had
not interfered, there would have been a
serious riot.

His conduct on this occasion shows the
strange jealousy which possesses the mind
of a Kaffir king. The "men" were, in this
case, undoubtedly right, and the "boys"
undoubtedly wrong. Yet Panda took the
part of the latter, because he was offended
with the argument of the "men." They
ought not to have mentioned his predeces-
sors, Telhaka and Dingan, in his presence,

as the use of their names implied a slight
upon himself. They might have prided
themselves as much as they liked, in the
victories which they had gained under him,
but they had no business to mention the
warlike deeds of his predecessors. Perhaps
he remembered that those predecessors had
been murdered by their own people, and
might have an uneasy fear that his own
turn would come some day. So he showed
his displeasure by sending oxen to the
"boys" as a feast, and leaving the "men"
without any food. Of course, in the end
the "men" had to yield, and against their
judgment went on the campaign. During
that expedition the smouldering flame broke
out several times, the "boys" refusing to
yield the post of honor to the "men," whom
they taunted with being cowards and afraid
to fight. However, the more prudent coun-
sels of the "men" prevailed, and harmony
was at last restored, the "men" and the
"boys" dividing into two brigades, and
each succeeding in the object for which they
set out, without needlessly exposing them-
selves to danger by attacking nearly impreg-
nable forts.

WE will now proceed to the soldiers them-
selves, and see how the wonderful discipline
of a Kaffir army is carried out in detail.
First we will examine the dress of the sol-
dier. Of course, the chief, who is the gen-
eral in command, will have the place of
honor, and we will therefore take the por-
trait of a well-known Zulu chief as he
appears when fully equipped for war. If
the reader will refer to page 117, No. 1, he
will see a portrait of Goza in the costume
which he ordinarily wears. The illustration
No. 2, same page, represents him in full
uniform, and affords a favorable example of
the war dress of a powerful Kaffir chief. He
bears on his left arm his great white war
shield, the size denoting its object, and the
color pointing out the fact that he is a mar-
ried man. The long, slender feather which
is fastened in his head-ring is that of the
South African crane, and is a conventional
symbol denoting war. There is in my col-
lection a very remarkable war headdress,
that was worn by the celebrated Zulu chief,
Sandilli, who gave the English so much
trouble during the Kaffir war, and proved
himself worthy of his rank as a warrior, and
his great reputation as an orator. Sandilli
was further remarkable because he had tri-
umphed over physical disadvantages, which
are all-important in a Kaffir's eyes.

It has already been mentioned that a de-
formed person is scarcely ever seen among
the Kaffirs, because infants that show signs of
deformity of any kind are almost invariably
killed as soon as born. Sandilli was one of
these unfortunate children, one of his legs
being withered as high as the knee, so that
he was deprived of all that physical agility

that is so greatly valued by Kaffirs, and which has so great a share in gaining promotion. By some strange chance the life of this deformed infant was preserved, and, under the now familiar name of Sandilli, the child grew to be a man, rose to eminence among his own people, took rank as a great chief, and became a very thorn in the sides of the English colonists. After many years of struggle, he at last gave in his submission to English rule, and might be often seen on horseback, dashing about in the headlong style which a Kaffir loves.

The headdress which he was accustomed to wear in time of war is represented in "art-titles of costume," page 33, at fig. 4. Instead of wearing a single feather of the crane, Sandilli took the whole breast of the bird, from which the long, slender feathers droop. The skin has been removed from the breast, bent and worked so as to form a kind of cap, and the feathers arranged so that they shall all point upward, leaning rather backward. This curious and valuable headdress was presented to me by G. Ellis, Esq., who brought it from the Cape in 1865. Sandilli belongs to the sub-tribe Amagaika, and is remarkable for his very light color and commanding stature.

It will be seen that both Goza and his councillors wear plenty of feathers on their heads, and that the cap of the left-hand warrior bears some resemblance to that which has just been described. The whole person of the chief is nearly covered with barbaric ornaments. His apron is made of leopards' tails, and his knees and ankles are decorated with tufts made of the long flowing hair of the Angora goat. Twisted strips of rare furs hang from his neck and chest, while his right hand holds the long knob-kerrie which is so much in use among the Zulu warriors. The portrait of Goza is taken from a photograph. The councillors who stand behind him are apparelled with nearly as much gorgeousness as their chief, and the odd-shaped headdresses which they wear denote the regiments to which they happen to belong. These men, like their chief, were photographed in their full dress.

It has already been mentioned that the soldiers are divided into two great groups; namely, the married men and the bachelors, or, as they are popularly called, the "men" and the "boys." But each of these great groups, or divisions, if we may use that word in its military sense, is composed of several regiments, varying from six hundred to a thousand or more in strength. Each of these regiments inhabits a single military kraal, or garrison town, and is commanded by the headman of that kraal. Moreover, the regiments are subdivided into companies, each of which is under the command of an officer of lower grade; and so thoroughly is this system carried out, that European soldiers feel almost startled when

they find that these savages have organized a system of army management nearly identical with their own. The regiments are almost invariably called by the name of some animal, and the soldiers are placed in them according to their physical characteristics. Thus, the Elephant regiment consists of the largest and strongest warriors, and holds a position like that of our Grenadiers. Then the Lion regiment is composed of men who have distinguished themselves by special acts of daring; while the Springbok regiment would be formed of men noted for their activity, for the quickness with which they can leap about when encumbered with their weapons, and for their speed of foot, and ability to run great distances. They correspond with our light cavalry, and are used for the same purpose.

There are twenty-six of these regiments in the Zulu army, and they can be as easily distinguished by their uniform as those of our own army. The twenty-sixth regiment is the equivalent of our household troops, being the body-guard of the king, and furnishing all the sentinels for the harem. Their uniform is easily distinguishable, and is very simple, being, in fact, an utter absence of all clothing. Only the picked men among the warriors are placed in this distinguished regiment, and neither by day nor night do they wear a scrap of clothing. This seems rather a strange method of conferring an honorable distinction; but entire nudity is quite as much valued by a Kaffir soldier as the decoration of the Bath or Victoria Cross among ourselves.

The first regiment is called Omobapan-kue, a word that signifies "Leopard-catchers." Some years ago, when Tchaka was king of the Zulus, a leopard killed one of his attendants. He sent a detachment of the first regiment after the animal, and the brave fellows succeeded in catching it alive, and bearing their struggling prize to the king. In order to reward them for their courage, he gave the first regiment the honorary title of "Leopard-catchers," which title has been ever since borne by them.

There are three commissioned officers — if such a term may be used — in each regiment: namely the colonel, or "Indoonac'nkolu," i.e. the Great Officer; the captain, "N'genana," and the lieutenant, "N'gena-obzana." The headman of any kraal goes by the name of Indoonas, and he who rules over one of the great garrison towns is necessarily a man of considerable authority and high rank. The king's councillors are mostly selected from the various Indoonas. Below the lieutenant, there are subordinate officers who correspond almost exactly to the sergeants and corporals of our own armies.

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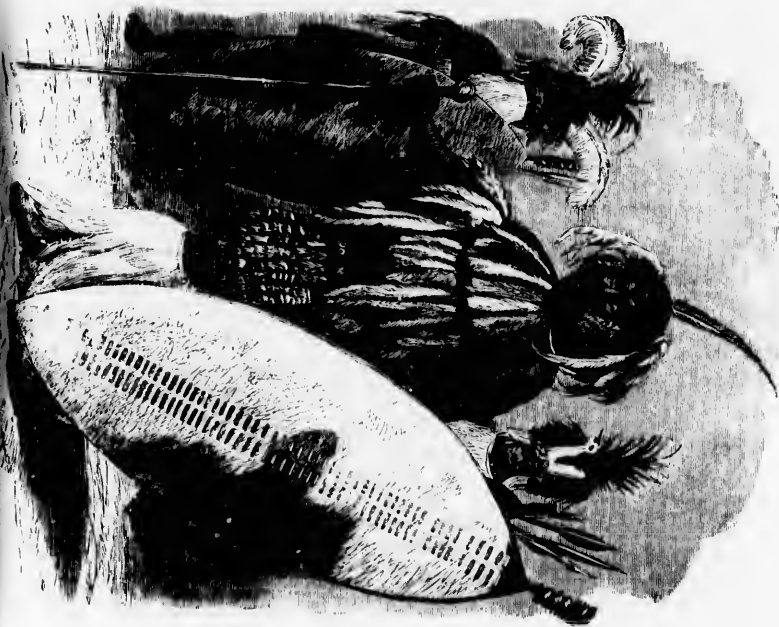
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(1) GOZA, THE ZULU CHIEF IN ORDINARY DRESS.
 (See page 112.)



(2) GOZA IN FULL WAR DRESS, ATTENDED BY HIS COUNCILLORS.
 (See page 113.)



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different regiments, a peculiar headdress is assigned to each regiment. On these headdresses the natives seem to have exercised all their ingenuity. The wildest fancy would hardly conceive the strange shapes that a Kafir soldier can make with feathers, and fur, and raw hide. Any kind of feather is seized upon to do duty in a Kafir soldier's headdress, but the most valued plumage is that of a roller, whose glittering dress of blue green is worked up into large globular tufts, which are worn upon the back of the head, and on the upper part of the forehead. Such an ornament as this is seldom if ever seen upon the head of a simple warrior, as it is too valuable to be possessed by any but a chief of consideration. Panda is very fond of wearing this beautiful ornament on occasions of state, and sometimes wears two at once, the one on the front of his head-ring, and the other attached to the crown of the head.

The raw hide is stripped of its fur by being rolled up and buried for a day or two, and is then cut and moulded into the most fantastic forms, reminding the observer of the strange devices with which the heroes of the Niebelungen decorated their helmets. Indeed, some of these headdresses of the Kafir warriors might easily be mistaken at a little distance for the more classical though not more elaborate helmet of the ancient German knights. The soldiers which are here represented belong to two different regiments of the Zulu army, and have been selected as affording good examples of the wild and picturesque uniform which is adopted by these dusky troops. In some headdresses the fur is retained on the skin, and thus another effect is obtained.

The object of all this savage decoration is twofold: firstly, to distinguish the soldiers of the different regiments, and, secondly to strike terror into the enemy. Both their objects are very thoroughly accomplished, for the uniforms of the twenty-six regiments are very dissimilar to each other, and all the neighboring tribes stand in the greatest dread of the Amazulu, who, they say, are not men, but eaters of men.

Beside the regular regiments, there is always a body-guard of armed men whose duty it is to attend the chief and obey his orders. Each chief has his own body-guard, but that of the king is not only remarkable for its numerical strength, but for the rank of its members. Dingaan, for example, had a body-guard that mustered several hundred strong, and every member of it was a man of rank. It was entirely composed of Indoonas from all parts of the country under his command. With the admirable organizing power which distinguishes the Kafir chiefs, he had arranged his Indoonas so methodically, that each man had to serve in the body-guard for a certain time, until he was relieved by his successor. This simple

plan allowed the king to exercise a personal supervision over the ruling men of his dominions, and, on the other side, the subordinate chiefs were able to maintain a personal communication with their monarch, and to receive their orders directly from himself.

It has already been mentioned that, after a battle, the king calls his soldiers together, and holds a review. One of these assemblages is a most astonishing sight, and very few Europeans have been privileged to see it. This review is looked upon by the troops with the greatest reverence, for few of them know whether at the close of it they may be raised to a higher rank or be lying dead in the bush. As to the "boys," especially those who are conscious that they have behaved well in the fight, they look to it with hope, as it presents a chance of their elevation to the ranks of the "men," and their possession of the coveted white shield. Those who are not so sure of themselves are very nervous about the review, and think themselves extremely fortunate if they are not pointed out to the king as bad soldiers, and executed on the spot.

The review takes place in the great enclosure of one of the garrison towns, and the troops form themselves into a large circle. It is a curious fact that not even in military matters has the Kafir an idea of forming in line, and that the evolutions, such as they are, are all carried out in curved lines, which are the abhorrence of European tacticians. The white and black shield divisions are separated from each other in each regiment, and the whole army "stands at ease," with the shield resting on the ground, and the whole body covered by it as high as the lips. They stand motionless as statues, and in death-like silence await the coming of their king.

After the customary lapse of one hour or so, the king, with his councillors, chief officers, and particular friends, comes into the circle, attended by his chair bearer, his shield bearer, his page, and a servant or two. The shield bearer has an honorable, though perilous, service to perform. He has to hold the shield so as to shade the royal person from the sun, and should he happen, through any inadvertence, to allow the king to feel a single sunbeam, he may think himself fortunate if he escape with his life, while a severe punishment is the certain result.

The chair is placed in the centre of the circle, in order for his sable majesty to repose himself after the exertion of walking nearly two hundred yards. Large baskets full of beer are placed near the royal chair, and before he can proceed to business the king is obliged to recruit his energies with beer and snuff, both of which are handed to him by his pages.

He next orders a number of cattle to be driven past him, and points to certain ani-

imals which he intends to be killed in honor of his guests. As each ox is pointed out, a warrior leaps forward with his stabbing-assagai, and kills the animal with a single blow, piercing it to the heart with the skill of a practised hand. Much as a Kaffir loves his oxen, the sight of the dying animal always seems to excite him to a strange pitch of enthusiasm, and the king contemplates with great satisfaction the dying oxen struggling in the last pangs of death, and the evolutions of the survivors, who snuff and snort at the blood of their comrades, and then dash wildly away in all directions, pursued by their keepers, and with difficulty guided to their own enclosures. The king then rises, and, with the assistance of his attendants, walks, or rather waddles, round the inner ring of warriors as fast as his obesity will permit him, resting every now and then on his chair, which is carried after him by his page, and refreshing himself at rather short intervals with beer.

Next comes the most important part of the proceedings. The chief officers of the various regiments that have been engaged give in their reports to the king, who immediately acts upon them. When a warrior has particularly distinguished himself, the king points to him, and calls him by name. Every man in the army echoes the name at the full pitch of his voice, and every arm is pointed at the happy soldier, who sees his ambition as fully gratified as it is possible to be. Almost beside himself with exultation at his good fortune, he leaps from the ranks, and commences running, leaping, springing high into the air, kicking, and flourishing his shield, and going through the most surprising and agile manoeuvres imaginable; now brandishing his weapons, stabbing, parrying, and retreating; and again vaulting into the ranks, light of foot and rigid of muscle, so rapidly that the eye can scarcely follow his evolutions. Sometimes six or seven of these distinguished warriors will be dancing simultaneously in different parts of the ring, while their companions encourage them with shouts and yells of applause. Many of the "boys" are at these reviews permitted to rank among the "men," and sometimes, when a whole regiment of the black-shields has behaved especially well, the king has ordered them all to exchange their black for the white shield, and to assume the head-ring which marks their rank as ama-doda, or "men."

Next come the terrible scenes when the officers point out those who have disgraced themselves in action. The unfortunate soldiers are instantly dragged out of the ranks, their shields and spears taken from them, and, at the king's nod, they are at once killed and their bodies thrown into the bush. Sometimes they are beaten to death with knob-keries, and sometimes their necks are twisted by the executioner laying

one hand on the crown of the head and the other under the chin. The wretched sufferers never think of resisting, nor even of appealing for mercy; and to such a pitch of obedience did Tehaka bring this fierce and warlike nation, that men guiltless of any offence have been known to thank him for their punishment while actually dying under the strokes of the executioners.

When the double business of rewarding the brave soldiers and punishing the cowards has been completed, the professional minstrels or praisers come forward, and recite the various honorary titles of the king in a sort of recitative, without the least pause between the words, and in most stentorian voices. Perhaps the term *Heralds* would not be very inappropriate to these men. The soldiers take up the chorus of praise, and repeat the titles of their ruler in shouts that are quite deafening to an unaccustomed ear. Each title is assumed or given to the king in commemoration of some notable deed, or on account of some fancy that may happen to flit through the royal brain in a dream; and, as he is continually adding to his titles, the professional reciters had need possess good memories, as the omission of any of them would be considered as an insult.

Some of Panda's titles have already been mentioned, but some of the others are so curious that they ought not to be omitted. For example, he is called "Father of men," i. e. the ama-doda, or married warriors; "He who lives forever"—a compliment on his surviving the danger of being killed by Dingani; "He who is high as the mountains"—"He who is high as the heavens"—this being evidently the invention of a clever courtier who wished to "cap" the previous compliment; "Elephant's calf;" "Great black one;" "Bird that eats other birds"—in allusion to his conquests in battle; "Son of a cow;" "Noble elephant," and a hundred other titles, equally absurd in the mind of a European, but inspiring great respect in that of a Kaffir.

When all this tumultuous scene is over, the review closes, just as our reviews do, with a "march past." The king sits in his chair, as a general on his horse, while the whole army defiles in front of him, each soldier as he passes bowing to the ground, and lowering his shield and assagai, as we droop our colors in the presence of the sovereign. In order to appear to the best advantage on these occasions, and to impress the spectators with the solemnity of the ceremony, the king dresses himself with peculiar care, and generally wears a different costume at each review. The dress which he usually wears at his evening receptions, when his officers come to report themselves and to accompany him in his daily inspection of his herds, is the usual apron or kilt, made either of leopard's tails or monkey's

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(1.) PANDA'S REVIEW. (See page 120.)



(2.) HUNTING SCENE. (See page 135.)

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skin, a headdress composed of various feathers and a round ball of clipped worsted, while his arms are decorated with rings of brass and ivory.

It is easy to see how this custom of holding a review almost immediately after the battle, and causing either reward or punishment to come swiftly upon the soldiers, must have added to the efficiency of the armies, especially when the system was carried out by a man like its originator Tehaka, an astute, sanguinary, determined, and pitiless despot. Under the two successive reigns of Dingaan and Panda, and especially under the latter, the efficiency of the Zulu army—the eaters of men—has notably diminished, this result being probably owing to the neighborhood of the English colony at Natal, in which the Zulu warriors can find a refuge when they fear that their lives are endangered. Formerly, the men had no possible refuge, so that a Kaffir was utterly in the power of his chief, and the army was therefore more of a machine than it is at present.

Reviews such as have been described are not only held in war time, but frequently take place in times of peace. It has been mentioned that the king of the Zulu tribe has twenty-six war-kraals, or garrison towns, and he generally contrives to visit each of them in the course of the year. Each time that he honors the kraal by his presence the troops are turned out, and a review is held, though not always accompanied by the lavish distribution of rewards and punishment which distinguishes those which are held after battle.

The vicissitudes of Kaffir warfare are really remarkable from a military point of view. Originally, the only idea which the Kaffirs had of warfare was a desultory kind of skirmishing, in which each man fought for his own hand, and did not reckon on receiving any support from his comrades, each of whom was engaged in fight on his own account. In fact, war was little more than a succession of duels, and, if a warrior succeeded in killing the particular enemy he was opposed, he immediately attacked another. But the idea of large bodies of men acting in concert, and being directed by one mind, was one that had not occurred to the Kaffirs until the time of Tehaka.

When that monarch introduced a system and a discipline into warfare, the result was at once apparent. Individual skirmishers had no chance against large bodies of men, mutually supporting each other, moving as if actuated by one mind, and, under the guidance of a single leader, advancing with a swift but steady impetuosity that the undisciplined soldiers of the enemy could not resist. Discipline could not be turned against the Zulus, for Tehaka left the conquered tribes no time to organize them-

selves into armies, even if they had possessed leaders who were capable of that task. His troops swept over the country like an army of locusts, consuming everything on their way, and either exterminating the various tribes, or incorporating them in some capacity or other among the Zulus.

In truth, his great policy was to extend the Zulu tribe, and from a mere tribe to raise them into a nation. His object was, therefore, not so much to destroy as to absorb, and, although he did occasionally extirpate a tribe that would not accept his conditions, it was for the purpose of striking terror into others, and proving to them the futility of resistance. Those that had accepted his offers he incorporated with his own army, and subjected to the same discipline, but took care to draught them off into different regiments, so that they could not combine in a successful revolt. The result of this simple but far-seeing policy was, that in a few years the Zulu tribe, originally small, had, beside its regular regiments on duty, some twelve or fifteen thousand men always ready for any sudden expedition, and at the end of five or six years the Zulu king was paramount over the whole of Southern Africa, the only check upon him being the European colonies. These he evidently intended to sweep away, but was murdered before he could bring his scheme to maturity. Tehaka's system was followed by Moselekatze in the north of Kaffirland, who contrived to manage so well that the bulk of his army belonged to Bechuanaland and other tribes, some of whose customs he adopted.

The military system of Tehaka prevailed, as must be the case when there is no very great inequality between the opposing forces, and discipline is all on one side. But, when discipline is opposed to discipline, and the advantage of weapons lies on the side of the latter, the consequences are disastrous to the former. Thus it has been with the Kaffir tribes. The close ranks of warriors, armed with shield and spear, were irresistible when opposed to men similarly armed, but without any regular discipline, but, when they came to match themselves against firearms, they found that their system was of little value.

The shield could resist the assagai well enough, but against the bullet it was powerless, and though the stabbing-assagai was a terrible weapon when the foe was at close quarters, it was of no use against an enemy who could deal destruction at the distance of several hundred yards. Moreover, the close and compact ranks, which were so efficacious against the irregular warriors of the country, became an absolute element of weakness when the soldiers were exposed to heavy volleys from the distant enemy. Therefore, the whole course of battle was

changed when the Zulus fought against the white man and his fire-arms, and they found themselves obliged to revert to the old system of skirmishing, though the skirmishers fought under the commands of the chief, instead of each man acting independently, as had formerly been the case.

We remember how similar changes have taken place in our European armies, when the heavy columns that used to be so resistless were shattered by the fire of single ranks, and how the very missiveness of the column rendered it a better mark for the enemy's fire, and caused almost every shot to take effect.

Tehaka was not always successful, for he forgot that cunning is often superior to force, and that the enemy's spears are not the most dangerous weapons in his armory. The last expedition that Tehaka organized was a singularly unsuccessful one. He had first sent an army against a tribe which had long held out against him, and which had the advantage of a military position so strong that even the trained Zulu warriors, who knew that failure was death, could not succeed in taking it. Fortunately for Tehaka, some Europeans were at the time in his kraal, and he obliged them to fight on his behalf. The enemy had, up to that time, never seen nor heard of fire-arms; and when they saw their comrades falling without being visibly struck, they immediately yielded, thinking that the spirits of their forefathers were angry with them, and spat fire out of their mouths. This, indeed, was the result which had been anticipated by the bearers of the fire-arms in question, for they thought that, if the enemy were intimidated by the strange weapons, great loss of life would be saved on both sides. The battle being over, the conquered tribe were subsidized as tributaries, according to Tehaka's custom, and all their cattle given up.

The success of this expedition incited Tehaka to repeat the experiment, and his troops had hardly returned when he sent them off against a chief named Sotshangana. This chief had a spy in the camp of Tehaka, and no sooner had the army set off than the spy contrived to detach himself from the troops, and went off at full speed to his master. Sotshangana at once sent out messengers to see whether the spy had told the truth, and when he learned that the Zulu army was really coming upon him, he laid a trap into which the too confident enemy fell at once. He withdrew his troops from his kraals, but left everything in its ordinary position, so as to look as if no alarm had been taken. The Zulu regiments, seeing no signs that their presence was expected, took possession of the kraal, feasted on its provisions, and slept in fancied security. But, at the dead of night, Sotshangana, accompanied by the spy,

whom he had rewarded with the command of a regiment, came on the unsuspecting Zulus, fell upon them while sleeping, and cut one regiment nearly to pieces. The others rallied, and drove off their foes; but they were in an enemy's country, where every hand was against them.

Their wonderful discipline availed them little. They got no rest by day or by night. They were continually harassed by attacks, sometimes of outlying skirmishers, who kept them always on the alert, sometimes of large forces of soldiers who had to be met in battle array. They could obtain no food, for the whole country was against them, and the weaker tribes, whom they attacked in order to procure provisions, drove their cattle into the bush, and set fire to their own corn-fields. It is said also, and with some likelihood of truth, that the water was poisoned as well as the food destroyed; and the consequence was, that the once victorious army was obliged to retreat as it best could, and the shattered fragments at last reached their own country, after suffering almost incredible hardships. It was in this campaign that the soldiers were obliged to eat their shields. At least twenty thousand of the Zulu warriors perished in this expedition, three-fourths having died from privation, and the others fallen by the spears of the enemy.

What would have been Tehaka's fury at so terrible a defeat may well be imagined; but he never lived to see his conquered warriors. It is supposed, and with some show of truth, that he had been instrumental in causing the death of his own mother, Mnande. This word signifies "amiable" or "pleasant," in the Zulu tongue, and never was a name more misapplied. She was violent, obstinate, and wilful to a degree, and her son certainly inherited these traits of his mother's character, besides superadding a few of his own. She was the wife of the chief of the Amazulu, then a small and insignificant tribe, who lived on the banks of the White Fofosi river, and behaved in such a manner that she could not be kept in her husband's kraal. It may be imagined that such a mother and son were not likely to agree very well together; and when the latter came to be a man, he was known to beat his mother openly, without attempting to conceal the fact, but rather taking credit to himself for it.

Therefore, when she died, her family had some good grounds for believing that Tehaka had caused her to be killed, and determined on revenge. Hardly had that ill-fated expedition set out, when two of her sisters came to Dingana and Umhlangani, the brothers of Tehaka, and openly accused him of having murdered Mnande, urging the two brothers to kill him and avenge their mother's blood. They adroitly mentioned the absence of the army, and the

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of the army, Tchaka was dead, the soldiers
would be rejoiced at the death of the tyrant,
and would be sure to consider as their
leaders the two men who had freed them
from such a yoke. The two brothers briefly
answered, "Ye have spoken!" but the
women seemed to know that by those words
the doom of Tchaka was settled, and with-
drew themselves, leaving their nephews to
devise their own plans for the murder of the
king.

This was no easy business. They would
have tried poison, but Tchaka was much too
wary to die such a death, and, as force was
clearly useless, they had recourse to treach-
ery. They corrupted the favorite servant
of Tchaka, a man named Bopa, and having
armed themselves with unshafted heads of
assagais, which could be easily concealed,
they proceeded to the king's house, where
he was sitting in conference with several of
his councillors, who were unarmed, accord-
ing to Kafir etiquette. The treacherous
Bopa began his task by rudely interrupting
the councillors, accusing them of telling
falshoods to the king, and behaving with
an amount of insolence to which he well

knew they would not submit. As they rose
in anger, and endeavored to seize the man
who had insulted them, Dingan and Umh-
langani stole behind Tchaka, whose atten-
tion was occupied by the extraordinary
scene, and stabbed him in the back. He
attempted to escape, but was again stabbed
by Bopa, and fell dying to the ground,
where he was instantly slain. The af-
frighted councillors tried to fly, but were
killed by the same weapons that had slain
their master.

This dread scene was terminated by an
act partly resulting from native ferocity,
and partly from superstition. The two
murderers opened the still warm body of
their victim, and drank the gall. Their
subsequent quarrel, and the accession of
Dingan to the throne, has already been
mentioned. The new king would probably
have been murdered by the soldiers on their
return, had he not conciliated them by re-
laxing the strict laws of celibacy which
Tchaka had enforced, and by granting in-
dulgence of various kinds to the troops.
As to the dead Mnande, the proximate
cause of Tchaka's death, more will be said
on a future page.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUNTING.

THE KAFFIR'S LOVE FOR THE CHASE—THE GAME AND CLIMATE OF AFRICA—THE ANTELOPES OF AFRICA—HUNTING THE KODDOO—USES OF THE HORNS—A SCENE ON THE UMOENIE RIVER—THE DIUKER-DOK AND ITS PECULIARITIES—ITS MODE OF ESCAPE AND TENACITY OF LIFE—SINGULAR MODE OF CONCEALMENT—THE ELAND, ITS FLESH AND FAT—CURIOUS SUPERSTITION OF THE ZULU WARRIORS—THIGH-TONGUES—MODE OF HUNTING THE ELAND—THE GEMSBOK—ITS INDIFFERENCE TO DRINK—DIFFICULTY OF HUNTING IT—HOW THE GEMSBOK WIELDS ITS HORNS—THEIR USES TO MAN—MODES OF TRAPPING AND DESTROYING ANTELOPES WHOLESALE—THE HOPO, OR LARGE PITFALL, ITS CONSTRUCTION AND MODE OF EMPLOYMENT—EXCITING SCENE AT THE HOPO—PITFALLS FOR SINGLE ANIMALS—THE STAKE AND THE RIDGE—THE GIRAFFE PITFALL—HUNTING THE ELEPHANT—USE OF THE DOGS—BEST PARTS OF THE ELEPHANT—HOW THE FOOT IS COOKED—VORACITY OF THE NATIVES—GAME IN A "HIGH" CONDITION—EXTRACTING THE TUSKS AND TEETH—CUTTING UP AN ELEPHANT—FLESH, FAT, AND SKIN OF THE RHINOCEROS—SOUTH AFRICAN "HAGGIN"—ASSAILING A HERD OF GAME—SLAUGHTER IN THE RAVINE—A HUNTING SCENE IN KAFFIRLAND—THE "KLOOF" AND THE "BUSH"—FALLS OF THE UMZIMVUBU RIVER—HUNTING DANCE—CHASE OF THE LION AND ITS SANGUINARY RESULTS—DINGAN'S DESPOTIC MANDATE—HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

EXCEPTING war, there is no pursuit which is so engrossing to a Kaffir as the chase; and whether he unites with a number of his comrades in a campaign against his game, whether he pursues it singly, or whether he entices it into traps, he is wholly absorbed in the occupation, and pursues it with an enthusiasm to which a European is a stranger. Indeed, in many cases, and certainly in most instances, where a Kaffir is the hunter, the chase becomes a mimic warfare, which is waged sometimes against the strong, and sometimes against the weak; which opposes itself equally to the fierce activity of the lion, the relentless force of the elephant, the speed of the antelope, and the wariness of the zebra. The love of hunting is a necessity in such a country, which fully deserves the well-known title of the "Happy Hunting Grounds." There is, perhaps, no country on earth where may be found such a wonderful variety of game in so small a compass, and which will serve to exercise, to the very utmost, every capacity for the chase that mankind can possess.

Southern Africa possesses the swiftest, the largest, the heaviest, the fiercest, the mightiest, and the tallest beasts in the world. The lofty mountain, the reed-clad

dell, the thorny bush, the open plain, the river bank, and the very water itself, are filled with their proper inhabitants, simply on account of the variety of soil, which always produces a corresponding variety of inhabitants. The different kinds of herbage attract and sustain the animals that are suited to them; and were they to be extinct, the animals must follow in their wake. The larger carnivora are in their turn attracted by the herbivorous inhabitants of the country, and thus it happens that even a very slight modification in the vegetation has altered the whole character of a district. Mr. Moffatt has mentioned a curious instance of this fact.

He and his companions were in great jeopardy on account of a disappointed "rain-maker." The country had originally been even remarkable for the quantity of rain which fell in it, and for its consequent fertility. The old men said that their forefathers had told them "of the floods of ancient times, the incessant showers which clothed the very rocks with verdure, and the giant trees and forests which once studied the brows of the Hamana hills and neighboring plains. They boasted of the Kuruman and other rivers, with their im-

passable torrents, in which the hippopotami played, while the lowing herds walked up to their necks in grass, diling their *mekukas* (milk-sacks) with milk, making every heart to sing for joy."

That such tales were true was proved by the numerous stumps of huge *nacha*-trees, that showed where the forest had stood, and by the dry and parched ravines, which had evidently been the beds of rivers, and clothed with vegetation. For the drought the missionaries were held responsible, according to the invariable custom of the rain-makers, who are only too glad to find something on which to shift the blame when no rain follows their incantations. It was in vain that Mr. Moffatt reminded them that the drought had been known long before a white man set his foot on the soil. A savage African is, as a general rule, impervious to dates, not even having the least idea of his own age, so this argument failed utterly.

The real reason was evidently that which Mr. Moffatt detected, and which he tried in vain to impress upon the inhabitants of the land. They themselves, or rather their forefathers, were responsible for the cessation of rain, and the consequent change from a fertile land into a desert. For the sake of building their kraals and houses, they had cut down every tree that their axes could fell, and those that defied their rude tools they destroyed by fire. Now it is well known that trees, especially when in full foliage, are very powerful agents in causing rain, inasmuch as they condense the moisture floating in the air, and cause it to fall to the earth, instead of passing by in suspension. Every tree that is felled has some effect in reducing the quantity of rain; and when a forest is levelled with the ground, the different amount of rainfall becomes marked at once.

These tribes are inveterate destroyers of timber. When they wish to establish themselves in a fresh spot, and build a new kraal, they always station themselves close to the forest, or at all events to a large thicket, which in the course of time is levelled to the ground, the wood having been all used for building and culinary purposes. The tribe then go off to another spot, and cut down more timber; and it is to this custom that the great droughts of Southern Africa may partly be attributed.

The game which inhabited the fallen forests is perforce obliged to move into districts where the destructive axe has not been heard, and the whole of those animals that require a continual supply of water either die off for the want of it, or find their way into more favored regions. This is especially the case with the antelopes, which form the chief game of this land. Southern Africa absolutely teems with antelopes, some thirty species of which are

known to inhabit this wonderful country. They are of all sizes, from the great elands and koodoos, which rival our finest cattle in weight and stature, to the tiny species which inhabit the bush, and have bodies scarcely larger than if they were rabbits. Some of them are solitary, others may be found in small parties, others unite in herds of incalculable numbers; while there are several species that form associations, not only with other species of their own group, but with giraffes, zebras, ostriches, and other strange companions. Each kind must be hunted in some special manner; and, as the antelopes are generally the wariest as well as the most active of game, the hunter must be thoroughly acquainted with his business before he can hope for success.

One of the antelopes which live in small parties is the koodoo, so well known for its magnificent spiral horns. To Europeans the koodoo is only interesting as being one of the most splendid of the antelope tribe, but to the Kaffir it is almost as valuable an animal as the cow. The flesh of the koodoo is well-flavored and tender, two qualities which are exceedingly rare among South African antelopes. The marrow taken from the leg bones is a great luxury with the Kaffirs, who are so fond of it that when they kill a koodoo they remove the leg bones, break them, and eat the marrow, not only without cooking, but while it is still warm. Revolving as such a practice may seem to us, it has been adopted even by English hunters, who have been sensible enough to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

Then, its hide, although comparatively thin, is singularly tough, and, when cut into narrow strips and properly manipulated, is used for a variety of purposes which a thicker hide could not fulfil. The toughness and strength of these things are really wonderful, and the rapidly with which they are made scarcely less so. I have seen an experienced skindresser cut a strip from a dried koodoo skin, and in less than half a minute produce a long, delicate thong, about as thick as ordinary whipcord, as pliant as silk, and beautifully rounded. I have often thought that the much vexed question of the best leather for boot-laces might be easily solved by the use of koodoo hide. Such things would be expensive in the outset, but their lasting powers would render them cheap in the long run.

The horns of the koodoo are greatly valued in this country, and command a high price, on account of their great beauty. The Kaffirs, however, value them even more than we do. They will allow the horns of the eland to lie about and perish, but those of the koodoo they carefully preserve for two special purposes, — namely, the forge and the smoking pipe. Although a Kaffir blacksmith will use the horns of the domestic ox, or of the eland, as tubes whereby the

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CURIOUS SUPERSTITION
AND—THE GEMSBOK—
THE GEMSBOK WIELDS ITS
ANTELOPES WHOLESALE
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wind is conveyed from the bellows to the fire, he very much prefers those of the koodoo, and, if he should be fortunate enough to obtain a pair, he will lavish much pains on making a handsome pair of bellows. He also uses the koodoo horn in the manufacture of the remarkable water-pipe in which he smokes dakka, or hemp. On page 167 may be seen a figure of a Kaffir engaged in smoking a pipe made from the koodoo horn.

Like many other antelopes, the koodoo is a wary animal, and no small amount of pains must be taken before the hunter can succeed in his object. The koodoo is one of the antelopes that require water, and is not like its relative, the eland, which never cares to drink, and which contrives, in some mysterious manner, to be the largest, the fittest, and the plumpest of all the antelope tribe, though it lives far from water, and its principal food is herbage so dry that it can be rubbed to powder between the hands.

EACH of the antelopes has its separate wiles, and puts in practice a different method of escape from an enemy. The pretty little Duiker-bok, for example, jumps about here and there with an erratic series of movements, reminding the sportsman of the behavior of a flushed snipe. Suddenly it will stop, as if tired, and lie down in the grass; but when the hunter comes to the spot, the animal has vanished. All the previous movements were merely for the purpose of distracting the attention of the hunter, and as soon as the little antelope crouched down, it lowered its head and crawled away on its knees under cover of the herbage. It is owing to this habit that the Dutch colonists called it the Duiker, or Diver. This little antelope is found in long grass, or among stunted bushes, and the wary Kaffir is sure to have his weapons ready whenever he passes by a spot where he may expect to find the Duyker, or Impoon, as he calls it. The creature is wonderfully tenacious of life, and, even when mortally wounded, it will make its escape from a hunter who does not know its peculiarities.

Other antelopes that inhabit grass and bush land have very ingenious modes of concealing themselves. Even on the bare plain they will crouch down in such odd attitudes that all trace of their ordinary outline is gone, and they contrive to arrange themselves in such a manner that at a little distance they much resemble a heap of withered grass and dead sticks, the former being represented by their fur, and the latter by their horns and limbs. An untrained eye would never discover one of these animals, and novices in African hunting can seldom distinguish the antelope even when it is pointed out to them.

Whenever a practised hunter sees an antelope crouching on the ground, he may

be sure that the animal is perfectly aware of his presence, and is only watching for an opportunity to escape. If he were to go directly toward it, or even to stop and look at it, the antelope would know that it is detected, and would dart off while still out of range. But an experienced hunter always pretends not to have seen the animal, and instead of approaching it in a direct line, walks round and round the spot where it is lying, always coming nearer to his object, but never taking any apparent notice of it. The animal is quite bewildered by this mode of action, and cannot make up its mind what to do. It is not sure that it has been detected; and therefore does not like to run the risk of jumping up and openly betraying itself, and so it only crouches closer to the ground until its enemy is within range. The pretty antelope called the Ourebi is often taken in this manner.

Some antelopes cannot be taken in this manner. They are very wary animals, and, when they perceive an enemy, they immediately gallop off, and will go wonderful distances in an almost straight line. One of these animals is the well-known eland, an antelope which, in spite of its enormous size and great weight, is wonderfully swift and active; and, although a large eland will be nearly six feet high at the shoulders, and as largely built as our oxen, it will dash over rough hilly places at a pace that no horse can for a time equal. But it cannot keep up this pace for a very long time, as it becomes extremely fat and heavy; and if it be continually hard pressed, and not allowed to slacken its pace or to halt, it becomes so exhausted that it can be easily overtaken. The usual plan in such cases is to get in front of the tired eland, make it turn round, and thus drive it into the camping spot, where it can be killed, so that the hunters save themselves the trouble of carrying the meat to camp.

Eland hunting is always a favorite sport both with natives and white men, partly because its flesh is singularly excellent, and partly because a persevering chase is almost always rewarded with success. To the native, the eland is of peculiar value, because it furnishes an amount of meat which will feed them plentifully for several days. Moreover, the flesh is always tender, a quality which does not generally belong to South African venison. The Zulu warriors, however, do not eat the flesh of the eland, being restrained by superstitious motives.

Usually, when an antelope is killed, its flesh must either be eaten at once, before the animal heat has left the body, or it must be kept for a day or two, in order to free it from its toughness. But the flesh of the eland can be eaten even within a few hours after the animal has been killed. The hunters make a rather curious preparation from the flesh of the eland. They take out sep-

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arately the muscles of the thighs, and cure
them just as if they were tongues. These
articles are called "thigh-tongues," and are
useful on a journey when provisions are
likely to be scarce. Perhaps one of the
greatest merits of the eland in a Kafir's
eyes is the enormous quantity of fat which
it will produce when in good condition.
As has already been mentioned, fat is one
of the necessities of life to a Kafir, as well
as one of the greatest luxuries, and a bull
eland in good condition furnishes a supply
that will make a Kafir happy for a month.

There is another South African antelope,
which, like the eland, runs in a straight
course when alarmed, but which, unlike the
eland, is capable of great endurance. This
is the splendid gemsbok, an antelope which
is nearly as large as the eland, though not
so massively built. This beautiful antelope
is an inhabitant of the dry and parched
plains of Southern Africa, and, like the eland,
cares nothing for water, deriving all the
moisture which it needs from certain succe-
lent roots of a bulbous nature, which lie
hidden in the soil, and which its instinct
teaches it to unearth. This ability to sus-
tain life without the aid of water renders its
chase a very difficult matter, and the hunters,
both native and European, are often baffled,
not so much by the speed and endurance of
the animal, as by the dry and thirsty plains
through which it leads them, and in which
they can find no water. The spoils of the
gemsbok are therefore much valued, and its
splendid horns will always command a high
price, even in its own country, while in
Europe they are sure of a sale.

The horns of this antelope are about three
feet in length, and are very slightly curved.
The mode in which they are placed on the
head is rather curious. They are very
nearly in a line with the forehead, so that
when the animal is at rest their tips nearly
touch the back. Horns thus set may be
thought to be deprived of much of their
capabilities, but the gemsbok has a rather
curious mode of managing these weapons.
When it desires to charge, or to receive the
assaults of an enemy, it stoops its head nearly
to the ground, the nose passing between the
fore-feet. The horns are then directed
toward the foe, their tips being some eigh-
teen or twenty inches from the ground. As
soon as the enemy comes within reach, the
gemsbok turns its head strongly upward,
and impales the antagonist on its horns,
which are so sharp that they seem almost to
have been pointed and polished by artificial
means.

Dogs find the gemsbok to be one of their
worst antagonists; for if they succeed in
bringing it to bay, it wields its horns with
such swift address that they cannot come
within its reach without very great danger.
Even when the animal has received a mortal
wound, and been lying on the ground

with only a few minutes of life in its body, it
has been known to sweep its armed head so
fiercely from side to side that it killed sev-
eral of the dogs as they rushed in to seize
the fallen enemy, wounded others severely,
and kept a clear space within range of its
horns. Except at certain seasons of the
year, when the gemsbok becomes very fat,
and is in consequence in bad condition for
a long chase, the natives seldom try to pur-
sue it, knowing that they are certain to
have a very long run, and that the final cap-
ture of the animal is very uncertain.

As to those antelopes which gather them-
selves together in vast herds, the South
African hunter acts on very different prin-
ciples, and uses stratagem rather than speed
or force. One of their most successful meth-
ods of destroying the game wholesale is by
means of the remarkable trap called the
Hopo. The hopo is, in fact, a very large
pitfall, dug out with great labor, and cap-
able of holding a vast number of animals.
Trunks of trees are laid over it at each end,
and a similar arrangement is made at the
sides, so that a kind of overlapping edge is
given to it, and a beast that has fallen into
it cannot possibly escape. From this pit
two fences diverge, in a V-like form, the pit
being the apex. These fences are about a
mile in length, and their extremities are a
mile, or even more, apart.

Many hundreds of hunters then turn out,
and ingeniously contrive to decoy or drive
the herd of game into the treacherous space
between the fences. They then form them-
selves into a cordon across the open end of
the V, and advance slowly, so as to urge the
animals onward. A miscellaneous company
of elands, hartebeests, gnooks, zebras, and
other animals, is thus driven nearer and
nearer to destruction. Toward the angle of
the V, the fence is narrowed into a kind of
lane or passage, some fifty yards in length,
and is made very strongly, so as to pre-
vent the affrighted animals from breaking
through. When a number of them have
fairly entered the passage, the hunters dash
forward, yelling at the full stretch of their
powerful voices, brandishing their shields
and assagais, and so terrifying the doomed
animals that they dash blindly forward, and
fall into the pit. It is useless for those in
front to recoil when they see their danger,
as they are pushed onward by their com-
rades, and in a few minutes the pit is full of
dead and dying animals. Many of the herd
escape when the pit is quite full, by passing
over the bodies of their fallen companions,
but enough are taken to feast the whole
tribe for a considerable time. Those on the
outskirts of the herd often break wildly
away, and try to make their escape through
the cordon of armed hunters. Many of
them succeed in their endeavors, but others
fall victims to the assagais which are hurled
at them upon all sides.

Even such large game as the giraffe, the buffalo, and the rhinoceros have been taken in this ingenious and most effective trap. Dr. Livingstone mentions that the small sub-tribe called the Bakawas took from sixty to seventy head of cattle per week in the various hoppers which they constructed.

The animated scene which takes place at one of these hunts is well described by Mr. H. H. Methuen, in his "Life in the Wilderness." After mentioning the pitfall and the two diverging fences, between which a herd of quaggas had been enclosed, he proceeds as follows: "Noises thickened round me, and men rushed past, their skin cloaks streaming in the wind, till, from their black naked figures and wild gestures, it wanted no Martin to imagine a Pandemonium. I pressed hard upon the flying animals, and galloping down the lane, saw the pits choke-full; while several of the quaggas, noticing their danger, turned upon me, ears back, and teeth showing, compelling me to retreat with equal celerity from them. Some natives standing in the lane made the fugitives run the gauntlet with their assegais. As each quagga made a dash at them, they pressed their backs into the hedge, and held their hard ox-hide shields in his face, hurling their spears into his side as he passed onward. One managed to burst through the hedge and escape; the rest fell pierced with assegais, like so many porcupines. Men are often killed in these hunts, when buffaloes turn back in a similar way.

"It was some little time before Bari and I could find a gap in the hedge and get round to the pits, but at length we found one, and then a scene exhibited itself which baffles description. So full were the pits that many animals had run over the bodies of their comrades, and got free. Never can I forget that bloody, murderous spectacle; a moaning, wriggling mass of quaggas, huddled and jammed together in the most inextricable confusion; some were on their backs, with their heels up, and others lying across them; some had taken a dive and only displayed their tails; all lay interlocked like a bucketful of eels. The savages, frantic with excitement, yelled round them, thrusting their assegais with smiles of satisfaction into the upper ones, and leaving them to suffocate those beneath, evidently rejoicing in the agony of their victims. Mosceli, the chief, was there in person, and after the lapse of half an hour, the poles at the entrance of the pits being removed, the dead bodies, in all the contortions and stiffness of death, were drawn out by hooked stakes secured through the main sinew of the neck, a rude song, with extemporary words, being chanted the while."

The narrator mentions that out of one pit, only twelve feet square and six deep, he saw twenty "quaggas" extracted.

Sometimes pitfalls are constructed for the

reception of single animals, such as the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the rhinoceros. These are made chiefly in two modes. The pitfalls which are intended for catching the three last mentioned animals are tolerably large, but not very deep, because the size and weight of the prisoners prevent them from making their escape. Moreover, a stout stake, some five feet or more in length, and sharpened at the top, is placed in the middle of the pit, so that the animal falls upon it and is impaled. The pits are neatly covered with sticks, leaves, and earth, so ingeniously disposed that they look exactly like the surface of the ground, and are dangerous, not only to the beasts which they are intended to catch, but to men and horses. So many accidents have happened by means of these pits, that when a traveller goes from one district to another he sends notice of his coming, so that all the pitfalls that lie in his way may be opened.

Elephants are, of course, the most valuable game that can be taken in these traps, because their tusks can be sold at a high price, and their flesh supplies a vast quantity of meat. As the elephant is a terrible enemy to their cornfields and storehouses, the natives are in the habit of guarding the approaches by means of these pitfalls, and at first find their stratagem totally successful. But the elephants are so crafty that they soon learn caution from the fate of their comrades, and it is as difficult to catch an elephant in a pitfall as it is to catch an old rat in a trap. Having been accustomed to such succulent repasts, the elephants do not like to give up their feasts altogether, and proceed on their nocturnal expeditions much as usual. But some of the oldest and wariest of the herd go in front, and when they come near the cultivated ground, they beat the earth with their trunks, not venturing a step until they have ascertained that their footing is safe. As soon as they come to a pitfall, the hollow sound warns them of danger. They instantly stop, tear the covering of the pitfall to pieces, and, having thus unmasked it, proceed on their way.

The pitfall which is made for the giraffe is constructed on a different principle. Owing to the exceedingly long limbs of the animal, it is dug at least ten feet in depth. But, instead of being a mere pit, a wall or bank of earth is left in the middle, about seven feet in height, and shaped much like the letter A. As soon as the giraffe tumbles into the pit, its fore and hind legs fall on opposite sides of the wall, so that the animal is balanced on its belly, and wastes its strength in plunging about in hopes of finding a foothold.

Sometimes a number of Kaffirs turn out for the purpose of elephant hunting. By dint of the wary caution which they can always exercise when in pursuit of game, they find out the animal which possesses

such as the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the lion. The hunter, by catching the animal, is able to cause the size of the animal to be prevented them. Moreover, a more in length, placed in the animal falls pits are neatly and earth, so they look exactly and, and are dangerous which they to men and have happened when a traveler to another he so that all the may be opened. The most valuable in these traps, sold at a high price, is a vast quantity is a terrible and storehouses, of guarding the animal from pitfalls, and at lastly successful. The fact that they are the fate of their hunt to catch an old animal, accustomed to elephants do not altogether, and expeditions much the oldest and warlike and when they found, they beat not venturing a line that their they come to a sense them of danger the covering and, having thus their way.

Kaffirs turn out at hunting. By which they can pursue of game, which possesses

the finest tusks, and mark all his peculiarities; they then watch the spot where he treads, and, by means of a lump of soft clay, they take an impression of his footmarks. The reason for doing so is simple enough, viz. that if they should have to chase him, they may not run the risk of confounding his footmarks with those of other elephants. The sole of every elephant's foot is traversed by a number of indented lines, and in no two specimens are these lines alike. The clay model of the footprints serves them as a guide whereby they may assure themselves that they are on the right track whenever they come to the neighborhood of water, where the ground is soft, and where the footprints of many elephants are sure to be found. Their next endeavor is to creep near enough to the elephant to inflict a severe wound upon it, an object which is generally attained by a number of the dark hunters gliding among the trees, and simultaneously hurling their spears at the unsuspecting animal. The wounded elephant is nearly certain to charge directly at the spot from which he fancies that the assault has been made, and his shriek of mingled rage and alarm is sure to cause the rest of the herd to rush off in terror. The hunters then try by various stratagems to isolate the wounded animal from its comrades, and to prevent him from rejoining them, while at every opportunity fresh assaigais are thrown, and the elephant is never permitted to rest.

As a wounded elephant always makes for the bush, it would be quite safe from white hunters, though not so from the lithe and naked Kaffirs, who glide through the underwood and between the trees faster than the elephant can push its way through them. Every now and then it will turn and charge madly at its foes, but it expends its strength in vain, as they escape by nimbly jumping behind trees, or, in critical cases, by climbing up them, knowing that an elephant never seems to comprehend that a foe can be anywhere but on the ground.

In this kind of chase they are much assisted by their dogs, which bark incessantly at the animal, and serve to distract its attention from the hunters. It may seem strange that so huge an animal as the elephant should be in the least impeded by such small creatures as dogs, which, even if he stood still and allowed them to bite his legs to their hearts' content, could make no impression on the thick and tough skin which defends them. But the elephant has a strange terror of small animals, and especially dreads the dog, so that, when it is making up its mind to charge in one direction, the barking of a contemptible little cur will divert it from its purpose, and enable its intended victim either to secure himself behind a tree, or to become the assailant, and add another spear to the number that are already quivering in the animal's vast body.

The slaughter of an elephant by this mode of hunting is always a long and a cruel process. Even when the hunters are furnished with the best fire-arms, a number of wounds are generally inflicted before it dies, the exceptional case, when it falls dead at the first shot, being very rare indeed. Now, however powerful may be the practised aim of a Kaffir, and sharp as may be his weapon, he cannot drive it through the inch-thick hide into a vital part, and the consequence is that the poor animal is literally worried to death by a multitude of wounds, singly insignificant, but collectively fatal. At last the huge victim falls under the loss of blood, and great are the rejoicings if it should happen to sink down in its ordinary kneeling posture, as the tusks can then be extracted with comparative ease, and the grove of spears planted in its body can be drawn out entire; whereas, when the elephant falls on one side, all the spears upon that side are shattered to pieces, and every one must be furnished with a new shaft.

The first proceeding is to cut off the tail, which is valued as a trophy, and the next is to carve upon the tusks the mark of the hunter to whom they belong, and who is always the man who inflicted the first wound. The next proceeding is to cut a large hole in one side, into which a number of Kaffirs enter, and busy themselves by taking out the most valuable parts of the animal. The inner membrane of the skin is saved for water-sacks, which are made in a very primitive manner, a large sheet of the membrane being gathered together, and a sharp stick thrust through the corners. The heart is then taken out, cut into convenient pieces, and each portion wrapped in a piece of the ear. If the party can encamp for the night on the spot, they prepare a royal feast, by baking one or two of the feet in the primitive but most effective oven which is in use, not only in Southern Africa, but in many other parts of the world.

A separate oven is made for each foot, and formed as follows:—A hole is dug in the ground, considerably larger than the foot which is to be cooked, and a fire is built in it. As soon as it burns up, a large heap of dry wood is piled upon it, and suffered to burn down. When the heap is reduced to a mass of glowing ashes, the Kaffirs scrape out the embers by means of a long pole, each man taking his turn to run to the hole, scrape away until he can endure the heat no longer, and then run away again, leaving the pole for his successor. The hole being freed from embers, the foot is rolled into it, and covered with green leaves and twigs. The hot earth and embers are then piled over the hole, and another great bonfire lighted. As soon as the wood has entirely burned itself out, the operation of baking is considered as complete, and the foot is lifted out by several men furnished

with long sharpened poles. By means of this remarkable oven the meat is cooked more thoroughly than could be achieved in any oven of more elaborate construction, the whole of the tendons, the fat, the immature bone, and similar substances being converted into a gelatinous mass, which the African hunter seems to prefer to all other dishes, excepting, perhaps, the marrow taken from the leg bones of the giraffe or eland.

Sometimes the trunk is cut into thick slices, and baked at the same time with the feet. Although this part of the elephant may not be remarkable for the excellence of its flavor, it has, at all events, the capability of being made tender by cooking, which is by no means the case with the meat that is usually obtained from the animals which inhabit Southern Africa. Even the skull itself is broken up for the sake of the oily fat which fills the honeycomb-like cells which intervene between the plates of the skull. The rest of the meat is converted into "biltongue," by cutting it into strips and drying it in the sun, as has already been described. As a general rule, the Kaffirs do not like to leave an animal until they have dried or consumed the whole of the meat. Under the ready spears and powerful jaws of the natives, even an elephant is soon reduced to a skeleton, as may be imagined from the fact that five Kaffirs can eat a buffalo in a day and a half.

The skull and tusks can generally be left on the spot for some time, as the hunters respect each other's marks, and will not, as a rule, take the tusks from an elephant that has been killed and marked by another. The object in allowing the head to remain untouched is, that putrefaction may take place, and render the task of extracting the tusks easier than is the case when they are taken out at once. It must be remembered that the tusks of an elephant are imbedded in the skull for a considerable portion of their length, and that the only mode of extracting them is by chopping away their thick, bony sockets, which is a work of much time and labor. However, in that hot climate putrefaction takes place very readily, and by the time that the hunters have finished the elephant the tusks can be removed. Sometimes the flesh becomes more than "high," but the Kaffirs, and indeed all African savages, seem rather to prefer certain meats when in the incipient stage of putrefaction.

Careless of the future as are the natives of Southern Africa, they are never wasteful of food, and, unlike the aborigines of North America, they seldom, if ever, allow the body of a slain animal to become the prey of birds and beasts. They will eat in two days the food that ought to serve them for ten, and will nearly starve themselves to death during the remaining eight days of famine, but they will never throw away anything

that can by any possibility be eaten. Even the very blood is not wasted. If a large animal, such as a rhinoceros, be killed, the black hunters separate the ribs from the spine, as the dead animal lies on its side, and by dint of axe blades, assegai heads, and strong arms, soon cut a large hole in the side. Into this hole the hunters straightway lower themselves, and remove the intestines of the animal, passing them to their comrades outside, who invert them, tie up the end, and return them. By this time a great quantity of blood has collected, often reaching above the ankles of the hunters. This blood they ladle with their joined hands into the intestines, and so contrive to make black puddings on a gigantic scale.

The flesh of the rhinoceros is not very tempting. That of an old animal is so very tough and dry that scarcely any one except a native can eat it; and even that of the young animal is only partly eatable by a white man. When a European hunter kills a young rhinoceros, he takes a comparatively small portion of it,—namely, the hump, and a layer of fat and flesh which lies between the skin and the ribs. The remainder he abandons to his native assistants, who do not seem to care very much whether meat be tough or tender, so long as it is meat. The layer of fat and lean on the ribs is only some two inches in thickness, so that the attendants have the lion's share, as far as quantity is concerned. Quality they leave to the more fastidious taste of the white man.

The intestines of animals are greatly valued by the native hunters, who laugh at white men for throwing them away. They state that, even as food, the intestines are the best parts of the animal, and those Europeans who have had the moral courage to follow the example of the natives have always corroborated their assertion. The reader may perhaps remember that the backwoodsmen of America never think of rejecting these dainty morsels, but have an odd method of drawing them slowly through the fire, and thus eating them as fast as they are cooked. Moreover, the intestines, as well as the paunch, are always useful as water-vessels. This latter article, when it is taken from a small animal, is always reserved for cooking purposes, being filled with scraps of meat, fat, blood, and other ingredients, and then cooked. Scotch travellers have compared this dish to the "haggis" of their native land.

The illustration opposite represents the wild and animated scene which accompanies the death of an elephant. Some two or three hours are supposed to have elapsed since the elephant was killed, and the chief has just arrived at the spot. He is shown seated in the foreground, his shield and assegais stacked behind him, while his page is holding a cup of beer, and two of his

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COOKING ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

(See page 132.)



chief men are offering him the tusks of the elephant. In the middle distance are seen the Kaffirs preparing the oven for the reception of the elephant's foot. Several men are seen engaged in raking out the embers from the hole, shielding themselves from the heat by leafy branches of trees, while one of the rakers has just left his post, being scorched to the utmost limit of endurance, and is in the act of handing over his pole to a comrade who is about to take his place at the fire.

Two more Kaffirs are shown in the act of rolling the huge foot to the oven, and strips of the elephant's flesh are seen suspended from the boughs in order to be converted into "biltongue." It is a rather remarkable fact that this simple process of cutting the meat into strips and drying it in the air has the effect of rendering several unsavory meats quite palatable, taking away the powerful odors which deter even a Kaffir, and much more a white man, from eating them in a fresh state.

In the extreme distance is seen the nearly demolished body of the elephant, at which a couple of Kaffirs are still at work. It may here be mentioned that after an elephant is killed, the Kaffirs take very great pains about making the first incision into the body. The carcass of the slain animal generally remains on the ground for an hour or two until the orders of the chief can be received; and even in that brief space of time the hot African sun produces a partial decomposition, and causes the body of the animal to swell by reason of the quantity of gas which is generated. The Kaffir who takes upon himself the onerous task of making the first incision chooses his sharpest and weightiest assagai, marks the direction of the wind, selects the best spot for the operation, and looks carefully round to see that the coast is clear. Having made all his preparations, he hurls his weapon deeply into the body of the elephant, and simultaneously leaps aside to avoid the result of the stroke, the enclosed gas escaping with a loud report, and pouring out in volumes of such singularly offensive odor that even the nostrils of a Kaffir are not proof against it.

I have more than once witnessed a somewhat similar scene when engaged in the pursuit of comparative anatomy, the worst example being that of a lion which had been dead some three or four weeks, and which was, in consequence, swollen out of all shape. We fastened tightly all the windows which looked upon the yard in which the body of the animal was lying, and held the door ready to be closed at a moment's notice. The adventurous operator armed himself with a knife and a lighted pipe, leaned well to the opposite side of the animal, delivered his stab, and darted back to the door, which was instantly closed. The

result of the operation was very much like that which has been mentioned when performed on the elephant, though on a smaller scale, and in a minute or so the lion was reduced to its ordinary size.

Sometimes a great number of hunters unite for the purpose of assailing one of the vast herds of animals which have already been mentioned. In this instance, they do not resort to the pitfall, but attack the animals with their spears. In order to do so effectually, they divide themselves into two parties, one of which, consisting chiefly of the younger men, and led by one or two of the old and experienced hunters, sets off toward the herd, while the others, armed with a large supply of assagais and kerries, proceed to one of the narrow and steep-sided ravines which are so common in Southern Africa. (See engraving No. 2, p. 121.)

The former party proceed very cautiously, availing themselves of every cover, and being very careful to manœuvre so as to keep on the leeward side of the herd, until they have fairly placed the animals between themselves and the ravine. Meanwhile, sentries are detached at intervals, whose duty it is to form a kind of lane toward the ravine, and to prevent the herd from taking a wrong course. When all the arrangements are completed, the hunters boldly show themselves in the rear of the animals, who immediately move forward in a body—not very fast at first, because they are not quite sure whether they are going to be attacked. As they move along, the sentinels show themselves at either side, so as to direct them toward the ravine; and when the van of the herd has entered, the remainder are sure to follow.

Then comes a most animated and stirring scene. Knowing that when the leaders of the herd have entered the ravine, the rest are sure to follow, the driving party rushes forward with loud yells, beating their shields, and terrifying the animals to such a degree that they dash madly forward in a mixed concourse of antelopes, quaggas, giraffes, and often a stray ostrich or two. Thick and fast the assagais rain upon the affrighted animals as they try to rush out of the ravine, but when they reach the end they find their exit barred by a strong party of hunters, who drive them back with shouts and spears. Some of them charge boldly at the hunters, and make their escape, while others rush back again through the kloof, hoping to escape by the same way as they had entered. This entrance is, however, guarded by the driving party, and so the wretched animals are sent backward and forward along this deadly path until the weapons of their assailants are exhausted, and the survivors are allowed to escape.

These "kloofs" form a characteristic feature of Southern Africa as do the table mountains. They have been well defined

as the re-entering elbows or fissures in a range of hills; and it is a remarkable fact that the kloof is mostly clothed with thick bush, whatever may be the character of the surrounding country. In Colonel E. Napier's "Excursions in Southern Africa," there is so admirable a description of the kloof and the bush that it must be given in the language of the writer, who has drawn a most perfect word-picture of South African scenery:—

"The character of the South African 'bush' has features quite peculiar in itself, and sometimes unites—while strongly contrasting—the grand and sublime with the grotesque and ridiculous. When seen afar from a commanding elevation—the undulating sea of verdure extending for miles and miles, with a bright sun shining on a green, compact, unbroken surface—it conveys to the mind of a spectator nought save images of repose, peace, and tranquillity. He forgets that, like the hectic bloom of a fatal malady, these smiling seas of verdure often in their entangled depths conceal treacherous, death-dealing reptiles, ferocious beasts of prey, and the still more dangerous, though no less crafty, and more cruel Kaffir.

"On a nearer approach, dark glens and gloomy kloofs are found to fence the mountain sides. These often merge downward into deep ravines, forming at their base sometimes the bed of a clear, gurgling brook, or that of a turbid, raging torrent, generally shadowed and overhung by abundant vegetation, in all the luxuriance of tropical growth and profusion. Noble forest trees, entwined with creepers, encircled by parasitical plants and with long gray mantles of lichen, loosely and beardlike floating from their spreading limbs, throw the 'brown horrors' of a shadowy gloom o'er the dark, secluded, Druidical-looking dells. But jabbering apes, or large, satyr-like baboons, performing grotesque antics and uttering unearthly yells, grate strangely on the ear, and sadly mar the solemnity of the scene; whilst lofty, leafless, and fantastic cuphorbia, like huge candelabra, shoot up in bare profusion from the gray, rocky cliffs, pointing as it were in mockery their skeleton arms at the dark and luxuriant foliage around. Other plants of the cactus and milky tribes—of thorny, rugged, or smooth and fleshy kinds—stretch forth in every way their bizarre, misshapen forms; waving them to the breeze, from yon high, beetling crags, so thickly clothed to their very base with graceful nojebooms, and drooping, palm-like aloes; whose tall, slender, and naked stems spring up from amidst the dense verdure of gay and flowering mimosas.

"Emerging from such darksome glens to the more sunny side of the mountain's brow, there we still find an impenetrable bush, but differing in character from what we have

just described—a sort of high, thorny underwood, composed chiefly of the mimosa and portulacacia tribe; taller, thicker, more impenetrable, and of more rigid texture than even the tiger's accustomed lair in the far depths of an Indian jungle; but, withal, so mixed and mingled with luxuriant, turgid, succulent plants and parasites, as—even during the dryest weather—to be totally impervious to the destroying influence of fire.

"The bush is, therefore, from its impassable character, the Kaffir's never-failing place of refuge, both in peace and war. In his naked hardihood, he either, snake-like, twines through and creeps beneath its densest masses, or, shielded with the kaross, securely defies their most thorny and abrad-ing opposition. Under cover of the bush, in war, he, panther-like, steals upon his foe; in peace, upon the farmer's flock. Secure, in both instances, from pursuit, he can in the bush set European power, European skill, and European discipline at naught; and hitherto, vain has been every effort to destroy by fire this, his impregnable—for it is impregnable to all save himself—stronghold."

After a successful hunt, such as has just been described, there are great rejoicings, the chief of the tribe having all the slaughtered game laid before him, and giving orders for a grand hunting dance. The chief, who is generally too fat to care about accompanying the hunters, takes his seat in some open space, mostly the central enclosure of a kraal, and there, in company with a huge bowl of beer and a few distinguished guests, awaits the arrival of the game. The animals have hardly fallen before they are carried in triumph to the chief, and laid before him. As each animal is placed on the ground, a little Kaffir boy comes and lays himself over his body, remaining in this position until the dance is over. This curious custom is adopted from an idea that it prevents sorcerers from throwing their spells upon the game. The boys who are employed for this purpose become greatly disfigured by the blood of the slain animals, but they seem to think that the gory stains are ornamental rather than the reverse.

At intervals, the hunting dance takes place, the hunters arranging themselves in regular lines, advancing and retreating with the precision of trained soldiers, shouting, leaping, beating their shields, brandishing their weapons, and working themselves up to a wonderful pitch of excitement. The leader of the dance, who faces them, is, if possible, even more excited than the men, and leaps, stamps, and shouts with an energy that seems to be almost maniacal. Meanwhile, the chief sits still, and drinks his beer, and signifies occasionally his approval of the dancers.

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Besides those animals which the Kaffir kills for food, there are others which he only attacks for the sake of their trophies, such as the skin, claws, and teeth. The mode adopted in assailing the fierce and active beasts, such as the lion, is very remarkable. Each man furnishes himself, in addition to his usual weapons, with an assagai, to the but-end of which is attached a large bunch of ostrich feathers, looking very much like the feather brushes with which ladies dust delicate furniture. They then proceed to the spot where the lion is to be found, and spread themselves so as to make a circle round him. The lion is at first rather disquieted at this proceeding, and, according to his usual custom, tries to slip off unseen. When, however, he finds that he cannot do so, and that the circle of enemies is closing on him, he becomes angry, turns to bay, and with menacing growls announces his intention of punishing the intruders on his domain. One of them then comes forward, and incites the lion to charge him, and as soon as the animal's attention is occupied by one object, the hunters behind him advance, and hurl a shower of assagais at him. With a terrible roar the lion springs at the bold challenger, who sticks his plumed assagai into the ground, leaping at the same time to one side. In his rage and pain, the lion does not at the moment comprehend the deception, and strikes with his mighty paw at the bunch of ostrich plumes, which he takes for the feather-decked head of his assailant. Finding himself baffled, he turns round, and leaps on the nearest hunter, who repeats the same process; and as at every turn the furious animal receives fresh wounds, he succumbs at last to his foes.

It is seldom that in such an affray the hunters come off scathless. The least hesitation in planting the plumed spear and leaping aside entails the certainty of a severe wound, and the probability of death. But, as the Kaffirs seldom engage in such a hunt without the orders of their chief, and are perfectly aware that failure to execute his commands is a capital offence, it is better for them to run the risk of being swiftly killed by the lion's paw than cruelly beaten to death by the king's executioners.

That sanguinary monarch, Dingan, used occasionally to send a detachment with orders to catch a lion alive, and bring it to him. They executed this extraordinary order much in the same manner as has been related. But they were almost totally unarmed, having no weapons but their shields and kerries, and, as soon as the lion was induced to charge, the bold warriors threw themselves upon him in such numbers that they fairly overwhelmed him, and brought him into the presence of Dingan, bound and gagged, though still furious

with rage, and without a wound. Of course, several soldiers lost their lives in the assault, but neither their king nor their comrades seemed to think that anything out of the ordinary course of things had been done. On one occasion, Dingan condescended to play a practical joke upon his soldiers.

A traveller had gone to see him, and had turned loose his horse, which was quietly grazing at a distance. At that time horses had not been introduced among the Kaffirs, and many of the natives had never even seen such an animal as a horse. It so happened that among the soldiers that surrounded Dingan were some who had come from a distant part of the country, and who were totally unacquainted with horses. Dingan called them to him, and pointing to the distant horse, told them to bring him that lion alive. They instantly started off, and, as usual, one stood in advance to tempt the animal to charge, while the others closed in upon the supposed lion, in order to seize it when it had made its leap. They soon discovered their mistake, and came back looking very foolish, to the great delight of their chief.

The buffalo is, however, a more terrible foe than the lion itself, as it will mostly take the initiative, and attack before its presence is suspected. Its habit of living in the densest and darkest thicket renders it a peculiarly dangerous animal, as it will dash from its concealment upon any unfortunate man who happens to pass near its lair; and as its great weight and enormously solid horns enable it to rush through the bush much faster than even a Kaffir can glide among the matted growths, there is but small chance of escape. Weapons are but of little use when a buffalo is in question, as its armed front is scarcely pervious to a rifle ball, and perfectly impregnable against such weapons as the Kaffir's spear, and the suddenness of the attack gives but little time for escape.

As the Kaffirs do not particularly care for its flesh, though of course they will eat it when they can get nothing better, they will hunt the animal for the sake of its hide, from which they make the strongest possible leather. The hide is so tough that, except at close quarters, a bullet which has not been hardened by the admixture of some other metal will not penetrate it. Sometimes the Kaffir engages very unwillingly in war with this dangerous beast, being attacked unawares when passing near its haunts. Under these circumstances the man makes for the nearest tree, and if he can find time to ascend it he is safe from the ferocious brute, who would only be too glad to toss him in the air first, and then to pound his body to a jelly by trampling on him.

CHAPTER XIV.

AGRICULTURE.

DIVISION OF LABOR—HOW LAND IS PREPARED FOR SEED—CLEARING THE LAND AND BREAKING UP THE GROUND—EXHAUSTIVE SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURE—CROPS CULTIVATED BY KAFFIRS—THE STAFF OF LIFE—WATCH-TOWERS AND THEIR USES—KEEPING OFF THE BIRDS—ENEMIES OF THE CORN-FIELD—THE CHACMA AND ITS DEPREDACTIONS—THE DABIANA ROOT—USES OF THE CHACMA—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND ITS DESTRUCTIVE POWERS—THE ELEPHANT—SINGULAR PLAN OF TERRIFYING IT—ANTELOPES, BUFFALOES, AND WILD SWINE—ELABORATE FORTIFICATION—BIRD KILLING—THE LOCUST—CURIOUS KAFFIR LEGEND—FRUITS CULTIVATED BY THE KAFFIR—FORAGE FOR CATTLE—BURNING THE BUSH AND ITS RESULTS.

As by the chase the Kaffirs obtain the greater part of their animal food, so by agriculture they procure the chief part of their vegetable nourishment. The task of providing food is divided between the two sexes, the women not being permitted to take part in the hunt, nor to meddle with the cows, while the men will not contaminate their warrior hands with the touch of an agricultural implement. They have no objection to use edge-tools, such as the axe, and will cut down the trees and brushwood which may be in the way of cultivation; but they will not carry a single stick off the ground, nor help the women to dig or clear the soil.

When a new kraal is built, the inhabitants look out for a convenient spot in the immediate neighborhood, where they may cultivate the various plants that form the staple of South African produce. As a general rule, ground is of two kinds, namely, bush and open ground, the former being the more fertile, and the latter requiring less trouble in clearing. The experienced agriculturist invariably prefers the former, although it costs him a little more labor at first, and although the latter is rather more inviting at first sight. This favorable impression soon vanishes upon a closer inspection, for, as a general rule, where it is not sandy, it is baked so hard by the sun that a plough would have no chance against it, and even the heavy picks with which the women work cannot make an impression without much labor. Moreover, it requires much more water than is supplied from natural sources, and, even when well moist-

ened, is not very remarkable for its fertility. Bush land is of a far better quality, and is prepared for agriculture as follows:—

The men set to work with their little axes, and chop down all the underwood and small trees, leaving the women to drag the fallen branches out of the space intended for the field or garden. Large trees they cannot fell with their imperfect instruments, and so they are obliged to content themselves with cutting off as many branches as possible, and then bringing the tree down by means of fire. The small trees and branches that are felled are generally arranged round the garden, so as to form a defence against the numerous enemies which assail the crops. The task of building this fence belongs to the men, and when they have completed it their part of the work is done, and they leave the rest to the women.

Furnished with the heavy and clumsy hoe, the woman breaks up the ground by sheer manual labor, and manages, in her curious fashion, to combine digging and sowing in one operation. Besides her pick, laid over her shoulder, and possibly a baby slung on her back, she carries to the field a large basket of seed balanced on her head. When she arrives at the scene of her labors, she begins by scattering the seed broadcast over the ground, and then pecks up the earth with her hoe to a depth of some three or four inches. The larger roots and grass tufts are then picked out by hand and removed, but the smaller are not considered worthy of special attention.

This constitutes the operation of sowing, and in a wonderfully short time a mixed crop of corn and weeds shoots up. When both are about a month old, the ground is again hoed, and the weeds are then pulled up and destroyed. Owing to the very imperfect mode of cultivation, the soil produces uncertain results, the corn coming up thickly and rankly in some spots, while in others not a blade of corn has made its appearance. When the Kaffir chooses the open ground for his garden, he does not always trouble himself to build a fence, but contents himself with marking out and sowing a patch of ground, trusting to good fortune that it may not be devastated by the numerous foes with which a Kaffir's garden is sure to be infested.

The Kaffir seems to have very little idea of artificial irrigation, and none at all of renovating the ground by manure. Irrigation he leaves to the natural showers, and, beyond paying a professional "rain-maker" to charm the clouds for him, he takes little, if any, trouble about this important branch of agriculture. As to manuring soil, he is totally ignorant of such a proceeding, although the herds of cattle which are kept in every kraal would enable him to render his cultivated land marvellously fertile. The fact is, land is so plentiful that when one patch of it is exhausted he leaves it, and goes to another; and for this reason, abandoned gardens are very common, their position being marked out by remnants of the fence which encircled them, and by the surviving maize or pumpkin plants which have contrived to maintain an unassisted existence.

Four or five gardens are often to be seen round a kraal, each situated so as to suit some particular plant. Various kinds of crops are cultivated by the Kaffirs, the principal being maize, millet, pumpkins, and a kind of spurious sugar-cane in great use throughout Southern Africa, and popularly known by the name of "sweet reed." The two former constitute, however, the necessities of life, the latter belonging rather to the class of luxuries. The maize, or, as it is popularly called when the pods are severed from the stem, "mealies," is the very staff of life to a Kaffir, as it is from the mealies that is made the thick porridge on which the Kaffir chiefly lives. If an European hire a Kaffir, whether as guide, servant, or hunter, he is obliged to supply him with a stipulated quantity of food, of which the maize forms the chief ingredient. Indeed, so long as the native of Southern Africa can get plenty of porridge and sour milk, he is perfectly satisfied with his lot. When ripe, the ears of maize are removed from the stem, the leafy envelope is stripped off, and they are hung in pairs over sticks until they are dry enough to be taken to the storehouse.

A watch-tower is generally constructed in these gardens, especially if they are of considerable size. The tower is useful for two reasons: it enables the watcher to see to a considerable distance, and acts as a protection against the wild boars and other enemies which are apt to devastate the gardens, especially if they are not guarded by a fence, or if the fence should be damaged. If the spot be unfenced, a guard is kept on it day and night, but a properly defended garden needs no night watchers except in one or two weeks of the year. The watch-tower is very simply made. Four stout poles are fixed firmly in the ground, and a number of smaller poles are lashed to their tops, so as to make a flat platform. A small hut is built on part of the platform as a protection against the weather, so that the inmate can watch the field while ensconced in the hut, and, if any furred or feathered robbers come within its precincts, can run out on the platform and frighten them away by shouts and waving of arms. The space between the platform and ground is wattled on three sides, leaving the fourth open. The object of this wattling is twofold. In the first place, the structure is rendered more secure; and in the second, the inmate of the tower can make a fire and cook food without being inconvenienced by the wind.

The task of the fields is committed to the women and young girls, the men thinking such duties beneath them. In order to keep off the birds from the newly sprouted corn blades, or from the just ripening grain, a very ingenious device is employed. A great number of tall, slender posts are stuck at intervals all over the piece of land, and strings made of bark are led from pole to pole, all the ends being brought to the top of the watch-tower, where they are firmly tied. As soon as a flock of birds alight on the field, the girl in charge of the tower pulls the strings violently, which sets them all vibrating up and down, and so the birds are frightened, and fly away to another spot. A system almost identical with this is employed both in the Chinese and Japanese empires, and the complicated arrangement of poles and strings, and the central watch-tower, is a favorite subject for illustration in the rude but graphic prints which both nations produce with such fertility.

The enemies of the cornfield are innumerable. There are, in the first place, hosts of winged foes, little birds and insects, which cannot be prohibited from entering, and can only be driven away when they have entered. Then there are certain members of the monkey tribes, notably the baboons, or chhennas, which care very little more for a fence than do the birds, and which, if they find climbing the fence too troublesome, can generally insinuate themselves through its interstices. This can-

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ning and active animal is at times too clever even for the Kaffir, and will succeed in stealing unobserved into his garden, and carrying off the choicest of the crops. Whatever a man will eat a chacma will eat, and the creature knows as well as the man when the crops are in the best order. Whether the garden contain maize, millet, pumpkins, sweet reed, or fruits, the chacma is sure to select the best; and even when the animals are detected, and chased out of the garden, it is very annoying to the proprietor to see them go off with a quantity of spoil, besides the amount which they have eaten.

The ordinary food of the chacma is a plant called Babiana, from the use which the baboons make of it. It is a subterranean root, which has the property of being always full of watery juice in the dryest weather, so that it is of incalculable value to travellers who have not a large supply of water with them, or who find that the regular fountains are dried up. Many Kaffirs keep tame chacmas which they have captured when very young, and which have scarcely seen any of their own kind. These animals are very useful to the Kaffirs, for, if they come upon a plant or a fruit which they do not know, they offer it to the baboon; and if he eats it, they know that it is suitable for human consumption.

On their journeys the same animal is very useful in discovering water, or, at all events, the babiana roots, which supply a modicum of moisture to the system, and serve to support life until water is reached. Under these circumstances, the baboon takes the lead of the party, being attached to a long rope, and allowed to run about as it likes. When it comes to a root of babiana, it is held back until the precious vegetable can be taken entire out of the ground, but, in order to stimulate the animal to further exertions, it is allowed to eat a root now and then. The search for water is conducted in a similar manner. The wretched baboon is intentionally kept without drink until it is half mad with thirst, and is then led by a cord as before mentioned. It proceeds with great caution, standing occasionally on its hind legs to sniff the breeze, and looking at and smelling every tuft of grass. By what signs the animal is guided no one can even conjecture; but if water is in the neighborhood the baboon is sure to find it. So, although this animal is an inveterate foe of the field and garden, it is not without its uses to man when its energies are rightly directed.

If the gardens or fields should happen to be near the river side, there is no worse foe for them than the hippopotamus, which is only too glad to exchange its ordinary food for the rich banquet which it finds in cultivated grounds. If a single hippopotamus should once succeed in getting into a garden, a terrible destruction to the crop takes

place. In the first place, the animal can consume an almost illimitable amount of green food; and when it gets among such dainties as cornfields and pumpkin patches, it indulges its appetite inordinately. Moreover, it damages more than it eats, as its broad feet and short thick legs trample their way through the crops. The track of any large animal would be injurious to a standing crop, but that of the hippopotamus is doubly so, because the legs of either side are so wide apart that the animal makes a double track, one being made with the feet of the right side, and the other with those of the left.

Against these heavy and voracious foes, a fence would be of little avail, as the hippopotamus could force its way through the barrier without injury, thanks to its thick hide. The owner of the field therefore encloses it within a tolerably deep ditch, and furthermore defends the ditch by pointed stakes; so that, if a hippopotamus did happen to fall into the trench, it would never come out again alive. A similar defence is sometimes made against the incursions of the elephants. Those animals do not often take it into their heads to attack a garden in the vicinity of human habitations; but when they do so, it is hardly possible to stop them, except by such an obstacle as a ditch. Even the ordinary protection of a fence and the vicinity of human habitations is worthless, when a number of elephants choose to make an inroad upon some field; and, unless the whole population turns out of the kraal and uses all means at their command, the animals will carry out their plans. The elephant always chooses the night for his marauding expeditions, so that the defenders of the crops have double disadvantages to contend against. One weapon which they use against the elephant is a very singular one. They have an idea that the animal is terrified at the shrill cry of an infant, and as soon as elephants approach a kraal, all the children are whipped, in hopes that the elephants may be dismayed at the universal clamor, and leave the spot.

Antelopes of various kinds are exceedingly fond of the young corn blades, and, if the field be without a fence, are sure to come in numbers, and nibble every green shoot down to the very ground. Near the bush the buffalo is scarcely less injurious, and more dangerous to meddle with; and even the porcupine is capable of working much damage. The wild swine, however, are perhaps the worst, because the most constant invaders of the garden. Even a fence is useless against them, unless it be perfect throughout its length, for the pigs can force themselves through a wonderfully small aperture, owing to their wedge-shaped head, while their thick and tough skins enable them to push their way through thorns and spikes without suffering any damage.

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The "pigs," as the wild swine are popu-
larly called, always come from the bush;
and when several kraals are built near a
bush, the chiefs of each kraal agree to make
a fence from one to the other, so as to shut
out the pigs from all the cultivated land.
This fence is a very useful edifice, but, at
the same time, has a very ludicrous aspect
to an European. The reader has already
been told that the Kaffir cannot draw a
straight line, much less build a straight
fence; and the consequence is, that the
builders continually find that the fence is
assuming the form of a segment of a circle
in one direction, and then try to correct the
error by making a segment of a circle in the
opposite direction, thus making the fence
very much larger than is necessary, and giv-
ing themselves a vast amount of needless
trouble.

As to the winged enemies of the garden,
many modes of killing them or driving them
away are employed. One method for fright-
ening birds has already been described, and
is tolerably useful when the corn is young
and green; but when it is ripe, the birds are
much too busy to be deterred by such flimsy
devices, and continue to eat the corn in
spite of the shaking strings. Under such
circumstances, war is declared against the
birds, and a number of Kaffirs surround the
enclosure, each being furnished with a num-
ber of knob-kerries. A stone is then flung
into the corn for the purpose of startling
the birds, and as they rise in a dense flock,
a shower of kerries is rained upon them
from every side. As every missile is sure
to go into the flock, and as each Kaffir con-
tinues to hurl four or five before the birds
can get out of range, it may be imagined
that the slaughter is very great. Tehaka,
who was not above directing the minutiae of
domestic life, as well as of leading armies,
subsidizing nations, and legislating for an
empire, ordered that the birds should be con-
tinually attacked throughout his dominions;
and, though he did not succeed in killing
them all, yet he thinned their numbers so
greatly, that during the latter years of his
life the graminivorous birds had become
scarce instead of invading the fields in vast
flocks.

Locusts, the worst of the husbandman's
enemies, could not be extirpated, and, in-
deed, the task of even thinning their num-
bers appeared impracticable. The only
plan that seems to have the least success
is that of burning a large heap of grass,
sticks, and leaves well to windward of the
fields, as soon as the locusts are seen in the
distance. These insects always fly with
the wind, and when they find a tract of coun-
try covered with smoke, they would natu-
rally pass on until they found a spot which
was not defiled with smoke, and on which
they might settle. It is said that locusts
were not known in the Zulu territories

until 1820, and that they were sent by the
supernatural power of Sotshaugana, a chief
in the Deingon district, whom Tehaka at-
tacked, and by whom the Zulu warriors
were defeated, as has already been men-
tioned on page 124. The whole story was
told to Mr. Shooter, who narrates it in the
following words:—

"When they had reached Sotshaugana's
country, the Zulus were in great want of
food, and a detachment of them coming to
a deserted kraal, began, as usual, to search
for it. In so doing, they discovered some
large baskets, used for storing corn, and
their hungry stomachs rejoiced at the pros-
pect of a meal. But when a famished war-
rior impatiently removed the cover from
one of them, out rushed a multitude of in-
sects, and the anticipated feast flew about
their ears. Astonishment seized the host,
for they never beheld such an apparition
before; every man asked his neighbor, but
none could tell its quality or name. One
of their number at last threw some light on
the mystery. He had seen the insects in
Makazana's country, and perhaps he told
his wandering companions that they had
been collected for food. But they soon
learned this from the people of the kraal,
who had only retired to escape the enemy,
and whose voices were heard from a neigh-
boring rock. In no case would the fugi-
tives have been likely to spare their lungs,
since they could rail and boast and threaten
with impunity; but when they saw that
their food was in danger, they lifted up
their voices with desperate energy, and ut-
tered the terrible threat that if the invaders
ate their locusts, others should follow them
home, and carry famine in their train. The
Zulus were too hungry to heed the woe, or
to be very discriminating in the choice of
victuals, and the locusts were devoured.
But when the army returned home, the
scourge appeared, and the threatening was
fulfilled."

How locusts, the destroyers of food, are
converted into food, and become a benefit
instead of a curse to mankind, will be seen
in the next chapter.

As to the fruits of this country, they are
tolerably numerous, the most valued being
the banana, which is sometimes called the
royal fruit; a Kaffir monarch having laid
claim to all bananas, and forced his subjects
to allow him to take his choice before they
touched the fruit themselves. In some fa-
vored districts the banana grows to a great
size, a complete bunch being a heavy load
for a man.

Next in importance to food for man is
forage for cattle, and this is generally found
in great abundance, so that the grazing of
a herd costs their owner nothing but the
trouble of driving his cattle to and from the
grass land. In this, as in other hot coun-
tries, the grass grows with a rapidity and

luxuriance that tends to make it too rank for cattle to eat. When it first springs up, it is green, sweet, and tender; but when it has reached a tolerable length it becomes so harsh that the cattle can hardly eat it. The Kaffir, therefore, adopts a plan by which he obtains as much fresh grass as he likes throughout the season.

When a patch of grass has been fed upon as long as it can furnish nourishment to the cattle, the Kaffir marks out another feeding-place. At night, when the cattle are safely penned within the kraal, the Kaffir goes out with a firebrand, and, when he has gone well to windward of the spot which he means to clear, he sets fire to the dry grass. At first, the flame creeps but slowly on, but it gradually increases both in speed and extent, and sweeps over the plain in obedience to the wind. On level ground, the fire marches in a tolerably straight line, and is of nearly uniform height, except when it happens to seize upon a clump of bushes, when it sends bright spires of flame far into the sky. But when it reaches the bush-clad hills, the spectacle becomes imposing. On rushes the mass of flame, climbing the hill with fearful strides, roaring like myriads of flags ruffled in the breeze, and devouring in its progress every particle of vegetation. Not an inhabitant of the bush or plain can withstand its progress, and the fire confers this benefit on the

natives, that it destroys the snakes and the slow-moving reptiles, while the swifter antelopes are able to escape.

When the fire has done its work, the tract over which it has passed presents a most dismal spectacle, the whole soil being bare and black, and the only sign of former vegetation being an occasional stump of a tree which the flames had not entirely consumed. But, in a very short time, the wonderfully vigorous life of the herbage begins to assert itself, especially if a shower of rain should happen to fall. Delicate green blades show their slender points through the blackened covering, and in a short time the whole tract is covered with a mantle of uniform tender green. Nothing can be more beautiful than the fresh green of the young blades, as they are boldly contrasted with the deep black hue of the ground. The nearest approach to it is the singularly beautiful tint of our hedgerows in early spring—a tint as fleeting as it is lovely. The charred ashes of the burned grass form an admirable top-dressing to the new grass, which springs up with marvellous rapidity, and in a very short time affords pasture to the cattle. The Kaffir is, of course, careful not to burn too much at once; but by selecting different spots, and burning them in regular succession, he is able to give his beloved cows fresh pasturage throughout the year.

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CHAPTER XV.

FOOD.

THE STAFF OF LIFE IN KAFFIRLAND—HOW A DINNER IS COOKED—BOILING AND GRINDING CORN—THE KAFFIR MILL, AND MODE OF USING IT—FAIR DIVISION OF LABOR—A KAFFIR DINNER—PARTY—SINGING IN CHORUS—ACCOUNT OF A KAFFIR MEETING AND WAR-SONG—HISTORY OF THE WAR-SONG, AND ITS VARIOUS POINTS EXPLAINED—TEHAKA'S WAR-SONG—SONO IN HONOR OF PANDA—HOW PORRIDGE IS EATEN—VARIOUS SPOONS MADE BY THE NATIVES—A USEFUL COMBINATION OF SPOON AND SNUFF-BOX—THE GIRAFFE SPOON—HOW THE COLORING IS MANAGED—PECULIAR ANGLE OF THE BOWL AND REASONS FOR IT—KAFFIR ETIQUETTE IN DINING—INNATE LOVE OF JUSTICE—GIGANTIC SPOON—KAFFIR LADLES—LOCUSTS EATEN BY KAFFIRS—THE INSECT IN ITS DIFFERENT STAGES—THE LOCUST ARMIES AND THEIR NUMBERS—DESTRUCTIVENESS OF THE INSECT—DESCRIPTION OF A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS—EFFECT OF WIND ON THE LOCUSTS—HOW THE INSECTS ARE CAUGHT, COOKED, AND STORED—GENERAL QUALITY OF THE MEAT OBTAINED IN KAFFIRLAND—JERKED MEAT, AND MODE OF COOKING IT—THE HUNGER-BELT AND ITS USES—EATING SHIELD—CEREMONIES IN EATING BEEF—VARIOUS DRINKS USED BY THE KAFFIR—HOW HE DRINKS WATER FROM THE RIVER—INTOXICATING DRINKS OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES—HOW BEER IS BREWED IN SOUTHERN AFRICA—MAKING MAIZE INTO MALT—FERMENTATION, SKIMMING, AND STRAINING—QUANTITY OF BEER DRUNK BY A KAFFIR—VESSELS IN WHICH BEER IS CONTAINED—BEER-BASKETS—BASKET STORE-HOUSES—THE KAFFIR'S LOVE FOR HONEY—HOW HE FINDS THE BEES' NESTS—THE HONEY-GUIDE AND THE HONEY-RATEL—POISONOUS HONEY—POULTRY AND EGGS—FORBIDDEN MEATS—THE KAFFIR AND THE CROCODILE.

We have now seen how the Kaffirs obtain the staple of their animal food by the cattle-pen and hunting-field, and how they procure vegetable food by cultivating the soil. We will next proceed to the various kinds of food used by the Kaffirs, and to the method by which they cook it. Man, according to a familiar saying, has been defined as *par excellence* the cooking animal, and we shall always find that the various modes used in preparing food are equally characteristic and interesting.

The staff of life to a Kaffir is grain, whether maize or millet, reduced to a pulp by careful grinding, and bearing some resemblance to the oatmeal porridge of Scotland. When a woman has to cook a dinner for her husband, she goes to one of the grain stores, and takes out a sufficient quantity of either maize or millet, the former being called *umbila*, and the latter *amabele*. The great cooking pot is now brought to the circular fireplace, and set on three large stones, so as to allow the fire to burn beneath it. Water and maize are now put into the pot, the cover is luted down, as has already been mentioned, and the fire lighted. The cook-

ing pot is made of clay, which is generally procured by pounding the materials of an ant-hill and kneading it thoroughly with water.

Her next proceeding is to get her mill ready. This is a very rude apparatus, and requires an enormous amount of labor to produce a comparatively small effect. It consists of two parts, namely, the upper and lower millstones, or the bed and the stone. The bed is a large, heavy stone, which has been flat on the upper surface, but which has been slightly hollowed and sloped. The stone is oval in shape, and about eight or nine inches in length, and is, in fact, that kind of stone which is popularly known under the name of "cobble."

When the corn is sufficiently boiled, and the woman is ready to grind it, she takes it from the pot, and places it on the stone, under which she has spread a mat. She then kneels at the mill, takes the stone in both hands, and with a peculiar rocking and grinding motion reduces it to a tolerably consistent paste. As fast as it is ground, it is forced down the sloping side of the stone, upon a skin which is ready to receive it.

This form of mill is perhaps the earliest with which we are acquainted, and it may be found in many parts of the world. In Mexico, for example, the ordinary mill is made on precisely the same principle, though the lower stone is rudely carved so as to stand on three legs.

It is more than probable that the operation of grinding corn, which is so often mentioned in the earlier Scriptures, was performed in just such a mill as the Kaffir woman uses. The labor of grinding the corn is very severe, the whole weight of the body being thrown on the stone, and the hands being fully occupied in rolling and rocking the upper stone upon the lower. Moreover, the labor has to be repeated daily, and oftentimes the poor hard-worked woman is obliged to resume it several times in the day. Only sufficient corn is ground for the consumption of a single meal; and therefore, so often as the men are hungry, so often has she to grind corn for them.

The boiled and ground corn takes a new name, and is now termed "Isleaba;" and when a sufficient quantity has been ground, the woman takes it from the mat, puts it into a basket, and brings it to her husband, who is probably asleep or smoking his pipe. She then brings him a bowl, some clotted milk, and his favorite spoon, and leaves him to mix it for himself and take his meal, she not expecting to partake with him, any more than she would expect him to help her in grinding the corn.

As the Kaffir is eminently a social being, he likes to take his meals in company, and does so in a very orderly fashion.

When a number of Kaffirs meet for a social meal, they seat themselves round the fire, squatted in their usual manner, and always forming themselves into a circle, Kaffir fashion. If they should be very numerous, they will form two or more concentric circles, all close to each other, and all facing inward. The pot is then put on to boil, and while the "mealies," or heads of maize, are being cooked, they all strike up songs, and sing them until the feast is ready. Sometimes they prefer love songs, and are always fond of songs that celebrate the possession of cattle. These melodies have a chorus that is perfectly meaningless, like the choruses of many of our own popular songs, but the singers become quite infatuated with them. In a well known cattle song, the burden of which is E-e-e-yu-yu-yu, they all accompany the words with gestures. Their hands are clenched, with the palms turned upward; their arms bent, and at each E-e-e they drive their arms out to their full extent; and at each repetition of the syllable "yu," they bring their elbows against their sides, so as to give additional emphasis to the song. An illustration on page 145, represents such a scene, and is drawn from a sketch by Captain Drayson, R. A., who has

frequently been present in such scenes, and learned to take his part in the wild chorus. As to the smoke of the fire, the Kaffirs care nothing for it, although no European singer would be able to utter two notes in such a choking atmosphere, or to see what he was doing in a small hut without window or chimney, and filled with wood smoke. Some snuff gourds are seen on the ground, and on the left hand, just behind a pillar, is the Induna, or head of the kraal, who is the founder of the feast.

The number of Kaffirs that will crowd themselves into a single small hut is almost incredible. Even in the illustration they seem to be tolerably close together, but the fact is, that the artist was obliged to omit a considerable number of individuals in order to give a partial view of the fireplace and the various utensils.

One African traveller gives a very amusing account of a scene similar to that which is depicted in the engraving. In the evening he heard a most singular noise of many voices rising and falling in regular rhythm, and found it to proceed from an edifice which he had taken for a haycock, but which proved to be a Kaffir hut. He put his head into the door, but the atmosphere was almost too much for him, and he could only see a few dying embers, throwing a ruddy glow over a number of Kaffirs squatting round the fireplace, and singing with their usual gesticulations. He estimated their number at ten, thinking that the hut could not possibly hold much less accommodate more than that number. However, from that very hut issued thirty-five tall and powerful Kaffirs, and they did not look in the least hot or uncomfortable. The song which they were singing with such energy was upon one of the only two subjects which seem to inspire a Kaffir's muse, namely, war and cattle. This particular composition treated of the latter subject, and began with "All the calves are drinking water."

A very graphic account of the method in which the Kaffirs sing in concert is given by Mr. Mason, who seems to have written his description immediately after witnessing the scene, and while the impression was still strong on his mind:—

"By the light of a small oil lamp I was completing my English journal, ready for the mail which sailed next day; and, while thus busily employed, time stole away so softly that it was late ere I closed and sealed it up. A fearful shout now burst from the recesses of the surrounding jungle, apparently within a hundred yards of our tent; in a moment all was still again, and then the yell broke out with increased vigor, till it dinned in our ears, and made the very air shake and vibrate with the clamor. At first we were alarmed, and looked to the priming of our pistols; but, as

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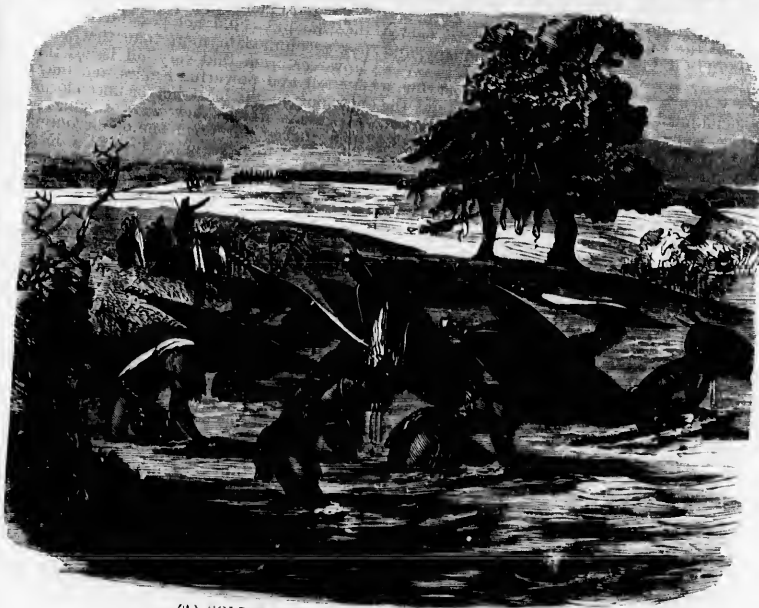
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(1.) A KAFFIR DINNER PARTY. (See page 144.)



(2.) SOLDIERS LAPPING WATER. (See page 152.)

the sounds approached no nearer, I concluded that it must be part of some Kaffir festival, and determined on ascertaining its meaning; so, putting by the pistol, I started, just as I was, without coat, hat, or waistcoat, and made my way through the dripping boughs of the jungle, toward the spot from whence the strange sounds proceeded.

"By this time the storm had quite abated; the heavy clouds were rolling slowly from over the rising moon; the drops from the lofty trees fell heavily on the dense bush below; thousands of insects were chirping merrily; and there, louder than all the rest, was the regular rise and fall of some score of Kaffirs. I had already penetrated three hundred yards or more into the bush, when I discovered a large and newly erected Kaffir hut, with a huge fire blazing in its centre, just visible through the dense smoke that poured forth from the little semicircular aperture which served for a doorway. These huts of the Kaffirs are formed of twill-work, and thatched; in appearance they resemble a well rounded haycock, being, generally, eight or ten feet high at the vertex, circular in form, and from twenty to twenty-five feet broad, with an opening like that of a beehive for a doorway, as before described.

"But, as it was near midnight, it seemed to me that my visit might not be altogether seasonable. However, to have turned back when so near the doorway might have brought an assagai after me, since the occupants of the hut would have attributed a rustling of the bushes, at that late hour, to the presence of a thief or wild beast. I therefore coughed aloud, stooped down, and thrust my head into the open doorway, where a most interesting sight presented itself.

"Fancy three rows of jet-black Kaffirs, ranged in circles around the interior of the hut, sitting knees and nose altogether, waving their well oiled, strongly built frames backward and forward, to keep time in their favorite 'Dingan's war-song,' throwing their arms about, and brandishing the glittering assagai, singing and shouting, uttering a shrill piercing whistle, beating the ground to imitate the heavy tramp of marching men, and making the very woods echo again with their boisterous merriment.

"My presence was unobserved for a moment, until an old gray-headed Kaffir (an Umdodie) pointed his finger toward me. In an instant, the whole phalanx of glaring eyes was turned to the doorway; and silence reigned throughout the demoniac-looking group. A simultaneous exclamation of 'Molongal! Molongal!' (white man! white man!) was succeeded by an universal beckon for me to come in and take a place in the ring. This of course I complied with; and, having seen me comfortably seated, they fell to work again more vo-

ciferously than ever, till I was well near bewildered with the din, and stifled with the dense smoke issuing from the huge fire in the centre of the ring."

Dingan's war-song, which is here mentioned, is rather made in praise of Dingan's warlike exploits. To a Kaffir, who understands all the allusions made by the poet, it is a marvellously exciting composition, though it loses its chief beauties when translated into a foreign language, and deprived of the peculiar musical rhythm and alliteration which form the great charms of Kaffir poetry. The song was as follows:—

"Thou needy offspring of Umpikazi,
Eyer of the cattle of men,
Bird of Maube, fleet as a bullet,
Sleek, erect, of beautiful parts,
Thy cattle like the comb of the bees,
O herd too large, too huddled to move.
Devourer of Moselekatze, son of Machobana,
Devourer of 'Swazi, son of Sobuza.
Breaker of the gates of Machobana.
Devourer of Gundave of Machobana.
A monster in size, of mighty power.
Devourer of Ungwad of ancient race;
Devourer of the kingly Uomape;
Like heaven above, raining and shining."

If the reader will refer to the song in honor of Panda, which is given on page 90, he will see the strong resemblance that exists between the two odes, each narrating some events of the hero's early life, then diverging into a boast of his great wealth, and ending with a list of his warlike achievements.

Mr. Shooter mentions a second song which was made in honor of Telaka, as, indeed, he was told by that renowned chief himself. It was composed after that warlike despot had made himself master of the whole of Kaffirland, and the reader will not fail to notice the remarkable resemblance between the burden of the song, "Where will you go out to battle now?" and the lament of Alexander, that there were no more worlds to conquer.

"Thou hast finished, finished the nations!
Where will you go out to battle now?
Hey! where will you go out to battle now?
Thou hast conquered kings!
Where are you going to battle now?
Thou hast finished, finished the nations!
Where are you going to battle now?
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Where are you going to battle now?"

I have already mentioned that in eating his porridge the Kaffir uses a spoon. He takes a wonderful pride in his spoon, and expends more trouble upon it than upon any other article which he possesses, not even his "tails," pipes, or snuff box, being thought worthy of so much labor as is lavished upon his spoons. Although there is a great variety of patterns among the spoons manufactured by the Kaffir tribes, there is a character about them which is quite un-

mistakable, and which points out the country of the maker as clearly as if his name were written on it. The bowl, for example, instead of being almost in the same line with the stem, is bent forward at a slight angle, and, instead of being rather deep, is quite shallow. It is almost incapable of containing liquids, and is only adapted for conveying to the mouth the thick porridge which has already been described. Several of these spoons are represented on page 103, drawn from specimens in my collection.

Fig. 1 is a spoon rather more than two feet in length, cut from a stout branch of a tree, as is shown by the radiating circles, denoting the successive annual deposits of woody fibre. The little dark mark in the bowl shows the pithy centre of the branch. The end of the handle is made to represent the head of an assagai, and the peculiar convexity and concavity of that weapon is represented by staining one side of the blade black. This staining process is very simply managed by heating a piece of iron or a stone, and charring the wood with it, so as to make an indelible black mark. Part of the under side of the bowl is stained black in a similar manner, and so is a portion of the handle, this expeditious and easy mode of decoration being in great favor among the Kaffirs, when they are making any article of wood. The heads of the wooden assagais shown on page 103 are stained in the same fashion. According to English ideas, the bowl is of unpleasantly large dimensions, being three inches and a quarter in width. But a Kaffir mouth is a capacious one, and he can use this gigantic instrument without inconvenience.

Fig. 2 represents a singularly elaborate example of a spoon, purchased from a native by the late H. Jackson, Esq. It is more than three feet in length and is slightly curved, whereas the preceding example is straight. The wood of which it is made is much harder than that of the other spoon, and is therefore capable of taking a tolerably high polish. The maker of this spoon has ornamented it in a very curious manner. Five rings are placed round the stem, and these rings are made of the wire-like hairs from the elephant's tail. They are plaited in the manner that is known to sailors as the "Turk's-head" knot, and are similar to those that have been mentioned on page 101 as being placed on the handle of the assagai. In order to show the mode in which these rings are made, one of them is given on an enlarged scale.

At the end of the handle of the spoon may be seen a globular knob. This is carved from the same piece of wood as the spoon, and is intended for a snuff box, so that the owner is doubly supplied with luxuries. It is cut in order to imitate a gourd, and, considering the very rude tools which a Kaffir possesses, the skill displayed in hol-

lowing it is very great. Round the neck of the opening is one of the elephant's hair rings, and at the bottom there is some rather deep carving. This odd snuff box is ornamented by being charred, as is the bowl and the greater part of the stem.

Sometimes the Kaffirs exert great ingenuity in carving the handles of their spoons into rude resemblances of various animals. On account of its long neck and legs and sloping back, the giraffe is the favorite. Fig. 1 on page 103 shows one of these spoons. It is rather more than a foot in length, and represents the form of the animal better than might be supposed from the illustration, which is taken from the front, and therefore causes its form to be foreshortened and the characteristic slope of the back to be unseen. It is made of the acacia wood, that being the tree on which the giraffe loves to feed, and which is called by the Dutch settlers "Kamel-dorn," or camel-thorn, in consequence. The peculiar attitude of the head is a faithful representation of the action of the giraffe when raising its head to browse among the foliage, and the spotted skin is well imitated by application of a red-hot iron.

In some examples of the giraffe spoon, the form of the animal is much better shown, even the joints of the legs being carefully marked, and their action indicated. Sometimes the Kaffir does not make the whole handle into the form of an animal, but cuts the handle of the usual shape, and leaves at the end a large block of solid wood, which he can carve into the required shape. The hippopotamus is frequently chosen for this purpose, and so is the rhinoceros, while the hyena is always a favorite, apparently because its peculiar outline can easily be imitated in wood.

The reader will probably have noticed the angle at which the shallow bowl is set, and it appears to make the spoon a most inconvenient instrument. If held after the European fashion, the user would scarcely be able to manage it at all, but the Kaffir has his own way of holding it, which is perfectly effective. Instead of taking it between the thumb and the forefinger, he grasps the stem with the whole hand, having the bowl to the left, and the handle to the right. He then dips the shallow bowl into the tenacious porridge, takes up as much as it will possibly hold, and inserts the whole of the bowl into his mouth, the convex side being uppermost. In this position the tongue can lick the spoon quite clean, so as to be ready for the next visit to the porridge.

If a number of Kaffirs are about to partake of a common meal, they always use a common spoon. Were each man to bring his own with him, and all to dip in the pot at once, it is evident that he who had the largest spoon, would get the largest share,

Round the neck of the elephant's hair com there is some This odd snuff box charred, as is the rest of the stem.

exert great ingenuities of their spoons of various animals. The neck and legs and handle is the favorite. It shows one of these more than a foot in the form of the animal, supposed from its taken from the uses its form to be characteristic slope seen. It is made of being the tree on which to feed, and which the settlers "Kameel" in consequence. The head is a faithful action of the giraffe to browse among the red skin is well imitated a red-hot iron.

of the giraffe spoon, animal is much better than the legs being that their action indicates the Kaffir does not fall into the form of the handle of the spoon, at the end a large which he can carve, ape. The hippopotamus for this purpose, crocod, while the hyena apparently because its easily be imitated in

ably have noticed the shallow bowl is set, and a spoon a most incongruity. If held after the European would scarcely be all, but the Kaffir has taking it, which is perfectly taking it between the finger, he grasps the stem having the bowl to the right. He then bowl into the tenacious manner as it will possibly whole of the bowl into side being uppermost. tongue can lick the spoon be ready for the next

Kaffirs are about to partake, they always use a spoon each man to bring and all to dip in the pot that he who had the largest share,

than which nothing would be more distasteful to the justice loving Kaffir, besides giving rise to a scene of hurry, and probably contention, which would be a breach of good manners. So the chief man present takes the spoon, helps himself to a mouthful, and hands the clean spoon to his next neighbor. Thus the spoon goes round in regular order, each man having one spoonful at a time, and none having more than another.

This love of justice pervades all classes of Kaffirs, and even adheres to them when they are partially civilized—a result which does not always take place when the savage has taken his first few lessons in the civilization of Europe. Some time ago, when a visitor was inspecting an English school for Kaffir children, he was struck by the method adopted in giving the scholars their meals. Porridge was prepared for them, and served out by one of their own nation, who used the most scrupulous accuracy in dividing the food. She was not content with giving to each child an apparently equal share, but went twice or thrice round the circle, adding to one portion and taking away from another, until all were equally served. Not until she was satisfied that the distribution was a just one, did the dusky scholars think of beginning their meal.

Sometimes the Kaffirs will amuse themselves by making spoons of the most portentous dimensions, which would baffle even the giants of our nursery tales, did they endeavor to use such implements. One of these gigantic spoons is in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox. It is shaped much like fig. 1, in the illustration at page 103, and if very much reduced in size would be a serviceable Kaffir spoon of the ordinary kind. But it is between five and six feet in length, its stem is as thick as a man's arm, and its bowl large enough to accommodate his whole head.

At fig. 2 of the illustration on the upper part of same page may be seen an article which looks like a spoon, but rather deserves the name of ladle, as it is used for substances more liquid than the porridge. It is carved from a single piece of wood, and it is a singular fact that the maker should have been able to carve the deeply grooved handle without the aid of a lathe. If this handle be turned round on its axis, so that the eye can follow the spiral course of the grooves, it becomes evident that they have been cut without the use of any machinery. But the truth of their course is really wonderful, and the carver of this handsome handle has taken care to darken the spiral grooves by the application of a hot iron. This remarkable specimen was brought from Africa by the Rev. J. Shooter, and the illustration has been taken from the specimen itself.

Two more similar ladles are illustrated on page 155. The uppermost figure represents a ladle about fourteen inches in length. The

pattern has no pretence to elaborate detail; but the whole form is very bold and decided, and the carver has evidently done his work thoroughly, and on a definite plan. The black marks on the stem and handle are made by a hot iron, and the under surface of the bowl is decorated with two triangular marks made in the same manner.

At figure 2 of the same illustration is shown a rather remarkable ladle. It is eighteen inches in length, and the bowl is both wide and deep. It is made from the hard wood of the acacia, and must have cost the carver a considerable amount of trouble. In carving the ladle, the maker has set himself to shape the handle in such a manner that it resembles a bundle of small sticks tied together by a band at the end and another near the middle. So well has he achieved this feat that, when I first saw this ladle, in rather dim light, I really thought that some ingenious artificer had contrived to make a number of twigs start from one part of a branch, and had carved that portion of the branch into the bowl, and had tied the twigs together to form the handle. He has heightened the deception, by charring the sham bands black, while the rest of the handle is left of its natural color. Figs. 3 and 4 of the same illustration will be presently described.

THERE is an article of food which is used by the natives, in its proper season, and does not prepossess a European in its favor. This is the locust, the well-known insect which sweeps in countless myriads over the land, and which does such harm to the crops and to everything that grows. The eggs of the locust are laid in the ground, and at the proper season the young make their appearance. They are then very small, but they grow with great rapidity—as, indeed, they ought to do, considering the amount of food which they consume. Until they have passed a considerable time in the world, they have no wings, and can only crawl and hop. The Kaffirs call these imperfect locusts "boyané," and the Dutch settlers term them "voetgangers," or "foot-goers," because they cannot fly. Even in this stage they are terribly destructive, and march steadily onward consuming every green thing that they can eat.

Nothing stops them in their progress short of death, and, on account of their vast myriads, the numbers that can be killed form but an insignificant proportion of the whole army. A stream of these insects, a mile or more in width, will pass over a country, and scarcely anything short of a river will stop them. Trenches are soon filled up with their bodies, and those in the rear march over the carcasses of their dead comrades. Sometimes the trenches have been filled with fire, but to no purpose, as the fire is soon put out by the locusts that come

crowding upon it. As for walls, the insects care nothing for them, but surmount them, and even the very houses, without suffering a check.

When they become perfect insects and gain their wings, they proceed, as before, in vast myriads; but this time, they direct their course through the air, and not merely on land, so that not even the broadest river can stop them. They generally start as soon as the sun has dispelled the dews and warmed the air, which, in its nightly chill, paralyzes them, and renders them incapable of flight and almost unable even to walk. Toward evening they always descend, and perhaps in the daytime also; and wherever they alight, every green thing vanishes. The sound of their jaws cutting down the leaves and eating them can be heard at a great distance. They eat everything of a vegetable nature. Mr. Moffatt saw a whole field of maize consumed in two hours, and has seen them eat linen, flannel, and even tobacco. When they rise for another flight, the spot which they have left is as bare as if it were desert land, and not a vestige of any kind of verdure is to be seen upon it.

A very excellent description of a flight of locusts is given by Mr. Cole, in his work on South Africa:—

"Next day was warm enough, but the wind was desperately high, and, much to my disgust, right in my face as I rode away on my journey. After travelling some ten miles, having swallowed several ounces of sand meanwhile, and been compelled occasionally to remove the sand-hills that were collecting in my eyes, I began to fall in with some locusts. At first they came on gradually and in small quantities, speckling the earth here and there, and voraciously devouring the herbage.

"They were not altogether pleasant, as they are weak on the wing, and quite at the mercy of the wind, which uncivilly dashed many a one into my face with a force that made my cheeks tingle. By degrees they grew thicker and more frequent. My progress was now most unpleasant, for they flew into my face every instant. Flung against me and my horse by the breeze, they clung to us with the tightness of desperation, till we were literally speckled with locusts. Each moment the clouds of them became denser, till at length—I am guilty of no exaggeration in saying—they were as thick in the air as the flakes of snow during a heavy fall of it; they covered the grass and the road, so that at every step my horse crushed dozens; they were whirled into my eyes and those of my poor nag, till at last the latter refused to face them, and turned tail in spite of whip and spur. They crawled about my face and neck, got down my shirt collar and up my sleeves—in a word they drove me to despair as completely as they drove my horse to stubbornness, and I was

obliged to ride back a mile or two, and claim shelter from them at a house I had passed on my route; fully convinced that a shower of locusts is more unbearable than hail, rain, snow, and sleet combined. I found the poor farmer in despair at the dreadful visitation which had come upon him—and well he might be so. To-day he had standing crops, a garden, and wide pasture lands in full verdure; the next day the earth was as bare all round as a macadamized road.

"I afterwards saw millions of these insects driven by the wind into the sea at Algoa Bay, and washed on shore again in such heaps, that the prisoners and coolies in the town were busily employed for a day or two in burying the bodies, to prevent the evil consequence that would arise from the putrefying of them close to the town. No description of these little plagues, or of the destruction they cause, can well be an exaggeration. Fortunately, their visitations are not frequent, as I only remember three during my five years' residence in South Africa. Huge fires are sometimes lighted round corn-lands and gardens to prevent their approach; and this is an effective preventive, when they can steer their own course; but when carried away by such a wind as I have described, they can only go where it drives them, and all the bonfires in the world would be useless to stay their progress. The farmer thus eaten out of house and home (most literally) has nothing to do but to move his stock forthwith to some other spot which has escaped them—happy if he can find a route free from their devastation, so that his herds and flocks may not perish by the way."

Fortunately, their bodies being heavy in proportion to their wings, they cannot fly against the wind, and it often happens that, as in the old Scripture narrative, a country is relieved by a change of wind, which drives the insects into the sea, where they are drowned; and, as Mr. Cole observes, they were driven by the wind into his face or upon his clothes, as helplessly as the cockchafer on a windy summer evening. Still, terrible as are the locusts, they have their uses. In the first place, they afford food to innumerable animals. As they fly, large flocks of birds wait on them, sweep among them and devour them on the wing. While they are on the ground, whether in their winged or imperfect state, they are eaten by various animals; even the lion and other formidable carnivora not disdain so easily gained a repast. As the cool air of the night renders the locusts incapable of moving, they can be captured without difficulty. Even to mankind the locusts are serviceable, being a favorite article of food. It is true that these insects devour whole crops, but it may be doubted whether they do not confer a ben-

effort on the dusky cultivators rather than inflict an injury.

As soon as the shades of evening render the locusts helpless, the natives turn out in a body, with sacks, skins, and everything that can hold the expected prey, those who possess such animals bringing pack oxen in order to bear the loads home. The locusts are swept by millions into the sacks, without any particular exertion on the part of the natives, though not without some danger, as venomous serpents are apt to come for the purpose of feeding on the insects, and are sometimes roughly handled in the darkness.

When the locusts have been brought home, they are put into a large covered pot, such as has already been described, and a little water added to them. The fire is then lighted under the pot, and the locusts are then boiled, or rather steamed, until they are sufficiently cooked. They are then taken out of the pot, and spread out in the sunbeams until they are quite dry; and when this part of the process is completed, they are shaken about in the wind until the legs and wings fall off, and are carried away just as the chaff is carried away by the breeze when corn is winnowed. When they are perfectly dry, they are stored away in baskets, or placed in the granaries just as if they were corn.

Sometimes the natives eat them whole, just as we eat shrimps, and, if they can afford such a luxury, add a little salt to them. Usually, however, the locusts are treated much in the same manner as corn or maize. They are ground to powder by the mill until they are reduced to meal, which is then mixed with water, so as to form a kind of porridge. A good locust season is always acceptable to the natives, who can indulge their enormous appetites to an almost unlimited extent, and in consequence become quite fat in comparison with their ordinary appearance. So valuable, indeed, are the locusts, that if a native conjurer can make his companions believe that his incantations have brought the locusts, he is sure to be richly rewarded by them.

Meat, when it can be obtained, is the great luxury of a Kaffir. Beef is his favorite meat; but he will eat that of many of the native animals, though there are some, including all kinds of fish, which he will not touch. With a very few exceptions, such as the eland, the wild animals of Southern Africa do not furnish very succulent food. Venison when taken from a semi-domesticated red deer, or a three-parts domesticated fallow deer, is a very different meat when obtained from a wild deer or antelope. As a general rule, such animals have very little fat about them, and their flesh, by reason of constant exercise and small supply of food, is exceedingly tough, and would baffle the jaws of any but a very hungry man.

Fortunately for the Kaffirs, their teeth and jaws are equal to any task that can be imposed upon them in the way of mastication, and meat which an European can hardly manage to eat is a dainty to his dark companions. The late Gordon Cumming, who had as much experience in hunter life as most men, used to say that a very good idea of the meat which is usually obtained by the gun in Kaffirland may be gained by taking the very worst part of the toughest possible beef, multiplying the toughness by ten, and subtracting all the gravy.

The usual plan that is adopted is, to eat at once the best parts of an animal, and to cure the rest by drying it in the sun. This process is a very simple one. The meat is cut into thin, long strips, and hung on branches in the open air. The burning sunbeams soon have their effect, and convert the scarlet strips of raw meat into a substance that looks like old shoe-leather, and is nearly as tough. The mode of dressing it is, to put it under the ashes of the fire, next to pound it between two stones, and then to stew it slowly in a pot, just as is done with fresh beef. Of course, this mode of cooking meat is only employed on the march, when the soldiers are unable to take with them the cooking-pots of domestic life.

Sometimes, especially when returning from an unsuccessful war, the Kaffirs are put to great straits for want of food, and have recourse to the strangest expedients for allaying hunger. They begin by wearing a "hunger-belt," i. e. a belt passed several times round the body, and arranged so as to press upon the stomach, and take off for a time the feeling of faint sickness that accompanies hunger before it develops into starvation. As the hours pass on, and the faintness again appears, the hunger-belt is drawn tighter and tighter. This curious remedy for hunger is to be found in many parts of the world, and has long been practised by the native tribes of North America.

The hungry soldiers, when reduced to the last straits, have been known to eat their hide-shields, and when these were finished, to consume even the thongs which bind the head of the assagai to the shaft. The same process of cooking is employed in making the tough skin eatable; namely, partial broiling under ashes, then pounding between stones, and then stewing, or boiling, if any substitute for a cooking-pot can be found. One of the missionaries relates, in a manner that shows the elastic spirit which animated him, how he and his companions were once driven to eat a box which he had made of rhinoceros hide, and seems rather to regret the loss of so excellent a box than to demand any sympathy for the hardships which he had sustained.

WE now come to the question of the liquids which a Kaffir generally consumes.

Ordinary men are forced to content themselves with water, and there are occasional when they would only be too glad to obtain even water. Certain ceremonies demand that the warriors shall be fed plentifully with beef during the night, but that they shall not be allowed to drink until the dawn of the following day. At the beginning of the feast they are merry enough; for beef is always welcome to a Kaffir, and to be allowed to eat as much as he can possibly manage to accommodate is a luxury which but seldom occurs.

However, the time comes, even to a hungry Kaffir, when he cannot possibly eat any more, and he craves for something to drink. This relief is strictly prohibited, no one being allowed to leave the circle in which they are sitting. It generally happens that some of the younger "boys," who have been but recently admitted into the company of soldiers, find themselves unable to endure such a privation, and endeavor to slip away unobserved. But a number of old and tried warriors, who have inured themselves to thirst as well as hunger, and who look with contempt on all who are less hardy than themselves, are stationed at every point of exit, and, as soon as they see the dusky form of a deserter approach the spot which they are guarding, they unceremoniously attack him with their sticks, and beat him back to his place in the circle.

On the march, if a Kaffir is hurried, and comes to a spot where there is water, he stoops down, and with his curved hand flings the water into his mouth with movements almost as rapid as those of a cat's tongue when she laps milk. Sometimes, if he comes to a river, which he has to ford, he will contrive to slake his thirst as he proceeds, without once checking his speed. This precaution is necessary if he should be pursued, or if the river should happen to be partially infested with crocodiles and other dangerous reptiles. (See engraving No. 2 on p. 145.)

Kaffirs are also very fond of a kind of whey, which is poured off from the milk when it is converted into "amasi," and which is something like our buttermilk to the taste. Still, although the Kaffirs can put up with water, and like their buttermilk, they have a craving for some fermented liquor. Water and buttermilk are very well in their way; but they only serve for quenching thirst, and have nothing sociable about them. Now the Kaffir is essentially a sociable being, as has already been mentioned, and he likes nothing better than sitting in a circle of friends, talking, grudging snuff or taking it, smoking, and drinking. And, when he joins in such indulgences, he prefers that his drink should be of an intoxicating nature, therein following the usual instincts of mankind all over the world.

There are few nations who do not know how to make intoxicating drinks, and the

Kaffir is not likely to be much behindhand in this respect. The only fermented drink which the genuine Kaffirs use is a kind of beer, called in the native tongue "outchualu." Like all other savages, the Kaffirs very much prefer the stronger potations that are made by Europeans; and their love for whisky, rum, and brandy has been the means of ruining, and almost extinguishing, many a tribe—just as has been the case in Northern America. The quantity of spirituous liquid that a Kaffir can drink is really astonishing; and the strangest thing is, that he will consume nearly a bottle of the commonest and coarsest spirit, and rise at day-break on the next morning without even a headache.

The beer which the Kaffirs make is by no means a heady liquid, and seems to have rather a fattening than an intoxicating quality. All men of note drink large quantities of beer, and the chief of a tribe rarely stirs without having a great vessel of beer at hand, together with his gourd cup and ladle. The operations of brewing are conducted entirely by the women, and are tolerably simple, much resembling the plan which is used in England. Barley is not employed for this purpose, the grain of maize or millet being substituted for it.

The grain is first encouraged to a partial sprouting by being wrapped in wet matts, and is then killed by heat, so as to make it into malt, resembling that which is used in our own country. The next process is to put it into a vessel, and let it boil for some time, and afterward to set it aside for fermentation. The Kaffir has no yeast, but employs a rather curious substitute for it, being the stem of a species of ice-plant, dried and kept ready for use. As the liquid ferments, a scum arises to the top, which is carefully removed by means of an ingenious skimmer, shown at figs. 3 and 4, on page 155. This skimmer is very much like those wire implements used by our cooks for taking vegetables out of hot water, and is made of grass stems very neatly woven together; a number of them forming the handle, and others spreading out like the bowl of a spoon. The bowls of these skimmers are set at different angles, so as to suit the vessel in which fermentation is carried on.

When the beer is poured into the vessel in which it is kept for use, it is passed through a strainer, so as to prevent any of the malt from mixing with it. One of these strainers is shown at fig. 3, on page 67. The specimen from which the drawing was taken is in my own collection, and is a good sample of the Kaffir's workmanship. It is made of reeds, split and flattened; each reed being rather more than the fifth of an inch wide at the opening and the twelfth of an inch at the smaller end, and being carefully graduated in width. In shape it resembles a jelly-bag, and, indeed, has much the same

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office to perform. The reeds are wove in the "under three and over three" fashion, so as to produce a zigzag pattern; and the conical shape of the strainer is obtained, not by any alteration in the mode of weaving, but by the gradual diminution of the reeds. These strainers are of various sizes; but my own specimen, which is of the average dimensions, measures fifteen inches in length, and nine in width across the opening.

Beer, like milk, is kept in baskets, which the Kaffirs are capable of making so elaborately, that they can hold almost any liquid as well as if they were casks made by the best European coopers. Indeed, the fineness and beauty of the Kaffir basket-work may excite the admiration, if not the envy, of civilized basket-makers, who, however artistic may be the forms which they produce, would be sadly puzzled if required to make a basket that would hold beer, wine, or even milk.

One of the ordinary forms of beer basket may be seen in the illustration on page 67, the small mouth being for the greater convenience of pouring it out. Others can be seen in the illustration on page 63, representing the interior of a Kaffir hut. Beer baskets of various sizes are to be found in every kraal, and are always kept in shady places, to prevent the liquid from being injured by heat. A Kaffir chief hardly seems to be able to support existence without his beer. Within his own house, or in the shadow of a friendly screen, he will sit by the hour together, smoking his enormous pipe continually, and drinking his beer at tolerably constant intervals, thus contriving to consume a considerable amount both of tobacco and beer. Even if he goes out to inspect his cattle, or to review his soldiers, a servant is sure to be with him, bearing his beer basket, stool, and other luxurious appendages of state.

He generally drinks out of a cup, which he makes from a gourd, and which, in shape and size, much resembles an emu's egg with the top cut off. For the purpose of taking the beer out of the basket, and pouring it into the cup, he uses a ladle of some sort. The form which is most generally in use is that which is made from a kind of gourd; not egg-shaped, like that from which the cup is made, but formed very much like an onion with the stalk attached to it. The bulb of the onion represents the end of the gourd, and it will be seen that when a slice is cut off this globular end, and the interior of the gourd removed, a very neat ladle can be produced. As the outer skin of the gourd is of a fine yellow color, and has a high natural polish, the cup and ladle have a very pretty appearance.

Sometimes the Kaffir carves his ladles out of wood, and displays much skill and taste in their construction, as may be seen

by the specimens. Occasionally the beer bowl is carved from wood as well as the ladle; but, on account of its weight when empty, and the time employed in making it, none but a chief is likely to make use of such a bowl. One of these wooden bowls is shown at fig. 2, in the illustration on page 67, and is drawn from a specimen brought from Southern Africa by Mr. H. Jackson. It is of large dimensions, as may be seen by comparing it with the milkpail at fig. 1. The color of the bowl is black.

It is rather remarkable that the Kaffir who carved this bowl has been so used to baskets as beer vessels that he has not been able to get the idea out of his mind. The bowl is painfully wrought out of a single block of wood, and must have cost an enormous amount of labor, considering the rudeness of the tools used by the carver. According to our ideas, the bowl ought therefore to show that it really is something more valuable than usual, and as unlike the ordinary basket as possible. But so wedded has been the maker to the notion that a basket, and nothing but a basket, is the proper vessel for beer, that he has taken great pains to carve the whole exterior in imitation of a basket. So well and regularly is this decoration done, that when the bowl is set some little distance, or placed in the shade, many persons mistake it for a basket set on three wooden legs, and stained black.

At fig. 5 of the same illustration is an example of the Kaffir's basket-work. This is one of the baskets used by the women when they have been to the fields, and have to carry home the ears of maize or other produce. This basket is very stout and strong, and will accommodate a quantity of corn which would form a good load for an average English laborer. But she considers this hard work as part of woman's mission, asks one of her companions to assist in placing it on her head, and goes off with her burden, often lightening the heavy task by joining in a chorus with her similarly-laden friends. Indeed, as has been well said by an experienced missionary, in the normal state of the Kaffir tribes the woman serves every office in husbandry, and herself fulfils the duties of field laborer, plough, cart, ox, and horse.

Basket-work is used for an infinity of purposes. It is of basket-work, for example, that the Kaffir makes his curious and picturesque storehouses, in which he keeps the corn that he is likely to require for household use. These storehouses are always raised some height from the ground, for the double purpose of keeping vermin from devastating them, and of allowing a free passage to the air round them, and so keeping their contents dry and in good condition. Indeed, the very houses are formed of a sort of basket-work, as may be seen by reference to Chapter VII.; and even their

kraals, or villages, are little more than basket-work on a very large scale.

Almost any kind of flexible material seems to answer for baskets, and the Kaffir workman impresses into his service not only the twigs of pliant bushes, like the osier and willow, but uses grass stems, grass leaves, rushes, flags, reeds, bark, and similar materials. When he makes those that are used for holding liquids, he always uses fine materials, and closes the spaces between them by beating down each successive row with an instrument that somewhat resembles a very stout paper-knife, and that is made either of wood, bone, or ivory. As is the case with casks, pails, quaighs, and all vessels that are made with staves, the baskets must be well soaked before they become thoroughly water-tight.

One of these baskets is in my own collection. It is most beautifully made, and certainly surpasses vessels of wood or clay in one respect; namely, that it will bear very rough treatment without breaking. The mode of weaving it is peculiarly intricate. A vast amount of grass is employed in its construction, the work is very close, and the ends of the innumerable grass blades are so neatly woven into the fabric as scarcely to be distinguishable. Soon after it came into my possession, I sent it to a conversatione, together with a large number of ethnological curiosities, and, knowing that very few would believe in its powers without actual proof, I filled it with milk, and placed it on the table. Although it had been in England for some time, and had evidently undergone rather rough treatment, it held the milk very well. There was a very slight leakage, caused by a mistake of the former proprietor, who had sewed a label upon it with a very coarse needle, leaving little holes, through which a few drops of milk gradually oozed. With this exception, however, the basket was as serviceable as when it was in use among the Kaffir huts.

Honey is a very favorite food with the Kaffirs, who are expert at attacking the nests, and removing the combs in spite of the attacks of the bees. They detect a bees' nest in many ways, and, among other plans for finding the nest, they set great value on the bird called the honey-guide. There are several species of honey-guide, two of which are tolerably common in Southern Africa, and all of which belong to the cuckoo family. These birds are remarkable for the trust which they instinctively repose in mankind, and the manner in which they act as guides to the nest. Whenever a Kaffir hears a bird utter a peculiar cry, which has been represented by the word "Cherr! cherr!" he looks out for the singer, and goes in the direction of the voice. The bird, seeing that the man is following, begins to approach the bees' nest,

still uttering its encouraging cry, and not ceasing until the nest is found.

The Kaffirs place great reliance on the bird, and never eat all the honey, but make a point of leaving some for the guide that conducted them to the sweet storehouse. They say that the honey-guide voluntarily seeks the help of man, because it would otherwise be unable to get at the bee-combs, which are made in hollow trees, thus being protected in secure fortresses, which the bird could not penetrate without the assistance of some being stronger than itself. And as the bird chiefly wants the combs which contain the bee-grubs, and the man only wants those which contain honey, the Kaffir leaves all the grub-combs for the bird, and takes all the honey-combs himself; so that both parties are equally pleased. Whether this be the case or not, it is certain that the bird does perform this service to mankind, and that both the Kaffir and the bird seem to understand each other. The honey-ratel, one of the largest species of the weasel tribe, and an animal which is extremely fond of bee-combs, is said to share with mankind the privilege of alliance with the honey-guide, and to require the aid of the bird with the comb which it tears out of the hollow tree. It is remarkable that both the ratel and the honey-guide are so thickly defended, the one with fur, and the other with feathers, that the stings of the bees cannot penetrate through their natural armor.

It is rather curious, however, that the honey-guide does not invariably lead to the nests of bees. It has an odd habit of guiding the attention of mankind to any animal which may be hiding in the bush, and the wary traveller is always careful to have his weapons ready when he follows the honey-guide, knowing that, although the bird generally leads the way to honey, it has an unpleasant custom of leading to a concealed buffalo, or lion, or panther, or even to a spot where a cobra or other poisonous snake is reposing.

Although honey is much prized by Kaffirs, they exercise much caution in eating it; and before they will trust themselves to taste it, they inspect the neighborhood, with the purpose of seeing whether certain poisonous plants grow in the vicinity, as in that case the honey is sure to be deleterious. The euphorbia is one of these poisonous plants, and belongs to a large order, which is represented in England by certain small plants known by the common denomination of spurge. One of them, commonly called milky-weed, sun-spurge, or wort-spurge, is well known for the white juice which pours plentifully from the wounded stem, and which is used in some places as a means of destroying warts. In our own country the juice is only remarkable for its milky appearance and its hot acrid taste, which

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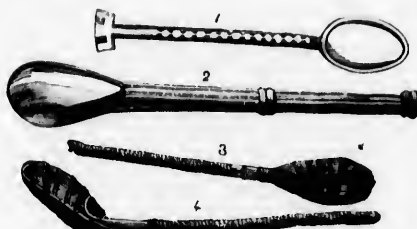
(1.) HARP.
(See page 211.)



(4.) WATER PIPE. (See page 161.)



(2.) EXTERIOR OF KAFFIR HUT. (See page 56.)



(3.) 1, SPOON. 2, LADLE. 3, 4, SKIMMERS.
(See page 149.)



(5.) FOWL HOUSE. (See page 157.)

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abides in the mouth for a wonderfully long time; but in Africa the euphorbias grow to the dimensions of trees, and the juice is used in many parts of that continent as a poison for arrows. Some of them look so like the cactus group that they might be mistaken for those plants; but they are easily known by the milky juice that pours from them when wounded, and by the fact that their thorns, when they have any, grow singly, and not in clusters, like those of the cactus. The white juice furnishes, when evaporated, a highly poisonous drug, called euphorbium.

Honey is often found in very singular places. A swarm has been known to take possession of a human skull, and combs have been discovered in the skeleton framework of a dead elephant.

Like many other nations, the Zulus use both poultry and their eggs for food, and both are employed as objects of barter. The unfortunate fowls that are selected for this purpose must be singularly uncomfortable; for they are always tied in bundles of three, their legs being firmly bound together. While the bargaining is in progress, the fowls are thrown heedlessly on the ground, where they keep up a continual cackling, as if complaining of their hard treatment. The Kaffir does not intend to be cruel to the poor birds; but he has really no idea that he is inflicting pain on them, and will carry them for miles by the legs, their heads hanging down, and their legs cut by the cords.

An illustration on page 155 represents one of the ingenious houses which the Kaffirs build for their poultry. The house is made of rough basket-work, and is then plastered thickly with clay, just like the low walls of the cooking-house mentioned on page 139. By the side of the henhouse is an earthenware jar, with an inverted basket by way of cover. This jar holds corn, and in front of it is one of the primitive grain mills. A beer bowl and its ladle are placed near the mill.

It is a curious fact that nothing can induce the Kaffirs to eat fish, this prejudice being shared by many nations, while others derive a great part of their subsistence from the sea and the river. They seem to feel as much disgust at the notion of eating fish as we do at articles of diet such as caterpillars, earthworms, spiders, and other creatures, which are considered as dainties in some parts of the world.

In the article of diet the Zulus are curiously particular, rejecting many articles of food which the neighboring tribes eat without scruple, and which even the European settlers do not refuse. As has already been mentioned, fish of all kinds is rejected, and so are reptiles. The true Zulu will not eat any species of monkey nor the hyæna, and in this particular we can sympathize with

them. But it is certainly odd to find that the prohibited articles of food include many of the animals which inhabit Africa, and which are eaten not only by the other tribes, but by the white men. The most extraordinary circumstance is, that the Zulus will not eat the eland, an animal whose flesh is far superior to that of any English ox, is preferred even to venison, and can be procured in large quantities, owing to its size.

Neither will the Zulus eat the zebra, thegnu, the hartebeest, nor the rhinoceros; and the warriors refrain from the flesh of the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the wild swine. The objection to eat these animals seems to have extended over a considerable portion of Southern Africa; but when Tehaka overran the country, and swept off all the herds of cattle, the vanquished tribes were obliged either to eat the hitherto rejected animals or starve, and naturally preferred the former alternative. It is probable that the custom of repudiating certain articles of food is founded upon some of the superstitious ideas which take the place of a religion in the Kaffir's mind. It is certain that superstition prohibits fowls, ducks, bustards, porcupines, and eggs, to all except the very young and the old, because the Kaffirs think that those who eat such food will never enjoy the honorable title of father or mother; and, as is well known, a childless man or woman is held in the supremest contempt.

There is perhaps no article of food more utterly hateful to the Kaffir than the flesh of the crocodile, and it is doubtful whether even the pangs of starvation would induce a Zulu Kaffir to partake of such food, or to hold friendly intercourse with any one who had done so. An amusing instance of this innate horror of the crocodile occurred some years ago. An European settler, new to the country, had shot a crocodile, and having heard much of the properties possessed by the fat of the reptile, he boiled some of its flesh for the purpose of obtaining it. Unfortunately for him, the only vessel at hand was an iron pot, in which his Kaffir servants were accustomed to cook their food, and, thinking no harm, he used the pot for his purpose. He could not have done anything more calculated to shock the feelings of the Kaffirs, who deserted him in a body, leaving the polluted vessel behind them.

It has already been mentioned that non-but a Kaffir can either drive or milk the native cattle, and the unfortunate colonist was obliged to visit all the kraals within reach in order to hire new servants. But the news had spread in all directions, that the white man cooked crocodile in his porridge pot, and not a single Kaffir would serve him. At last he was forced to go to a considerable distance, and visited a kraal which he

thought was beyond the reach of rumor. The chief man received him hospitably, promised to send one of his "boys" as a servant, and volunteered permission to beat the "boy" if he were disobedient. He finished by saying that he only made one stipulation, and that was, that the

"boy" in question should not be obliged to eat crocodile.

It will be understood that these peculiarities regarding food apply only to the Zulu tribe, and that, even in that tribe, great modifications have taken place in later years.

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CHAPTER XVI.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE UNIVERSAL LOVE OF TOBACCO—SNUFFING AND SMOKING—HOW A KAFFIR MAKES HIS SNUFF—HOW A KAFFIR TAKES SNUFF—THE SNUFF SPOON, ITS FORMS, AND MODE OF USING IT—ETIQUETTE OF SNUFF TAKING—BEGGINO AND GIVINO SNUFF—COMPARISON WITH OUR ENGLISH CUSTOM—DELICACY OF THE KAFFIR'S OLFACTORY NERVES—VARIOUS FORMS OF SNUFF BOX—THE EAR BOX—THE SINGULAR BLOOD BOX—A KAFFIR'S CAPACITY FOR MODELLING—GOURD SNUFF BOX—THE KAFFIR AND HIS PIPE—PIPE LOVERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD—A SINGULAR INLAID PIPE—THE WATER PIPE OF THE KAFFIR—HEMP, OR DAGHA, AND ITS OPERATION ON THE SYSTEM—THE POOR MAN'S PIPE—CURIOUS ACCOMPANIMENT OF SMOKING—MAJOR ROSS KING'S SMOKING ADVENTURE—CULTIVATION AND PREPARATION OF TOBACCO.

AFTER the food of the Kaffir tribes, we naturally come to their luxuries. One of these luxuries, namely, beer, is scarcely considered as such by them, but is reckoned as one of the necessities of life. There is, however, one gratification in which the Kaffir indulges whenever he can do so, and that is the use of tobacco, either in the form of smoke or snuff. The love of tobacco, which is universally prevalent over the world, is fully developed in the Kaffir, as in all the savage tribes of Africa. For tobacco the native undergoes exertions which no other reward would induce him to undertake. He is not at all particular about the quality, provided that it be strong, and it is impossible to produce tobacco that can be too coarse, rough, or powerful for his taste. He likes to feel its effects on his system, and would reject the finest flavored cigar for a piece of rank stick tobacco that an English gentleman would be unable to smoke. He uses tobacco in two forms, namely, smoke and snuff, and in both cases likes to feel that he has the full flavor of the narcotic.

His snuff is made in a very simple manner, and is mostly manufactured by the women. The first process is to grind the tobacco to powder between two stones, and when it is partially rubbed down a little water is added, so as to convert it into a paste. Meanwhile, a number of twigs are being carefully burnt to ashes, a pure white feathery ash being one of the chief ingredients.

The leaf of the aloe, previously dried, is often used for this purpose, and by connoisseurs is preferred to any other material. When the snuff maker judges that the tobacco is sufficiently ground, she spreads the paste upon a flat stone, and places it in the rays of the sun. The great heat soon dries up the caked tobacco, which is then rubbed until it becomes a very fine powder. A certain proportion of wood-ash is then added and carefully mixed, and the snuff is made. The effect of the ashes is to give pungency to the snuff, such as cannot be obtained from the pure tobacco. Of this snuff the Kaffirs are immoderately fond, and even European snuff takers often prefer it to any snuff that can be purchased. I know one African traveller, who acquired the habit of snuff taking among the Kaffirs, and who, having learned to make snuff in Kaffir fashion, continues to manufacture his own snuff, thinking it superior to any that can be obtained at the tobaccoists' shops.

The manner of taking snuff is, among the Kaffirs, by no means the simple process in use among ourselves. Snuff taking almost assumes the character of a solemn rite, and is never performed with the thoughtless levity of an European snuff taker. A Kaffir never thinks of taking snuff while standing, but must needs sit down for the purpose, in some place and at some time when he will not be disturbed. If he happens to be a man tolerably well off, he will have a snuff spoon ready stuck in his hair, and will draw it out.

These snuff spoons are very similar in form, although they slightly differ in detail. They are made of bone or ivory, and consist of a small bowl set on a deeply pronged handle. Some spoons have two prongs, but the generally have three. The bowl is mostly hemispherical, but in some specimens it is oblong. I possess specimens of both forms, and also a snuff spoon from Madagascar, which is very similar both in shape and size to that which is used by the Kaffir.

Supposing him to have a spoon, he takes his snuff box out of his ear, or from his belt, and solemnly fills the bowl of the spoon. He then replaces the box, inserts the bowl of the spoon into his capacious nostrils, and with a powerful inhalation exhausts the contents. The pungent snuff causes tears to pour down his cheeks; and as if to make sure that they shall follow their proper course, the taker draws the edges of his thumbs down his face, so as to make a kind of groove in which the tears can run from the inner angle of the eyes to the corner of the mouth. This flood of tears constitutes the Kaffir's great enjoyment in snuff taking, and it is contrary to all etiquette to speak to a Kaffir, or to disturb him in any way, while he is taking his snuff.

If, as is often the case, he is not rich enough to possess a spoon, he manages it in another fashion. Taking care to seat himself in a spot which is sheltered from the wind, he pours the snuff on the back of his hand, making a little conical heap that exactly coincides with his wide nostrils. By putting the left side of his nose on the snuff heap, and closing the other nostril with his forefinger, he contrives to absorb it all without losing a grain of the precious substance—an act which he would consider as the very acme of folly.

The rules of etiquette are especially minute as regards snuff taking.

It is considered bad manners to offer snuff to another, because to offer a gift implies superiority; the principal man in each assembly being always called upon to give snuff to the others. There is an etiquette even in asking for snuff. If one Kaffir sees another taking snuff, he does not ask directly for it, but puts a sidelong question, saying, "What are you eating?" The first answer to this question is always to the effect that he is not eating anything, which is the polite mode of refusing the request—a refusal to the first application being part of the same singular code of laws. When a second request is made in the same indirect manner as the former, he pours a quantity of snuff into the palm of his left hand, and holds it out for the other to help himself, and, at the same time, looks carefully in another direction, so that he may not seem to watch the quantity which is taken, and to appear to grudge the gift. Or, if several be present, and he is a rich man, he helps himself first,

and then throws the box to his guests, abstaining, as before, from looking at them as they help themselves. When a chief has summoned his dependants, he calls a servant, who holds his two open hands together, so as to form a cup. The chief then fills his hands with snuff, and the servant carries the valued gift to the guests as they sit around.

It has already been mentioned that when a Kaffir takes snuff, he sits on the ground. This is one of the many small points of etiquette which the natives observe with the minutest care. Its infringement is looked upon not only as an instance of bad manners, but as a tacit acknowledgment that the man who stands up while he is engaged with his snuff with another is trying to take advantage of him. Mr. Shooter remarks that many a man has been murdered by being entrapped into snuff taking, and then stabbed while in a defenceless position. The very act of holding out one hand filled with snuff, while the other is occupied with the snuff box, prevents the donor from using his weapons, so that he might be easily overpowered by any one who was inclined to be treacherous.

The reader will probably have observed the analogy between this custom and an ancient etiquette of England, a relic of which still survives in the "grace cup" handed round at municipal banquets. There are few points in Kaffir life more remarkable than the minute code of etiquette concerning the use of tobacco. It must have been of very recent growth, because tobacco, although much cultivated in Africa, is not indigenous to that country, and has been introduced from America. It almost seems as if some spirit of courtesy were inherent in the plant, and thus the African black man and the American red man are perforce obliged to observe careful ceremonial in its consumption.

It might naturally be thought that the constant inhalations of such quantities of snuff, and that of so pungent a character, would injure the olfactory nerves to such an extent that they would be scarcely able to perform their office. Such, however, is not the case. The Kaffir's nose is a wonderful organ. It is entirely unaffected by the abominable scent proceeding from the rancid grease with which the natives plentifully besmear themselves, and suffers no inconvenience from the stifling atmosphere of the hut where many inmates are assembled. But, notwithstanding all these assaults upon it, conjoined with the continual snuff taking, it can detect odors which are quite imperceptible to European nostrils, and appears to be nearly as sensitive as that of the bloodhound.

Being so fond of their snuff, the Kaffirs lavish all their artistic powers on the boxes in which they carry so valuable a substance. They make their snuff boxes of various ma-

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terials, such as wood, bone, ivory, horn; and just as Europeans employ gems and the precious metals in the manufacture of their snuff boxes, so do the Kaffirs use for the same purpose the materials they most value, and exhaust upon them the utmost resources of their simple arts.

One of the commonest forms of snuff box is a small tube, about three inches in length, and half an inch in diameter. This is merely a joint of reed, with its open end secured by a plug. The natural color of the reed is shining yellow; but the Kaffir mostly decorates it with various patterns, made by partially charring the surface. These patterns are differently disposed; but in general form they are very similar, consisting of diamonds and triangles of alternate black and yellow. This box answers another purpose besides that of holding the snuff, and is used as an ornament. The correct method of wearing it is to make a hole in the lobe of the ear, and push the snuff box into it. In that position it is always at hand, and the bold black and yellow pattern has a good effect against the dark cheek of the wearer. This box is seen at fig. 6 of "dress and ornaments," on page 49.

Another form of snuff box is shown at fig. 5 on the same page. This is a small article, and is cut out of solid ivory. Much skill is shown in the external shaping of it, and very great patience must have been shown in scraping and polishing its surface. But this is mere child's play contrasted with the enormous labors of hollowing it with the very imperfect tools possessed by a Kaffir workman. The common bottle gourd is largely used in the manufacture of snuff boxes. Sometimes it is merely hollowed, and furnished with a plaited leathern thong, whereby it may be secured to the person of the owner. The hollowing process is very simple, and consists of boring a hole in the end as the gourd hangs on the tree, and leaving it to itself. In process of time the whole interior decomposes, and the outer skin is baked by the sun to a degree of hardness nearly equal to that of earthenware. This form of snuff box is much used. As the bottle gourd attains a large size, it is generally employed as a store box, in which snuff is kept in stock, or by a chief of liberal ideas, who likes to hand round a large supply among his followers. In the generality of cases it is ornamented in some way or other. Sometimes the Kaffir decorates the whole exterior with the angular charred pattern which has already been mentioned; but his great delight is to cover it with beads, the ornaments which his soul loves. These beads are most ingeniously attached to the gourd, and fit it as closely as the protective envelope covers a Florence oil flask.

One favorite kind of snuff box is made from the bone of a cow's leg. The part

which is preferred is that just above the fore foot. The foot being removed, the Kaffir measures a piece of the leg some four inches in length, and cuts it off. From the upper part he strips the skin, but takes care to leave a tolerably broad belt of hide at the wider end. The bone is then polished, and is generally decorated with a rudely engraved but moderately regular pattern, somewhat similar to that which has been already described as placed upon the gourd. The natural hollow is much enlarged, and the opening being closed with a stopper, the snuff box is complete.

Sometimes the Kaffir makes his snuff box out of the horn of a young ox; but he will occasionally go to the trouble of cutting it out of the horn of a rhinoceros. Such a box is a valuable one, for the bone of the rhinoceros is solid, and therefore the hollow must be made by sheer labor, whereas that of the ox is already hollow, and only needs to be polished. Moreover, it is not so easy to procure the horn of a rhinoceros as that of an ox, inasmuch as the former is a powerful and dangerous animal, and can only be obtained at the risk of life, or by the laborious plan of digging a pitfall.

There is one form of snuff box which is, as far as I know, peculiar to the tribes of Southern Africa, both in shape and material. The Kaffir begins by making a clay model of some animal, and putting it in the sun to dry. He is very expert at this art, and, as a general rule, can imitate the various animals with such truth that they can be immediately recognized. Of course he has but little delicacy, and does not aim at any artistic effect; but he is thoroughly acquainted with the salient points of the animal which he is modelling, and renders them with a force that frequently passes into rather ludicrous exaggeration.

The next process is a very singular one. When a cow is killed, the Kaffir removes the hide, and lays it on the ground with the hair downward. With the sharp blade of his assagai he then scrapes the interior of the hide, so as to clean off the coagulated blood which adheres to it, and collects it all in one place. With this blood he mixes some powdered earth, and works the blood and the powder into a paste. Of course a small quantity of animal fibre is scraped from the hide and mixed with the paste, and aids to bind it more closely together. The paste being ready, the Kaffir rubs it over the clay model, taking care to lay it on of a uniform thickness. A few minutes in the burning sunshine suffices to harden it tolerably, and then a second coat is added. The Kaffir repeats this process until he has obtained a coating about the twelfth of an inch in thickness. Just before it has become quite hard, he takes his needle or a very finely pointed assagai, and raises a kind of coarse nap on the surface, so as to

bear a rude resemblance to hair. When it is quite dry, the Kaffir cuts a round hole in the top of the head, and with his needle aided by sundry implements made of thorns, picks out the whole of the clay model, leaving only the dry coating of paste. By this time the plastic paste has hardened into a peculiar consistency. It is very heavy in proportion to its bulk, partly on account of the earthy matter incorporated with it, and partly on account of its extremely compact nature. It is wonderfully strong, resisting considerable violence without suffering any damage. It is so hard that contact with sharp stones, spear heads, or a knife blade is perfectly innocuous, and so elastic, that if it were dropped from the clouds upon the earth, it would scarcely sustain any injury.

My own specimen represents an elephant, the leathern thong by which the plug is retained being ingeniously contrived to play the part of the proboscis. But the Kaffirs are singularly ingenious in their manufacture of these curious snuff boxes, and imitate the form of almost every animal in their own country. The ox and the elephant are their favorite models; but they will sometimes make a snuff box in the form of a rhinoceros; and the very best specimen that I have as yet seen was in the shape of a hartebeest, the peculiar recurved horns, and shape of the head, being rendered with wonderful truth.

Modelling must naturally imply a mind with some artistic powers; and it is evident that any one who can form in clay a recognizable model of any object, no matter how rude it may be, has within him some modicum of the sculptor's art. This implies a portion of the draughtsman's art also, because in the mind of the modeller there must exist a tolerably accurate conception of the various outlines that bound the object which he models. He can also carve very respectably in wood; and, as we have seen—when we came to the question of a Kaffir's food and how he eats it—he can carve his spoons into very artistic forms, and sometimes to the shape of certain objects, whether artificial or natural. There is now before me an admirably executed model of the head of a buffalo, carved by a Kaffir out of a rhinoceros horn, the peculiar sweep and curve of the buffalo's enormous horn being given with a truth and freedom that are really wonderful.

Yet it is a most remarkable fact that a Kaffir, as a general rule, is wholly incapable of understanding a drawing that includes perspective. An ordinary outline he can understand well enough, and will recognize a sketch of an animal, a house, or a man, and will sometimes succeed in identifying the individual who is represented. Yet even this amount of artistic recognition is by no means universal; and a Kaffir, on being shown a well-executed portrait of a

man, has been known to assert that it was a lion.

But when perspective is included, the Kaffir is wholly at a loss to comprehend it. One of my friends, who was travelling in South Africa, halted at a well-known spot, and while there received a copy of an illustrated newspaper, in which was an engraving of the identical spot. He was delighted at the opportunity, and called the Kaffirs to come and look at the print. Not one of them could form the slightest conception of its meaning, although, by a curious coincidence, a wagon had been represented in exactly the situation which was occupied by that in which they were travelling. In vain did he explain the print. Here was the wagon—there was that clump of trees—there was that flat-topped hill—down in that direction ran that ravine—and so forth. They listened very attentively, and then began to laugh, thinking that he was joking with them. The wagon, which happened to be in the foreground, they recognized, but the landscape they ignored. "That clump of trees," said they, "is more than a mile distant; how can it be on this flat piece of paper?" To their minds the argument was ended, and there was no room for further discussion.

I have another snuff box, which is remarkable as being a combination of two arts; namely, modelling and bead work. The author of this composition does not seem to have been a man of original genius, or to have possessed any confidence in his power of modelling. Instead of making a clay model of some animal, he has contented himself with imitating a gourd, one of the easiest tasks that a child of four years old could perform. There is nothing to do but to make a ball of clay, for the body of the box, and fix to it a small cylinder of clay for the neck. The maker of this snuff box has been scarcely more successful in the ornamental cover than in the box itself. With great labor he has woven an envelope made of beads, and up to a certain point has been successful. He has evidently possessed beads of several sizes, and has disposed them with some ingenuity. The larger are made into the cover for the neck of the box, a number of the very largest beads being reserved to mark the line where the neck is worked into the body of the bottle. All the beads are strung upon threads made of sinews, and are managed so ingeniously that a kind of close network is formed, which fits almost tightly to the box. But the maker has committed a slight error in his measurements, and the consequence is that, although the cover fits closely over the greater part of the box, it forms several ungainly wrinkles here and there; the maker having forgotten that, owing to the globular shape of the box, the diameter of the bead envelope ought to

have been contracted with each row of beads.

The colors of the beads are only three—namely, chalk-white, garnet, and blue; the two latter being translucent. The groundwork is formed of the opaque white beads, while those of the other two colors are disposed in bands running in a slightly spiral direction.

There is now before me a most remarkable snuff box, or "iquaka," as the Kaffirs call it, which perplexed me exceedingly. The form is that of a South African gourd, and it is furnished with a leathern thong, after the pure African fashion. But the carving with which it is almost entirely covered never was designed by a Kaffir artist. The upper portion is cut so as to resemble the well-known concentric ivory balls which the Chinese cut with such infinite labor, and a similar pattern decorates the base. But the body of the gourd is covered with outline carvings, one of which represents a peacock, a bird which does not belong to Kaffirland, and the rest of which are very fair representations of the rose, thistle, and shamrock. The peacock is really well drawn, the contrast between the close plumage of the body and the loose, discomposed feathers of the train being very boldly marked; while the attitude of the bird, as it stands on a branch, with reverted head, is very natural. (See page 167.) Major Ross King, to whose collection it belongs, tells me that if he had not seen it taken from the body of a slain warrior, he could hardly have believed that it came from Southern Africa. He thinks that it must have been carved by a partially civilized Hottentot, or Kaffir of exceptional intelligence, and that the design must have been copied from some English models, or have been furnished by an Englishman to the Kaffir, who afterward transferred it to the gourd.

The same gentleman has also forwarded to me another gourd of the same shape, but of much larger size, which has been used for holding amasi, or clotted milk. This specimen is chiefly remarkable from the fact that an accident has befallen it, and a hole made in its side. The owner has evidently valued the gourd, and has ingeniously filled up the hole with a patch of raw hide. The stitch much resembles that which has already been described when treating of Kaffir costume. A row of small holes has been drilled through the fracture, and by means of a sinew thread the patch has been fastened over the hole. The piece of hide is rather larger than the hole which it covers, and as it has been put on when wet, the junction has become quite watertight, and the patch is almost incorporated with the gourd.

The gourd is prepared in the very simple manner that is in use among the Kaffirs—

namely, by cutting off a small portion of the neck, so as to allow the air to enter, and thus to cause the whole of the soft substance of the interior to decay. The severed portion of the neck is carefully preserved, and the stopper is fixed to it in such a manner that when the gourd is closed it seems at first sight to be entire. These gourds are never washed, but fresh milk is continually added, in order that it may be converted into amasi by that which is left in the vessel.

Next to his snuff box, the Kaffir values his pipe. There is quite as much variety in pipes in Kaffirland as there is in Europe, and, if possible, the material is even more varied. Reed, wood, stone, horn, and bone are the principal materials, and the reader will see that from them a considerable variety can be formed. The commonest pipes are made out of wood, and are formed on the same principle as the well-known wooden pipes of Europe. But the Kaffir has no lathe in which he can turn the bowl smooth on the exterior, and gouge out the wood to make its cavity. Neither has he the drills with which the European maker pierces the stem, nor the delicate tools which give it so neat a finish. He has scarcely any tools but his assagai and his needle, and yet with these rude implements he succeeds in making a very serviceable, though not a very artistic pipe.

One of the principal points in pipe making, among the Kaffirs, is, to be liberal as regards the size of the bowl. The smallest Kaffir pipe is nearly three times as large as the ordinary pipe of Europe, and is rather larger than the great porcelain pipes so prevalent in Germany. But the tobacco used by the Germans is very mild, and is employed more for its delicate flavor than its potency; whereas the tobacco which a Kaffir uses is rough, coarse, rank, and extremely strong. Some of the pipes used by these tribes are so large that a casual observer might easily take them for ladles, and they are so heavy and unwieldy, especially toward the bowl, that on an emergency a smoker might very effectually use his pipe as a club, and beat off either a wild beast or a human foe with the improvised weapon.

Generally, the bowl is merely hollowed, and then used as soon as the wood is dry; but in some cases the dusky manufacturer improves his pipe, or at least thinks that he does so, by lining it with a very thin plate of sheet iron. Sometimes, though rather rarely, a peculiar kind of stone is used for the manufacture of pipes. This stone is of a green color, with a wavy kind of pattern, not unlike that of malachite. Many of the natives set great store by this stone, and have almost superstitious ideas of its value and properties.

The Kaffir possesses to the full the love of his own especial pipe, which seems to dis-

tinguish every smoker, no matter what his country may be. The Turk has a plain earthen bowl, but incrusts the stem with jewels, and forms the mouthpiece of the purest amber. The German forms the bowl of the finest porcelain, and adorns it with his own coat of arms, or with the portrait of some bosom friend, while the stem is decorated with silken cords and tassels of brilliant and symbolical colors. Even the Englishman, plain and simple as are the tastes on which he values himself, takes a special pride in a good meerschaum, and decorates his favorite pipe with gold mounting and amber mouthpiece. Some persons of simple taste prefer the plain wooden or clay pipe to the costliest specimen that art can furnish; but others pride themselves either upon the costly materials with which the pipe is made, or the quantity of gold and silver wherewith it is decorated. Others, again, seem to prefer forms as grotesque and fantastic as any that are designed by the Western African negro, as is shown by the variety of strangely-shaped pipes exhibited in the tobaccoists' windows, which would not be so abundantly produced if they did not meet with a correspondingly large sale.

The North American Indian lavishes all his artistic powers upon his pipe. As a warrior, upon a campaign he contents himself with a pipe "contrived a double debt to pay," his tomahawk being so fashioned that the pipe bowl is sunk in the head, while the handle of the weapon is hollowed, and becomes the stem. But, as a man of peace, he expends his wealth, his artistic powers, and his time upon his pipe. He takes a journey to the far distant spot in which the sacred redstone is quarried. He utters invocations to the Great Spirit; gives offerings, and humbly asks permission to take some of the venerated stone. He returns home with his treasure, carves the bowl with infinite pains, makes a most elaborate stem, and decorates it with the wampum and feathers which are the jewelry of a savage Indian. The inhabitant of Vancouver's Island shapes an entire pipe, bowl and stem included, out of solid stone, covering it with an infinity of grotesque images that must take nearly a lifetime of labor. The native of India forms the water-pipe, or "hubble-bubble," out of a cocoa-nut shell and a piece of bamboo and a clay bowl; and as long as he is a mere laborer, living on nothing but rice, he contents himself with this simple arrangement. But, in proportion as he becomes rich, he indicates his increasing wealth by the appearance of his pipe; so that when he has attained affluence, the cocoa-nut shell is incased in gold and silver filagree, while the stem and mouthpiece are covered with gems and the precious metals.

It is likely, therefore, that the Kaffir will expend both time and labor upon the deco-

ration of his pipe. Of artistic beauty he has very little idea, and is unable to give to his pipe the flowing curves which are found in the handwork of the American Indian, or to produce the rude yet vigorous designs which ornament the pipe of New Caledonia. The form of the Kaffir's pipe seldom varies, and the whole energies of the owner seem to be concentrated on inlaying the bowl with lead. The patterns which he produces are not remarkable either for beauty or variety, and, indeed, are little more than repetitions of the zig-zag engravings upon the snuff boxes.

There is now before me a pipe which has evidently belonged to a Kaffir who was a skillful smith, and on which the owner has expended all his metallurgic knowledge. The entire stem and the base of the bowl are made of lead, and the edge of the bowl is furnished with a rim of the same metal. The pattern which is engraved upon it is composed of lead, and it is a remarkable fact that the lead is not merely let into the wood, but that the bowl of the pipe is cut completely through, so that the pattern is seen in the inside as well as on the exterior. The pipe has never been smoked, and the pattern seems to be unfinished. The skill which has been employed in making this pipe is very great, for it must require no small amount of proficiency both in wood carving and metal working, to combine the two materials together so perfectly as to be air-tight.

The hookah, or at least a modification of this curious pipe, is in great use among the Kaffir tribes, and is quite as ingenious a piece of art as the "hubble-bubble" of the Indian peasant. It is made of three distinct parts. First, there is the bowl, which is generally carved out of stone, and is often ornamented with a deeply engraved pattern. The commonest bowls, however, are made from earthenware, and are very similar in shape to that of the Indian pipe. Their form very much resembles that of a barrel, one end having a large and the other a small aperture.

The next article is a reed some four or five inches in length, which is fitted tightly into the smaller aperture of the bowl; the last, and most important part, is the body of the pipe, which is always made of the horn of some animal, that of the ox being most usually found. The favorite horn, however, and that which is most costly, is that of the koodoo, the magnificent spiral-horned antelope of Southern Africa. A hole is bored into the horn at some little distance from the point, and the reed, which has been already attached to the bowl, is thrust into it, the junction of the reed and horn, being made air-tight. (See illustration No. 4, page 155.)

The bowl is now filled with tobacco, or with another mixture that will be described,

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and the horn nearly filled with water. In order to smoke this pipe, the native places his mouth to the broad, open end of the horn, presses the edge of the opening to his cheeks, so as to exclude the air, and then inhales vigorously. The smoke is thus obliged to pass through the water, and is partially freed from impurities before it reaches the lips of the smoker. During its passage through the water, it causes a loud bubbling sound, which is thought to aid the enjoyment of the smoker. Pure tobacco is, however, seldom smoked in this pipe, and, especially among the Damara tribe, an exceedingly potent mixture is employed. Tobacco is used for the purpose of giving the accustomed flavor, but the chief ingredient is a kind of hemp, called "dagha," which possesses intoxicating powers like those of the well-known Indian hemp. Smoking this hemp is exalted into an important ceremony among this people, and is conducted in the following manner:—

A number of intending smokers assemble together and sit in a circle, having only a single water pipe, together with a supply of the needful tobacco and the prepared hemp, called "dagha" by the natives. The first in rank fills the pipe, lights it, and inhales as much smoke as his lungs can contain, not permitting any of it to escape. He then bands the pipe to the man nearest him, and closes his mouth to prevent the smoke from escaping. The result of this proceeding is not long in manifesting itself. Convulsions agitate the body, froth issues from the mouth, the eyes seem to start from the head, while their brilliancy dies away, and is replaced by a dull, film-like aspect, and the features are contorted like those of a person attacked with epilepsy.

This stage of excitement is so powerful that the human frame cannot endure it for any length of time, and in a minute or two the smoker is lying insensible on the ground. As it would be dangerous to allow a man to remain in this state of insensibility, he is roused by his still sober comrades, who employ means, not the most gentle, to bring him to his senses. They pull his woolly hair, they box his ears, and they throw water over him, not in the most delicate manner, and thus awake him from his lethargy. There are, however, instances where these remedial means have failed, and the senseless smoker has never opened his eyes again in this world. Whence the gratification arises is hard to say, and the very fact that there should be any gratification at all is quite inexplicable to an European. These dusky smokers, however, regard the pipe as supplying one of the greatest luxuries of life, and will sacrifice almost everything to possess it.

Although the Damara tribe are special victims to this peculiar mode of smoking, it is practised to some extent by the Kaffirs.

These, however, are not such slaves to the pipe as the Damarias, neither do they employ the intoxicating hemp to such an extent, but use tobacco. Their water pipes are mostly made of an ox horn. They sometimes fasten the bowl permanently in its place by means of a broad strap of antelope hide, one part of which goes round the bowl, and the other round the stem, so as to brace them firmly together by its contraction. The hair of the antelope is allowed to remain on the skin, and, as the dark artist has a natural eye for color, he always chooses some part of the skin where a tolerably strong contrast of hue exists.

There is a very singular kind of pipe which seems to be in use over a considerable portion of Southern Africa. The native of this country is never at a loss for a pipe, and if he does not happen to possess one of the pipes in ordinary use, he can make one in a few minutes, wherever he may be. For this purpose he needs no tools, and requires no wood, stone, or other material of which pipes are generally made. There is a certain grandeur about his notion of a pipe, for he converts the earth into that article, and the world itself becomes his tobacco pipe.

The method of making this pipe is perfectly simple. First, he pours some water on the ground, and makes a kind of mud pie. The precise manner in which this pie is made is depicted in Hogarth's well-known plate of the "Enraged Musician." He now lays an assagai or a knob-kerry on the ground, and kneads the mud over the end of the shaft so as to form a ridge some few inches in length, having a rather large lump of mud at the end. This mud ridge is the element of the future pipe. The next proceeding is to push the finger into the lump of mud until it reaches the spear shaft, and then to work it about until a cavity is made, which answers the purpose of the bowl. The assagai is then carefully withdrawn, and the pipe is complete, the perforated mud ridge doing duty for the stem. A few minutes in the burning sunbaths suffices to bake the mud into a hard mass, and the pipe is ready for use. The ingenious manufacturer then fills the bowl with tobacco and proceeds to smoke. This enjoyment he manages to secure by lying on his face, putting his lips upon the small orifice, and at the same time applying a light to the tobacco in the bowl.

In some places the pipe is made in a slightly different manner. A shallow hole is scooped in the ground, some ten or twelve inches in diameter, and two or three deep, and the earth that has been removed is then replaced in the hole, moistened and kneaded into a compact mud. A green twig is then taken, bent in the form of a half circle, and the middle of it pressed into the hole, leaving the ends projecting at either side. Just before the mud has quite hardened, the twig

is carefully withdrawn, and at the same time the bowl is made by pushing the finger after the twig and widening the hole. In such case the pipe is of such a nature that an European could not smoke it, even if he could overcome the feeling of repugnance in using it. His projecting nose would be in the way, and his small thin lips could not take a proper hold. But the broad nose, and large, projecting lips of the South African native are admirably adapted for the purpose, and enable him to perform with ease a task which would be physically impracticable to the European. (See engraving No. 3, on opposite page.)

It is a remarkable fact that in some parts of Asia the natives construct a pipe on the same principle. This pipe will be described in its proper place.

When the Kaffirs can assemble for a quiet smoke, they have another curious custom. The strong, rank tobacco excites a copious flow of saliva, and this is disposed of in a rather strange manner. The smokers are furnished with a tube about a yard in length, and generally a reed, or straight branch, from which the pith has been extracted. A peculiarly handsome specimen is usually covered with the skin of a bullock's tail. Through this tube the smokers in turn discharge the superabundant moisture, and it is thought to be a delicate compliment to select the same spot that has been previously used by another. Sometimes, instead of a hole, a circular trench is employed, but the mode of using it is exactly the same.

The illustration No. 4, same page, represents a couple of well-bred gentlemen—a married man and a "boy"—indulging in a pipe in the cool of the evening. The man has taken his turn at the pipe, and handed it to his comrade, who inhales the smoke while he himself is engaged with the tube above-mentioned. Wishing to give some little variety to the occupation, he has drawn an outlined figure of a kraal, and is just going to form one of the huts. Presently, the boy will hand the pipe back again, exchange it for the tube, and take his turn at the manufacture of the kraal, which will be completed by the time that the pipe is finished.

Major Ross King describes this curious proceeding in a very amusing manner. "Retaining the last draught of smoke in his mouth, which he fills with a decoction of bark and water from a calabash, he squirts it on the ground by his side, through a long ornamented tube, performing thereon, by

the aid of a reserved portion of the liquid, a sort of bouswain's whistle, complacently regarding the soap-like bubbles, the joint production of himself and neighbor.

"On this occasion, finding a blanketed group sitting apart in a circle, smoking the dagha before described, at their invitation I squatted down cross-legged in the ring, and receiving the rude cow-horn pipe in my turn, took a pull at its capacious mouth, coughing violently at the suffocating fumes, as indeed they all did more or less, and after tasting the nasty decoction of bark which followed round in a calabash, took the politely offered spitting-tube of my next neighbor, signally failing, however, in the orthodox whistle, to the unbounded delight of the Fingoes, whose hearty, ringing laughter was most contagious."

Tobacco is cultivated by several of the tribes inhabiting Southern Africa, and is prepared in nearly the same method as is employed in other parts of the world, the leaves being gathered, "sweated," and finally dried. Still, they appreciate the tobacco which they obtain from Europeans, and prefer it to that which is manufactured by themselves.

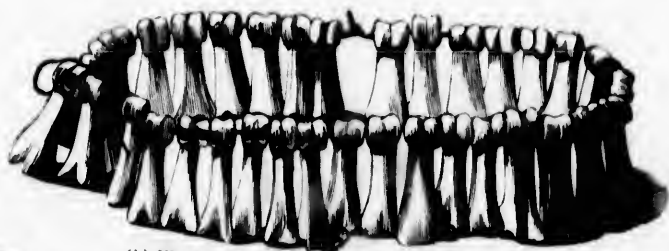
Some of the Kaffirs are very successful in their cultivation of tobacco, and find that a good crop is a very valuable property. A Kaffir without tobacco is a miserable being, and, if it were only for his own sake, the possession of a supply which will last him throughout the year is a subject of congratulation. But any tobacco that is not needed for the use of himself or his household is as good as money to the owner, as there are few things which a Kaffir loves that tobacco cannot buy. If he sees a set of beads that particularly pleases him, and the owner should happen to be poorer than himself, he can purchase the tinery by the sacrifice of a little of his fragrant store. Also, he can gain the respect of the "boys," who seldom possess property of any kind except their shield and spears, and, by judicious gifts of tobacco, can often make them his followers, this being the first step toward chieftainship. Generally, a Kaffir makes up the crop of each garden into a single bundle, sometimes weighing fifty or sixty pounds, and carefully incases it with reeds, much after the fashion that unval tobacco is sewed up in canvas. He is sure to place these rolls in a conspicuous part of the house, in order to extort the envy and admiration of his companions.

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(1.) NECKLACE MADE OF HUMAN FINGER BONES.

(See page 198.)



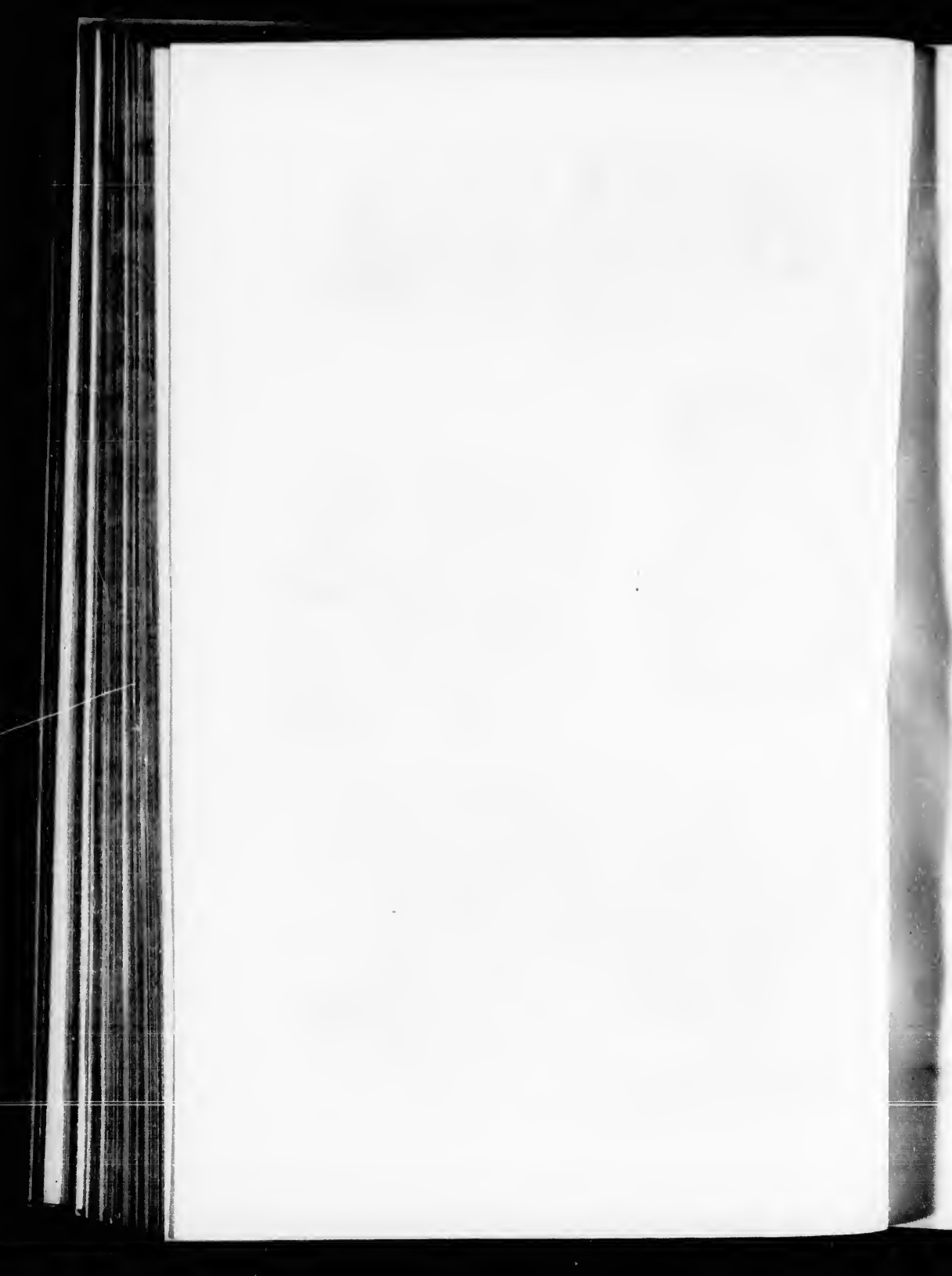
(2.) SNUFF-BOX. (See page 163.)



(3.) THE POOR MAN'S PIPE. (See page 166.)



(4.) KAFFIR GENTLEMEN SMOKING. (See page 166.)



CHAPTER XVII.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

IMPERFECT RELIGIOUS SYSTEM OF THE KAFFIR—HIS IDEA OF A CREATOR—HOW DEATH CAME INTO THE WORLD—LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS—BELIEF IN THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL—THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD, AND THEIR SUPPOSED INFLUENCE—TCHAKA'S VISION—A KAFFIR SEER AND HIS STORY—PURSUITS OF DEPARTED SPIRITS—THE LIMITS OF THEIR POWER—ANIMALS USED FOR SACRIFICE TO THEM—TEMPORARY TRANSMIGRATION—VARIOUS OMENS, AND MEANS FOR AVERTING THEM—WHY SACRIFICES ARE MADE—A NATIVE'S HISTORY OF A SACRIFICE, AND ITS OBJECTS—THE FEAST OF FIRST-FRUIITS—SACRIFICE OF THE BULL, AND THE STRANGE CEREMONIES WHICH ATTEND IT—KAFFIR PROPHETS AND THEIR OFFICES—HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF PROPHECY—PROGRESS OF A PROPHET—THE CHANGE—INTERVIEW WITH AN OLD PROPHET—THE PROBATIONARY STAGES OF PROPHECY—A PROPHET'S RETURN TO HIS FAMILY—SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS—SEARCH FOR THE SPIRITS—THE GREAT SACRIFICE, AND RECEPTION INTO THE COMPANY OF PROPHETS—THE WAND OF OFFICE—DRESS OF A PROPHET.

It is not very easy to say whether a Kaffir possesses any religion at all, in our sense of the word. With superstition he is deeply imbued, and passes his lifetime in considerable dread of witchcraft and of evil spirits. But religion which conveys any sense of moral responsibility, seems to be incomprehensible to the ordinary Kaffir, and even his naturally logical mind inclines him to practical atheism. As far as is known, the Kaffir tribes have a sort of tradition concerning a Creator, whom they call by a compound word that may be translated as the Great-Great, and to whom they attribute the first origin of all things. But it is certain they offer him no worship, and make no prayers to him, and have no idea that they are personally responsible to him for their acts. Moreover many of the tribes do not even possess this imperfect knowledge; and even in those cases where it does exist, its origin is very uncertain, and it is impossible to ascertain whether the tradition may not be a corrupted recollection of instruction received from some European. Such, indeed, has been known to be the case among the Kaffirs, and it is probable that the knowledge of a Creator is really derived from European sources. At all events, such knowledge is by no means universal, and exercises such small influence on the people that it is scarcely worthy of mention.

There are, indeed, one or two legendary

stories concerning the Great-Great, relating to the creation of man, and to the duration of human life. The man is supposed to have been created by splitting a reed, from which the first parents of the human race proceeded. This legend is probably due to a double meaning of the word signifying "origin" and "create," which also signify "reed" and "splitting." Another form of the tradition deprives the Great-Great of all creatorship, and makes him to be one of the two who issued from the split reed, so that he is rather the great ancestor of the human race than its creator.

The tradition concerning the affliction of death upon the human race is a very curious one, and was related to the missionaries by a native who had been converted to Christianity.

When mankind had increased upon the earth, the Great-Great took counsel with himself, and sent two messengers to them, one the giver of life, the other the herald of death. The first messenger was the chameleon, who was ordered to go and utter the proclamation, "Let not the people die!" The chameleon set off on its mission, but lingered on the road, stopping occasionally to eat by the way, and walking leisurely instead of running. The second messenger was the salamander, who was commanded to proclaim, "Let the people die!" But the latter was the more obedient, and ran the

whole of the journey, until he reached the habitation of men, when he proclaimed his message of death. Shortly afterward, the chameleon arrived and delivered his message, when the salamander beat him and drove him away, as having failed in his duty to his Master. Then the people lamented because they had received the message of death before that of life, and from that time men have been subject to the power of death. The consequence is, that both animals are detested by the Kaffirs, who kill the chameleon when they find it, because it lingered on the way, and lost them the gift of immortality. And they are equally sure to kill the salamander, because, when it was charged with such a dread message, it hastened on its journey, and anticipated the chameleon in its message of life. There are many variations of this story, but in its main points it is current throughout many parts of Southern Africa.

Although the Kafir's ideas of the Creator are so vague and undefined, he has at all events a very firm belief in the existence of the soul and its immortality after death. Tchaka once made use of this belief in a very ingenious manner. The people had become rather tired of war, and required some inducement to make them welcome the order for battle as heretofore. Whereupon, Tchaka had a vision of Umbia, a well-known chief, who had served under his father, and who appeared to Tchaka to tell him that his father was becoming angry with the Zulu tribe because they had become lazy, and had not gone to war against the remaining unconquered tribes. This laziness on the part of the Zulus who still inhabited the earth was displeasing to the spirits of the dead, who would be very comfortable below ground with a plenty of wives and cattle, as soon as they saw their tribe in supreme authority over the whole land, from the Draakensberg to the sea.

In honor of this messenger from the shades, Tchaka ordered numbers of cattle to be slaughtered in all his military kraals, gave sumptuous feasts, and raised the descendants of Umbia to the rank of Indunas. Of course, the name of Umbia was in all mouths, and, while the excitement was at its height, an old man suddenly disappeared from his hut, having been dragged away, according to his wife's account, by a lion. The affair was reported to Tchaka in council, but he affected to take no notice of it. After the lapse of three months, when the immediate excitement had died away, the old man reappeared before Tchaka with his head-ring torn off, and clothed in a wild and fantastic manner.

He said that the lion had dragged him away to its den, when the earth suddenly opened and swallowed them both up. The lion accompanied him without doing him any harm, and brought him to a place where

there was some red earth. This also gave way, and he fell into another abyss, where he lay stunned by the fall. On recovering, he found himself in a pleasant country, and discovered that it was inhabited by the spirits of Zulus who had died, and whom he had known in life. There was Senzangakona, the father of Tchaka, with his councilors, his chiefs, his soldiers, his wives, and his cattle. Umbia was also there, and enjoyed himself very much. Since his departure into the shades, he had become a great doctor, and was accustomed to stroll about at night, instead of staying at home quietly with his family. No one seemed to know where he had gone, but he told the narrator that he used to revisit earth in order to see his friends and relatives. For three months the narrator was kept in the shades below, and was then told to go back to his tribe and narrate what he had seen.

Tchaka pretended to disbelieve the narrative, and publicly treated with contempt the man, denouncing him as a liar, and sending for prophets who should "smell" him, and discover whether he had told the truth. The seers arrived, performed their conjurations, "smelt" the man, and stated that he had told the truth, that he had really visited the spirits of the dead, and that he had been fetched by the lion because the people did not believe the vision that had appeared to Tchaka. It is needless to observe that the whole business had been previously arranged by that wily chief, in order to carry out his ambitious purposes.

Unbounded as is in one respect their reverence for the spirits of their ancestors, they attribute to those same spirits a very limited range of power. A Kafir has the very highest respect for the spirits of his own ancestors, or those of his chief, but pays not the least regard to those which belong to other families. The spirit of a departed Kafir is supposed to have no sympathy except with relations and immediate descendants.

It has been already mentioned that, after the death of a Kafir, his spirit is supposed to dwell in the shade below, and to have the power of influencing the survivors of his own family, whether for good or evil. He likes cattle to be sacrificed to his name, because, in that case, he adds the spirits of the dead cattle to his herd below, while his friends above eat the flesh, so that both parties are well pleased. Sometimes, if he thinks that he has been neglected by them, he visits his displeasure by afflicting them with various diseases, from which they seldom expect to recover without the sacrifice of cattle. If the ailment is comparatively trifling, the sacrifice of a goat is deemed sufficient; but if the malady be serious, nothing but an ox, or in some cases several oxen, are required before the offended spirits will relent. Sheep seem never to be used for this purpose.

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If the reader will refer to page 78, he will see that the sacrifice of cattle in case of sickness forms part of a guardian's duty toward a young girl, and that, if her temporary guardian should have complied with this custom, her relatives, should they be discovered, are bound to refund such cattle.

That the spirits of the dead are allowed to quit their shadowy home below and to revisit their friends has already been mentioned. In some instances, as in the case of Umbia, they are supposed to present themselves in their own form. But the usual plan is, for them to adopt the shape of some animal which is not in the habit of entering human dwellings, and so to appear under a borrowed form. The serpent or the lizard shape is supposed to be the favorite mark under which the spirit conceals its identity, and the man whose house it enters is left to exercise his ingenuity in guessing the particular spirit that may be enshrined in the strange animal. In order to ascertain precisely the character of the visitor, he lays a stick gently on its back; and if it shows no sign of anger, he is quite sure that he is favored with the presence of one of his dead ancestors. There are few Kafirs that will make such a discovery, and will not offer a sacrifice at once, for the prevalent idea in their mind is, that an ancestor would not have taken the trouble to come on earth, except to give a warning that, unless he were treated with more respect, some evil consequence would follow. In consequence of this belief, most of the Kafirs have a great dislike to killing serpents and lizards, not knowing whether they may not be acting rudely toward some dead ancestor who will avenge himself upon them for their want of respect.

Should a cow or a calf enter a hut, the Kafir would take no notice of it, as these animals are in the habit of entering human dwellings; but if a sheep were to do so, he would immediately fancy that it was inspired with the shade of one of his ancestors. The same would be the case with a wild animal of any kind, unless it were a beast of prey, in which case it might possibly have made its way into the hut in search of food. A similar exception would be made with regard to antelopes and other animals which had been hunted, and had rushed into the kraal or crept into the hut as a refuge from their foes.

Sacrifices are often made, not only to remove existing evils, but to avert impending danger. In battle, for example, a soldier who finds that the enemy are getting the upper hand, will make a vow to his ancestors that if he comes safely out of the fight, he will make a sacrifice to them, and this vow is always kept. Even if the soldier should be a "boy," who has no cattle, his father or nearest relation would think him-

self bound to fulfil the vow. Now and then, if he should find that the danger was not so great as was anticipated, he will compromise the matter by offering a goat. Unless a sacrifice of some kind were made, the vengeance of the offended spirits would be terrible, and no Kafir would willingly run such a risk.

Sacrifices are also offered for the purpose of obtaining certain favors. For example, as has been already mentioned, when an army starts on an expedition, sacrifices are made to the spirits, and a similar rite is performed when a new kraal is built, or a new field laid out. Relatives at home will offer sacrifices in behalf of their absent friends; and when a chief is away from home in command of a war expedition, the sacrifices for his welfare occur almost daily. Sacrifices or thank-offerings ought also to be made when the spirits have been propitious; and if the army is victorious, or the chief returned in health, it is thought right to add another sacrifice to the former, in token of acknowledgment that the previous offering has not been in vain.

The Kafir generally reserves the largest and finest ox in his herd for sacrifice under very important circumstances, and this animal, which is distinguished by the name of "Ox of the Spirits," is never sold except on pressing emergency. Mr. Shooter, who has given great attention to the moral culture of the Kafir tribes, remarks with much truth, that the Kafir's idea of a sacrifice is simply a present of food to the spirit. For the same reason, when an ox is solemnly sacrificed, the prophet in attendance calls upon the spirits to come and eat, and adds to the inducement by placing baskets of beer and vessels of snuff by the side of the slaughtered animal. Indeed, when a man is very poor, and has no cattle to sacrifice, he contents himself with these latter offerings.

The account of one of these sacrifices has been translated by Mr. Groot, from the words of a native. After mentioning a great variety of preliminary rites, he proceeds to say, "Now some one person goes out, and when he has come abroad, without the kraal, all who are within their houses keep silence, while he goes round the kraal, the outer enclosure of the kraal, and says, 'Honor to thee, lord!' (ukosi.) Offering prayers to the shades, he continues, 'A blessing, let a blessing come then, since you have really demanded your cow; let sickness depart utterly. Thus we offer your animal.'

"And on our part we say, 'Let the sick man come out, come forth, be no longer sick, and slaughter your animal then, since we have now consented that he may have it for his own use. Glory to thee, lord; good news; come then, let us see him going about like other people. Now then, we have given you what you want; let us therefore see whether or not it was enjoined in order that

he might recover, and that the sickness might pass by.

"And then, coming out, spear in hand, he enters the cattle fold, comes up and stabs it. The cow cries, says yeh! to which he replies, 'An animal for the gods ought to show signs of distress'; it is all right then, just what you required. Then they skin it, eat it, finish it." Sometimes the gall is eaten by the sacrificer, and sometimes it is rubbed over the body.

Another kind of sacrifice is that which is made by the principal man of a kraal, or even by the king himself, about the first of January, the time when the pods of the maize are green, and are in a fit state for food. No Kaffir will venture to eat the produce of the new year until after the festival, which may be called the Feast of First-fruits. The feast lasts for several days, and in order to celebrate it, the whole army assembles, together with the young recruits who have not yet been entrusted with shields. The prophets also assemble in great force, their business being to invent certain modes of preparing food, which will render the body of the consumer strong throughout the year. At this festival, also, the veteran soldiers who have earned their discharge are formally released from service, while the recruits are drafted into the ranks.

The first business is, the sacrifice of the bull. For this purpose a bull is given to the warriors, who are obliged to catch it and strangle it with their naked hands. They are not even allowed a rope with which to bind the animal, and the natural consequence is, that no small amount of torture is inflicted upon the poor animal, while the warriors are placed in considerable jeopardy of their lives. When the bull is dead, the chief prophet opens it, and removes the gall, which he mixes with other medicines and gives to the king and his councillors. The dose thus prepared is always as unsavory a mixture as can well be conceived, but the Kaffir palate is not very delicate, and suffers little under the infliction. The body of the bull is next handed over to the "boys," who eat as much as they can, and are obliged to burn the remainder. As a general rule, there is very little to be burned. The men do not eat the flesh of this animal, but they feast to their heart's content on other cattle, which are slaughtered in the usual manner. Dancing, drinking, and taking snuff now set in, and continue in full force for several days, until not even Kaffir energy can endure more exertion.

Then comes the part of the king. The subjects form themselves into a vast ring, into which the king, dressed in all the bravery of his dancing apparel, enters with a bound, amid shouts of welcome from the people. He proceeds to indulge in one of the furious dances which the Kaffirs love,

springing high into the air, flourishing his stick of oslee, and singing songs in his own praises, until he can dance and sing no longer. Generally, this dance is not of very long duration, as the king is almost invariably a fat and unwieldy man, and cannot endure a prolonged exertion. The crowning incident of the feast now takes place. The king stands in the midst of his people—Dingan always stood on a small mound of earth—takes a young and green calabash in his hands, and dashes it upon the ground, so as to break it in pieces; by this act declaring the harvest begun, and the people at liberty to eat of the fruits of the new year. A very similar ceremony takes place among the tribes of American Indians, the consequence of which is frequently that the people abuse the newly granted permission, and in a few days consume all the maize that ought to have served them for the cold months of winter.

The Kaffir has a strong belief in omens; though perhaps not stronger than similar credulity in some parts of our own land. He is always on the look-out for omens, and has as keen an eye for them and their meaning as an ancient augur. Anything that happens out of the ordinary course of events is an omen, either for good or evil, and the natural constitution of a Kaffir's mind always inclines him to the latter feeling. As in the ancient days, the modern Kaffir finds most of his omens in the actions of animals. One of the worst of omens is the bleating of a sheep as it is being slaughtered. Some years ago this omen occurred in the kraal belonging to one of Panda's "indunas," or councillors. A prophet was immediately summoned, and a number of sacrifices offered to avert the evil omen. Panda himself was so uneasy that he added an ox to the sacrifices, and afterward came to the conclusion that a man whose kraal could be visited by such an infliction could not be fit to live. He accordingly sent a party of soldiers to kill the induna, but the man, knowing the character of his chief, took the alarm in time, and escaped into British territory in Natal.

If a goat were to leap on a hut, nothing would be thought of it; but if a dog or a sheep were to do so, it would be an omen. It is rather remarkable that among the North American tribes the roofs of houses form the usual resting-place of the dogs which swarm in every village. If a cow were to eat grain that had been spilled on the ground, it would be no omen; but if she were to push off the cover of a vessel containing grain, and eat the contents, the act would be considered ominous.

MENTION has been made once or twice of the prophets, sometimes, but erroneously, called witch doctors. These personages play a most important part in the

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(1.) THE PROPHET'S SCHOOL.

(See pages 175, 176.)



(2.) THE PROPHET'S RETURN.

(See page 175.)

religious system of the Kaffir tribes; and although their office varies slightly in detail, according to the locality to which they belong, their general characteristics are the same throughout the country. Their chief offices are, communicating with the spirits of the departed, and ascertaining their wishes; discovering the perpetrators of crimes; reversing spells thrown by witchcraft; and lastly, and most important, rain-making.

The office of prophet cannot be assumed by any one who may be ambitious of such a distinction, but is hedged about with many rites and ceremonies. In the first place, it is not every one who is entitled even to become a candidate for the office, which is partly hereditary. A prophet must be descended from a prophet, though he need not be a prophet's son. Indeed, as a general rule, the sons of prophets do not attain the office which their fathers held, the supernatural afflatus generally passing over one generation, and sometimes two. In the next place, a very long and arduous preparation is made for the office, and the candidate, if he passes successfully through it, is solemnly admitted into the order by a council of seers, who meet for the purpose.

When first the spirit of prophecy manifests itself to a Kaffir, he begins by losing all his interest in the events of every-day life. He becomes depressed in mind; prefers solitude to company; often has fainting fits; and, what is most extraordinary of all, loses his appetite. He is visited by dreams of an extraordinary character, mainly relating to serpents, lions, hyenas, leopards, and other wild beasts. Day-by-day he becomes more and more possessed, until the perturbations of the spirit manifest themselves openly. In this stage of his novitiate, the future prophet utters terrible yells, leaps here and there with astonishing vigor, and runs about at full speed, leaping and shrieking all the time. When thus excited he will dart into the bush, catch snakes (which an ordinary Kaffir will not touch), tie them round his neck, boldly fling himself into the water, and perform all kinds of insane feats.

This early stage of a prophet's life is called by the Kaffirs *Tvava*, a word which signifies the change of the old moon to the new, and the change of winter to spring in the beginning of the year. During its progress, the head of his house is supposed to feel great pride in the fact that a prophet is to be numbered among the family, and to offer sacrifices for the success of the novice. When the preliminary stage is over, the future prophet goes to some old and respected seer, gives him a goat as a fee, and remains under his charge until he has completed the necessary course of instruction. He then assumes the dress and character of a prophet, and if he succeeds in his office he will rise to unbounded power among his

tribe. But should his first essay be unsuccessful, he is universally contemned as one whom the spirits of the departed think to be unworthy of their confidence.

Mr. Shooter gives a very graphic account of the preparation of a prophet, who was father to one of his own servants. The reader will not fail to notice that the man in question was entitled by birth to assume the prophet's office.

"Some of the particulars may be peculiar to his tribe, and some due to the caprice of the individual. A married man (whose mother was the daughter of a prophet) had manifested the symptoms of inspiration when a youth; but his father, not willing to slaughter his cattle as custom would have required, employed a seer of reputation to check the growing 'change.' The dispossession was not, however, permanent; and when the youth became a man, the inspiration returned. He professed to have constantly recurring dreams about lions, leopards, elephants, boa-constrictors, and all manner of wild beasts; he dreamed about the Zulu country, and (strangest thing of all) that he had a vehement desire to return to it.

"After a while he became very sick; his wives, thinking he was dying, poured cold water over his prostrate person; and the chief, whose *induna* he was, sent a messenger to a prophet. The latter declared that the man was becoming inspired, and directed the chief to supply an ox for sacrifice. This was disagreeable, but that personage did not dare to refuse, and the animal was sent; he contrived however to delay the sacrifice, and prudently ordered that, if the patient died in the mean time, the ox should be returned. Having begun to recover his strength, our growing prophet cried and raved like a delirious being, suffering no one to enter his hut, except two of his younger children—a girl and a boy. Many of the tribe came to see him, but he did not permit them to approach his person, and impatiently motioned them away. In a few days he rushed out of his hut, tore away through the fence, ran like a maniac across the grass, and disappeared in the bush. The two children went after him; and the boy (his sister having tired) eventually discovered him on the sea-shore. Before the child could approach, the real or affected madman disappeared again, and was seen no more for two or three days. He then returned home, a strange and frightful spectacle: sickness and fasting had reduced him almost to a skeleton; his eyes glared and stood out from his shrunken face; the ring had been torn from his head, which he had covered with long shaggy grass, while, to complete the hideous picture, a living serpent was twisted round his neck. Having entered the kraal, where his wives were in tears, and all the inmates in sorrow, he

saluted them with a wild howl to this effect: 'People call me mad, I know they say I am mad; that is nothing; the spirits are influencing me—the spirits of Majolo, of Unhlova, and of my father.' (See the illustrations on page 173.)

"After this sort of dance took place, in which he sung or chanted, 'I thought I was dreaming while I was asleep, but, to my surprise, I was not asleep.' The women (previously instructed) broke forth into a shrill chorus, referring to his departure from home, his visit to the sea, and his wandering from river to river; while the men did their part by singing two or three unmeaning syllables. The dance and the accompanying chants were several times repeated, the chief actor conducting himself consistently with his previous behavior.

"His dreams continued, and the people were told that he had seen a boa-constrictor in a vision, and could point out the spot where it was to be found. They accompanied him; and, when he had indicated the place, they dug, and discovered two of the reptiles. He endeavored to seize one, but the people held him back, and his son struck the animal with sufficient force to disable but not to kill it. He was then allowed to take the serpent, which he placed round his neck, and the party returned home. Subsequently having (as he alleged) dreamed about a leopard, the people accompanied him, and found it. The beast was slain, and carried in triumph to the kraal.

"When our growing prophet returned home after his absence at the sea, he began to slaughter his cattle, according to custom and continued doing so at intervals until the whole were consumed. Some of them were offered in sacrifice. As the general rule, when there is beef at a kraal the neighbors assemble to eat it; but, when an embryo-seer slays his cattle, those who wish to eat must previously give him something. If however the chief were to give him a cow, the people of the tribe would be free to go. In this case the chief had not done so, and the visitors were obliged to buy their entertainment, one man giving a knife, another a shilling. An individual who was unable or unwilling to pay, having ventured to present himself with empty hands, our neophyte was exceedingly wroth, and, seizing a stick, gave the intruder a significant hint, which the latter was not slow to comprehend. During the consumption of his cattle, the neophyte disappeared again for two days. When it was finished he went to a prophet, with whom he resided two moons—his children taking him food; and afterward, to receive further instruction, visited another seer. He was then considered qualified to practise."

The reader may remember that the novitiate prophet occasionally flings himself into water. He chooses the clearest and deepest pool that he can find, and the object of doing

so is to try whether any of the spirits will reveal themselves to him at the bottom of the water, though they would not do so on dry land. In the foregoing story of a prophet's preparation, the narrator does not touch upon the space that intervenes between the novitiate and the admission into the prophetic order. This omission can be supplied by an account given to Mr. Grout, by a native who was a firm believer in the supernatural powers of the prophets.

The state of "change" lasts for a long time, and is generally terminated at the beginning of the new year. He then rubs himself all over with white clay, bedecks himself with living snakes, and goes to a council of seers. They take him to the water—the sea, if they should be within reach of the coast—throw him into the water, and there leave him. He again goes off into solitude, and, when he returns, he is accompanied by the people of his kraal, bringing oxen and goats for sacrifice. He does not sacrifice sheep, because they are silent when killed, whereas an ox lows, and a goat bleats, and it is needful that any animal which is slaughtered as a sacrifice must cry out.

As they are successively sacrificed, he takes out the bladders and gall-bags, inflates them with air, and hangs them about his body, as companions to the snakes which he is already wearing. "He enters pools of water, abounding in serpents and alligators. And now, if he catches a snake, he has power over that; or if he catches a leopard, he has power over the leopard; or if he catches a deadly-poisonous serpent, he has power over the most poisonous serpent. And thus he takes his degrees, the degree of leopard, that he may catch leopards, and of serpent, that he may catch serpents." Not until he has completed these preparations does he begin to practise his profession, and to exact payment from those who come to ask his advice.

I have in my possession a photograph which represents a Zulu prophet and his wife. It is particularly valuable, as showing the singular contrast in stature between the two sexes, the husband and wife—so small is the latter—scarcely seeming to belong to the same race of mankind. This, indeed, is generally the case throughout the Kaffir tribes. The Kaffir prophet always carries a wand of office—generally a cow's tail, fastened to a wooden handle—and in his other hand he bears a miniature shield and an assegai.

The engraving opposite represents two prophets, in the full costume of their profession. These were both celebrated men, and had attained old age when their portraits were taken. One of them was peculiarly noted for his skill as a rain-maker, and the other was famous for his knowledge of medicine and the properties of herbs. Each is arrayed in the garments

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suitable to the business in which he is engaged. Although the same man is generally a rain-maker, a witch-finder, a necromancer, and a physician, he does not wear the same costume on all occasions, but induces the official dress which belongs to the department, and in many cases the change is so great that the man can scarcely be recognized. In one case, he will be dressed merely in the ordinary Kafir kilt, with a few inflated gaff-bladders in his hair, and a snake-skin wound over his shoulders. In another, he will have rubbed his face and body with white earth, covered his head with such quantities of charms that his face can hardly be seen under them, and fringed his limbs with the tails of cows, the long hair-tufts of goats, skins of birds, and other wild and savage adornments; while a perpetual clanking sound is made at every movement by numbers of small tortoise-shells strung on leathern thongs. His movements are equally changed with his clothing; and a man who will, when invoking rain, invest every gesture with solemn and awe-struck grace, will, when acting as witch-finder, lash himself into furious excitement, leap high in the air, flourish his legs and arms about as if they did not belong to him, fill the air with his shrieks, and foam at the mouth as if he had been taken with an epileptic fit. It is rather curious that, while in some Kafir tribes a man who is liable to fits is avoided and repelled, among others he is thought to be directly inspired by the souls of departed chiefs, and is *ipso facto* entitled to become a prophet, even though he be not of prophetic descent. He is one who has been specially chosen by the spirits, and may transmit the prophetic office to his descendants.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION—*Continued.*

DUTIES OF THE PROPHET—A PROPHET AND HIS CLIENTS—PROBABLE RESULT OF THE INQUIRY—A KAFFIR'S BELIEF IN CHARMS—CHARM-STICKS AND THEIR VARIOUS PROPERTIES—COURAGE AND THUNDER CHARMS—A SOUTH AFRICAN THUNDERSTORM—LOVE, LION, AND FATIGUE CHARMS—THE KAFFIR CATTLE DOCTOR—ILLNESS OF A CHIEF—THE WIZARD SUMMONED—SMELLING THE WIZARD—A TERRIBLE SCENE—KONA'S ILLNESS AND ITS RESULTS—A FEMALE PROPHET AND HER PROCEEDINGS—INGENUOUS MODE OF EXTORTION—THE IMPOSTURE DETECTED—HEREDITARY CHARACTER OF PROPHECY—A PROPHETESS AT HOME—DEMEANOR OF FEMALE PROPHETS—SURGERY AND MEDICINE—A PRIMITIVE MODE OF CUPPING—A FALSE PROPHET AND HIS FATE—A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION—KAFFIR VAMPIRES—THE NIGHT CRY—PROCURING EVIDENCE.

THE object for which the Kaffir prophet is generally consulted is the discovery of witchcraft. Now, the reader must understand that the belief in witchcraft is universal throughout Africa, and in no part of that continent is it so strong as in Kafirland. There is scarcely an ill that can befall mankind which is not believed to be caused by witchcraft, and, consequently, the prophet has to find out the author of the evil. The most harmless discovery that he can make is, that the charm has not been wrought by any individual, but has been the work of offended spirits. All illness, for example, is thought to be caused by the spirits of the departed, either because they are offended with the sufferer, or because they have been worked upon by some necromancer.

Mr. Shooter has so well described the course of proceeding in such a case that his own words must be given:—

"When people consult a prophet, they do not tell him on what subject they wish to be enlightened. He is supposed to be acquainted with their thoughts, and they merely intimate that they wish to have the benefit of his knowledge. Probably he will 'take time to consider,' and not give his responses at once. Two young men visiting him, in consequence of their brother's illness, found the prophet squatting by his hut, and saluted him. He then invited them to sit down, and, retiring outside the kraal, squatted near the gate, to take snuff and meditate. This done to his satisfaction,

he sends a boy to call the visitors into his presence; when they immediately join him, and squat.

"The prophet asks for his 'assagai'—a figurative expression for his fee—when the applicants reply that they have nothing to give at present; after a while, they will seek something to pay him with. 'No,' answers the prophet, not disposed to give credit; you want to cheat me—everybody tries to do so now. Why don't you give me two shillings?' They offer him a small assagai; but he is not satisfied with the weapon, and, pointing to a larger one, says, 'That is mine.' The man who had brought this excuses himself by saying that it does not belong to him; but the prophet persists, and it is given. Having no hope of extorting a larger fee, the prophet says, 'Beat and hear, my people.' Each of the applicants snaps his fingers, and replies, 'I hear.' The beating is sometimes, and perhaps more regularly, performed by beating the ground with sticks. The prophet now pretends to have a vision, indistinct at first, but becoming eventually clearer, until he sees the actual thing which has occurred. This vision he professes to describe as it appears to him. We may imagine him saying, for instance, 'A cow is sick—no, I see a man; a man has been hurt.' While he runs on in this way, the applicants reply to every assertion by beating, as at first, and saying, 'I hear.' They carefully abstain from saying whether he is right or wrong; but when he

approaches the truth, the simple creatures testify their joy by beating and replying with increased vigor.

The prophet's simulated vision is not a series of guesses, in which he may possibly hit upon the truth, but a systematic enumeration of particulars, in which he can scarcely miss it. Thus, he may begin by saying that the thing which the applicants wish to know relates to some animal with hair, and, going through each division of that class, suggests whatever may be likely to occur to a cow, a calf, a dog. If he find no indication that the matter relates to one of this class, he takes another, as human beings, and proceeds through it in the same manner. It is obvious that a tolerably clever practitioner may, in this way, discover from the applicants whatever may have happened to them, and send them away with a deep impression of his prophetic abilities, especially if he have any previous knowledge of their circumstances. The following sketch will give the reader a general idea of the prophet's manner of proceeding. A few particulars only, as being sufficient for illustration, are given:—

"Beat and hear, my people."

"They snap their fingers, and say, 'I hear.'"

"Attend, my people."

"They beat, and say, 'I hear.'"

"I don't know what you want; you want to know something about an animal with hair. A cow is sick; what's the matter with her? I see a wound on her side—no; I'm wrong. A cow is lost; I see a cow in the bush. Nay, don't beat, my people; I'm wrong. It's a dog; a dog has ascended a hut.* Nay, that's not it. I see now; beat vigorously; the thing relates to people. Somebody is ill—a man is ill—he is an old man. No; I see a woman—she has been married a year; where is she? I'm wrong; I don't see yet."

"Perhaps he takes snuff, and rests a while."

"Beat and hear, my people. I see now; it's a boy—beat vigorously. He is sick. Where is he sick? Let me see—there' (placing his hand on some part of his own person). 'No—beat and attend, my people—I see now. THERE! (indicating the actual place). 'Where is he? Not at his kraal; he is working with a white man. How has he been hurt? I see him going to the bush—he has gone to fetch wood; a piece of wood falls upon him; he is hurt; he cannot walk. I see water; what's the water for? They are pouring it over him; he is fainting—he is very ill. The spirits are angry with him—his father is angry; he wants beef. The boy received a cow for his wages; it was a black cow. No; I see white. Where is the white? a

*This, it will be remembered, is one of the evil omens which a Kaffir fears.

little on the side. The spirit wants that cow; kill it, and the boy will recover."

Fortunate indeed are the spectators of the scene if the necromancer makes such an announcement, and any one of these would be only too glad to compound for the sacrifice of a cow, if he could be sure of escaping accusation as a wizard. In the case of a "boy," or even of a married man of no great rank or wealth, such will probably be the result of the inquiry—the prophet will get his fee, the spectators will get a feast, and the patient may possibly get better. But when a chief is ill, the probability is that some one will be accused of witchcraft, and if the king is ailing such an accusation is a matter of certainty.

In the eye of a Kaffir, any one may be a witch or a wizard—both sexes being equally liable to the impeachment—and on that subject no man can trust his neighbor. A husband has no faith in his own wife, and the father mistrusts his children. As a natural consequence, the faith in charms is coextensive with the belief in witchcraft, and there is scarcely a Kaffir who does not carry with him a whole series of charms, each being destined to avert some particular evil. The charms are furnished to them by the prophets, and as they never are of the least intrinsic value, and are highly paid for, the business of a prophet is rather a lucrative one. Anything will serve as a charm,—bits of bone, scraps of skin, feathers, claws, teeth, roots, and bits of wood. A Kaffir will often have a whole string of such charms hung round his neck, and, to a European, a superstitious Kaffir has often a very ludicrous aspect. One man, who seems to have been peculiarly impraisable to such observances, had bedecked his head with pigs' bristles set straight, so as to stand out on all sides, like the quills of a hedgehog, while round his neck he had strung a quantity of charms, the principal of which were pieces of bone, the head of a snake, the tooth of a young hippopotamus, and a brass door-handle. Sometimes the charms are strung on the same thong with the beads, needles, knives, snuff boxes, and other decorations of a Kaffir's toilet, but generally they are considered worthy of a string to themselves.

But the generality of charms are made of various roots and bits of wood, which are hung round the neck, and nibbled when the wearer feels a need of their influence. One powerful set of charms is intended for the purpose of securing the wearer against the feeling of fear, and the prophets have very ingeniously managed to invent a separate charm for every kind of fear. For example, if a Kaffir has to go out at night, and is afraid of meeting ghosts, he has recourse to his ghost-charm, which he nibbles slightly, and then sallies out in bold defiance of the shades below. When he has come



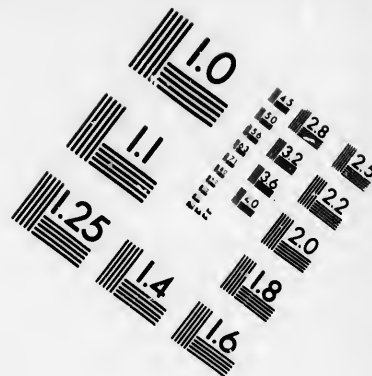
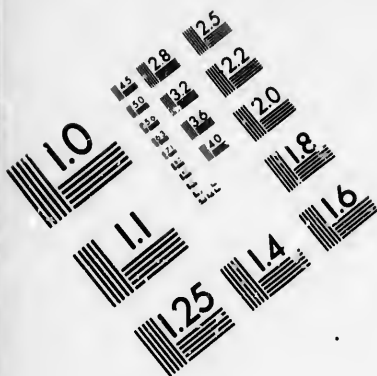
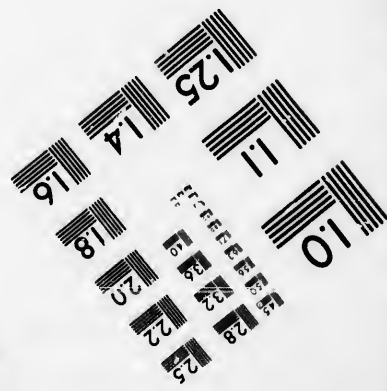
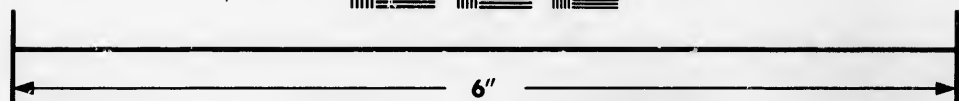
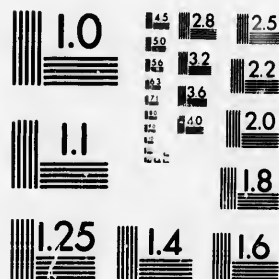


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to his journey's end, he finds that he has met no ghosts, and, consequently, he has unlimited faith in his charm. If he should go into action as a soldier, he takes care to have his enemy-charm ready for use, and just before he enters the battle bites off a portion of the wood, masticates it thoroughly, and then blows the fragments toward the foe, confident that he is thus taking away from the courage of the enemy, and adding the subtracted amount to his own. The only misgiving which disturbs his mind is, that the enemy is doing exactly the same thing, and he cannot be quite sure that the opposing charm may not be more potent than his own. The prophet rather fosters than discourages this feeling, because the soldier—knowing that, if he retreats, he will be executed as a coward—is so anxious to possess a double share of courage that he will pay largely in order to secure a powerful charm.

Frequently, when a soldier has been thus disgraced, his friends abuse the prophet for furnishing so impotent a charm. His reply, however, is always easy: "He only gave me a goat, and could only expect goat-charms; if he wanted ox-charms, he ought to have given me a cow, or at least a calf." Even if an adequate fee has been paid, the answer is equally ready—the man was a wizard, and the spirits of his ancestors were angry with him for troubling them so much with his conjurations.

Very few Kaffirs will venture out during the stormy season without a thunder-charm as a preservative against lightning. This object looks just like any other charm, and is, in fact, nothing more than a small piece of wood or root. The Kaffir's faith in it is unbounded, and, in consequence of the awful severity of thunderstorms, the sale of such charms is a very lucrative part of the prophet's business. We can scarcely wonder that the Kaffir has recourse to such preservatives, for he well knows that no art of man can avail against the terrific storms of that country. Even in our own country we often witness thunderstorms that fill the boldest with awe, while the weaker-minded of both sexes cower in abject fear at the crashing thunder and the vivid lightning streaks. But the worst storm that has been known in England or the United States is as nothing compared to the ordinary thunderstorms of Southern Africa—storms in which the native, who has been accustomed to them all his life, can do nothing but crouch to the ground, and lay his hand on his mouth in silence. What an African storm can be may be imagined from the following account by Mr. Cole:—

"Emerging after a few days from these freezing quarters, I found myself in the plains of the Graaf-Reinet district. It was pleasant to feel warm again, but what I gained in caloric I decidedly lost in the pic-

turesque: never-ending plains of burnt grass, treeless, riverless, houseless—such were the attractions that greeted my eyes. How anything in the vegetable or animal kingdom could exist there seemed a perfect mystery. Yet the mystery is soon explained. I was there when there had been a long-continued drought—one of those visitations to which these districts are especially subject. One day the clouds began to gather, the wind fell, the air became oppressively sultry, and all gave notice of an approaching storm. My horses became restive and uneasy, and for myself I felt faint and weary to excess. My after-rider looked alarmed, for truly the heavens bore a fearful aspect. I can conceive nothing more dismal than the deep, thick, black, impenetrable masses of clouds that surrounded us. It might have been the entrance to the infernal regions themselves that stood before us. Suddenly we saw a stream of light so vivid, so intensely bright, and of such immense height (apparently), that for a moment we were half-blinded, while our horses snorted and turned sharp round from the glare. Almost at the same instant burst forth a peal of thunder, like the artillery of all the universe discharged at once in our ears.

"There was no time to be lost: we struck spurs to our horses' flanks, and galloped to a mountain side, a little way behind us, where the quick eye of my Hottentot had observed a cave. In a few minutes—moments rather—we were within it, but not before the storm had burst forth in all its fury. One moment the country round us was black as ink—the next it was a sheet of living flame, whiter than the white heat of the furnace. One long-continued, never-ceasing roar of thunder (not separate claps as we hear them in this country) deafened our ears, and each moment we feared destruction; for, more than once, huge masses of rock, detached by the lightning blast from the mountain above us, rolled down past our cavern with the roar of an avalanche. The Hottentot lay on his face, shutting out the sight, though he could not escape the sound. At length the rain-spouts burst forth, and to describe how the water deluged the earth would be impossible; suffice it, that though we had entered the cave from the road without passing any stream, or apparently any bed of one, when we again ventured forth from our place of shelter, three hours later, a broad and impassable torrent flowed between ourselves and the road, and we had to crawl along the mountain sides on foot, with great difficulty, and in the momentary danger of losing our footing on its slippery surface, and being dashed into the roaring torrent, for about two miles ere we could find a fordable spot. Two days later these plains were covered with a lovely verdure."

Other charms are intended for softening

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the heart of a girl whom a man wants to marry, or of her father, in order to induce him to be moderate in his demand for cows, or of the chief if he should have to prefer a request. All these charms are exactly alike to the look, and it is needless to say that they do not possess the least efficacy in one way or another.

There are some charms which undoubtedly do possess some power, and others which owe their force to the imagination of the user. The many charms which they possess against various kinds of fear belong to this class. For example, if a man meets a lion or a leopard, and nibbles a little scrap of wood, it is plain that the efficiency of these charms is wholly imaginary. In many instances this is undoubtedly the case. If a lion-charm, and the animal moves off, leaving him unmolested, his fears are certainly allayed by the use of the charm, though his escape is due to the natural dread of man implanted in the nature of the inferior animal, and not to the power of the charm. In battle, too, a man who thinks that his charms will render the enemy afraid of him is much more likely to fight with doubled valor, and so to bring about the result attributed to the charm. In cases of illness, too, we all know how powerful is the healing effect of the imagination in restoration of health.

But there are many instances where the material used as a charm possesses medicinal properties, of which the prophet is perfectly aware. There is, for example, one charm against weariness, the efficacy of which clearly depends upon the properties of the material. One of my friends, who was quite weary after a day's hard hunting, was persuaded by one of his Kaffir servants to eat a little of his fatigue-charm. It was evidently made from the root of some tree, and was very bitter, though not unpleasantly so. He tried it, simply from curiosity, and was agreeably surprised to find that in a few minutes he felt his muscular powers wonderfully restored, so that he was enabled to resume his feet, and proceed briskly homeward, the extreme exhaustion having passed away. Imagination in this case had nothing to do with the success of the charm, and it is evident that the prophet who sold it to the Kaffir was aware of its medicinal properties.

So deeply rooted in the Kaffir mind is the idea that all sickness is caused by witchcraft of some kind or other, that even if cattle are ill, their sickness is supposed to have been caused by some supernatural power. The first course that is taken is in order that they may overrule the malicious nations of the evil-doer, and preserve the cattle, which constitute the wealth and strength of the kraal. One of the best oxen is therefore sacrificed to them with the usual

ceremonies, and, when it is dead, the gall and contents of the stomach are scattered over the cattle pen, and the spirits are solemnly invoked.

Here is one of these curious prayers, which was obtained from a Kaffir. "Hail! friend! holding what we have done. You see this distress; remove it, since we have given you an animal. We know not what more you want, whether you still require anything more or not. Grant us grain that it may be abundant, that we may eat, and not be in want of anything, since we have given you what you want. This kraal was built by yourself, father, and now why do you diminish your own kraal? Build on, as you have begun, let it be larger, that your offspring, still hereabout, may increase, increasing knowledge of you, whence cometh great power."

The flesh of the slaughtered ox is then taken into a hut, the door is closed, and no one is allowed to enter for a considerable time, during which period the spirits are supposed to be eating the beef. The door is then opened, the beef is cooked, and all who are present partake of it. If the propitiatory sacrifice fails, a prophet of known skill is summoned, and the herd collected in the isi-baya, or central enclosure, in readiness against his arrival. His first proceeding is to light a fire in the isi-baya and burn medicine upon it, taking care that the smoke shall pass over the cattle. He next proceeds to frighten the evil spirit out of them by a simple though remarkable proceeding. He takes a firebrand in his hand, puts a lump of fat in his mouth, and then walks up to one of the afflicted oxen. The animal is firmly held while he proceeds to masticate the fat, and then to eject it on the firebrand. The mixed fat and water make a great sputtering in the face of the ox, which is greatly terrified, and bursts away from its tormentors.

This process is repeated upon the entire herd until they are all in a state of furious excitement, and, as soon as they have reached that stage, the gate of the enclosure is thrown open, and the frightened animals dash out of it. All the inhabitants of the kraal rush after them, the men beating their shields with their knob-korries, the women rattling calabashes with stones in them, and all yelling and shouting at the top of their voices. The cattle, which are generally treated with peculiar kindness, are quite beside themselves at such a proceeding, and it is a considerable time before they can recover their equanimity. This may seem to be rather a curious method of treating the cattle disease, but, as the tee of the prophet is forfeited if the animals are not cured, it is to be presumed that the remedy is more efficacious than it appears to be.

When a chief of rank happens to be ill,

and especially if the king himself should be ailing, no one has the least doubt that sorcery was the cause of the evil. And, as the chiefs are given to eating and drinking, and smoking and sleeping, until they are so fat that they can hardly walk, it is no wonder that they are very frequently ill. It thus becomes the business of the prophet to find out the wizard, or "evil-doer," as he is called, by whom the charm was wrought.

To doubt that the illness was caused by witchcraft would be a sort of high treason, and afford good grounds for believing that the doubter is himself the wizard. For a Kafir chief always chooses to think himself above the common lot of humanity—that he is superior to others, and that he cannot die like inferior men. It is evident, therefore, that any ailment which may attack him must be caused by witchcraft, and that, if the evil-doer can be detected, the spell will lose its potency, and the sufferer be restored to health.

Charms which cause ill-health are usually roots, tufts of hair, feathers, bits of bone, or similar objects, which have been in the possession of the victim, or at least have been touched by him. These are buried in some secret spot by the wizard, who mutters spells over them, by means of which the victim droops in health in proportion as the buried charm decays in the ground. The object of the prophet, therefore, is twofold: first, to point out the wizard, and, secondly, to discover the buried charms, dig them up, and reverse the spell.

The "evil-doer" is discovered by a process which is technically named "smelling." A large circle is formed of spectators, all of whom squat on the ground, after the usual manner of Kafirs. When all is ready, the prophet clothes himself in his full official costume and proceeds into the circle, where he is received with a great shout of welcome. Though every one knows that before an hour has elapsed one at least of their number will be accused of witchcraft, and though no one knows whether he himself may not be the victim, no one dares to omit the shout of welcome, lest he should be suspected as the wizard. The prophet then begins to pace slowly in the circle, gradually increasing his speed, until at last he breaks into a dance, accompanying his steps with a measured chant. Louder and louder peals the chant, quicker and wilder become the steps of the magic dancer, until at last the man lashes himself into a state of insane fury, his eyes rolling, tears streaming down his cheeks, and his chant interrupted by shrieks and sobs, so that the spectators may well believe, as they most firmly do, that he is possessed by the spirits of departed chiefs.

Then comes the anxious part of the ceremony. The prophet leaps in great bounds over the arena, first rushing to one part and then to another, inhaling his breath vio-

lently, like a dog trying to discover a lost scent, and seeming to be attracted to or repelled from certain individuals by a power not his own. Each Kafir sits in trembling awe, his heart sinking when he sees the terrible prophet coming toward him, and his courage returning as the seer turns off in another direction. At last the choice is made. The prophet stops suddenly opposite one portion of the circle, and begins to sniff violently, as if trying to discover by the sense of smell who the offender may be. The vast assembly look on in awe-struck silence, while the prophet draws nearer and nearer, as if he were supernaturally attracted to the object of which he is in search. Suddenly he makes a dash forward, snatches his wand of office out of his belt, touches the doomed man with it and runs off. The hapless victim is instantly seized by the executioners, and hurried off before the chief in order to be examined.

In the mean while, the prophet is followed by a number of people who wish to see him discover the buried charm. This part of the proceeding is very similar to that which has been mentioned. He dances through the kraal, entering hut after hut, and pretending to be satisfied by the sense of smell that the charm is not to be found in each place. By degrees he approaches nearer the right spot, on which he throws his assagai, and tells the people to dig and find the charm, which, of course, he has previously taken care to place there. How this part of the performance is sometimes managed will be presently narrated.

The wretched man who is once accused openly as being accessory to the illness of his king has no hope of mercy, and yields to the dreadful fate that awaits him. The nominal examination to which he is subjected is no examination at all, but merely a succession of the severest tortures that human ingenuity can suggest, prolonged as long as life is left in him. He is asked to confess that he has used witchcraft against his king, but invariably denies his guilt, though he well knows the result of his answer. Torture after torture is inflicted upon him, fire applied in various ways being the principal instrument employed. The concluding torture is generally the same, namely, breaking a hole in an ant's nest, tying him hand and foot and thrusting him into the interior, or fastening him in the ground, and breaking upon him a nest of large ants, noted for the fierceness of their tempers, and the agonizing venom of their stings. How ruthlessly cruel a Kafir can be when he is excited by the fear of witchcraft can be imagined from the following account of the trial and execution of a supposed wizard. The reader must, moreover, be told that the whole of the details are not mentioned. The narrative is taken from Major W. Ross King's interesting "Cam-

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"The same Kona, some years before, having fallen sick, a 'witch doctor' was consulted, according to custom, to ascertain the individual under whose evil influence he was suffering; and, as usual, a man of property was selected, and condemned to forfeit his life for his alleged crime. To prevent his being told of his fate by his friends, a party of men left Macomo's kraal early in the morning to secure the recovery of the sick young chief by murdering one of his father's subjects. The day selected for the sacrifice appeared to have been a sort of gala day with the unconscious victim; he was in his kraal, had just slaughtered one of his cattle, and was merrily contemplating the convivialities of the day before him, over which he was about to preside. The arrival of a party of men from the 'great place' gave him no other concern than as to what part of the animal he should offer them as his guests. In a moment, however, the ruthless party seized him in his kraal; when he found himself secured with a rehim round his neck, he calmly said, 'It is my misfortune to be caught unarmed, or it should not be thus.'

"He was then ordered to produce the matter with which he had bewitched the son of his chief. He replied, 'I have no bewitching matter; but destroy me quickly, if my chief has consented to my death.' His executioners said they must torture him until he produced it, to which he answered, 'Save yourselves the trouble, for torture as you will I cannot produce what I have not.' He was then held down on the ground, and several men proceeded to pierce his body all over with long Kafir needles. The miserable victim bore this with extraordinary resolution; his tormentors tiring, and complaining of the pain it gave their hands, and of the needles or skewers bending.

"During this time a fire had been kindled, in which large flat stones were placed to heat; the man was then directed to rise, they pointed out to him the fire, telling him it was for his further torture unless he produced the bewitching matter. He answered, 'I told you the truth when I said, Save yourselves the trouble; as for the hot stones, I can bear them, for I am innocent; I would pray to be strangled at once, but that you would say I fear your torture.' Here his wife, who had also been seized, was stripped perfectly naked, and cruelly beaten and ill-treated before his eyes. The victim was then led to the fire, where he was thrown on his back, stretched out with his arms and legs tied to strong pegs driven into the ground, and the stones, now red-hot, were taken out of the fire and placed on his naked body—on the groin, stomach, and chest, supported by others on each side of him, also heated and pressed against his body. It

it impossible to describe the awful effect of this barbarous process, the stones slipping off the scorched and broiling flesh, being only kept in their places by the sticks of the fiendish executioners.

"Through all this the heroic fellow still remained perfectly sensible, and when asked if he wished to be released to discover his hidden charm, said, 'Release me.' They did so, fully expecting they had vanquished his resolution, when, to the astonishment of all, he stood up a ghastly spectacle, broiled alive his smoking flesh hanging in pieces from his body! and composedly asked his tormentors, 'What do you wish me to do now?' They repeated their demand, but he resolutely asserted his innocence, and begged them to put him out of his misery; and as they were now getting tired of their labor, they made a running noose on the rehim around his neck, jerked him to the ground, and savagely dragged him about on the sharp stones, then placing their feet on the back of his neck, they drew the noose tight, and strangled him. His mangled corpse was taken into his own hut, which was set on fire and burnt to ashes. His sufferings commenced at ten A.M. and only ended at sunset."

Kona, whose illness was the cause of this fearful scene, was a son of Macomo, the well-known Kafir chief, who resisted the English forces for so long a time.

It seems strange that the Kafir should act in this manner; naturally, he is by no means of a vindictive or cruel nature. Hot-tempered he is, and likely enough to avenge himself when offended, by a blow of a club or the point of an assegai. But, after the heat of the moment has passed away, his good-humor returns, and he becomes as cheerful and lively as ever. Even in war, as has already been mentioned, he is not generally a cruel soldier, when not excited by actual combat, and it seems rather strange that when a man toward whom he has felt no enmity, and who may, perhaps, be his nearest relative, is accused of a crime—no matter what it may be—he should be guilty, in cold blood, of deliberate cruelty too terrible to be described. The fact is, this conduct shows how great is his fear of the intangible power of witchcraft. Fear is ever the parent of cruelty, and the simple fact that a naturally kind-hearted and good-tempered man will lose all sense of ruth, and inflict nameless tortures on his fellow, shows the abject fear of witchcraft which fills a Kafir's mind.

Sometimes the prophet is not able to hide a charm in a convenient place, and is obliged to have recourse to other means. If, for example, it would be necessary to show that the "evil-doer" had buried the charm in his own hut, the prophet would not be able to gain access to the spot, and would therefore have the earth dug up, and

try to convey surreptitiously some pieces of root or bone into the hole. Mr. Isaacs once detected a notable propheticness in this proceeding, and exposed the trick before the assembled people.

Some of his immediate followers were ill, and they sent for a propheticness who knew that the white man did not believe in her powers. So she sent him a message, saying that, if he would give her a cow, she would detect the charms that were destroying his people, and would allow him to be present when she dug up the enchanted roots. So he sent a cow, and two days afterward had another message, stating that the cow was too small, and she must have a larger one, or that the difference must be made up in calico. At the same time she asked for the services of one of his men, named Maslamfu. He sent the calico, but declined the latter portion of the request, knowing that the man was only wanted as a means of gaining information. The expected day arrived, and, on account of the celebrity of the propheticness, vast numbers of men belonging to various tribes came in bodies, each headed by a chief of a kraal. Messenger after messenger came to announce her advance, but she did not make her appearance, and at last a courier came to say that the spirit would not allow her to proceed any further until some beads were sent to her. The chiefs, of whose arrival she had heard, and on whose liberality she doubtlessly depended, made a collection straightway, got together a parcel of beads, and sent the present by the messenger.

The beads having softened her heart, she made her solemn entry into the kraal, followed by a guard of fifty warriors, all in full panoply of war. The procession moved in solemn march to the centre of the isi-baya, and then the warriors formed themselves in a line, their large shields resting on the ground and covering the body as high as the chin, and their assagais grasped in their right hands. She was also accompanied by Maslamfu, the very man whom she had asked for, and who was evidently an old attendant of her own. The propheticness was decorated in the usual wild and extravagant manner, and she had improved her complexion by painting her nose and one eyelid with charcoal, and the other eyelid with red earth. She had also allowed all her hair to grow, and had plastered it together with a mixture of charcoal and fat. The usual tufted wand of office was in her hand.

Having now made her appearance, she demanded more beads, which were given to her, in order that she should have no excuse for declining to proceed any further in her incantations. She then began her work in earnest, leaping and bounding from one side of the enclosure to the other, and displaying the most wonderful agility. During this part of the proceedings she

sang a song as an accompaniment to her dance, the words of the song itself either having no meaning, or being quite incomprehensible to the hearers. The burden of each stanza was, however, simple enough, and all the assembled host of Kaffirs joined in it at the full stretch of their lungs. After rushing to several huts, and pretending to smell them, she suddenly stopped before the white men, who were carefully watching her, and demanded another cow, on the plea that if the noxious charm were dug up without the sacrifice of a second cow, the spirits would be offended. At last she received the promise of a cow, under the proviso that the rest of the performance was to be satisfactory.

After a variety of strange performances, she suddenly turned to her audience, and appointed one of them to dig up the fatal soil. The man was a great muscular Kaffir, but he trembled like a child as he approached the sorceress, and was evidently so terrified that she was obliged to lay a spell upon him which would counteract the evil influence of the buried charm. She gave him an assagai by way of a spade, a pot for the roots, and directed him successively to three huts, making him dig in each, but was baffled by the vigilant watch which was kept upon all her movements. Having vainly searched the three huts, she suddenly turned and walked quickly out of the kraal, followed by the still terrified excavator, her husband, and Maslamfu, and proceeded to a garden, into which she flung an assagai, and told her man to dig up the spot on which the spear fell. "Being now outdone, and closely followed by us, and finding all her efforts to elude our vigilance were vain, for we examined into all her tricks with the most persevering scrutiny, she suddenly turned round, and at a quick pace proceeded to the kraal, where she very sagaciously called for her snuff box. *Her husband* ran to her, and presented one. This attracted my notice, as Maslamfu had hitherto performed the office of snuff box bearer, and I conjectured that, instead of snuff in the box, her husband had presented her with roots. I did not fail in my prediction; for, as she proceeded to the upper part of the kraal, she took the spear from the man appointed to dig, and dug herself in front of the hut where the people had been sick, took some earth, and added it to that in the pot; then proceeded as rapidly as possible to the calf kraal, where she dug about two inches deep, and applied two fingers of the left hand to scoop a little earth out, at the same time holding the roots with her other two fingers; then, in a second, closed her hand, mixing the roots with the earth, and putting them into the pot, saying to the man, 'These are the things you have been looking for.'

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(1.) THE PROPHETESS AT WORK. (See page 189.)



(2.) UNFAVORABLE PROPHECY. (See page 199.)

that she was obliged to escape out of the turmoil which was caused by her manifest imposture; and it is needless to say that she did not ask for the cows.

The female professors of the art of witchcraft go through a series of ceremonies exactly similar to those which have been already described, and are capable of transmitting to any of their descendants the privilege of being admitted to the same rank as themselves. As may be gathered from the preceding account, they perform the ordinary duties of life much as do other women, whether married or single; and it is, perhaps, remarkable that, so far from celibacy being considered a necessary qualification for the office, neither men nor women seem to be eligible for it unless they are married. When once admitted into the college of prophets, the members of it always endeavor to inspire awe into the public by the remarkable style of adornment which they assume; and they are considered at liberty to depart from the usual sumptuary laws which are so strictly enforced among the Kaffir tribes, and to dress according to their individual caprice. One of the female prophets was visited by Captain Gardiner, and seems to have made a powerful impression upon him, both by her dress and her demeanor.

"This woman may be styled a queen of witches, and her appearance bespeaks her craft. Largo coils of entrails stuffed with fat were suspended round her neck; while her thick and tangled hair, stuck over in all directions with the gall-bladders of animals, gave to her tall figure a very singularly wild and grotesque appearance. One of her devices, which occurred about six months ago, is too characteristic to be omitted. Tpai had assembled his army, and was in the act of going out to war, a project which, for some reason, she thought it necessary to oppose. Finding that all her dissuasions were ineffectual, she suddenly quitted the place, and, accompanied only by a little girl, entirely concealed herself from observation. At the expiration of three or four days, she as mysteriously returned; and holding her side, apparently bleeding from an assagai-wound, pretended to have been received, in her absence, from the spirit of her late husband Maddegan, she presented herself before Tpai. 'Your brother's spirit,' she exclaimed, 'has met me, and here is the wound he has made in my side with an assagai; he reproached me for remaining with people who had treated me so ill.' Tpai, either willingly or actually imposed upon by this strange occurrence, countermanded the army; and, if we are to credit the good people in these parts, the wound immediately healed! For several months subsequent to this period, she took it into her head to crawl about upon her hands and knees; and it is only lately, I under-

stand, that she has resumed her station in society as a biped."

One of the female prophets had a curious method of discovering an "evil-doer." She came leaping into the ring of assembled Kaffirs, with great bounds of which a woman seems hardly capable. It is possible that she previously made use of some preparation which had an exciting effect on the brain, and assisted in working herself up to a pitch of terrible frenzy. With her person decorated with snakes, skulls, heads and claws of birds, and other strange objects—with her magic rattle in one hand, and her staff of office in the other—she flew about the circle with such erratic rapidity that the eye could scarcely follow her movements, and no one could in the least anticipate what she would do next. Her eyes seemed starting from her head, foam flew from her clenched jaws, while at intervals she uttered frantic shrieks and yells that seemed scarcely to belong to humanity. In short, her appearance was as terrible as can well be imagined, and sure to inspire awe in the simple-minded and superstitious audience which surrounded her. She did not go through the usual process of smelling and crawling, but pursued her erratic course about the ring, striking with her wand of office the man who happened to be within its reach, and running off with an incredible swiftness.

The illustration No. 1, on page 188, represents her engaged in her dread office. She has been summoned by a rich chief, who is seen in the distance, lying on his mat, and attended by his wives. The terrified culprit is seen in the foreground, his immediate neighbors shrinking from him as the prophetic wand touches him, while others are pointing him out to the executioners.

There is very marked distinction between the Kaffir prophetess and an ordinary woman, and this distinction lies principally in the gait and general demeanor. As has already been observed, the women and the men seem almost to belong to different races, the former being timid, humble, and subdued, while the latter are bold, confident, and almost haughty. The prophetess, however, having assumed so high an office, takes upon herself a demeanor that shows her appreciation of her own powers, and walks about with a bold, free step, that has in it something almost regal.

In one point, both sexes are alike when they are elevated to prophetic rank. They become absolutely ruthless in their profession, and lost to all sense of mercy. No one is safe from them except the king himself; and his highest and most trusted councillor never knows whether the prophetic finger may not be pointed at him, and the prophetic voice denounce him as a wizard. Should this be the case, his rank, wealth, and character will avail him nothing, and



he will be seized and tortured to death as mercilessly as if he were one of the lowest of the people.

Mixed up with these superstitious deep-tions, there is among the prophets a considerable amount of skill both in surgery and medicine. Partly from the constant slaughter and cutting-up of cattle, and partly from experience in warfare and executions, every Kafir has a tolerable notion of anatomy—far greater, indeed, than is possessed by the generality of educated persons in our own country. Consequently, he can undertake various surgical operations with confidence, and in some branches of the art he is quite a proficient. For example, a Kafir prophet has been known to operate successfully in a case of dropsy, so that the patient recovered; while in the reducing of dislocated joints, the setting of fractured bones, and the treatment of wounds, he is an adept.

A kind of cupping is much practised by the Kafirs, and is managed in much the same way as among ourselves, though with different and ruder instruments. Instead of cupping glasses, they use the horn of an ox with a hole bored through the smaller end. The operator begins his work by pressing the large end of the horn against the part which is to be relieved, and, applying his mouth to the other end, he sucks vigorously until he has produced the required effect. A few gashes are then made with the sharp blade of an assagai, the horn is again applied, and suction employed until a sufficient amount of blood has been extracted.

As the Kafirs are acquainted with poisons, so are they aware of the medicinal properties possessed by many vegetable productions. Their chief medicines are obtained from the castor-oil plant and the male fern, and are administered for the same complaints as are treated by the same medicines in Europe and America. Sometimes a curious mixture of surgery and medicine is made by scarifying the skin, and rubbing medicine into it. It is probable the "witch doctors" have a very much wider acquaintance with herbs and their properties than they choose to make public; and this conjecture is partly carried out by the efficacy which certain so-called charms have on those who use them, even when imagination does not lend her potent aid. Possessing such terrible powers, it is not to be wondered at that the prophets will sometimes use them for the gratification of personal revenge, or for the sake of gain. In the former case of action, they are only impelled by their own feelings; but to the latter they are frequently tempted by others, and an unprincipled prophet will sometimes accumulate much wealth by taking bribes to accuse certain persons of witchcraft.

How Tehaka contrived to work upon the feelings of the people by means of the prophets has already been mentioned. Mr.

Shooter narrates a curious instance where a false accusation was made by a corrupt prophet. One man cherished a violent jealousy against another named Umpisi (i. e. The Hyena), and, after many attempts, succeeded in bribing a prophet to accuse his enemy of witchcraft. This he did in a very curious manner, namely, by pretending to have a vision in which he had seen a wizard scattering poison near the hut. The wizard's name, he said, was Nukwa. Now, Nukwa is a word used by women when they speak of the hyena, and therefore signified the same as Umpisi. Panda, however, declined to believe the accusation, and no direct indictment was made. A second accusation was, however, more successful, and the unfortunate man was put to death. Afterward, Panda discovered the plot, and in a rude kind of way did justice, by depriving the false prophet of all his cattle, forbidding him to practise his art again, and consigning the accuser to the same fate which he had caused to be inflicted on his victim.

The Kafirs very firmly believe in one sort of witchcraft, which is singularly like some of the superstitions of the Middle Ages. They fancy that the wizards have the power of transforming the dead body of a human being into a familiar of their own, which will do all their work, and need neither pay nor keep.

The "evil-doer" looks out for funerals, and when he finds that a body has been interred upon which he can work his spell without fear of discovery, he prepares his charms, and waits until after sunset. Shielded by the darkness of midnight, he digs up the body, and, by means of his incantations, breathes a sort of life into it, which enables the corpse to move and to speak; the spirit of some dead wizard being supposed to have entered into it. He then heats stones or iron in the fire, burns a hole in the head, and through this aperture he extracts the tongue. Further spells are then cast around the revived body, which have the effect of changing it into the form of some animal, such as a hyena, an owl, or a wild-eat; the latter being the form most in favor with such spirits. This mystic animal then becomes his servant, and obeys all his behests, whatever they be. By day, it hides in darkness; but at night it comes forth to do its master's bidding. It cuts wood, digs and plants the garden, builds houses, makes baskets, pots, spears, and clubs, catches game, and runs errands.

But the chief use to which it is put is to inflict sickness, or even death, upon persons who are disliked by its master. In the dead of night, when the Kafirs are all at home, the goblin servant glides toward a doomed house, and, standing outside, it cries out, "Wo! wo! wo! to this house!" The trembling inmates hear the dread voice; but

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none of them dares to go out or to answer, for they believe that if they so much as utter a sound, or move hand or foot, they will die, as well as the person to whom the message is sent. Should the wizard be disturbed in his incantations, before he has had time to transform the resuscitated body, it wanders through the country, powerful, a messenger of evil, but an idiot, uttering cries and menaces, but not knowing their import.

In consequence of this belief, no Kafir dares to be seen in communication with any creature except the recognized domestic animals, such as cattle and fowls. Any attempt to tame a wild animal would assuredly cause the presumptuous Kafir to be put to death as an "evil-doer." A rather curious case of this kind occurred in Natal.

A woman who was passing into the bush in order to cut wood, saw a man feeding a wild-cat—the animal which is thought to be specially devoted to the evil spirit. Ter-

rified at the sight, she tried to escape unseen; but the man perceived her, pushed the animal aside, and bribed her to be silent about what she had seen. However, she went home, and straightway told the chief's head wife, who told her husband, and from that moment the man's doom was fixed. Evidence against a supposed wizard is always plentiful, and on this occasion it was furnished liberally. One person had overheard a domestic quarrel, in which the man had beaten his eldest wife, and she threatened to accuse him of witchcraft; but he replied that she was as bad as himself, and that if he was executed, she would suffer the same fate. Another person had heard him say to the same wife, that they had not been found out, and that the accusers only wanted their corn. Both man and wife were summoned before the council, examined after the usual method, and, as a necessary consequence, executed on the spot.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUPERSTITION—*Concluded.*

RAIN-MAKING—EFFECTS OF A DROUGHT—THE HIGHEST OFFICE OF A KAFFIR PROPHET, ITS REWARDS AND ITS PERILS—HOW THE PROPHET "MAKES RAIN"—INGENIOUS EVASIONS—MR. MOFFATT'S ACCOUNT OF A RAIN-MAKER, AND HIS PROCEEDINGS—SUPPOSED POWERS OF EUROPEANS—KAFFIR PROPHETS IN 1837—PROGRESS OF THE WAR, AND GRADUAL REPULSE OF THE KAFFIRS—KRELI, THE KAFFIR CHIEF, AND HIS ADVISERS—STRANGE PROPHECY AND ITS RESULTS—THE PROPHETS' BELIEF IN THEIR OWN POWERS—MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE PROPHETS—THE CELEBRATED PROPHET MAKANNA AND HIS CAREER—HIS RISE, CULMINATION, AND FALL—MAKANNA'S GATHERING SONG—TALISMANIC NECKLACE—THE CHARM-STICK OF THE KAFFIRS—WHY THE PROPHETS ARE ADVOCATES OF WAR—A PROPHET WHO TOOK ADVICE.

THE highest and most important duty which falls to the lot of the prophets is that of rain-making. In Southern Africa, rain is the very life of the country; and, should it be delayed beyond the usual time, the dread of famine runs through the land. The Kaffirs certainly possess storehouses, but not of sufficient size to hold enough grain for the subsistence of a tribe throughout the year—nor, indeed, could the Kaffirs be able to grow enough food for such a purpose.

During a drought, the pasture fails, and the cattle die; thus cutting off the supply of milk, which is almost the staff of life to a Kaffir—certainly so to his children. The very idea of such a calamity makes every mother in Kaffirland tremble with fright, and there is nothing which they would not do to avert it, even to the sacrifice of their own lives. Soon the water-pools dry up, then the wells, and lastly the springs begin to fail; and consequently disease and death soon make dire havoc among the tribes. In this country, we can form no conception of such a state of things, and are rather apt to suffer from excess of rain than its absence; but the miseries which even a few weeks' drought in the height of summer can inflict upon this well-watered land may enable us to appreciate some of the horrors which accompany a drought in Southern Africa.

Among the prophets, or witch doctors, there are some who claim the power of forcing rain to fall by their incantations. Rain-making is the very highest office which

a Kaffir prophet can perform, and there are comparatively few who will venture to attempt it, because, in case of failure, the wrath of the disappointed people is sometimes known to exhibit itself in perforating the unsuccessful prophet with an assegai, knocking out his brains with a knob-kerry, or the more simple process of tearing him to pieces. Those, however, who do succeed, are at once raised to the very summit of their profession. They exercise almost unlimited sway over their own tribe, and over any other in which there is not a rain-maker of equal celebrity. The king is the only man who pretends to exercise any authority over these all-powerful beings; and even the king, irresponsible despot though he be, is obliged to be submissive to the rain-maker while he is working his incantations.

It is, perhaps, not at all strange that the Kaffirs should place implicit faith in the power of the rain-makers; but it is a strange fact that the operators themselves believe in their own powers. Of course there are many instances where a rain-maker knowingly practises imposture; but in those cases he is mostly driven to such a course by the menaces of those who are employing him; and, as a general fact, the wizard believes in the efficacy of his own charms quite as firmly as any of his followers.

A prophet who has distinguished himself as a rain-maker is soon known far and wide, and does not restrict his practice to his own

district. Potentates from all parts of the country send for him when the drought continues, and their own prophets fail to produce rain. In this, as in other countries, the prophet has more honor in another land than in his own, and the confidence placed in him is boundless. This confidence is grounded on the fact that a rain-maker from a distant land will often produce rain when others at home have failed. The reason is simple enough, though the Kaffirs do not see it. By the time that the whole series of native prophets have gone through their incantations, the time of drought is comparatively near to a close; and, if the prophet can only manage to stave off the actual production of rain for a few days, he has a reasonable chance of success, as every hour is a positive gain to him.

It is needless to mention that the Kaffirs are well acquainted with the signs of the weather, as is always the case with those who live much in the open air. The prophets, evidently, are more weather-wise than the generality of their race, and, however much a rain-maker may believe in himself, he never willingly undertakes a commission when the signs of the sky portend a continuance of drought. Should he be absolutely forced into undertaking the business, his only hope of escape from the dilemma is to procrastinate as much as possible, while at the same time he keeps the people amused. The most common mode of procrastination is by requesting certain articles, which he knows are almost unattainable, and saying that until he has them his incantations will have no effect. Mr. Moffatt narrates a very amusing instance of the shifts to which a prophet is sometimes put, when the rain will not fall, and when he is forced to invoke it.

The rain-maker found the clouds in our country rather harder to manage than those he had left. He complained that secret rogues were disobeying his proclamations. When urged to make repeated trials, he would reply, 'You only give me sheep and goats to kill, therefore I can only make goat-rain; give me for slaughter oxen, and I shall let you see ox-rain.' One day, as he was taking a sound sleep, a shower fell, on which one of the principal men entered his house to congratulate him, but to his utter amazement found him totally insensible to what was transpiring. 'Héla! rare!' (Hallo, by my father!) 'I thought you were making rain,' said the intruder, when, arising from his slumbers, and seeing his wife sitting on the floor shaking a milk-sack in order to obtain a little butter to anoint her hair, he replied, pointing to the operation of churning, 'Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can?' This reply gave entire satisfaction, and it presently spread through the length and breadth of the town, that the rain-maker had churned the shower out of a milk-sack.

The moisture caused by this shower was dried up by a scorching sun, and many long weeks followed without a single cloud, and when these did appear they might sometimes be seen, to the great mortification of the conjurer, to discharge their watery treasures at an immense distance. This disappointment was increased when a heavy cloud would pass over with tremendous thunder, but not one drop of rain. There had been several successive years of drought, during which water had not been seen to flow upon the ground; and in that climate, if rain does not fall continuously and in considerable quantities, it is all exhaled in a couple of hours. In digging graves we have found the earth as dry as dust at four or five feet depth, when the surface was saturated with rain.

'The women had cultivated extensive fields, but the seed was lying in the soil as it had been thrown from the hand; the cattle were dying for want of pasture, and hundreds of living skeletons were seen going to the fields in quest of unwholesome roots and reptiles, while many were dying with hunger. Our sheep, as before stated, were soon likely to be all devoured, and flinding their number daily diminish, we slaughtered the remainder and put the meat in salt, which of course was far from being agreeable in such a climate, and where vegetables were so scarce.

'All these circumstances irritated the rain-maker very much; but he was often puzzled to find something on which to lay the blame, for he had exhausted his skill. One night, a small cloud passed over, and the only flash of lightning, from which a heavy peal of thunder burst, struck a tree in the town. Next day, the rain-maker and a number of people assembled to perform the usual ceremony on such an event. It was ascended, and ropes of grass and grass roots were bound round different parts of the trunk, which in the *Acacia giraffa* is seldom much injured. A limb may be torn off, but of numerous trees of that species which I have seen struck by lightning, the trunk appears to resist its power, as the fluid produces only a stripe or groove along the bark to the ground. When these bandages were made he deposited some of his nostrums, and got quantities of water handed up, which he poured with great solemnity on the wounded tree, while the assembled multitude shouted '*Pila pila*.' This done the tree was hewn down, dragged out of the town, and burnt to ashes. Soon after this unmeaning ceremony, he got large bowls of water, with which was mingled an infusion of bulbs. All the men of the town then came together, and passed in succession before him, when he sprinkled each with a zebra's tail which he dipped in the water.

'As all this and much more did not succeed, he had recourse to another stratagem.

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He knew well that baboons were not very easily caught among the rocky glens and shelving precipices; therefore, in order to gain time, he informed the men that, to make rain, he must have a baboon; that the animal must be without a blemish, not a hair was to be wanting on its body. One would have thought any simpleton might have seen through his tricks, as their being able to present him with a baboon in that state was impossible, even though they caught him asleep. Forth sallied a band of chosen runners, who ascended the neighboring mountain. The baboons from their lofty domiciles had been in the habit of looking down on the plain beneath at the natives encircling and pursuing the quaggas and antelopes, little dreaming that one day they would themselves be objects of pursuit. They hobbled off in consternation, grunting, and screaming and leaping from rock to rock, occasionally looking down on their pursuers, grinning and gnashing their teeth. After a long pursuit, with wounded limbs, scratched bodies, and broken toes, a young one was secured, and brought to the town, the captors exulting as if they had obtained a great spoil. The wily rogue, on seeing the animal, put on a countenance exhibiting the most intense sorrow, exclaiming, 'My heart is rent in pieces; I am dumb with grief'; and pointing to the ear of the baboon, which was scratched, and the tail, which had lost some hairs, added, 'Did I not tell you I could not make rain if there was one hair wanting?'

"After some days another was obtained; but there was still some imperfection, real or alleged. He had often said that, if they would procure him the heart of a lion, he would show them that he could make rain so abundant that a man might think himself well off to be under shelter, as when it fell it might sweep whole towns away. He had discovered that the clouds required strong medicine, and that a lion's heart would do the business. To obtain this the rain-maker well knew was no joke. One day it was announced that a lion had attacked one of the cattle out-posts, not far from the town, and a party set off for the twofold purpose of getting a key to the clouds and disposing of a dangerous enemy. The orders were imperative, whatever the consequences might be, which, in this instance, might have been very serious, had not one of our men shot the terrible animal dead with a gun. This was no sooner done than it was cut up for roasting and boiling; no matter if it had previously eaten some of their relations, they ate it in its turn. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm when they returned to the town, bearing the lion's heart, and singing the conqueror's song in full chorus; the rain-maker prepared his medicines, kindled his fires, and might be seen upon the top of the

hill, stretching forth his puny hands, and beckoning the clouds to draw near, or even shaking his spear, and threatening that, if they disobeyed, they should feel his ire. The deluded populace believed all this, and wondered the rains would not fall.

"Asking an experienced and judicious man, the klug's uncle, how it was that so great an operator on the clouds could not succeed, 'Ah,' he replied, with apparent feeling, 'there is a cause for the hardheartedness of the clouds if the rain-maker could only find it out.' A scrutinizing watch was kept upon everything done by the missionaries. Some weeks after my return from a visit to Griqua Town, a grand discovery was made, that the rain had been prevented by my bringing a bag of salt from that place in my wagon. The charge was made by the king and his attendants, with great gravity and form. As giving the least offence by laughing at their puerile actions ought always to be avoided when dealing with a people who are sincere though deluded, the case was on my part investigated with more than usual solemnity. Mthibi and his aide-camp accompanied me to the storehouse, where the identical bag stood. It was open, with the white contents full in view. 'There it is,' he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction. But finding, on examination, that the reported salt was only white clay or chalk, they could not help laughing at their own incredulity."

An unsuccessful Kafir prophet is never very sorry to have white men in the country, because he can always lay the blame of failure upon them. Should they be missionaries, the sound of the hymns is quite enough to drive away the clouds; and should they be laymen, any habit in which they indulged would be considered a sufficient reason for the continuance of drought. The Kafir always acknowledges the superior powers of the white man, and, though he thinks his own race far superior to any that inhabit the earth, he fancies that the spirits which help him are not so powerful as those who aid the white man, and that it is from their patronage, and not from any mental or physical superiority, that he has obtained his pre-eminence. Fully believing in his own rain-making powers, he fancies that the white men are as superior in this art as in others, and invents the most extraordinary theories in order to account for the fact. After their own prophets have failed to produce rain, the Kafirs are tolerably sure to wait upon a missionary, and ask him to perform the office. The process of reasoning by which they have come to the conclusion that the missionaries can make rain is rather a curious one. As soon as the raw, cold winds begin to blow and to threaten rain, the missionaries were naturally accustomed to put on their overcoats when they left their houses. These coats were usually of a dark

color, and nothing could persuade the natives but that the assumption of dark clothing was a spell by which rain was compelled to fall.

It has just been mentioned that the prophets fully believe in their own supernatural powers. Considering the many examples of manifest imposture which continually take place, some of which have already been described, most Europeans would fancy that the prophets were intentional and consistent deceivers, and their opinion of themselves was something like that of the old Roman augurs, who could not even look in each other's faces without smiling. This, however, is not the case. Deceivers they undoubtedly are, and in many instances wilfully so, but it is equally certain that they do believe that they are the means of communication between the spirits of the dead and their living relatives. No better proof of this fact can be adduced than the extraordinary series of events which took place in 1857, in which not only one prophet, but a considerable number of them took part, and in which their action was unanimous. In that year, the Kaffir tribes awoke to the conclusion that they had been gradually but surely yielding before the European settlers, and they organized a vast conspiracy by which they hoped to drive every white man out of Southern Africa, and to re-establish their own supremacy. The very existence of the colony of Natal was a thorn in their sides, as that country was almost daily receiving reinforcements from Europe, and was becoming gradually stronger and less likely to be conquered. Moreover, there were continual defections of their own race; whole families, and even the population of entire villages, were escaping from the despotic sway of the native monarch, and taking refuge in the country protected by the white man's rifle. Several attempts had been previously made under the celebrated chief Sandilli, and the equally famous prophet-warrior Makanna, to dispossess the colonists, and in every case the Kaffir tribes had been repulsed with great loss, and were at last forced to offer their submission.

In 1857, however, a vast meeting was convened by Krelli, in order to organize a regularly planned campaign, and at this meeting a celebrated prophet was expected to be present. He did not make his appearance, but sent a messenger, saying that the spirit had ordered the Kaffirs to kill all their cattle. This strange mandate was obeyed by many of the people, but others refused to obey the prophet's order, and saved their cattle alive. Angry that his orders had been disobeyed, the prophet called another meeting, and had a private interview with Krelli, in which he said that the disobedience of the people was the reason why the white men had not been driven out of the land. But, if they would be obe-

dient, and slay every head of cattle in the country, except one cow and one goat, the spirits of the dead would be propitiated by their munificence, and would give their aid. Eight days were to be allowed for doing the murderous work, and on the eighth—at most on the ninth day—by means of spells thrown upon the surviving cow and goat, the cattle would all rise again, and they would repossess the wealth which they had freely offered. They were also ordered to throw away all the corn in their granaries and storehouses. As a sign that the prophecy would be fulfilled, the sun would not rise until half-past eight, it would then turn red and go back on its course, and darkness, rain, thunder, and lightning would warn the people of the events that were to follow.

The work of slaughter then began in earnest; the goats and cattle were exterminated throughout the country, and, except the two which were to be the reserve, not a cow or a goat was left alive. With curious inconsistency, the Kaffirs took the hides to the trading stations and sold them, and so fast did they pour in that they were purchased for the merest trifle, and many thousands could not be sold at all, and were left in the interior of the country. The eighth day arrived, and no signs were visible in the heavens. This did not disturb the Kaffirs very much, as they relied on the promised ninth day. On that morning not a Kaffir moved from his dwelling, but sat in the kraal, anxiously watching the sun. From six in the morning until ten they watched its course, but it did not change color or alter its course, and neither the thunder, lightning, nor rain came on in token that the prophecy was to be fulfilled.

The deluded Kaffirs then repented themselves, but too late, of their credulity. They had killed all their cattle and destroyed all their corn, and without these necessities of life they knew that they must starve. And they did indeed starve. Famine in its worst form set in throughout the country; the children died by hundreds; none but those of the strongest constitutions survived, and even these were mere skeletons, worn away by privations, and equally unable to work or to fight. By this self-inflicted blow the Kaffirs suffered far more than they would have done in the most prolonged war, and rendered themselves incapable of resistance for many years.

That the prophets who uttered such strange mandates must have been believers in the truth of their art is evident enough, for they sacrificed not only the property of others, but their own, and we have already seen how tenaciously a Kaffir clings to his flocks and herds. Moreover, in thus destroying all the food in the country, they knew that they were condemning to starvation not only the country in general, but themselves and their families, and a man is

not likely to utter prophecies which, if false, would reduce him from wealth to poverty, and condemn himself, his family, and all the country to the miseries of famine, did he not believe those prophecies to be true. Although the influence exercised by the prophets is, in many cases, wielded in an injurious manner, it is not entirely an unmixed evil. Imperfect as their religious system is, and disastrous as are too often the consequences, it is better than no religion at all, and at all events it has two advantages, the one being the assertion of the immortality of the soul, and the second the acknowledgment that there are beings in the spiritual world possessed of far greater powers than their own, whether for good or evil.

One of the most extraordinary of these prophets was the celebrated Makanna, who united in his own person the offices of prophet and general, and who ventured to oppose the English forces, and in person to lead an attack on Grahamstown. This remarkable man laid his plans with great care and deliberation, and did not strike a blow until all his plots were fully developed. In the first place he contrived to obtain considerable military information by conversation with the soldiers, and especially the officers of the regiments who were quartered at Grahamstown, and in this manner contrived to learn much of the English military system, as well as of many mechanical arts.

The object which he proposed to himself is not precisely known, but as far as can be gathered from his actions, he seems to have intended to pursue a similar course to that which was taken by Tshaka among the more modern Zulus, and to gather together the scattered Amakosa tribes and to unite them in one great nation, of which he should be sole king and priest. But his ambition was a nobler one than that of Tshaka, whose only object was personal aggrandizement, and who shed rivers of blood, even among his own subjects, in order to render himself supreme. Makanna was a man of different mould, and although personal ambition had much to do with his conduct, he was clearly inspired with a wish to raise his people into a southern nation that should rival the great Zulu monarchy of the north, and also, by the importation of European ideas, to elevate the character of his subjects, and to assimilate them as far as possible with the white men, their acknowledged superiors in every art.

That he ultimately failed is no wonder, because he was one of those enthusiasts who do not recognize their epoch. Most people fail in being behind their day, Makanna failed in being before it. Enjoying constant intercourse with Europeans, and invariably choosing for his companions men of eminence among them, his own mind

had become sufficiently enlarged to perceive the infinite superiority of European civilization, and to know that if he could only succeed in infusing their ideas into the minds of his subjects, the Kosa nation would not only be the equal of, but be far superior to the Zulu empire, which was erected by violence and preserved by bloodshed. Conscious of the superstitious character of his countrymen, and knowing that he would not be able to gain sufficient influence over them unless he laid claim to supernatural powers, Makanna announced himself to be a prophet of a new kind. In this part of his line of conduct, he showed the same deep wisdom that had characterized his former proceedings, and gained much religious as well as practical knowledge from the white men, whom he ultimately intended to destroy. He made a point of conversing as much as possible with the clergy, and, with all a Kaffir's inborn love of argument, delighted in getting into controversies respecting the belief of the Christians, and the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Keen and subtle of intellect, and possessed of wonderful oratorical powers, he would at one time ask question after question for the purpose of entangling his instructor in a sophism, and at another would burst into a torrent of eloquence in which he would adroitly make use of any unguarded expression, and carry away his audience by the spirit and fire of his oratory. In the mean while he was quietly working upon the minds of his countrymen so as to prepare them for his final step; and at last, when he had thoroughly matured his plans, he boldly announced himself as a prophet to whom had been given a special commission from Uhlanga, the Great Spirit.

Unlike the ordinary prophets, whose utterances were all of blood and sacrifice, either of men or animals, he imported into his new system of religion many ideas that he had obtained from the Christian clergy, and had the honor of being the first Kaffir prophet who ever denounced vice and enforced morality on his followers. Not only did he preach against vice in the abstract, but he had the courage to denounce all those who led vicious lives, and was as unsparing toward the most powerful chiefs as toward the humblest servant.

One chief, the renowned Gaika, was directly offended at the prophet's boldness, whereupon Makanna, finding that spiritual weapons were wasted on such a man, took to the spear and shield instead, led an extemporized force against Gaika, and defeated him.

Having now cleared away one of the obstacles to the course of his ambition, he thought that the time had come when he might strike a still greater blow. The English had taken Gaika under their protection

after his defeat, and Makanna thought that he could conquer the British forces as he had those of his countryman. Accordingly, he redoubled his efforts to make himself revered by the Kaffir tribes. He seldom showed himself, passing the greater part of his time in seclusion; and when he did appear in public, he always maintained a reserved, solemn, and abstracted air, such as befit the character which he assumed, namely, a prophet inspired, not by the spirits of the dead, but by the Uhlunga, the Great Spirit himself. Now and then he would summon the people about him, and pour out torrents of impetuous eloquence, in which he announced his mission from above, and uttered a series of prophecies, wild and extravagant, but all having one purport; namely, that the spirits of their fathers would fight for the Kaffirs, and drive the inhabitants into the sea.

Suddenly he called together his troops, and made a descent upon Grahamstown, the whole attack being so unexpected that the little garrison were taken by surprise; and the commander was nearly taken prisoner as he was riding with some of his officers. More than 10,000 Kaffir warriors were engaged in the assault, while the defenders numbered barely 350 Europeans and a few disciplined Hottentots. The place was very imperfectly fortified, and, although a few field-guns were in Grahamstown, they were not in position, nor were they ready for action.

Nothing could be more gallant than the conduct of assailants and defenders. The Kaffirs, fierce, warlike, and constitutionally brave, rushed to the attack with wild war cries, hurling their assegais as they advanced; and when they came to close quarters, breaking their last weapon, and using it as a dagger. The defenders on the other hand contended with disciplined steadiness against such fearful odds, but the battle might have gone against them had it not been for a timely succor. Finding that the place could not be taken by a direct assault, Makanna detached several columns to attack it both in flank and rear, while he kept the garrison fully employed by assailing it in front. Just at that moment, an old experienced Hottentot captain, named Boezak, happened to arrive at Grahamstown with a party of his men. Without hesitation he led his little force against the enemy, and, being familiar with Kaffir warfare, and also practised marksmen, he and his followers neglected the rank and file of the enemy, and directed their fire upon the leaders who were conducting the final charge. In a few seconds a number of the most distinguished chiefs were shot down, and the onset received a sudden check.

The Amakosa warriors soon recovered themselves and returned to the charge, but the English had taken advantage of the

brief respite, and brought their field-guns to bear. Volley after volley of grape-shot was poured into the thickest columns of the enemy, and the front ranks fell like grass before the mower's scythe. Still, the courage of the Kaffirs, stimulated by the mystic utterances of their prophet-general, was not quelled, and the undaunted warriors charged up to the very muzzles of the guns, stabbing with their last spears at the artillerymen. But brave as they might be, they could not contend against the deadly hail of grape-shot and musketry that ceaselessly poured into their ranks, while as soon as a leader made himself conspicuous, he was shot by Boezak and his little body of marksmen. Makanna rallied his forces several times, but at last they were put to flight, and he was obliged to accompany his discomfited soldiers.

Short as was this battle, it was a terrible one for the Kaffirs. Fourteen hundred bodies were found dead on the field, while at least as many more died of their wounds. After this decisive repulse, Makanna surrendered himself to the English, and was sent as a prisoner to Robben Island. Here he remained for a year, with a few followers and slaves whom he was permitted to retain. One day he disarmed the guard, and tried to escape in a boat, but was drowned in the attempt.

The subjoined spirited rendering of Makanna's gathering song is by Mr. Pringle, the poet-traveller in Southern Africa.

MAKANNA'S GATHERING.

"WAKE! Amakosa, wake!
And arm yourselves for war,
As coming winds the forest shake,
I hear a sound from far:
It is not thunder in the sky,
Nor lion's roar upon the hill,
But the voice of him who sits on high,
And bids me speak his will!"

"He bids me call you forth,
Bold sons of Khabee,
To sweep the White Man from the earth,
And drive them to the sea:
The sea, which heaved them up at first,
For Amakosa's curse and ban,
Howls for the progeny she nursed,
To swallow them again."

"Then come, ye chieftains bold,
With war-plumes waving high;
Come, every warrior young and old,
With club and assegai.
Remember how the spoiler's host
Did through the land like locusts range!
Your herds, your wives, your comrades lost, —
Remember, and revenge!"

"Fling your broad shields away,
Boots against such foes;
But hand to hand we'll fight to-day,
And with the bayonets close.
Grasp each man short his stabbing spear,
And, when to battle's edge we come,
Rush on their ranks in full career,
And to their hearts strike home!"

"Wake! Anakoa, wake!
 And muster for the war!
 The wizard-wolves from Keisi's brake,
 The vultures from afar,
 Are gathering at UMLANGA'S call,
 And follow fast our westward way—
 For well they know, ere evening fall,
 They shall have glorious prey!"

There is now before me a remarkable necklace, which was taken from the neck of a Kaffir who was killed in the attack of the 74th Highlanders on the Iron Mount. (See illustration No. 1, on p. 107.) This stronghold of the dark enemies was peculiarly well adapted for defence, and the natives had therefore used it as a place wherein they could deposit their stores; but, by a false move on their part, they put themselves between two fires, and after severe loss had to abandon the post. The necklace belongs to the collection of Major Ross King, who led the 74th in the attack. It has evidently been used for superstitious purposes, and has belonged to a Kaffir who was either one of the prophets, or who intended to join that order. It is composed of human finger-bones, twenty-seven in number, and as only the last joint of the finger is used, it is evident that at least three men must have supplied the bones in question. From the nature of the ornament, it is likely that it once belonged to that class of which doctors make a living, by pretending to detect the evil-doers who have caused the death of chiefs and persons of rank.

As another example of the superstitious ideas of the Kaffirs, I may here describe one of the small bags which are sometimes called knapsacks, and sometimes "daghasacs," the latter name being given to them because their chief use is to hold the "dagha," or preparation of hemp which is so extensively used for smoking, and which was probably the only herb that was used before the introduction of tobacco from America.

Sometimes the daghasac is made of the skin of some small animal, taken off entire; but in this instance it is made of small pieces of antelope skin neatly joined together, and having some of the hair still left in the interior. The line of junction between the upper and lower pieces of skin is ingeniously concealed by the strings of black and white beads which are attached to it; and the same beads serve also to conceal a patch which is let in on one side. The bag is suspended over the shoulders of the wearer by means of a long chain formed of iron wire, the links of which are made so neatly that, but for a few irregularities, they would be taken for the handiwork of an European wire-worker.

From the end of the bag hang two thongs, each of which bears at the extremity a valued charm. One of these articles is a piece of stick, about three inches in length, and

about as thick as an artist's pencil; and the other is a small sea-shell. The bone necklace, which has just been described, does really look like a charm or an amulet; but these two objects are so perfectly harmless in appearance that no one would detect their character without a previous acquaintance with the manners and customs of the natives. The stick in question is formed of a sort of creeper, which seems to be invariably used in the manufacture of certain charms. It has small dark leaves and pale-blue flowers, and is found plentifully at the Cape, growing among the "Boerbohm," and other bushes, and twining its flexible shoots among their branches.

Major King, to whose collection the daghasac belongs, possesses a large specimen of the same stick, five feet in length and perfectly straight. It was taken from the centre of a bundle of assagais that had fallen from the grasp of a Kaffir, who was killed in a skirmish by the Highlanders. This stick was employed as a war charm, and probably was supposed to have the double effect of making certain the aim of the assagais and of guarding the owner from harm. Vast numbers of those wooden charms were issued to the soldiers by the celebrated prophet Umlangeni, who prophesied that by his incantations the bullets of the white man would turn to water as soon as they were fired. As the charm cost nothing except the trouble of cutting the stick to the proper length, and as he never issued one without, a fee of some kind, it is evident that the sacred office became in his hands a very profitable one.

As war occupies so much of the Kaffir's mind, it is to be expected that the prophets encourage rather than suppress the warlike spirit of the nation. During times of peace, the objects for which the prophet will be consulted are comparatively few. Anxious parents may come to the prophet for the purpose of performing some ceremony over a sick child; or, with much apparent anxiety, a deputation from the tribe may call him to attend upon the chief, who has made himself ill by eating too much beef and drinking too much beer; or he may be summoned in case of sickness, which is always a tolerably profitable business, and in which his course of treatment is sure to be successful; or if he should enjoy the high but perilous reputation of being a rain-maker, he may be called upon to perform his incantations, and will consequently receive a goodly number of presents.

These, however, are the sum of the prophet's duties in times of peace, and he is naturally inclined to foster a warlike disposition among the people. The reader will remember that when Tchaka found that his subjects were in danger of settling down to a quiet agricultural life, he induced one of the prophets to stir up a renewal of the old

martial spirit. And we may be sure that he found no unwilling agents in the prophets, at least three of whom must have been engaged in the deception.

In war, however, the prophet's services are in constant demand, and his influence and his wealth are equally increased. He retains all the privileges which he enjoyed in time of peace, in addition to those which belong to him as general adviser in time of war. From the beginning to the end of the war every one consults the prophet. When the king forms the conception of making war, he is sure to send for the prophet, and ask him to divine the result of the coming contest, and whatever his advice may be it is implicitly followed. Then, after war has been announced, another ceremony is necessary in order to propitiate the spirits of ancestors, and cause them to fight for their descendants, who sacrifice so many oxen to them, and thus enrich their cattle pen in the shades below. Next comes the grand series of ceremonies when the troops are mustered, and another, scarcely less grand, when they march off.

In the mean time almost every soldier will want a charm of some kind or other, and will pay for it. Moreover, he will generally owe the sacrifice of a cow, or at least a goat, if he return home safely at the end of a campaign, and of all sacrifices the prophet gets his share. The old men and wives who remain at home, and are sure to feel anxious about their husbands and children who are with the army, are equally sure to offer sacrifices as propitiations to the spirits. When the army returns the prophet is still in request, as he has to superintend the various sacrifices that have been vowed by the survivors and their friends. As to those who

fell they have already paid their fees, and for the failure of the charm there is always some excuse, which the simple people are quite ready to believe.

Mr. Baines has kindly sent me an account of one of these prophets, and the manner in which he performed his office. Besides the snakes, skins, feathers, and other strange ornaments with which a Kaffir prophet is wont to bedeck himself, he had hung round his neck a string of bones and skulls, an amulet of which he evidently was exceedingly proud. He was consulted by some of the soldiers about the result of the expedition, and straightway proceeded to work. Taking off the necklace he flung it on the ground, and then squatted down beside it, scanning carefully the attitude assumed by every bone, and drawing therefrom his conclusions. (See the engraving No. 2, on page 189.) At last he rose, and stated to his awestruck clients that before the war was over many of them would eat dust, i. e. be killed.

This announcement had a great effect upon the dark soldiers, and their spirits were sadly depressed by it. The commander, however, was a man who was independent of such actions, and did not intend to have his men disheartened by any prophet. So he sent for the seer in question, and very plainly told him that his business was to foretell success, and not failure; and that, if he did not alter his line of prophecy, he must be prepared to take the consequences. Both the seer and the spirits of departed chiefs took this rather strong hint, and after that intimation the omens invariably proved to be favorable, and the soldiers recovered their lost equanimity.

CHAPTER XX.

FUNERAL RITES.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD—LOCALITIES OF THE TOMBS—THE CHIEF'S LAST RESTING-PLACE—SACRIFICES AND LUSTRATION—BODIES OF CRIMINALS—REFUGNANCE TOWARD DEAD BODIES—ORDINARY RITES—FUNERAL OF A CHILD—THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MNADE—HER GENERAL CHARACTER, AND SUSPICIOUS NATURE OF HER ILLNESS—TCHAKA'S BEHAVIOR—ASSEMBLAGE OF THE PEOPLE AND TERRIBLE MASSACRE—MNADE'S COMPANIONS IN THE GRAVE—THE YEAR OF WATCHING—A STRANGE ORDINANCE—HOW TCHAKA WENT OUT OF MOURNING—A SUMMARY MODE OF SEPULTURE—ABANDONMENT OF THE AGED SICK—MR. GALTON'S STORY.

CLOSELY connected with the religion of any country is the mode in which the bodies of the dead are disposed of.

Burial in the earth is the simplest and most natural mode of disposing of a dead body, and this mode is adopted by the Kafirs. There are slight variations in the method of interment and the choice of a grave, but the general system prevails throughout Kaffirland. The body is never laid prostrate, as among ourselves; but a circular hole is dug in the ground, and the body is placed in it in a sitting position, the knees being brought to the chin, and the head bent over them. Sometimes, and especially if there should be cause for haste, the Kafirs select for a grave an ant-hill, which has been ransacked by the great ant-bear or aard-vark, and out of which the animal has torn the whole interior with its powerful claws, leaving a mere oven-shaped shell as hard as a brick. Generally, however, a circular hole is dug, and the body is placed in it, as has been already mentioned. As to the place of burial, that depends upon the rank of the dead person. If he be the head man of a kraal he is always buried in the isi-baya, or cattle enclosure, and the funeral is conducted with much ceremony. During the last few days of illness, when it is evident that recovery is impossible, the people belonging to the kraal omit the usual care of the toilet, allowing their hair to grow as it likes, and abstaining from the use of grease or from washing. The worst clothes are worn, and all ornaments are removed. They also are bound to fast until

the funeral, and there is a humane custom that the children are first supplied with an abundant meal, and not until they have eaten are they told of their father's death.

The actual burial is performed by the nearest relatives, and on such an occasion it is not thought below the dignity of a man to assist in digging the grave. The body is then placed in the grave; his spoon, mat, pillow, and spears are laid beside him: the shafts of the latter are always broken, and the iron heads bent, perhaps from some vague idea that the spirit of the deceased will come out of the earth and do mischief with them. Should he be a rich man, oxen are also killed and placed near him, so that he may go into the land of spirits well furnished with cattle, implements, and weapons. If the person interred should not be of sufficient rank to be entitled to a grave in the isi-baya, he is buried outside the kraal, and over the grave is made a strong fence of stones or thorn-bushes, to prevent the corpse from being disturbed by wild beasts or wizards. As soon as the funeral party returns, the prophet sends the inhabitants of the kraal to the nearest stream, and after they have washed therein he administers some medicine to them, and then they are at liberty to eat and drink, to milk their cattle, and to dress their hair. Those, however, who dug the grave and handled the body of the dead man are obliged to undergo a double course of medicine and lustration before they are permitted to break their fast.

It is not every Kafir who receives the

funeral rites. Those who have been killed by order of the king are considered unworthy of receiving honorable sepulture, and no matter what may be the crime of which they are accused, or whether indeed they have not been killed through some momentary caprice of the despot, their bodies are merely dragged away by the heels into the bush, and allowed to become the prey of the vultures and hyenas. Except when heated by conflict, the Kafir has an invincible repugnance to touching a dead body, and nothing can show greater respect for the dead than the fact that the immediate relatives conquer this repugnance, and perform the last office in spite of their natural aversion to such a duty, and with full knowledge of the long and painful fast which they must undergo.

The friends of the family then assemble near the principal hut, and loudly bewail the loss which the kraal has sustained. An ox is killed, and its flesh cooked as a feast for the mourners, the animal itself being offered as a sacrifice to the departed chief. Having finished their banquet, and exhausted all their complimentary phrases toward the dead, they generally become anything but complimentary to the living. Addressing the eldest son, who has now succeeded to his father's place, they bewail his inexperience, condole with the wives upon their hard lot in being under the sway of one so inferior in every way to the deceased, and give the son plenty of good advice, telling him not to beat any of his mothers if he can keep them in order without manual correction, to be kind to all his brothers and sisters, and to be considerate towards the dependants. They enforce their arguments by copious weeping. Tears always come readily to a Kafir, but, if there should be any difficulty in shedding them, a liberal use of pungent snuff is sure to produce the desired result.

Such is the mode in which ordinary men and chiefs are buried. The funerals of children are conducted in a much quicker and simpler manner, as may be seen by the following extract from Gardiner's work on Southern Africa. He is describing the funeral of a child belonging to a Kafir with whom he was acquainted:—

"After threading an intricate path, and winding about for some little distance, they stopped. Inquiring if that was the spot they had chosen, Kolelwa replied, 'You must show us.' On being again told that it was left entirely for his decision, they proceeded a few paces further, and then commenced one of the most distressing scenes I ever witnessed, a father with his own hand opening the ground with his hoe, and scooping out a grave for his own child, assisted only by one of his wives—while the bereaved mother, in the bitterness of her grief, seated under some bushes like another Hagar,

watched every movement, but dared not trust herself nearer to the mournful spot.

"When all was prepared Kolelwa returned, with the wife who had assisted him, for the body—Nombuna, the mother, still remaining half concealed among the trees. Everything was conducted so silently that I did not perceive their return, until suddenly turning to the spot I observed the woman supporting the body so naturally upon her lap, as she sat on the ground, that at first I really supposed it had been a living child. Dipping a bundle of leafy boughs into a calabash of water, the body was first washed by the father, and then laid by him in the grave; over which I read a selection from the Burial Service (such portions only as were strictly applicable); concluding with a short exhortation to those who were present. The entire opening was then filled in with large figots, over which earth was thrown, and above all a considerable pile of thorny boughs and branches heaped, in order to render it secure from the approach of wild animals."

In strange contrast with this touching and peaceful scene stand the terrible rites by which Tehaka celebrated the funeral of his mother Mnade. It has already been mentioned, on page 124, that Tehaka was suspected, and not without reason, of having been accessory, either actively or passively, to his mother's death; and it was no secret that she was a turbulent, quarrelsome, bad-tempered woman, and that Tehaka was very glad to be rid of her. Now, although a Kafir is much despised if he allows his mother to exercise the least authority over him when he has once reached adult age, and though it is thought rather a praiseworthy act than otherwise for a young man to beat his mother, as a proof that he is no more a child, the murder of a parent is looked upon as a crime for which no excuse could be offered.

Irresponsible despot as was Tehaka, he was not so utterly independent of public opinion that he could allow himself to be spoken of as a parricide, and accordingly, as soon as his mother was beyond all chance of recovery, he set himself to work to make his people believe that he was really very sorry for his mother's illness. In the first place, he cut short a great elephant-hunting party at which he was engaged; and although he was fully sixty miles from the kraal in which his mother was residing, he set off at once, and arrived at home in the middle of the following day. At Tehaka's request, Mr. Fynn went to see the patient, and to report whether there was any chance of her recovery. His account of the interview and the subsequent ceremonies is as follows:—

"I went, attended by an old chief, and found the hut filled with mourning women, and such clouds of smoke that I was obliged

to bid them retire, to enable me to breathe within it. Her complaint was dysentery, and I reported at once to Tchaka that her case was hopeless, and that I did not expect that she would live through the day. The regiments which were then sitting in a semicircle around him were ordered to their barracks: while Tchaka himself sat for about two hours, in a contemplative mood, without a word escaping his lips; several of the elder chiefs sitting also before him. When the tidings were brought that she had expired, Tchaka immediately arose and entered his dwelling; and having ordered the principal chiefs to put on their war dresses, he in a few minutes appeared in his. As soon as the death was publicly announced, the women and all the men who were present tore instantly from their persons every description of ornament.

"Tchaka now appeared before the hut in which the body lay, surrounded by his principal chiefs, in their war attire. For about twenty minutes he stood in a silent, mournful attitude, with his head bowed upon his shield, on which I saw a few large tears fall. After two or three deep sighs, his feelings becoming ungovernable, he broke out into frantic yells, which fearfully contrasted with the silence that had hitherto prevailed. This signal was enough: the chief and people, to the number of about fifteen thousand, commenced the most dismal and horrid lamentations. . . .

"The people from the neighboring kraals, male and female, came pouring in; each body, as they appeared in sight, at the distance of half a mile, joining to swell the terrible cry. Through the whole night it continued, none daring to take rest or refresh themselves with water; while, at short intervals, fresh bursts were heard as more distant regiments approached. The morning dawned without any relaxation, and before noon the number had increased to about sixty thousand. The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap, which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe.

"At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Tchaka in their centre, and sang a war song, which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it, Tchaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot, and the cries became, if possible, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed; but, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre—many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes—

those who were found near the river, panting for water—were beaten to death by others mad with excitement. Toward the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than seven thousand people had fallen in this frightful, indiscriminate massacre. The adjacent stream, to which many had fled exhausted to wet their parched tongues, became impassable from the number of dead bodies which lay on each side of it; while the kraal in which the scene took place was flowing with blood."

On the second day after Mnande's death her body was placed in a large grave, near the spot where she had died, and ten of the best-looking girls in the kraal were enclosed alive in the same grave. (See the illustration opposite.) Twelve thousand men, all fully armed, attended this dread ceremony, and were stationed as a guard over the grave for a whole year. They were maintained by voluntary contributions of cattle from every Zulu who possessed a herd, however small it might be. Of course, if Tchaka could celebrate the last illness and death of his mother with such magnificent ceremonies, no one would be likely to think that he had any hand in her death. Extravagant as were these rites, they did not quite satisfy the people, and the chiefs unanimously proposed that further sacrifices should be made. They proposed that every one should be killed who had not been present at Mnande's funeral; and this horrible suggestion was actually carried out, several regiments of soldiers being sent through the country for the purpose of executing it.

Their next proposal was that the very earth should unite in the general mourning, and should not be cultivated for a whole year; and that no one should be allowed either to make or eat amasi, but that the milk should be at once poured out on the earth. These suggestions were accepted; but, after a lapse of three months, a composition was made by large numbers of oxen offered to Tchaka by the chiefs. The last, and most astounding, suggestion was, that if during the ensuing year any child should be born, or even if such an event were likely to occur, both the parents and the child should be summarily executed. As this suggestion was, in fact, only a carrying out, on a large scale, of the principle followed by Tchaka in his own households, he readily gave his consent; and during the whole of the year there was much innocent blood shed.

After the year had expired, Tchaka determined upon another expiatory sacrifice, as a preliminary to the ceremony by which he went out of mourning. This, however, did not take place, owing to the remonstrances of Mr. Fynn, who succeeded in persuading the despot to spare the lives of his subjects. One reason why Tchaka acceded to the

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PRESERVED HEAD.

(See page 1216.)

HEAD OF MUNDURUCÚ CHIEF.



BURIAL OF TCHAKA'S MOTHER. (See page 202.)

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request was his amusement at the notion of a white man pleading for the life of "dogs."

The whole of the able-bodied part of the population had taken warning by the massacre of the previous year, and presented themselves at the ceremony. They were arranged in regiments, and, as soon as the chief made his appearance, they moved simultaneously to the tops of the hills that surrounded the great kraal in which the ceremony was to take place. Upward of a hundred thousand oxen were brought together to grace the ceremony, their bellowing being thought to be a grateful sound to the spirits of the dead. Standing amidst this savage accompaniment to his voice, Tehaka began to weep and sob loudly, the whole assembly echoing the sound, as in duty bound, and making a most hideous din. This noisy rite began in the afternoon, and closed at sunset, when Tehaka ordered a quantity of cattle to be killed for a feast. Next day came the ceremony by which Tehaka was released from his state of mourning. Every man who owned cattle had brought at least one calf with him, and when the king took his place in the centre of the kraal, each man cut open the right side of the calf, tore out the gall-bladder, and left the wretched creature to die. Each regiment then moved in succession before Tehaka, and, as it marched slowly round him, every man sprinkled gall over him. After he had been thus covered with gall, he was washed by the prophets with certain preparations of their own; and with this ceremony the whole proceedings ended, and Tehaka was out of mourning.

It has already been mentioned that in some instances, especially those where the dead have been murdered by command of the king, or have been tortured to death as wizards, the bodies are merely dragged into the bush, and are left to be devoured by the hyenas and the vultures. Cases are also known where a person on the point of death has been thrown into the river by the relatives before life was quite extinct. The actors in these strange tragedies seem to have thought that the dying person need not be particular about an hour more or less in the world, especially as by such a proceeding they freed themselves from the hated duty of handling a dead body. Sometimes those who are sick to death receive even a more horrible treatment than the comparatively merciful death by drowning, or by the jaws of crocodiles; the dying and the very old and infirm being left to perish, with a small supply of food and drink, enough to sustain life for a day or two. Mr. Galton relates one such instance that occurred within his own experience.

"I saw a terrible sight on the way, which has often haunted me since. We had taken

a short cut, and were a day and a half from our wagons, when I observed some smoke in front, and rode to see what it was. An immense black-thorn tree was smouldering, and, from the quantity of ashes about, there was all the appearance of its having burnt for a long time. By it were tracks that we could make nothing of—no foot-marks, only an impression of a hand here and there. We followed them, and found a wretched woman, most horribly emaciated; both her feet were burnt quite off, and the wounds were open and unhealed. Her account was that, many days back, she and others were encamping there; and when she was asleep, a dry but standing tree, which they had set fire to, fell down and entangled her among its branches; there she was burnt before she could extricate herself, and her people left her. She had since lived on gum alone, of which there were vast quantities about; it oozes down from the trees, and forms large cakes in the sand. There was water close by, for she was on the edge of a river-bed. I did not know what to do with her; I had no means of conveying her anywhere, nor any place to convey her to.

"The Damaras kill useless and worn-out people—even sens smother their sick fathers; and death was not far from her. I had three sheep with me; so I off-packed, and killed one. She seemed ravenous; and, though I purposely had off-packed some two hundred yards from her, yet the poor wretch kept crawling and dragging herself up to me, and would not be withheld, for fear I should forget to give her the food I promised. When it was ready, and she had devoured what I gave her, the meat acted as it often does in such cases, and fairly intoxicated her; she attempted to stand, regardless of the pain, and sang, and tossed her lean arms about. It was perfectly sickening to witness the spectacle. I did the only thing I could; I cut the rest of the meat in strips, and hung it within her reach, and where the sun would jerk (i.e. dry and preserve) it. It was many days' provision for her. I saw she had water, firewood, and gum in abundance, and then I left her to her fate."

This event took place among the Damaras; but Captain Gardiner mentions that among the Zulus a dying woman was carried into the bush, and left there to perish in solitude. That such a custom does prevail is evident, and it is likely that it may be more frequently practised than is generally supposed. People of rank are tended carefully enough during sickness; but men and women of low condition, especially if they are old and feeble, as well as prostrated with sickness, are not likely to have much chance of being nursed in a country where human life is so little valued.

CHAPTER XXI.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION—HOW SOLDIERS ON THE CAMPAIGN SLEEP—THE KAFFIR'S BED—IGNORANCE OF WEAVING—PORTABLE FURNITURE—A SINGULAR PROJECTILE—THE KAFFIR'S PILLOW—ITS MATERIAL AND USUAL SHAPE—A KAFFIR'S IDEAS OF ORNAMENT—MODE OF REPOSING—DINGAN AT HOME—DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE—KAFFIR MUSIC—ENERGETIC PERFORMANCE—SOME NATIVE MELODIES—QUALITY OF VOICE—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—THE "HARP" AND MODE OF PLAYING IT—PECULIAR TONES OF THE HARP—THE KAFFIR'S FLUTE—EARTHENWARE AMONG THE KAFFIRS—WOMEN THE ONLY POTTERS—HOW THE POTS ARE MADE—GENERAL FORM OF THE POTS AND THEIR USES—EARTHEN CHAIN-STORES—THRESHING OUT GRAIN BEFORE STOWAGE—THE TREES OF AFRICA—THE THORNS AND THEIR PROPERTIES—THE GRAPPLE-PLANT—THE WAIT-A-BIT, AND HOOK-AND-SPIKE THORNS—MONKEY-ROTES—VARIOUS TIMBERS.

THE sleeping accommodation of a Kaffir is of the simplest kind, and to European minds forms about as uncomfortable a set of articles as can be imagined. Indeed, with many of the young unmarried men, the only permanent accommodation for sleeping is that which is furnished by the floor of the hut, or the ground itself if they should be forced to sleep in the open air. Soldiers on a campaign always sleep on the ground, and as they are forced to leave all their clothes behind them, they seek repose in the most primitive manner imaginable. It has already been mentioned that, in order to secure celerity of movement, a Kaffir soldier carries nothing but his weapon, and is not even encumbered by dress. Hence he has a notable advantage over European soldiers, who would soon perish by disease were they obliged to go through a campaign without beds, tents, kit, or commissariat.

Our Highland soldiers are less dependent on accessory comforts than most European regiments, and will contentedly wrap themselves in their plaids, use their knapsacks as pillows, and betake themselves to sleep in the open air. But they have at all events their plaid, while the Kaffir warrior has nothing but his shield, which he may use as a bed if he likes, and it is, perhaps, fortunate for him that long training in hard marches renders him totally indifferent as to the spot on which he is to lie. His chief care is that the place which he selects should not be wet, or be in the close neigh-

borhood of ants' nests or snakes' haunts, and his next care is to arrange his body and limbs so as to fit the inequalities of the ground. As to the hardness of his extemporized couch, he thinks little or nothing of it.

But when our Kaffir lad is admitted into the ranks of men, and takes to himself his first wife, he indulges in the double luxury of a bed and a pillow—the former being made of grass stems and the latter of wood. This article of furniture is almost the same throughout Southern Africa, and, among the true Kaffir tribes, the bed of the king himself and that of his meanest subject are identical in material and shape. It is made of the stems of grasses, some three feet in length, and about as thick as crowquills. These are laid side by side, and are fastened together by means of double strings which pass round the grass stems, and are continually crossed backward and forward so as to form them into a mat about three feet in width and six in length. This method of tying the grass stems together is almost identical with that which is employed by the native tribes that inhabit the banks of the Essequibo River, in tying together the slender arrows which they project through their blow-guns. The ends of the grass stems are all turned over and firmly bound down with string, so as to form a kind of edge, which protects the mat from being unravelled.

On looking at one of these sleeping-mats,

the observer is apt to fancy that a vast amount of needless trouble has been taken with it—that the maker would have done his work quicker and better, and that the article itself would have looked much more elegant, had he woven the materials instead of lashing them with string. But the Kaffir has not the faintest idea of weaving, and even the primitive hand-loom, which is so prevalent in different parts of the world, is not to be found in Southern Africa.

The Kaffir can dress skins as well as any European furrier. He can execute basket-work which no professional basket-maker can even imitate, much less rival. He can make spear blades and axes which are more suitable to his country than the best specimens of European manufacture. But he has not the least notion of the very simple operation of weaving threads into cloth. This ignorance of an almost universal art is the more remarkable because he can weave leather thongs and coarse hairs into elaborate ornaments, and can string beads together so as to form flat belts or even aprons. Still, such is the fact, and a very curious fact it is.

When the sleeper awakes in the morning, the bed is rolled into a cylindrical form, lashed together with a hide thong, and suspended out of the way in the hut. The student of Scripture will naturally be reminded of the command issued to the paralytic man, to "take up his bed and walk," the bed in question being the ordinary thin mattress in use in the East, which is spread flat on the ground when in use, and is rolled up and put away as soon as the sleeper rises from his couch. If a Kaffir moves from one residence to another, his wife carries his bed with her, sometimes having her own couch balanced on the top of her head, and her husband's strapped to her shoulders. This latter mode of carrying the bed may be seen in the illustration "Dolls," on page 33, where the woman is shown with the bed partly hidden under her kaross.

Should the Kaffir be a man of rather a luxurious disposition, he orders his wife to pluck a quantity of grass or fresh leaves, and by strewing them thickly on the ground and spreading the mat over them, he procures a bed which even an ordinary European would not despise. Although the bed is large enough to accommodate a full-sized man, it is wonderfully light. My own specimen, which is a very fair example of a Kaffir bed, weighs exactly two pounds and one ounce, so that the person who carries it is incommoded not so much by its weight as by its bulk. The bulk is, however, greatly diminished by the firmness with which it is rolled up, so that it is made into a cylinder only three or four inches in diameter. The reader may remember a story of a runaway bride, named Uzinto, who rather astonished a Kaffir chief by pitching her

bed headlong through the door of the hut. By reference to the illustration on page 200, it is easy to see how readily the bed could be thrown through the narrow entrance, and how sharp a blow could be struck by it if thrown with any force.

The pillow used by the Kaffir is even less comfortable than his bed, inasmuch as it consists of nothing but a block of wood. The shape and dimensions of these pillows are extremely variable. The specimens that I have are fifteen inches in length and nearly six in height, and, as they are cut out of solid blocks of the acacia tree, the weight is considerable.

Upon the pillow the maker has bestowed great pains, and has carved the eight legs in a very elaborate manner, cutting them into pyramidal patterns, and charring the alternate sides of each little pyramid, so as to produce the contrast of black and white which seems to be the Kaffir's ideal of beauty in wood-carving. It may here be noticed that the Kaffir is not at all inventive in patterns, and that a curious contrast exists between his architecture and his designs. The former, it may be remarked, is all built upon curved lines, while in the latter the lines are nearly straight. It is very seldom indeed that an uncivilized Kaffir draws a pattern which is not based upon straight lines, and even in those instances where he introduces circular patterns the circles are small.

Comfortless as these pillows seem to us, they are well enough suited to the Kaffir; even the married men, whose heads are closely shaven, and who have not even the protection of their hair against the hardness of the wood, are far better pleased with their pillow than they would be with the softest cushion that could be manufactured out of down and satin. Nor is this taste peculiar to the Kaffir, or even to the savage. No Englishman who has been accustomed to a hard and simple mattress would feel comfortable if obliged to sleep in a feather-bed; and many travellers who have been long accustomed to sleep on the ground have never been able to endure a bed afterward. I have known several such travellers, one of whom not only extended his dislike of English sleeping accommodations to the bed, but to the very pillow, for which article he always substituted a block of oak, slightly rounded at the top.

The illustration, "Dingan at home," on page 200, represents the mode in which a Kaffir reposes. The individual who is reclining is the great Kaffir monarch, Dingan, and the reader will observe that his bed is a mere mat, and that his pillow is only a block of wood. The hut which is here represented is the celebrated one which he built at his garrison town Ukunginglove, and it was specially noted because it was supported by twenty pillars. The fireplace

of this hut was remarkable for its shape, which, instead of being the simple circle in general use among the Kaffirs, resembled in form that ornament which is known to architects by the name of quatrefoil. A few of his wives are seen seated round the apartment, and, as Dingan was so great a man, they were not permitted to stand upright, or even to use their feet in any way, so that, if they wished to move from one part of the hut to another, they were obliged to shuffle about on their knees. The illustration is taken from a sketch by Captain Gardiner, who was invited by Dingan to an interview in the house, and during which interview he rather astonished his guest by retiring for a short time, and then presenting himself with his face, limbs, and body entirely covered with red and white spots, like those on toy horses.

The reader can form, from the contemplation of this drawing, a tolerably accurate idea of the luxuries afforded by the wild, savage life which some authors are so fond of praising.

As to music, the Kaffir has rather curious ideas on the subject. His notion of melody

ing their polished bodies backward and forward as if they were one man, and aiding the time by thumping the ground with their knob-keries, and bringing their elbows violently against their ribs so as to expel the notes from their lungs with double emphasis.

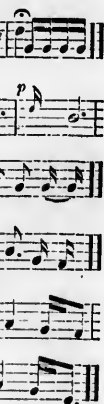
Some of the tunes which are sung by the Kaffirs at their dances are here given, the music being taken from the Rev. J. Shooter's work. The reader will at once see how boldly the time is marked in them, and how well they are adapted for their purpose. Neither are they entirely destitute of tune, the last especially having a wild and quaint sort of melody, which is calculated to take a strong hold of the ear, and to haunt the memories of those who have heard it sung as only Kaffirs can sing it. Among some of the Bosjesman tribes a sort of harmony—or rather sustained discord—is employed, as will be seen in a succeeding page, but the Zulus seem to excel in unison songs, the force of which can be imagined by those who are familiar with the grand old hymns and Gregorian tunes that have been suffered to lie so long in obscurity.



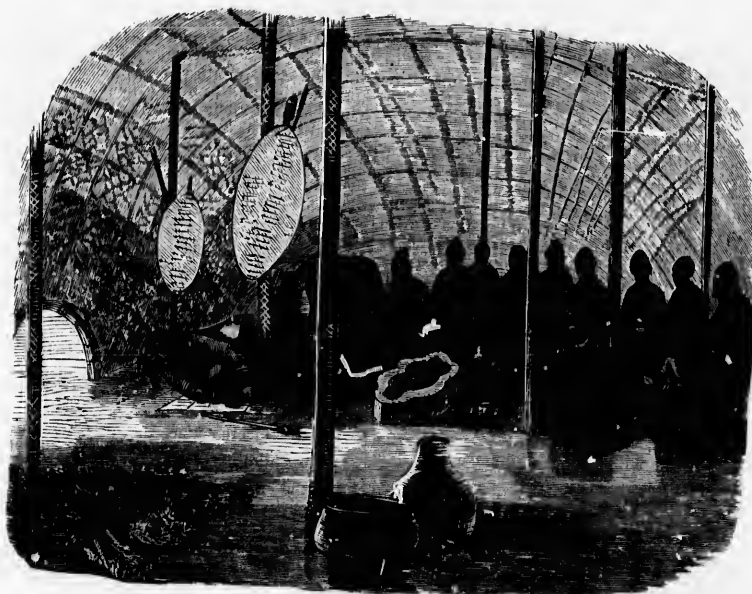
is but very slight, while his timing is perfection itself. The songs of the Kaffir tribes have already been mentioned, and the very fact that several hundred men will sing the various war songs as if they were animated with a single spirit shows that they must all keep the most exact time. In this point they aid themselves by the violent gestures in which they indulge. A Kaffir differs from an European vocalist in this point, namely, that he always, if possible, sits down when he sings. He and his companions will squat in a circle, sometimes three or four rows deep, and will shout some well-known song at the top of their voices, sway-

Of course, the quality of a Kaffir's voice is not that which would please an European vocalist. Like all uncultivated songsters, the Kaffir delights in strong contrasts, now using a high falsetto, and now dropping suddenly into a gruff bass. It is a very remarkable fact that this method of managing the voice is tolerably universal throughout the world, and that the accomplished vocalist of Kaffirland, of China, of Japan, of Persia, and of Arabia, sings with exactly that falsetto voice, that nasal twang, and that abrupt transition from the highest to the lowest notes, which characterize our uneducated singers in rural districts. Put a Wiltshire

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(1.) DINGAN AT HOME. (See page 207.)



(2.) WOMEN QUARRELLING. (See page 213.)

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laborer and a Chinese gentleman into different rooms, shut the doors so as to exclude the pronunciation of the words, ask them to sing one of their ordinary songs, and the hearer will scarcely be able to decide which room holds the English and which the Chinese vocalist. In the specimens of music which have been given, the reader will notice in several places the sudden rise or drop of a whole octave, and also the curiously jerking effect of many passages, both eminently characteristic of music as performed in country villages where modern art has not modified the voice.

The musical instruments of the Kaffir are very few, and those of the most simple kind. One is the whistle that is often diverted from its normal duty as a mere whistle, to become a musical instrument, which, although it has no range of notes, can at all events make itself heard through any amount of vocal accompaniment. And, as a Kaffir thinks that a song is no song unless it is to be sung with the whole power of the lungs, so does he think that the whistle in question is a valuable instrument in his limited orchestra.

There is, however, one musical instrument which is singularly soft and low in its tones, and yet which is in great favor with the Kaffir musicians. This is the instrument which is sometimes called a harp, sometimes a guitar, and sometimes a fiddle, and which has an equal right to either title, inasmuch as it has not the least resemblance to either of those instruments. For the sake of brevity, we will take the first of these names, and call it a harp. At first sight, the spectator would probably take it for an ordinary bow, to which a gourd had been tied by way of ornament, and, indeed, I have known the instrument to be thus described in a catalogue.

The instrument which is represented in the illustration entitled "Harp" on page 155 is taken from a specimen which was brought from the Natal district by the late H. Jackson, Esq., to whom I am indebted for so many of the weapons and implements which appear in this work. The bow is about five feet in length, and is made exactly as if it were intended to be used for propelling arrows. The true Kaffir, however, never uses the bow in warfare, or even in hunting, thinking it to be a cowardly sort of weapon, unworthy of the hand of a warrior, and looking upon it in much the same light as the knights of old looked first on the cross-bows, and afterward on fire-arms, neither of which weapons give fair play for a warrior's skill and strength. The cord is made of twisted hair, and is much longer than the bow, so that it can be tightly or loosely strung according to the tone which the dusky musician desires to produce. Near one end of the bow a round hollow gourd is firmly lashed by means of a rather complicated arrangement of leathern

thongs. When the gourd is in its place, and the string is tightened to its proper tension, the instrument is complete.

When the Kaffir musician desires to use it, he holds it with the gourd upon his breast, and strikes the cord with a small stick, producing a series of sounds which are certainly rather musical than otherwise, but which are so faint as to be scarcely audible at the distance of a few yards. Although the sound is so feeble, and the instrument is intended for time rather than tone, the Kaffirs are very fond of it, and will play on it by the hour together, their enthusiasm being quite unintelligible to an European ear.

Generally the performer is content with the tones which he obtains by stringing the bow to a certain note, but an expert player is not content with such an arrangement. He attaches a short thong to the string, and to the end of the thong he fastens a ring. The forefinger of the left hand is passed through the ring, and the performer is able as he plays to vary the tone by altering the tension of the string. The object of the calabash is to give depth and resonance to the sound, and it is remarkable that a similar contrivance is in use in many parts of the world, hollow bamboo tubes, earthenware drums, and brass vessels being used for the same purpose.

The reader may perhaps remember that in the middle ages, and indeed in some districts up to a comparatively later time, a single-stringed fiddle was used in the country. It was simply a bow, with a blown bladder inserted between the string and the staff, and looked very much like the Kaffir instrument with the gourd turned inside, so as to allow the string to pass over it. Instead of being merely struck with a small stick, it was played with a rude kind of bow; but, even in the hands of the most skillful performer, its tones must have been anything but melodious. The Kaffir harp is used both by men and women. There is also a kind of rude flageolet, or flute, made of a reed, which is used by the Kaffirs. This instrument is, however, more general among the Bechuanas, and will be described in a future page.

In the course of the work, mention has been made of the earthenware pots used by the Kaffirs. These vessels are of the rudest imaginable description, and afford a curious contrast to the delicate and elaborate basket-work which has been already mentioned. When a Kaffir makes his baskets, whether he be employed upon a small milk-vessel or a large store-house, he invents the most delicate and elaborate patterns, and, out of the simplest possible materials, produces work which no European basket-maker can surpass. But when vessels are to be made with clay the inventive powers of the maker

seem to cease, and the pattern is as inferior as the material. Perhaps this inferiority may be the result of the fact that basket-making belongs to the men, who are accustomed to cut patterns of various kinds upon their spoons and gourds, whereas the art of pottery, which implies really hard work, such as digging and kneading clay, is handed over to the women, who are accustomed to doing drudgery.

The Kaffir has no knowledge of machinery, and, just as he is ignorant of the rudest form of a loom for weaving thread into fabrics, so is he incapable of making the simplest kind of a wheel by which he may aid the hand in the shaping of pottery. This is perhaps the more remarkable, as the love of the circular form is so strong in the Kaffir mind that we might naturally imagine him to invent a simple kind of wheel like that which is employed by the peasants of India. But, as may be conjectured from the only attempts at machinery which a Kaffir makes, namely, a bellows whereby he saves his breath, and the extremely rude mill whereby he saves his teeth, the construction of a revolving wheel is far beyond him: In making their pots the women break to pieces the nests of the white ant, and, after pounding the material to a fine powder, mix it with water, and then knead it until it is of a proper consistency. They then form the clay into rings, and build up the pots by degrees, laying one ring regularly upon another until the requisite shape is obtained. It is evident therefore, that the manufacture of a tolerably large pot is a process which occupies a considerable time, because it has to be built up very slowly, lest it should sink under its own weight.

The only tool which is used in the manufacture of Kaffir pottery is a piece of wood, with which the operator scrapes the clay rings as she applies them, so as to give a tolerably smooth surface, and with which she can apply little pieces of clay where there is a deficiency. The shapes of these pots and pans are exceedingly clumsy, and their ungainly look is increased by the frequency with which they become lop-sided in consequence of imperfect drying. Examples of these articles may be seen in several parts of this work. At the farther end of the illustration No. 1, on page 63, may be seen several of the larger pots, which are used for holding grain after it has been husked.

The operation of husking, by the way, is rather a peculiar one, and not at all pleasant for the spectators who care for their eyes or faces. The dry heads of maize are thrown in a heap upon the hard and polished floor of the hut, and a number of Kaffirs sit in a circle round the heap, each being furnished with the ever-useful knob-kerry. One of them strikes up a song, and

the others join in full chorus, beating time with their clubs upon the heads of maize. This is a very exciting amusement for the performers, who shout the noisy chorus at the highest pitch of their lungs, and beat time by striking their knob-kerries upon the grain. With every blow of the heavy club, the maize grains are struck from their husks, and fly about the hut in all directions, threatening injury, if not absolute destruction, to the eyes of all who are present in the hut. Yet the threshers appear to enjoy an immunity which seems to be restricted to themselves and blacksmiths; and while a stranger is anxiously shading his eyes from the shower of hard maize grains, the threshers themselves do not give a thought to the safety of their eyes, but sing at the top of their voice, pound away at the corn cobs, and make the grains fly in all directions, as if the chorus of the song were the chief object in life, and the preservation of their eyesight were unworthy of a thought.

After the maize has been thus separated from the husk, a large portion is hidden away in the subterranean granaries, which have already been mentioned, while a considerable quantity is placed in their large earthen jars for home consumption. In boiling meat, two pots are employed, one being used as a cover inverted over the other, and the two are luted tightly together so as to preserve the flavor of the meat. Except for the three purposes of preserving grain, cooking food, and boiling beer, the Kaffir seldom uses earthenware vessels, his light baskets answering every purpose, and being very much more convenient for handling.

From the preceding pages, the reader may form a tolerable idea of the habits and customs of the tribes which inhabit this portion of the world, and of whom one race has been selected as the typical example. Of the many other tribes but slight notice will be taken, and only the most salient points of their character will be mentioned. On the whole it will be seen that the life of a South African savage is not so repulsive as is often thought to be the case, and that, bating a few particulars, a Kaffir lives a tolerably happy and peaceful life. He is of course called upon to serve in the army for a certain time, but he shares this liability with inhabitants of most civilized nations, and when he returns after the campaign he is rewarded for good conduct by a step in social rank, and the means whereby to maintain it.

Domestic life has, of course, its drawbacks among savages as among civilized nations; and there are, perhaps, times when the gallant soldier, who has been rewarded with a wife or two for his courage in the field, wishes himself once more engaged on a war march. The natural consequence of the low esteem in which the women are

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viewed, and the state of slavery in which they are held, is that they are apt to quarrel fiercely among themselves, and to vent upon each other any feelings of irritation that they are forced to suppress before their lords and masters.

Even among ourselves we see how this querulous spirit is developed in proportion to want of cultivation, and how, in the most degraded neighborhoods, a quarrel starts up between two women on the very slightest grounds, and spreads in all directions like fire in tow. So, in a Katfir kraal, a couple of women get up a quarrel, and the contagion immediately spreads around. Every woman within hearing must needs take part in the quarrel, just like dogs when they hear their companions fighting, and the scene in the kraal becomes, as may be seen by the illustration No. 2, page 200, more lively than pleasant. Even this drawback to domestic life is not without its remedy, which generally takes the shape of a stick, so that the men, at least, pass tolerably tranquil lives. Their chief characteristics are the absolute power of their king, and their singular subservience to superstition; but, as they have never been accustomed to consider their lives or their property their own, they are quite happy under conditions which would make an Englishman miserable.

ANY account of Southern Africa would be imperfect without a short description of one or two of the conspicuous trees, especially of the thorns which render the "bush" so impervious to an European, but which have no effect on the naked and well-oiled skin of a Katfir. Frequently the traveller will pursue his journey for many days together, and will see scarcely a tree that does not possess thorns more or less formidable. These thorns may be roughly divided into two groups, namely, the straight and the hooked.

The straight thorns are produced by trees belonging to the great group of *Acacias*, in which Southern Africa is peculiarly rich. They are too numerous to be separately noticed, and it is only needful to say that the two chief representatives of this formidable tree are the Kameel-dorn (*Acacia giraffe*) and the Karroo-dorn (*Acacia Capensis*). The former tree has sharp brown thorns, very thick and strong, and is remarkable for the fact that its pod does not open like that of most trees of the same group. It is called by the Dutch colonists the Kameel-dorn, because the giraffe, or kameel, grazes upon its delicate leaves; but its native name is Mokiaka, and by that title it is known throughout the greater part of Southern Africa. The wood of the Kameel-dorn varies in color, being pale-red toward the circumference of the trunk, and deepening toward the centre into dark reddish-brown. The very heart of the tree, which is extremely heavy, and of a very dark color,

is used in the manufacture of knob-kerries, and similar articles, the chief of which are the handles of the feather-headed sticks, which have already been mentioned in the chapter upon hunting. The tree is found almost exclusively on rich sandy plains where is little water.

The other species, which is known by the name of Karroo-dorn, or White-thorn, is generally found on the banks of rivers or water-courses, and is therefore a most valuable tree to the thirsty traveller, who always looks out for the Karroo-thorn tree, knowing that it is generally on the bank of some stream, or that by digging at its foot he may find water. The leaves of this tree are extremely plentiful; but they are of so small a size that the tree affords but very little shade, and the effect of the sunbeams passing through a thick clump of these trees is most singular. Several stems generally rise from the same root, and it is a remarkable fact that the older trees can easily be known by the dead branches, which snap across, and then fall downward, so that their tips rest on the ground, while at the point of fracture they are still attached to the tree. Insects, especially the wood-devouring beetles, are supposed to be the cause of this phenomenon, as the dead branches are always found to be perforated with their burrows.

Every branch and twig of this tree is covered with the sharp white thorns, which grow in pairs, and vary much in length, averaging generally from two to four inches. They are sometimes even seven inches in length; and deficiency in length is more than compensated by great thickness, one of them in some cases measuring nearly two inches in circumference. They are white in color, and are hollow, the thickness of their walls scarcely exceeding that of a quill. They are, however, exceedingly strong, and are most formidable impediments to any who encounter them. There is a story of a lion, which I could not bring myself to believe until I had seen these thorns, but which now seems perfectly credible. The lion had sprung at his prey, but had slipped in his spring, and fallen into a thorn-bush, where he lay impaled among the sharp spikes, and so died from the effects of his many wounds. If the bush had been composed of such thorns as those which have been described, it would have been a much more wonderful thing for him to have escaped than to have perished.

The danger, as well as annoyance, which is caused by these thorns may be imagined from an accident which befell one of Le Vaillant's oxen. The animal happened to be driven against an acacia, and some of the thorns penetrated its breast, of course breaking into the wound. All those which could be seen were extracted with pincers; but several of them had broken beneath the

skin, and could not be touched. These caused so violent an inflammation that, after waiting for twenty-four hours in hopes of saving its life, it was found necessary to put it to death.

This thorn is very useful for various reasons. In the first place, its bark is employed in the manufacture of the strings with which the natives weave their mats together, and which they often use in tying together the flexible sticks which form the framework of their huts. From the thorns of the tree the young maidens form various ornaments, and with these thorns they decorate their heads, if they should not be fortunate enough to procure the quills of the porcupine for that purpose. Moreover, the dried wood makes an excellent fire, burning easily and rapidly, and throwing out a brisk and glowing, though rather transient heat.

Several of the acacias are useful as food-providers, the gum which exudes from them being eaten as a regular article of diet. The reader may remember that the poor Damara woman, who was left to die in the wilderness, was supplied with gum as an article of food. Several of the trees supply the gum in very large quantities. Mr. Burchell, the well-known traveller, thinks that the gum which exudes from these trees is so clear and good that it might largely take the place of the gum-arabic of commerce, and form as regular article of merchandise as the ivory, hides, and feathers, which form the staple of South African trade. "On the branches of these acacias, which have so great a resemblance to the true acacia of the ancients, or the tree which yields the gum-arabic, as to have been once considered the same species, I frequently saw large lumps of very good and clear gum.

"Wherever they had been wounded by the hatchets of the natives, there most commonly the gum exuded; and by some similar operations it is probable that the trees might, without destroying them, be made to produce annually a large crop. And if a computation could be made of the quantity that might be obtained from those trees only which line the banks of the Gariep and its branches, amounting to a line of wood (reckoning both sides) of more than two thousand miles, one would feel inclined to suppose that it might be worth while to teach and encourage the natives to collect it. This they certainly would be ready to do, if they heard that tobacco could always be obtained in exchange.

"But if to the acacias of the river are added the myriads which crowd almost every river in extra-tropical Southern Africa, or even between the Cape and the Gariep only, we may feel satisfied that there are trees enough to supply a quantity of this drug more than equal to the whole consumption of Great Britain. Of the productiveness of the *Acacia Capensis* as compared

with that of the *Acacia vera*, I have no information that enables me to give an opinion; but with respect to the quality, I think we may venture to pronounce it to be in no way inferior."

These are fair representatives of the straight-thorned plant of Southern Africa. The best example of the hook-thorned vegetation is that which is described by Burchell as the Grapple-plant; but it is better known by the expressive name of Hook-thorn. The scientific title of this plant is *Uncaria procumbens*, the former name being given to it on account of the hooks with which it is armed, and the latter to the mode in which it grows along the ground.

When in blossom, this is a singularly beautiful plant, the large flowers being of a rich purple hue, and producing a most lovely effect as they spread themselves over the ground, or hang in masses from the trees and shrubs. The long, trailing branches are furnished throughout their length with sharp barbed thorns, set in pairs. Unpleasant as are the branches, they become worse when the purple petals fall and the seed-vessels are developed. Then the experienced traveller dreads its presence, and, if he can do so, keeps clear of the ground which is tenanted by such a foe. The large seed-vessels are covered with a multitude of sharp and very strong hooked thorns. When the seed is ripe, the vessel splits along the middle, and the two sides separate widely from each other, so that they form an array of hooks which reminds the observer of the complicated devices used by anglers in pike-fishing. The illustration No. 1, on page 247, represents a still closed seed-vessel, and, formidable as it looks, its powers are more than doubled when it is open and dry, each half being covered with thorns pointing in opposite directions. The thorns are as sharp as needles, and nearly as strong as if they were made of the same material.

The reader may easily imagine the horrors of a bush which is beset with such weapons. No one who wears clothes has a chance of escape from them. If only one hooked thorn catches but his coat-sleeve, he is a prisoner at once. The first movement bends the long, slender branches, and hook after hook fixes its point upon him. Struggling only trebles the number of his thorned enemies, and the only mode by which he can free himself is to "wait-a-bit," cut off the clinging seed-vessels, and, when he is clear of the bush, remove them one by one. This terrible plant was most fatal to the English soldiers in the last Kaffir wars, the unwieldy accoutrements and loose clothing of the soldier being seized by the thorns, and holding the unfortunate man fast, while the naked Kaffir could glide among the thorns unharmed, and deliver his assegai with impunity. If the reader would like to form an idea of the power of these thorns,

he can do so by thrusting his arm into the middle of a thick rose-bush, and mentally multiplying the number of thorns by a hundred, and their size by fifty. In shape the thorns have a singular resemblance to the fore-claws of the lion, and they certainly, though inanimate, are scarcely less efficacious.

There is one of the acacia tribe (*Acacia detinens*) which is nearly as bad in its way as the grapple-plant. In Burchell's "Travels" there is a very good account of this shrub, which is known to the colonists by the title of *Vacht-en-badgt*, or Wait-a-bit thorn. "The largest shrubs were about five feet high—a plant quite unknown to me, but well known to the Kharwater people . . . and is the same thorny bush which gave us so much annoyance the night before, where it was above seven feet high."

"I was preparing to cut some specimens of it, which the Hottentots observing, warned me to be very careful in doing so, otherwise I should be certainly caught fast in its branches. In consequence of this advice, I proceeded with the utmost caution; but, with all my care, a small twig got hold of one sleeve. While thinking to disengage it quietly with the other hand, both arms were seized by these rapacious thorns; and the more I tried to extricate myself, the more entangled I became; till at last it seized my hat also, and convinced me that there was no possibility for me to free myself but by main force, and at the expense of tearing all my clothes. I therefore called out for help, and two of my men came and released me by cutting off the branches by which I was held. In revenge for the ill-treatment, I determined to give to the tree a name which should serve to caution future travellers against allowing themselves to venture within its clutches." The monitory name to which allusion has been made is that of *detinens* as applied to that particular species of acacia.

Besides these plants, there is one which deserves a brief mention, on account of its remarkable conformation. This is the Three-thorn, a species of *Rhigozum*, which is very common in parts of Southern Africa. It is a low shrub, somewhere about three or four feet in height, and its branches divide very regularly into threes, giving it a quaint and altogether singular aspect. There is another remarkable species, called the Haak-en-steek, or the Hook-and-prick thorn. In this species the thorns are very curiously arranged. First comes a short, hooked thorn; and if the traveller contrives to be caught by this hook, and tries to pull himself away, he forces down upon himself a pair of long, straight thorns, two inches in length, and as sharp as needles.

It will be seen that the variety of thorns which beset the traveller is very great in-

deed. Dr. Kirk ingeniously divides them into three classes, namely, those which tear the flesh, those which tear the clothes, and those which tear both — this last class being by far the largest.

The reader may remember that the "Sink-wood" has occasionally been mentioned. This same tree with the unsavory name seems to have been rather neglected, if we may believe the account written by Le Vaillant nearly a century ago. He remarks of this tree, that it grows plentifully in several parts of Southern Africa, and is found near Algoa Bay, whence it is transported to the Cape, and there used in the manufacture of furniture. The tree is a very slow-growing one, and, like such trees, produces wood of a very hard texture. When freshly cut it is pale, but after the lapse of time it gradually darkens into a rich chestnut varied with black. Like the hard woods, it is susceptible of a very high polish, and possesses besides the invaluable property of being free from worms, which seem to perceive even in the dried wood the unpleasant odor which distinguishes it when green. In general look and mode of growth this tree much resembles the oak of our own country.

When a traveller first enters a South African forest, he is rather surprised by two circumstances; the first being that the trees do not surpass in size those which grace an ordinary English copse, and that in many cases they are far inferior both in size and beauty. The next point that strikes his attention is, the vast number of creepers which spread their slender branches from tree to tree, and which, in some instances, envelope the supporting tree so completely that they wholly hide it from view. They have the faculty of running up the trunks of trees, pushing their branches to the very extremity of the boughs, and then letting drop their slender filaments, that are caught by lower boughs and hang in festoons from them. At first the filaments are scarcely stronger than packthread, but by degrees they become thicker and thicker, until they are as large as a man's arm. These creepers multiply in such profusion that they become in many places the chief features of the scenery, all the trees being bound together by the festoons of creepers which hang from branch to branch.

The Dutch settlers call them by the name of Bavians-tow, or Baboon-ropes, because the baboons and monkeys clamber by means of them to the extremities of the branches where the fruit grows. The scientific name for the plant is *Cynanchum obtusifolium*. The natives, ever watchful for their own interests, make great use of these creepers, and the Kaffirs use them largely in lashing together the various portions of their huts. The fruit of the Bavians-tow is only found at the extremity of the branches, where the

young filaments shoot out. When ripe it is something like a cherry, and is of a bright crimson color. It goes by the popular name of "wild grape," and is much liked by monkeys, birds, and men. From the fruit a kind of spirit is distilled, and a very good preserve can be made from it.

These baboon-ropes are not the only parasitic growths upon trees. In many parts of the country there is a kind of long, fibrous moss which grows upon the trees, and is often in such profusion that it completely covers them, hiding not only the trunk and branches, but even the twigs and leafage. This mossy growth extends to a considerable length, in some cases attaining as much as ten or twelve feet. It is yellow in color, and when short is very soft and fine, so that it can be used for most of the purposes to which cotton or tow are applied. But, when it reaches the length of six or seven feet, it becomes hard and wiry, and is comparatively useless. I have now before me a

quantity of this tow-like lichen, which had been used in packing a large box full of Kaffir weapons and implements. There is a tree which furnishes a very useful timber, called from its color, "Geelc-hout," a yellow wood. This tree is a species of *Taxus*, but there are at least two species which produce the wood. The timber is much used for beams, planks, and building purposes generally.

Many travellers have thought that these and several other trees would form valuable articles of merchandise, and that they might be profitably imported to Europe. That they afford really valuable woods, and that some of them would be extremely useful in delicate and fancy work, is indisputable. The only difficulty is, that to cut and transport them at present involves so much expense that the arrangement would hardly be sufficiently profitable for the investment of so much capital.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOTTENTOT RACES.

THE CONTRASTED RACES—MUTUAL REPULSION BETWEEN THE KAFFIR AND THE HOTTENTOT—NATIVE ALLIES—APPEARANCE OF THE HOTTENTOT RACE; THEIR COMPLEXION AND FEATURES—RESEMBLANCE TO THE CHINESE—THE SUN AND ITS SUPPOSED EFFECT ON COLOR—THE HOTTENTOT IN YOUTH AND AGE—RAPID DETERIORATION OF FORM—SINGULAR FORMATION OF HOTTENTOT WOMEN—PORTRAIT-TAKING WITH A SEXTANT—GROWTH OF THE HAIR—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE HOTTENTOTS—DRESS OF THE MEN—WOMEN'S DRESS AND ORNAMENTS—OSTRICH EGG SHELLS USED AS AN ORNAMENT—A CURIOUS FRONTLET—GREASE, SIBILO, AND BUCHU—NATURE OF THE SIBILO, AND THE MODE IN WHICH IT IS PROCURED—USE OF THE BUCHU—MODE OF PREPARING SKINS—THE TANNING-VAT—ROPE-MAKING—BOWLS AND JARS—HIDE ROPES AND THEIR MANUFACTURE—THE HOTTENTOT SPOON—A NATIVE FLY-TRAP—MAT-MAKING—HOTTENTOT ARCHITECTURE—SIMPLE MODE OF AVOIDING VERMIN—NOMAD HABITS OF THE HOTTENTOTS—THE DIGGING-STICK.

BEFORE proceeding with the general view of the remaining tribes which inhabit Africa, it will be necessary to give a few pages to the remarkable race which has lived for so long in close contact with the Kaffir tribes, and which presents the curious phenomenon of a pale race living in the same land with a black race, and yet having preserved its individuality. About three centuries ago, the whole of Southern Africa was inhabited by various tribes, some of which, owing to a large and powerful nation, now known collectively under the name of Hottentots, was at that time the master and holder of the land, of which it had held possession for a considerable period. Whether or not the Hottentots were the aboriginal inhabitants of Southern Africa, is rather doubtful; but the probability is, that they came from a distant source, and that they displaced the aborigines, exactly as they themselves were afterward ejected by the Kaffirs, and the Kaffirs supplanted by the Europeans.

The Hottentots have a deadly and almost instinctive hatred of the Kaffir race. The origin of this feeling is evidently attributable to the successive defeats which they suffered at the hands of the Kaffirs, and caused them to be merely tolerated inhabitants of a land in which they were formerly the masters. The parents have handed down this antipathy to their children, and, as is

often the case, it seems to have grown stronger in each generation, so that the semi-civilized Hottentot of the present day, though speaking the European language, and wearing European clothing, hates the Kaffirs as cordially as did his wild ancestors, and cannot even mention their name without prefixing some opprobrious epithet.

In consequence of this feeling, the Hottentot is an invaluable cow-herd, in a land where Kaffirs are professional cow-stealers. He seems to detect the presence of a Kaffir almost by intuition, and even on a dark night, when the dusky body of the robber can hardly be seen, he will discover the thief, work his stealthy way toward him, and kill him noiselessly with a single blow. In the late South African war, the Hottentots became most useful allies. They were docile, easily disciplined, and were simply invaluable in bush-fighting, where the English soldier, with all his apparatus of belts and accoutrements, was utterly useless.

It is rather a remarkable fact that, in every country into which the English have carried their arms, the natives have become the best allies against their own countrymen, and have rendered services without which the English could scarcely have kept their footing. No one can track up and capture the Australian native rebel so effectually as a native policeman. The native African assists them against those who at

all events inhabit the same land, though they may not happen to belong to the same race. The natives of China gave them great assistance in the late Chinese war, and the services which were rendered them by native forces during the great Indian mutiny can hardly be overrated.

However much the Hottentot may dislike the Kaffir, the feeling of antagonism is reciprocal, and the vindictive hatred borne by the defeated race toward their conquerors is scarcely less intense than the contemptuous repugnance felt by the victors toward the vanquished.

Neither in color nor general aspect do the Hottentots resemble the dark races around them. Their complexion is sallow, and much like that of a very dark person suffering from jaundice. Indeed, the complexion of the Hottentots much resembles that of the Chinese, and the general similitude between the two nations is very remarkable. (See page 224.) One of my friends who lived long in South Africa had a driver who dressed like a Hottentot, and who, to all appearance, was a Hottentot. One day, however, he astonished his master by declaring himself a Chinese, and proving the assertion by removing his hat and showing the long pig-tail twisted round his head. He was, in fact, a Chinese Coolie, who had been imported into Southern Africa, and who, after the fashion of his people, had accommodated himself to the manners and customs of those among whom he lived. Mr. Moffatt, the missionary author, mentions that he saw two Chinese children, whom he would have taken for Hottentots had he not been informed of their true character.

The existence of this light-colored race in such a locality affords a good proof that complexion is not entirely caused by the sun. There is a very popular idea that the hot sun of tropical countries produces the black color of the negro and other races, and that a low temperature bleaches the skin. Yet we have the Hottentots and their kindred tribes exhibiting pale skins in a country close to the tropics, while the Esquimaux, who live amid eternal ice, are often so dark that they might almost be mistaken for negroes, but for the conformation of their faces and the length of their hair.

The shape of the Hottentot face is very peculiar, as may be seen by reference to any engravings which illustrate scenes in Hottentot life. The cheek-bones project sharply from the face, and the long chin is narrow and pointed. These characteristics are not so visible in youth, but seem to grow stronger with age. Indeed, an old Hottentot, whether man or woman, seems to have scarcely any real face, but to be furnished with a mere skin drawn tightly over the skull.

What were the manners and customs of the Hottentots before they were dispossessed by the Kaffirs, or deteriorated by contact

with bad specimens of European civilization, is extremely difficult to say, as no trustworthy historian of their domestic economy has lived among them. Kolben, whose book of travels has long been accepted as giving a true account of the Hottentot, is now known to be utterly unworthy of belief, inasmuch as his information is second-hand, and those from whom he obtained it have evidently amused themselves by imposing upon his credulity.

As this work treats only of the normal habits and customs of the various parts of the world, and has nothing to do with the modifications of civilization, the account of the Hottentot will be necessarily brief.

In shape the Hottentots alter strangely according to their age. When children, they are not at all agreeable objects—at least, to an unaccustomed eye, being thin in the limbs, with an oddly projecting stomach, and a corresponding fall in the back. If tolerably well fed, they lose this strange shape when they approach the period of youth, and as young men and girls are almost models of perfection in form, though their faces are not entitled to us much praise. But they do not retain this beauty of form for any long period, some few years generally comprehending its beginning and its end. "In five or six years after their arrival at womanhood," writes Burchell, "the fresh plumpness of youth has already given way to the wrinkles of age; and, unless we viewed them with the eye of commiseration and philanthropy, we should be inclined to pronounce them the most disgusting of human beings." Their early, and, it may be said, premature symptoms of age, may perhaps, with much probability, be ascribed to a hard life, an uncertain and irregular supply of food, exposure to every inclemency of weather, and a want of cleanliness, which increases with years. These, rather than the nature of the climate, are the causes of this quick fading and decay of the bloom and grace of youth.

The appearance of an ordinary Hottentot woman can be seen by reference to the illustration No. 2, opposite, taken from a sketch by the author whose words have just been quoted. The subject of the drawing looks as if she were sixty years old at the very least, though, on account of the early deterioration of form, she might be of any age from twenty-seven upward. It is hardly possible to conceive that so short a period would change the graceful form of the Hottentot girl, as shown on the same page, into the withered and wrinkled hag who is here depicted, but such is really the case, and the strangest part is, that it is scarcely possible to tell whether a woman is thirty or sixty years of age by her looks alone.

Not the least remarkable point in the Hottentot women is the singular modification of form to which they are often, though

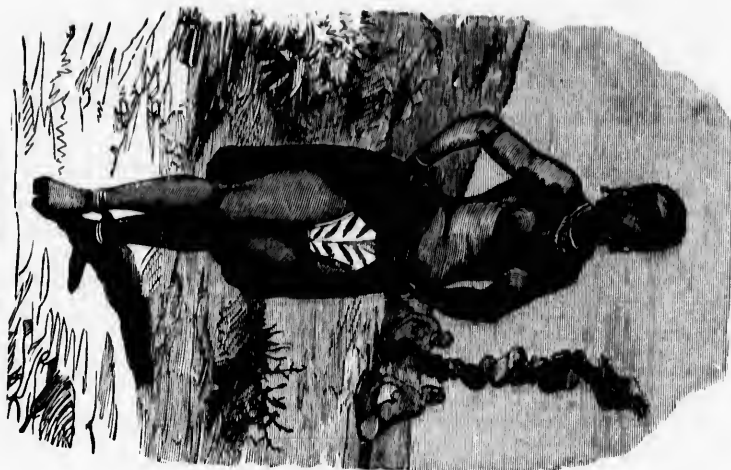
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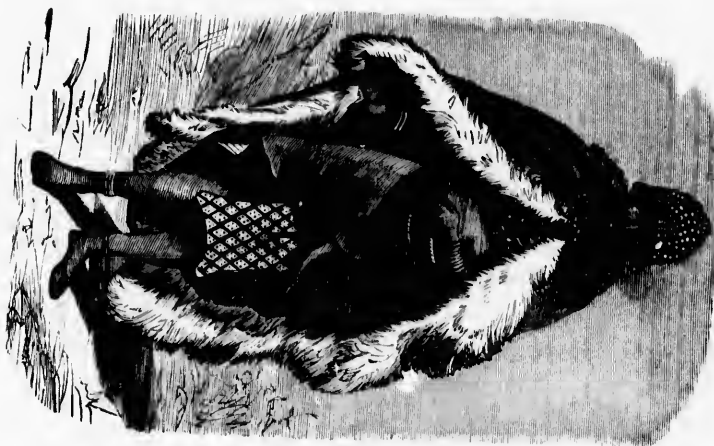
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(1.) HOTTENTOT GIRL.
(See page 222.)



(2.) HOTTENTOT WOMAN.
(See page 218.)



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net universally, subject—a development of which the celebrated “Hottentot Venus” afforded an excellent example. A very amusing description of one of these women is given by Mr. Galton, in his well-known work on Southern Africa:—

“Mr. Hahn’s household was large. There was an interpreter and a sub-interpreter, and again others, but all most excellently well-behaved, and showing to great advantage the influence of their master. These servants were chiefly Hottentots, who had migrated with Mr. Hahn from Hottentotland, and, like him, had picked up the language of the Damaras. The sub-interpreter was married to a charming person, not only a Hottentot in figure, but in that respect a Venus among Hottentots. I was perfectly aghast at her development, and made inquiries upon that delicate point as far as I dared among my missionary friends. The result is, that I believe Mrs. Petrus to be the lady who ranks second among all the Hottentots for the beautiful outline that her back affords, Jonker’s wife ranking as the first; the latter, however, was slightly *passée*, while Mrs. Petrus was in full *embon-point*.

“I profess to be a scientific man, and was exceedingly anxious to obtain accurate measurement of her shape; but there was a difficulty in doing this. I did not know a word of Hottentot, and could never, therefore, explain to the lady what the object of my foot-rule could be; and I really dared not ask my worthy missionary host to interpret for me. I therefore felt in a dilemma as I gazed at her form, that gift of bounteous nature to this favored race, which no mantua-maker, with all her crinoline and stuffing, can do otherwise than humbly imitate. The object of my admiration stood under a tree, and was turning herself about to all points of the compass, as ladies who wish to be admired usually do. Of a sudden my eye fell upon my sextant; the bright thought struck me, and I took a series of observations upon her figure in every direction, up and down, crossways, diagonally, and so forth, and I registered them carefully upon an outline drawing for fear of any mistake. This being done, I boldly pulled out my measuring tape, and measured the distance from where I was to the place where she stood, and, having thus obtained both base and angles, I worked out the result by trigonometry and logarithms.”

This remarkable protuberance, which shakes like jelly at every movement of the body, is not soft as might be imagined, but firm and hard. Mr. Christie, who is rather above the middle size, tells us that he has sometimes stood upon it without being supported by any other part of the person. The scientific name for this curious development is *Steatopygia*. It does not cause

the least inconvenience, and the women find it rather convenient as affording a support whenever they wish to carry an infant.

Another peculiarity in this curious race is the manner in which the hair grows on the head. Like that of the negroes it is short, crisp, and woolly, but it possesses the peculiarity of not covering the entire head, but growing in little patches, each about as large as a pea. These patches are quite distinct, and in many instances are scattered so sparingly over the head, that the skin can be plainly seen between them. Perhaps this odd growth of the hair affords a reason for the universal custom of wearing a cap, and of covering the head thickly with grease and mineral powder. The original manners and customs of the Hottentots have entirely vanished, and, unlike the fiercer and nobler Kaffir tribes, they have merged their own individuality in that of the white settlers. They always dress in European apparel, but it has been noticed by those who have lived in the country, that the Hottentot, though fully clothed, is far less modest in appearance than the Kaffir, who wears scarcely any clothing at all. In this point seems to be one of the great distinctions between the Hottentot and other races. It is quite true that Le Vaillant and travellers antecedent to him have written of the Hottentots in the most glowing terms, attributing to them almost every virtue that uncivilized man is likely to possess, and praising them for the absence of many vices that disgrace civilized humanity.

Now, the fact is, that Le Vaillant was evidently a man of exceptional abilities in the management of inferiors, and that he possessed an intuitive knowledge of character that is very seldom to be found. Consequently the men who were submissive, docile, and affectionate under his firm, yet determined sway, might have been capacious, idle, and insubordinate under a less judicious leader. They looked upon him as a being infinitely superior to themselves, untouched by the impulsive and unreasoning motives by which these children of nature are led, and in consequence yielded to the subtle and all-powerful influence which a higher nature exercises over a lower.

The Hottentots with whom our author came in contact were free from the many vices which degrade the Hottentot of the present day, but it is clear that they were innocent simply because they were ignorant. Those of the present time have lost all their ancient simplicity, and have contrived to imbue themselves with the vices in which the advent of the white men enabled them to indulge, without at the same time improving their intellectual or social condition.

We will now endeavor to see the Hottentot as he used to be before he was conquered

by the Kaffirs, and reduced to servitude by the European colonists.

The general appearance of the Hottentot may be seen by reference to the illustration No. 2, opposite, which represents a young man named Klaas, who was the favorite attendant of Le Vaillant, and of whom the traveller speaks in the highest terms. He has, therefore, been selected as a favorable specimen of his nation. The reader will understand that in the following account of the Hottentot tribes, they are described as they used to be, and not as they are at the present day.

The ordinary dress of a Hottentot man can be tolerably imagined from the portrait of Klaas. Over his shoulder is thrown a large mantle, or kaross, made of cow-hide tanned and softened, and worn with the fur inward. This mantle is most in fashion, and when engaged in his ordinary occupations the Hottentot throws it off, so as to be unencumbered. Around his waist are a number of leathern thongs, mingled with strings of beads and other ornaments, and to one of these thongs are fastened two aprons, one in front and the other behind. That one in front is called the "jackat," because it is generally made of a piece of jackal skin or similar fur. The second apron, if it may be so named, is not universally worn, though a Hottentot of taste does not consider himself dressed without it. It is simply a triangular flap of leather, barely a foot in length, two inches in width at the top, where it joins the girdle, and widening to four inches at the bottom. This curious appendage is ornamented with bits of metal, steel, beads, and other decorations, and the owner seems to take a great pride in this odd article of dress. Of course it is not of the least use, and may be compared to the tails of a modern dress-coat, or the bag attached to the collar of a court suit.

Some families among the Hottentots vary the shape of the "staart-rheim," as the Dutch colonists call it, and make it of different forms. Some have it square, and others circular or oblong, while some, who are possessed of more than ordinary ingenuity, make it into the form of a crescent or a cross. This article of dress still survives among some of the African tribes, as will be seen on a future page.

Round the ankles are fastened thongs of hide. These articles gave rise to the absurd statement that Hottentots wore the intestines of animals until they became softened by putridity, and then ate them, carefully keeping up the supply by adding fresh thongs in the place of those which were eaten. The real fact is, that these leathern bands act as a defence against the thorns among which the Hottentots have to walk, and for that purpose they are used by both sexes. It is true that, in some cases, the wearers have been reduced to such a state

of starvation that they have been obliged to eat the hide circlets from their limbs, and eat them with the aid of what rude cooking could be extemporized. But it will be remarked that the Kaffir soldiers have been reduced to eat their shields and the leathern thongs which bound the assagai-heads to the shaft, and no one would therefrom infer that the Kaffirs made their shields an ordinary article of diet.

The feet are protected from sharp stones and thorns by a simple kind of shoe, or sandal, which is little more than a piece of stout leather, larger than the sole of the foot, and tied on by thongs. The feet of the card-players, on page 237, show this sandal. It is not worn, however, when the Hottentot is engaged in his ordinary vocations, and is only employed when he is on a journey, and the ground which he has to traverse is exceptionally rough and thorny. These sandals are in use throughout a large portion of Southern Africa, and the best are made by the Bachapins, a sub-tribe of the Bechu-anas.

The dress of the women is essentially the same as that of the men, although it is more complicated, and there is more of it. As is the case with the Kaffir, the children of both sexes wear no clothing at all until they are eight or nine years old, and then the girls assume the little leathern apron called the "makkabi." This portion of dress is somewhat similar to that which is worn by the Kaffir girls, and is simply a flat piece of leather cut into thin strips. The thongs are generally longer than those worn by the Kaffir, and sometimes reach nearly to the knee. Over this is sometimes, but not universally, worn a second apron of skin, ornamented with beads, bits of shining metal, and similar decorations. The beads are arranged in patterns, an idea of which can be gained from the illustration No. 1, page 219, which represents a Gonaqua Hottentot girl, about sixteen years of age. This girl was a special favorite of Le Vaillant's, and certainly seems from his account to have been a singularly favorable instance of unsophisticated human nature. The attitude in which she is depicted is a very characteristic one, being that which the Hottentot girls are in the habit of assuming. It is remarkable, by the way, that the pleasing liveliness for which the Hottentot youth are notable departs together with youth, the demeanor of the men and women being sedate and almost gloomy.

Around the loins is fastened a much larger apron without any decoration. This is of variable size and shape, but the usual form is that which is shown in the illustration. Its name is "musesi," and, like the "staart-rheim" of the men, is not thought to be a necessary article of clothing, being put on more for ceremony than for use. This apron is also variable in size, some-

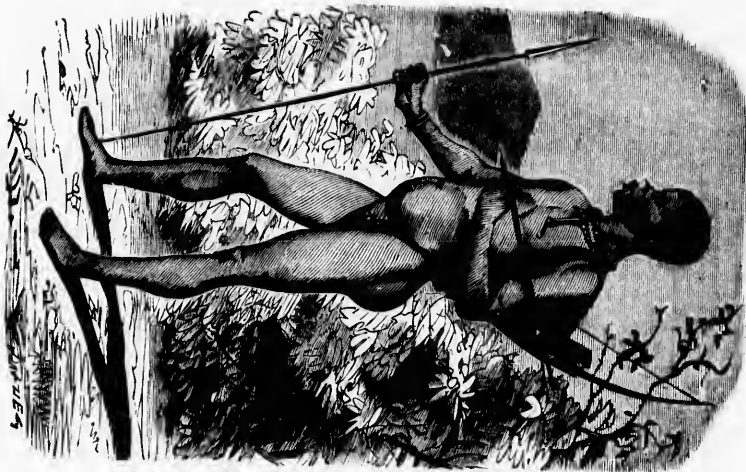
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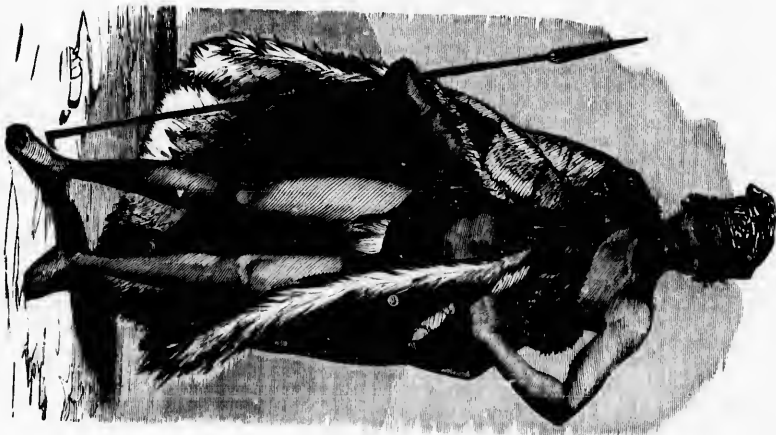
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(1) HOTTENTOT YOUNG MAN. (See page 218.)



(2) HOTTENTOT IN FULL DRESS. (See page 222.)



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times being so long as nearly to touch the ground, and sometimes barely reaching to the knee. The Dutch settlers called these aprons the "fore-kaross," and "hind-kaross," words which sufficiently explain themselves.

The leather thongs which encircle the leg are mostly ornamented with wire twisted round them, and sometimes a woman will wear on her legs one or two rings entirely composed of wire. Sometimes there are so many of these rings that the leg is covered with them as high as the knee, while in a few instances four or five rings are even worn above the knee, and must be extremely inconvenient to the wearer. Beads of various colors are also worn profusely, sometimes strung together on wire, and hung round the neck, waist, wrists, and ankles, and sometimes sewed upon different articles of apparel.

Before beads were introduced from Europe, the natives had a very ingenious method of making ornaments, and, even after the introduction of beads, the native ornament was much prized. It was made by laboriously cutting ostrich shells into thin circular disks, varying in size from the sixth of an inch to nearly half an inch in diameter, and pierced through the middle. Many hundreds of these disks are closely strung together, so as to form a sort of circular rope, white as if made of ivory. Sometimes this rope is long enough to pass several times round the body, against which the shining white disks produced a very good effect.

Burchell mentions a curious kind of ornament which was worn by a young Hottentot girl, and which seemed to be greatly prized by her. It consisted of three pieces of ivory about the size and shape of sparrow's eggs, each tied to the end of a thong, and so arranged that one of them hung over the nose and another on each cheek. As she moved her head in conversation these ivory beads swung about from side to side, and in her estimation produced a very telling effect. I have in my collection a good specimen of a similar frontlet. It consists of a leathern thong three feet in length, at each end of which is a cowrie shell. One foot in length of its centre is composed of a double row of the ostrich egg-rope which has just been described, so that, when the frontlet is tied on the head, the white egg-shell ropes cross the forehead. From the exact centre fall six short thongs, at the end of each of which is an ornament of pearly-shell or tortoise-shell. Four of these thongs are covered with native beads, made from the bone of the ostrich, and are further ornamented with a large scarlet seed in the middle. At each end of the egg-shell rope are two shell-clad thongs, exactly like those which have been described, and, when the frontlet is in its place, these ornaments hang upon each cheek. The illustration No. 5 upon page

247 shows the frontlet as it appears when bound upon the head of a Hottentot belle.

The dress of the married woman is, of course, more elaborate than that of the young girl. Although they sometimes appear with a very slight costume, they usually prefer to be tolerably well clad. With married women both the aprons are larger than with the girls, and they wear besides a shorter apron over the breast. Their kaross, too, is of comparatively large size. The Hottentot females always wear a cap of some kind, the usual material being leather, which is dressed in the same manner as the skin of which the kaross and the aprons are made.

The hair is plentifully imbued with grease, in which has been mixed a quantity of the metallic powder of which the Hottentots are immoderately fond, and which is called by the Dutch colonists "Black-klip," or Shining Rock, on account of its glittering appearance. The natives call it by the name of *Sibilo*, which is pronounced as if it were written *Sibeelo*. The *sibilo* is extremely local, being only known to exist in one part of Africa, and is dug from a rock called *Sensavan*. It seems to be a very friable kind of iron ore, plentifully interspersed with minute particles of mica, the union of these two substances giving it the appearance which is so much admired by the natives. This substance is a "shining, powdery iron ore, of a steel-gray or bluish lustre, soft and greasy to the touch, its particles adhering to the hands or clothes, and staining them of a dark-red or ferruginous lustre. The skin is not easily freed from these glossy particles, even by repeated washings, and whenever this substance is used everything becomes contaminated, and its glittering nature betrays it on every article which the wearer handles." Burchell goes on to say that oxidization gives to the iron ore that peculiar rust-red of which the Hottentots are so fond, while the micaceous particles impart to it that sparkling glitter which is scarcely less prized.

To the *Sensavan* rock come all the surrounding tribes for a supply of this precious substance, and those who are nearest are in the habit of digging it, and using it as a means of barter with more distant tribes. By degrees the rock has been quarried so deeply that a series of caverns have been worked into it, some penetrating for a considerable distance. Burchell relates an anecdote of a party of Hottentots who were engaged in digging the *sibilo*, and who were overwhelmed by the fall of the cavern in which they were working. The various caverns are never without inhabitants, for by day they are full of bats, and by night they form the resting-place of pigeons.

Besides the *sibilo*, another substance called *Buchu* is in universal use among the Hottentots. This is also a powder, but it is

of vegetable, and not of mineral origin. It is not nearly as valuable as the sibilo, although considered to be nearly as necessary an article of adornment, so that any one who is not bedaubed with sibilo, and perfumed with buchu, is considered unworthy of entrance into polite society. Sibilo, as the reader may remember, is to be obtained only from one spot, and is therefore a peculiarly valuable material, whereas the buchu can be obtained from several sources, and is accordingly held in lower esteem.

Buchu (pronounced *Bookoo*) is mostly obtained from a species of *Diosma*, and is made by reducing the plant to a powder. It possesses a strong odor, which to the nostrils of a Hottentot is extremely agreeable, but which has exactly the opposite effect upon the more sensitive organs of an European. When a number of Hottentots are assembled in one of their rude huts, the odor of the buchu, with which the karosses as well as the hair of the natives are plentifully imbued, is so exceedingly powerful, that no one except a native can breathe in such an atmosphere. The Hottentots have a wonderful veneration for this plant, and use it for various purposes. It is thought to form an admirable application to a wound, and for this purpose the leaves of the plant are infused in strong vinegar, and are generally steeped for so long a time that they form a kind of mucilage.

There are several species of plants from which the indispensable buchu is made, and one of them is a kind of fragrant croton, named by Burchell *Eroton gratissimum*, from its pleasant aromatic odor. It is a handsome bushy shrub, from four to seven feet in height. Both flowers and leaves possess an agreeable scent, and the buchu is made by drying and pounding the latter, which are lance-shaped, green above, and whitish below. The powder is used as a perfume, which to the nostrils of the Hottentot is highly agreeable, but to the European is simply abominable, especially when mingled with the odor of rancid grease and long-worn skin dresses.

Skins are prepared in some places after a different manner to that which has been described when treating of the Kaffirs, and undergo a kind of tanning process. When a Hottentot wishes to make a leathern robe, or other article of dress, he deprives the skin of its hair by rolling it up with the furry side inward, and allowing it to undergo a partial putrefaction. In the mean while he prepares his tanning-vat, by fixing four stakes into the ground, connecting their tops with cross-bars, and lashing a tolerably large hide loosely to them, so as to form a rude kind of basin or tub. A quantity of the astringent bark of the karroo thorn is placed in the vat together with the skin, and a sufficient quantity of ley is poured over them until the vessel is full. The bark

of this acacia not only possesses a powerful tanning principle, but at the same time imparts to the leather that reddish hue which is so much admired by Hottentots, and which is afterward heightened by the sibilo and buchu which are rubbed upon it.

Mr. Baines is, however, of opinion that this mode of preparing skins, primitive as it may appear, is not the invention of the Hottentot race, but is due to the superiority of the white settlers. The tanning-vat of hide appears simple enough to have been invented by a savage race, but, as it is only used near European settlements, the idea has probably been borrowed by the Hottentots. In places remote from the white settlers, and where their influence is not felt, the Hottentots do not tan the hides by steeping them in ley, but prepare them by manual labor in a manner somewhat similar to that which is used by the Kaffir. When a large cow-hide is to be prepared, several men take part in the proceeding, and make quite a festival of it. They sit in a circle, with the hide in their midst, and work it with their hands, occasionally rubbing in some butter or other grease. They sing songs the while, and at regular intervals they grasp the hide with both hands, and give it a violent pull outward, so as to stretch it equally in every direction.

The cord or string of which the Hottentots make so much use is twisted in a very simple manner. The bark of the ever-useful acacia is stripped from the branches, and divided into fibres by being steeped in water, and then pounded between two stones. Sometimes the rope-maker prefers to separate the fibres by chewing the bark, which is thought to have an agreeable flavor. When a sufficient quantity of fibre has been prepared, the workwoman seats herself on the ground, takes two yards of fibre, and rolls them with the palm of her hand upon the thigh. She then brings them together, gives them a quick roll in the opposite direction, and thus makes a two-stranded rope with a rapidity that could hardly be conceived, seeing that no tools of any kind are used. If any of my readers should happen to be skilled in nautical affairs, they will see that this two-stranded rope made by the Hottentots is formed on exactly the same principle as the "kittles" which are so important in many of the nautical knots and splices.

Rope-making is entirely a woman's business, and is not an agreeable one. Probably it is remitted to the women for that very reason. The friction of the rope against the skin is apt to abrade it, and makes it so sore that the women are obliged to relieve themselves by rolling the rope upon the calf of the leg instead of the thigh, and by the time that the injured portion has recovered the other is sore; and so the poor women have to continue their work, alternating

between one portion and another, until by long practice the skin becomes quite hard, and can endure the friction without being injured by it.

Among all the tribes of Southern Africa the taste for hide ropes is universal. Ropes of some kind are absolutely necessary in any country, and in this part of the world, as well as in some others, ropes made of hide are very much preferred to those which are formed from any other material. The reason for this preference is evidently owing to the peculiarities of the country. There are plenty of fibrous plants in Southern Africa which would furnish ropes quite equal to those which are in use in Europe, but ropes formed of vegetable fibre are found to be unsuitable to the climate, and, as a natural consequence, they have been abandoned even by European colonists.

The mode of preparing the hide ropes varies but little, except in unimportant details, and is briefly as follows:—The first process is to prepare a vessel full of ley, which is made by steeping the ashes of several plants, known under the generic title of *Salsola*. The young shoots of these plants are collected for the purpose, burned, and the ashes carefully collected. When an ox is killed, the hide is cut into narrow strips, and these strips are placed in the tub of ley and allowed to soak for some four-and-twenty hours. At the expiration of that time, a sufficient number of the strips are joined together, loosely twisted, and passed over the horizontal branch of a tree, a heavy weight being suspended from each end, so as to keep the thongs always on the stretch. A couple of natives then set to work, one stationing himself at each end of the rope, and twisting it by means of a short stick passed between the strands, while by the aid of the sticks they drag the rope backward and forward over the bough, never allowing it to rest on the same spot for any length of time, and always twisting the sticks in opposite directions. The natural consequence is, that the rope becomes very pliant, and at the same time is equally stretched throughout its length, the regularity of the twist depending on the skill of the two ropemakers. No other treatment is required, as the powerful liquid in which the raw thongs have been steeped enacts the part of the tanning "fat," and the continually dragging over the branch serves to make it pliant, and to avoid the danger of "kinking."

The use of the rope among the European settlers affords a good example of the reaction that takes place when a superior race mingles with an inferior. The white men have taught the aborigines many useful arts, but at the same time have been obliged to them for instruction in many others, without which they could not maintain their hold of the country. The reader will notice that the hide ropes are made by men, be-

cause they are formed from that noble animal, the ox, whereas ropes made of ignoble vegetable fibre are handed over to the women.

A remarkable substitute for a spoon is used by this people. It consists of the stem of a fibrous plant, called *Umphombo*, and is made in the following manner. The stem, which is flattish, and about an inch in width, is cut into suitable lengths and soaked in water. It is then beaten between two stones, until the fibres separate from each other, so as to form a sort of brush. This is dipped in the liquid, and conveys a tolerable portion to the mouth. The mention of this brush-spoon recalls a curious method of catching flies. The reader may remember that in Southern Africa, as well as in other hot parts of the world, the flies are so numerous as to become a veritable plague. They come in swarms into the houses, and settle upon every article of food, so that the newly-arrived traveller scarcely knows how to eat his meals. Being thirsty creatures, they especially affect any liquid, and will plunge into the cup while its owner is in the act of drinking. The natives contrive to lessen this evil, though they cannot entirely rid themselves of it, and mostly do so by the following ingenious contrivance:—

They first shut the doors of the hut, and then dip a large wisp of hay in milk, and hang it to the roof. All the flies are attracted to it, and in a few seconds nothing can be seen but a large, scething mass of living creatures. A bag is then gently passed over them, and a smart shake given to the trap, which causes all the flies to fall in a mass to the bottom of the bag. The bag is then removed, so as to allow a fresh company of flies to settle on the hay wisp, and by the time that the first batch of flies is killed, another is ready for immolation. Sometimes nearly a bushel of flies will be thus taken in a day. It is most likely that the natives were led to this invention by seeing the flies muster round their brush-spoons when they had been laid aside after use.

In some parts of the country, the flies are captured by means of the branches of a bush belonging to the genus *Roridula*. This is covered with a glutinous secretion, and, whenever the flies settle upon it, they are held fast and cannot escape. Branches of this useful plant are placed in different parts of the hut, and are very effective in clearing it of the little pests. Many of these flies are identical with the common house-fly of England, but there are many other species indigenous to the country.

The Hottentot is a tolerably good carver in wood, not because he has much idea of art, but because he has illimitable patience, and not the least idea of the value of time. Bowls and jars are carved from wood,

mostly that of the willow tree, and the carver prefers to work while the sap is still in the wood. A kind of willow grows by the water-side, as is the case in this country, and this is cut down with the odd little hatchets which are used in this part of the world. These hatchets are made on exactly the same principle as the hoes which have been so often mentioned, and which are represented on page 57. The head, however, is very much smaller, and the blade is set in a line with the handle instead of transversely. They are so small and feeble, that the labor of several men is required to cut down a tree only eighteen inches or so in diameter; and the work which an American axeman would complete in a few minutes occupies them a day or two. When the trunk has been at last severed, it is cut into convenient lengths by the same laborious process, and the different portions are mostly shaped by the same axe. If a bowl is the article to be made, it is partly hollowed by the axe, and the remainder of the work is done with a knife bent into a hook-like shape. These bowls are, on the average, a foot or eighteen inches in diameter.

Making bowls is a comparatively simple business, but the carving of a jar is a most laborious task. In making jars, the carver is forced to depend almost entirely upon the bent knife, and from the shape of the article it is evident that, when it is hollowed, the carver must work in a very constrained manner. Still, as time is of no value, the jar is at last completed, and, like the bowl, is well rubbed with fat, in order to prevent it from splitting. Generally, these jars hold about a gallon, but some of them are barely a quarter of that size, while others are large enough to contain five gallons. An European, with similar tools, would not be able to make the smaller sizes of these jars, as he would not be able to pass his hand into the interior. The hand of the Hottentot is, however, so small and delicate, that he finds no difficulty in the task. The jar is called *Bambus* in the Hottentot language.

Unlike the Kaffirs, the Hottentots are rather a nomad race, and their huts are so made that they can be taken to pieces and packed for transportation in less than an hour, while a couple of hours' labor is all that is required for putting them up afresh, even when the architect works as deliberately as is always the case among uncivilized natives. Consequently, when a horde of Hottentots travels from one place to another, a village seems to spring up almost as if by magic, and travellers who have taken many Hottentots in their train have been very much astonished at the sudden transformation of the scene.

In general construction, the huts are made on the same principle as those of the Kaffir, being formed of a cage-like framework, covered with lighter material. A

Hottentot kraal is illustrated opposite. The Kaffir, however, interweaves the withes and reeds of which the hut is made among the framework, and binds them together with ropes, when, if he is going to settle determinately in one spot, or if he builds a hut in a well-established kraal, he plasters the interior with clay, so as to make the structure firm and impervious to weather. The Hottentot, on the contrary, covers his hut with reed mats, which look very much like the sleeping-mats of the Kaffirs, and can be easily lashed to the framework, and as easily removed. These mats are made of two species of reed, one of which is soft, and can be easily bent, while the other is hard, and gives a great trouble to the maker. But the former has the disadvantage of being very liable to decay, and of lasting but a short time, whereas the latter is remarkable for its powers of endurance. These plants are called respectively the Soft Reed and the Hard Reed, and their scientific titles are *Cyperus textilis* and *Scriptus vegetalis*.

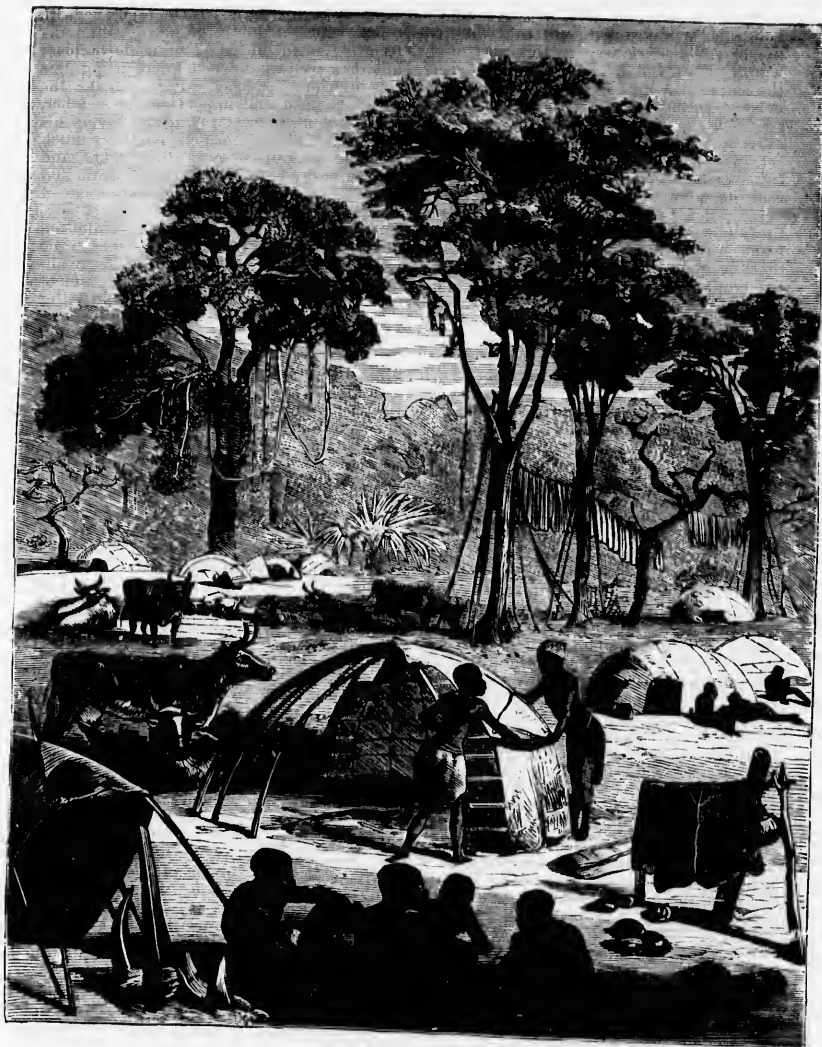
The method of making the mats is somewhat similar to that which is employed by the Kaffirs. The reeds are cut so as to measure six feet in length, and are placed in a heap by the side of the mat-maker, together with a quantity of the bark string which has already been mentioned. He pierces them with a bone or metal needle, or with a mimosa thorn if he does not possess a needle, and passes the string through the holes, so as to fasten the reeds together. Even considering the very slow and deliberate manner in which the Hottentot works, the mats can be made with considerable rapidity, and it is needless to observe that three Hottentots do not get through nearly as much work as an average Englishman.

In some cases, the Hottentot substitutes the skins of sheep or oxen for mats, but the latter are most generally in use — probably because the skins are too valuable as articles of apparel to be employed for the mere exterior of a house. Owing to the manner in which these huts are made, they are more impervious to weather than those of the Kaffir, and, as a necessary consequence, are less capable of letting out the smoke. An European can, on a pinch, exist in a Kaffir hut, but to do so in a skin-covered Hottentot house is almost impossible. To a restless and ever-moving people like the Hottentots, these mats are absolute necessities. A hut of ordinary size can be packed on the back of an ox, while another ox can carry all the simple furniture and utensils, together with the young children; and thus a whole family can be moved at a few minutes' notice, without much inconvenience. The huts are, in fact, nothing but tents made of mats, and resemble, in many particulars, the camel-hair tents of the equally nomad Arabs.

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HOTTENTOT KRAAL.

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No one—not even the owner—knows, on seeing a Hottentot hut, whether he will find it in the same place after a few hours have elapsed. Sometimes, a Hottentot wife will set to work, pull the hut to pieces, but, instead of packing it on the back of an ox, rebuild her house within twenty or thirty yards of its original locality. The object of this strange conduct is to rid herself and family from the fleas, which, together with other vermin, swarm exceedingly in a Hottentot's house, and drive the inmates to escape in the manner related. These unpleasant parasites are generally attacked in the early morning, the mantles, sheepskins, mats, and other articles, being taken outside the hut, and beaten soundly with a stick. Sufficient, however, remain to perpetuate the breed, and at last, as has been seen, they force the Hottentot fairly to remove the house altogether.

As to the Hottentots themselves, they suffer but comparatively little inconvenience from the bites of these creatures, against which the successive coatings of grease, buchu, and sibilo act as a partial defence. But, whenever the insects are fortunate enough to attack a clean-skinned European, they take full advantage of the opportunity, and drive him half mad. Gordon Cumming relates an amusing account of a small adventure which happened to himself in connection with these insects. He was extremely tired, and fell asleep among his followers, one of whom compassionately took off the kaross which he was wearing, and spread it over him. Presently the sleeper started up in a state of unbearable irritation from the bites of the numerous parasites with which the kaross was stocked. He was obliged instantly to remove every single article of apparel, and have them all beaten and searched before he could again resume them.

As may be seen by inspection of the illustration, the huts are not of quite the same shape as those belonging to the Kaffirs, the ends being flattened, and the apertures square instead of rounded, the door, in fact,

being simply made by the omission of one mat. The nomad life of the Hottentots is necessitated by their indolent habits, and their utter want of forethought. The Kaffir is not remarkable for the latter quality, as indeed is the case with most savage nations. But the Kaffir is, at all events, a tolerable agriculturist, and raises enough grain to supply his family with food, besides, in many cases, enclosing patches of ground in which to plant certain vegetables and fruit. The Hottentot, however, never had much notion of agriculture, and what little he attempts is of the rudest description.

The unwieldy hoe with which the Kaffir women break up the ground is a sufficiently rude and clumsy instrument, but it is perfection itself when compared with the digging stick of the Hottentot. This is nothing more than a stick of hard wood sharpened at one end, and weighted by means of a perforated stone through which it is passed, and which is held in its place by a wedge. With this rude instrument the Hottentot can break up the ground faster than might be imagined, but he oftener uses it for digging up wild plants, and unearthing sundry burrowing animals, than for any agricultural purposes.

The life of a Hottentot does not tie him to any particular spot. A sub-tribe or horde, which tolerably corresponds with the kraal of the Kaffir, settles down in some locality which they think will supply nourishment, and which is near water. Here, if the spot be favorable, they will sometimes rest for a considerable time, occasionally for a space of several years. Facility for hunting has much to do with the length of time that a horde remains in one spot, inasmuch as the Hottentots are admirable hunters, and quite rival the Kaffirs in this respect, even if they do not excel them. They are especially notable for the persevering obstinacy with which they will pursue their game, thinking a whole day well bestowed if they succeed at last in bringing down their prey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WEAPONS.

WEAPONS OF THE HOTTENTOT AND THEIR USE—HIS VORACITY, AND CAPABILITY OF BEARING HUNGER—MODE OF COOLING—POWER OF SLEEP—DISTINCTION BETWEEN HOTTENTOTS AND KAFFIRS—CATTLE AND THEIR USES—THE BAKELEYS OR FIGHTING OXEN—A HOTTENTOT'S MEMORY FOR A COW—MARRIAGE—POLYGAMY NOT OFTEN PRACTISED—WANT OF RELIGION—LANGUAGE OF THE HOTTENTOTS—THE CHARACTERISTIC "CLICKS"—AMUSEMENTS OF THE HOTTENTOTS—SINGING AND DANCING—SUBJECT OF THEIR SONGS—THE MAN'S DANCE—ALL AMUSEMENTS RESTRICTED TO NIGHT—THE MELON DANCE—"CARD-PLAYING"—LOVE OF A PRACTICAL JOKE—INABILITY TO MEASURE TIME—WARFARE—SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

THE weapons which the Hottentots use are mostly the bow and arrow. These weapons are almost identical with those employed by the Bosjesmans, and will be described in a future page. They also employ the assagai, but do not seem to be particularly fond of it, lacking the muscular strength which enables the Kafir to make such terrible use of it. Moreover, the Hottentot does not carry a sheaf of these weapons, but contents himself with a single one, which he does not throw until he is at tolerably close quarters.

He is, however, remarkable for his skill in throwing the knob-kerrie, which is always of the short form, so that he can carry several of them in his belt. In fact, he uses the kerrie much as the Kafir uses the assagai, having always a quantity of them to his hand, and hurling them one after the other with deadly accuracy of aim. With these weapons, so useless in the hands of an ordinary European, he can match himself against most of the ordinary animals of Southern Africa, excepting, of course, the larger elephants, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, and the predaceous felidae, such as the lion or leopard. These, however, he can destroy by means of pitfalls and other ingenious devices, and if a Hottentot hunter sets himself determinedly to kill or capture any given animal, that creature's chances of life are but small.

When he has succeeded in killing game, his voracity is seen to equal his patience. Hunger he can endure with wonderful indifference, tightening his belt day by day, and

contriving to support existence on an almost inappreciable quantity of food. But, when he can only procure meat, he eats with a continued and sustained voracity that is almost incredible. For quality he cares but little, and so that he can obtain unlimited supplies of meat, he does not trouble himself whether it be tough or tender. Whenever one of a horde of Hottentots succeeds in killing a large animal, such as an elephant or hippopotamus, and it happens to be at a distance from the kraal, the inhabitants prefer to strike their tent-like houses and to remove them to the animal rather than trouble themselves by making repeated journeys to and fro. The chief reason for this strange conduct is, that, if they took the latter alternative, they would deprive themselves of one of the greatest luxuries which a Hottentot can enjoy. Seldom tasting meat, they become semi-intoxicated under its influence, and will gorge themselves to the utmost limit of endurance, sleeping after the fashion of a boa-constrictor that has swallowed a goat, and then awaking only to gorge themselves afresh, and fall asleep again.

There is an excuse for this extraordinary exhibition of gluttony, namely, that the hot climate causes meat to putrefy so rapidly that it must be eaten at once if it is eaten at all. Even as it is, the Hottentots are often obliged to eat meat that is more than tainted, and from which even the greatest admirer of high game would recoil with horror. They do not, however, seem to trouble themselves about such trifles, and devour the tainted meat as eagerly as if it were

perfectly fresh. Whatever may be the original quality of the meat, it owes nothing to the mode in which it is dressed, for the Hottentots are perhaps the very worst cooks in the world. They take an earthen pot, nearly fill it with water, put it on the fire, and allow it to boil. They then cut up their meat into lumps as large as a man's fist, throw them into the pot, and permit them to remain there until they are wanted. Sometimes, when the feasters are asleep themselves, they allow the meat to remain in the pot for half a day or so, during which time the women are obliged to keep the water continually boiling, and it may be imagined the ultimate result of their cooking is not particularly palatable.

It has already been mentioned that the Hottentot tribes are remarkable for their appetites. They are no less notable for their power of sleep. A thorough-bred Hottentot can sleep at any time, and it is almost impossible to place him under conditions in which he will not sleep. If he be pinched with hunger, and can see no means of obtaining food either by hunting or from the ground, he lies down, rolls himself up in his kaross, and in a few moments is wrapped in slumber. Sleep to him almost answers the purpose of food, and he can often say with truth that "he who sleeps dines." When he sleeps his slumber is truly remarkable, as it appears more like a lethargy than sleep, as we understand the word. A gun may be fired close to the ear of a sleeping Hottentot and he will not notice it, or, at all events, will merely turn himself and sink again to repose. Even in sleep there is a distinction between the Kafir and the Hottentot. The former lies at full length on his mat, while the other coils himself up like a human hedgehog. In spite of the evil atmosphere of their huts, the Hottentots are companionable even in their sleep, and at night the floor of a hut will be covered with a number of Hottentots, all lying fast asleep, and so mixed up together that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the various bodies to which the limbs belong. The illustration No. 3, page 247, gives a good idea of this singular custom.

The cattle of the Hottentots have several times been mentioned. These, like the Kafir oxen, are used as beasts of burden and for riding, and are accoutred in the same manner, *i. e.* by a leathern rope passed several times round the body, and hauled tight by men at each end. Perhaps the reader may remember that in days long gone by, when the Hottentots were a powerful nation and held the command of Southern Africa, their kraals or villages were defended by a peculiar breed of oxen, which were especially trained for that purpose, and which answered the same purpose as the watch-dogs which now beset the villages. These oxen were said to be trained to guard

the entrance of the kraal, and to know every inhabitant of the village, from the oldest inhabitant down to the child which could only just crawl about. Strangers they would not permit to approach the kraal except when escorted by one of the inhabitants, nor would they suffer him to go out again except under the same protection.

This story is generally supposed to be a mere fabrication, and possibly may be so. There is, however, in my collection an ox-horn which was brought from Southern Africa by the Rev. Mr. Shooter, and of which no one could give an account. It is evidently very old, and, although the horn of a domesticated variety of cattle, is quite unlike the horns of the oxen which belong to the native tribes of the present day, being twice as large, and having altogether a different aspect. It is just such a horn as might have belonged to the oxen aforesaid, and, although it cannot be definitely said to have grown on the head of one of these animals, there is just a possibility that such may have been the case.

Like the Kafir, the Hottentot has a wonderful recollection of an ox. If he but sees one for a minute or two he will remember that ox again, wherever it may be, and even after the lapse of several years. He will recognize it in the midst of a herd, even in a strange place, where he could have no expectation of meeting it, and he will remember its "spoor," and be able to trace its footsteps among the tracks of the whole herd. He has even been known to discover a stolen cow by seeing a calf which she had produced after she was stolen, and which he recognized from its likeness to its mother.

The marriages of the Hottentots are very simple affairs, and consist merely in paying a certain price and taking the bride home. In Kolben's well-known work there is a most elaborate and circumstantial description of a Hottentot marriage, detailing with needless precision a number of extraordinary rites performed by the priest over the newly-wedded pair. Now, inasmuch as the order of priests is not known to have existed among the Hottentots, and certainly did not exist in Kolben's time, the whole narrative falls to the ground. The fact is, that Kolben found it easier to describe second-hand than to investigate for himself, and the consequence was, that the Dutch colonists, from whom he gained his information, amused themselves by imposing upon his credulity.

Polygamy, although not prohibited among the Hottentots, is but rarely practised. Some men have several wives, but this is the exception, and not the rule.

As they have no priests, so they have no professional doctors. They are all adepts in the very slight amount of medical and surgical knowledge which is required by them, and have no idea of a separate order of men

who practise the healing art. Unlike the Kaffirs, who are the most superstitious of mankind, the Hottentots are entirely free from superstition, inasmuch as they have not the least conception of any religious sentiments whatsoever. The present world forms the limit of all their ideas, and they seem, so far as is known, to be equally ignorant of a Creator and of the immortality of the soul.

The language of the Hottentot races is remarkable for a peculiarity which is, I believe, restricted to themselves and to the surrounding tribes, who have evidently learned it from them. This is the presence of the "click," which is found in almost all the tribes that inhabit Southern Africa, with the exception of the Amazulu, who are free from this curious adjunct to their language, and speak a tongue as soft as Italian. There are three of these "clicks," formed by the tongue, the teeth, and the palate, and each of them alters the signification of the word with which it is used. The first, which is in greatest use, is made by pressing the tip of the tongue against the upper front teeth, and then smartly disengaging it. The sound is exactly like that which is produced by some persons when they are annoyed. The second click is formed by pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and then sharply withdrawing it, so as to produce a sound like that which is used by grooms when urging a horse. It has to be done, however, with the least possible force that will produce the effect, as otherwise the click and the syllable to which it is joined cannot be sounded simultaneously. The last click is much louder than the others, and is formed by drawing the tongue back as far as possible, and pressing the tip against the back of the palate. It is then forced rapidly toward the lips, so as to produce a much deeper and more sonorous sound than can be obtained by the two former modes.

In the few words which can be given to this branch of the subject, we will distinguish these several sounds by the titles of "clack," "click," and "chuck." The reader will find it very difficult to produce either of these sounds simultaneously with a part of a word, but, if he should desire to make himself understood in the Hottentot dialect, it is absolutely necessary that he should do so. How needful these curious adjuncts are has been well shown by Le Vaillant. For instance, the word *Aap*, without any click at all, signifies a horse, but with the click it signifies an arrow, and with the clack it becomes the name of a river. It is, of course, impossible to reduce this language to any known alphabet, and the necessary consequence is that hardly any two travellers who have written accounts of the Hottentot tribes have succeeded in spelling words so that they would be recognized,

or in such a manner that the reader would be able to pronounce them. The general mode of expressing these clicks is by prefixing the letters *t* or *g* to the word, and the reader may find a very familiar example in the word *Gnoo*, which ought really to be spelt without the *g*, and with some prefix which would denote the kind of click which is used with it.

The amusements of the Hottentots consist chiefly of singing and dancing, together with playing on a curious instrument called the *Gourra*. This instrument, however, belongs rather to the *Bosjesman* group of the Hottentot race, and will therefore be described in a future page. Their songs are also evidently derived from the same source, and their melodies are identical. Examples of *Bosjesman* songs will be presently given, together with the description of the *Gourra*. In the words of the songs, however, the Hottentots have the advantage, as they always have some signification, whereas those of the *Bosjesmans* have not even the semblance of meaning, and are equivalent to the *do, re, mi, &c.* of modern music.

Le Vaillant mentions that the subject of the songs which the Hottentots sang was almost always some adventure which had happened to themselves, so that, like the negroes, they can sing throughout the whole night, by the simple expedient of repeating the words of their song over and over again. They prefer the night to the day for this purpose, because the atmosphere is cooler, and the tasks of the day are over.

"When they are desirous of indulging in this amusement, they join hands and form a circle of greater or less extent, in proportion to the number of male and female dancers, who are always mixed with a kind of symmetry. When the chain is made, they turn round from one side to another, separating at certain intervals to mark the measure, and from time to time clap their hands without interrupting the cadence, while with their voices they accompany the sound of the instrument, and continually chant '*Hool Hool*.' This is the general burden of their song.

"Sometimes one of the dancers quits the circle, and, going to the centre, performs there alone a few steps after the English manner, all the merit and beauty of which consist in performing them with equal quickness and precision, without stirring from the spot where he stands. After this they all quit each other's hands, follow one another carelessly with an air of terror and melancholy, their heads leaning to one shoulder, and their eyes cast down toward the ground, which they look at with attention; and in a moment after they break forth in the liveliest demonstration of joy, and the most extravagant merriment.

"They are highly delighted with this contrast when it is well performed. All this is

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at bottom but an alternate assemblage of very droll and amusing pantomimes. It must be observed that the dancers make a hollow monotonous kind of humming, which never ceases, except when they join the spectators and sing the wonderful chorus, 'Hoo! Hoo!' which appears to be the life and soul of this magnificent music. They usually conclude with a general ball; that is to say, the ring is broken and they all dance in confusion as each chooses, and upon this occasion they display all their strength and agility. The most expert dancers repent, by way of defiance to each other, those dangerous leaps and musical quivers of our grand academics, which excite laughter as deservedly as the 'Hoo! Hoo!' of Africa."

Whether for singing, dancing, or other relaxation, the Hottentots never assemble except by night, the day being far too precious for mere amusement. During the day the men are engaged in the different pursuits of their life, some being far from their home on the track of some animal which they are hunting, and whose flesh is devoted to the support of themselves and their families. Others are laboriously making snares, digging pitfalls, or going the rounds of those which are already made, so that animals which have been captured may be removed, and the snares reset. They have also to make their bows, arrows, spears, and clubs, operations which absorb much time, partly because their tools are few and imperfect, and partly because all their work is undertaken with a degree of deliberation which is exceedingly irritating to an European spectator.

The women, too, are engaged in their own occupations, which are infinitely more laborious than those of the men, and consist of all kinds of domestic work, including taking down and putting up the huts, collecting wood for the evening fires, and preparing the food for the men when they return home. With the shades of evening all attempts at industry are given up, and the Hottentots amuse themselves throughout nearly the entire night. The savage does not by any means go to bed with the birds and arise with them, as is popularly supposed, and almost invariably is an incorrigible sitter-up at night, smoking, talking, singing, dancing, and otherwise amusing himself, as if he had done nothing whatever all day.

Perhaps he may owe the capability of enduring such constant dissipation to the fact that he can command sleep at will, and that his slumber is so deep as to be undisturbed by the clamor that is going on around him. If, for example, a Hottentot has been hunting all day, and has returned home weary with the chase and with carrying the animals, he will not think of sleeping until he has had his supper, smoked his pipe, and enjoyed an hour or two of dancing

and singing. But, as soon as he feels disposed to cease from his amusements, he retires from the circle, rolls himself up in his kaross, lies down, and in a few seconds is fast asleep, unheeding the noise which is made close to his ears by his companions who are still pursuing their revels.

There is a singular dance which is much in vogue among the young Hottentot girls, and which is, as far as I know, peculiar to them. As a small melon is the chief object of the sport, it goes by the name of the Melon Dance, and is thus performed:—In the evening, when the air is cool, the girls assemble and choose one of their number as a leader. She takes a small round melon in her hands, and begins to run in a circle, waving her arms and flinging about her limbs in the wildest imaginable way. The others follow her and imitate her movements, and, as they are not impeded by many trammels of dress, and only wear the ordinary cap and girdle of leathern thongs, their movements are full of wild grace. As the leader runs round the course, she flings the melon in the air, catches it, flings it again, and at last stoops suddenly, leaps into the air, and throws the melon beneath her toward the girl who follows her. The object of this dance is twofold. The second girl has to catch the melon without ceasing from her course, and the first has to throw it when she fancies that the second is off her guard. Consequently, she makes all kinds of feints, pretending to throw the melon several times, and trying to deceive by every means in her power. If the second girl fails in catching the melon the first retains her leadership, but if she succeeds she becomes leader, and goes through the same manoeuvres. In this way the melon goes round and round, and the sport is continued until the dancers are too fatigued to continue it.

From the above description some persons might fancy that this dance offends the sense of decorum. It does not so. It is true that the style of clothing which is worn by the dancers is not according to European notions, but, according to their own ideas, it is convenient and according to usage. Neither is there anything in the dance itself which ought to shock a rightly constituted mind. It is simply an ebullition of youthful spirits, and has nothing in common with dances in many parts of the world which are avowedly and intently licentious, and which, whether accompanied by more or less clothing than is worn by these Hottentot girls, are repulsive rather than attractive to any one who possesses any amount of self-respect.

In this instance the dance is conducted in perfect innocence, and the performers have no more idea of impropriety in the scanty though graceful and artistic dress they wear, than has an English lady at appear-

ling with her face unveiled. As long as clothing is not attempted, it does not seem to be required, but, when any portion of European clothing is assumed, the whole case is altered. Mr. Baines narrates a little corroborative incident. He was travelling in a wagon, accompanied, as usual, by Hottentots and their families. The latter, mostly females, were walking by the side of the wagon, wearing no costume but the slight leathern girdle. It so happened that some old shoes were thrown out of the wagon, and immediately appropriated by the women, who have an absurd hankering after European apparel. No sooner had they put on shoes than they looked naked. They had not done so before, but even that slight amount of civilized clothing seemed to suggest that the whole body had to be clothed also, and so strong was this feeling that Mr. Baines found means of removing the obnoxious articles of apparel.

The Hottentots have a remarkable game which they call by the name of Card-playing, apparently because no cards are used in it. This game is simply an exhibition of activity and quickness of hand, being somewhat similar in principle to our own boy's game of Odd and Even. It is illustrated on the opposite page, and is thus described by Burchell:—

"At one of the fires an amusement of a very singular and nearly unintelligible kind was the source of great amusement, not only to the performers themselves, but to all the bystanders. They called it Card-playing, a word in this instance strangely misapplied. Two Hottentots, seated opposite each other on the ground, were vociferating, as if in a rage, some particular expressions in their own language; laughing violently, throwing their bodies on either side, tossing their arms in all directions—at one moment with their hands close together, at another stretched out wide apart; up in the air at one time, or in an instant down to the ground; sometimes with them closed, at other times exhibiting them open to their opponent. Frequently in the heat of the game they started upon their knees, falling back immediately on the ground again; and all this in such a quick, wild, extraordinary manner, that it was impossible, after watching their motions for a long time, to discover the nature of their game, or to comprehend the principle on which it was founded, any more than a person entirely ignorant of the moves at chess could learn that by merely looking on.

"This is a genuine Hottentot game, as every one would certainly suppose, on seeing the uncouth manner in which it is played. It is, they say, of great antiquity, and at present practised only by such as have preserved some portion of their original customs, and they pretend that it is not

every Hottentot who possesses the talent necessary for playing it in perfection.

"I found some difficulty in obtaining an intelligible explanation, but learned at last that the principle consists in concealing a small piece of stick in one hand so dexterously that the opponent shall not be able, when both closed hands are presented to him, to distinguish in which it is held, while at the same time he is obliged to decide by some sign or motion either on one or the other. As soon as the opponent has gained a certain number of guesses, he is considered to have won a game, and it then becomes his turn to take the stick, and display his ingenuity in concealing it and in deceiving the other. In this manner the games are continued alternately, often the whole night long, or until the players are exhausted with fatigue. In the course of them various little incidents, either of ingenuity or of mistake, occur to animate their exertions, and excite the rude, harmless mirth of their surrounding friends." The reader will probably see the close resemblance between this game played by the Hottentots of Southern Africa and the well-known game of "Morro," that is so popular in several parts of Southern Europe.

The Hottentot seems to be as fond of a practical joke as the Kaffir, and to take it as good-humoredly. On one occasion, when a traveller was passing through Africa with a large party, several of the Hottentots, who ought to have been on the watch, contrived to draw near the fire, and to fall asleep. Some of their companions determined to give them a thorough fright, and to recall to their minds that they ought to have been watching and not sleeping. Accordingly, they went off to a little distance, and shot a couple of Bosjesman arrows close to the sleepers. Deep as is a Hottentot's slumber, he can shake off sleep in a moment at the approach of danger, and, although the loudest sound will not wake him, provided that it be of a harmless character, an almost inaudible sound will reach his ears, provided that it presage danger. As soon as the sleeping Hottentots heard the twang of the bow, they sprang up in alarm, which was not decreased by the sight of the arrows falling close to them, sprang to the wagon for their arms, and were received with a shout of laughter.

However, they soon had their revenge. One dark evening the young men were amusing themselves with setting fire to some dried reeds a few hundred yards from the camp. While they were enjoying the waves of fire as they rolled along, driven by the wind, the Hottentots stole behind the reeds, and with the shell of an ostrich egg imitated the roar of an approaching lion so accurately, that the young men began to shout in order to drive the lion away, and at last ran to the camp screaming with ter-

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(1.) CARD PLAYING.

(See page 236.)



(2.) SHOOTING CATTLE.

(See page 254.)

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ror. Of course the songs that were sung in the camp that night were full of reference to Bosjesmans and lions.

The Hottentot has a constitutional inability to compute time. A traveller can never discover the age of a Hottentot, partly because the man himself has not the least notion of his age, or indeed of annual computation at all, and partly because a Hottentot looks as old at thirty-five as at sixty-five. He can calculate the time of day by the position of the sun with regard to the meridian, but his memory will not serve him so far as to enable him to compute annual time by the height of the sun above the horizon. As is the case with most savage races, his unit of time is the new moon, and he makes all his reckonings of time to consist of so many moons. An amusing instance of this deficiency is given by Dr. Lichtenstein, in his "Travels in South Africa":—

"A Hottentot, in particular, engaged our attention by the simplicity with which he told his story. After he had harangued for a long time in broken Dutch, we collected so much as that he agreed with a colonist to serve him for a certain time, at fixed wages, as herdsman, but before the time expired they had parted by mutual agreement. The dispute was how much of the time remained; consequently, how much wages the master had a right to deduct from the sum which was to have been paid for the whole time.

"To illustrate this matter, the Hottentot gave us the following account:—My Baas, said he, 'will have it that I was to serve so long' (and here he stretched out his left arm and hand, and laid the little finger of his right hand directly under the arm); 'but I say that I only agreed to serve so long,' and here he laid his right hand upon the joint of the left. Apparently, he meant by this to signify that the proportion of the time he had served with that he had agreed to serve was the same as the proportion of what he pointed out of the arm to the whole length of it. At the same time he showed us a small square stick, in which, at every full moon, he had made a little notch, with a double one at the full moon when he quitted the colonist's service. As the latter was present, and several of the colonists and Hottentots, who attended as auditors, could ascertain exactly the time of entering on the service, the conclusion was, as is very commonly the case, that both the master and the servant were somewhat in the wrong; that the one reckoned too much of the time expired, the other too little; and that, according to the Hottentot's mode of measuring, the time expired came to about the knuckle.

"The Hottentots understand no other mode of measuring time but by lunar months and days; they have no idea of the division of the day into hours. If a man

asks a Hottentot how far it is to such a place, he either makes no answer, or points to a certain spot in the heavens, and says, 'The sun will be there when you get to it.'

Warfare among the Hottentots scarcely deserves the name, because we can hardly use such a term as "warfare" where there is no distinction of officer or private, where there is no commander, and no plan of action. The men who are able to wield the bow and arrow advance in a body upon the enemy, and are led by any one who thinks himself brave enough to take the command. When they come to close quarters with the enemy, every one fights in the way that suits himself best, without giving support to those of his own side, or expecting it from his comrades. Even the chief man of a horde is not necessarily the leader, and indeed his authority over the horde is more nominal than real. A mere boy may assume the leadership of the expedition, and, if he is courageous enough to take the lead, he may keep it until some still braver warrior comes to the front. It evident that such warfare is merely a succession of skirmishes or duels, much as was the case in the days of Hector and Achilles, each soldier selecting his own particular adversary, and fighting him until one of the two is killed, runs away, or renders himself prisoner.

As far as is known, the Hottentots never made war, according to the usual acceptation of the word. If insulted or aggrieved by having their cattle stolen, they would go off and make reprisals, but they had no idea of carrying on war for any political object. This is probably the reason why they were so completely overcome by the Kafir tribes, who had some knowledge of warfare as an art, and who drove them further and further away from their own domains, until their nationality was destroyed, and they were reduced to a mere aggregation of scattered tribes, without unity, and consequently without power.

However nationally unwarlike the Hottentot may be, and however incapable he may be of military organization, he can be made into a soldier who is not only useful, but unapproachable in his own peculiar line. Impatient, as a rule, of military discipline, he hates above all things to march in step, to go through the platoon exercise, and to perform those mechanical movements which delight the heart of the drill-sergeant. He is, as a rule, abhorrent of anything like steady occupation, and this tendency of mind incapacitates him from being an agriculturist, while it aids in qualifying him for the hunter's life. Now, as a rule, a good hunter makes a good soldier, especially of the irregular kind, and the training which is afforded by the pursuit of the fleet, powerful, and dangerous beasts of Africa, makes the Hottentot one of the best irregular soldiers in the world.

But he must be allowed to fight in his own way, to choose his own time for attack, to make it in the mode that suits him best, and to run away if flight happens to suit him better than battle. He has not the least idea of getting himself killed or wounded on mere points of honor; and if he sees that the chances of war are likely to go much against him, he quietly retreats, and "lives to fight another day." To this mode of action he is not prompted by any feeling of fear, but merely by the common-sense view of the case. His business is to kill the enemy, and he means to do it. But that desirable object cannot be attained if he allows them to kill him, and so he guards himself against the latter event as much as possible. Indeed, if he is wounded when he might have avoided a wound, he feels heartily ashamed of himself for having committed such an error; and if he succeeds in killing or wounding an enemy without suffering damage himself, he glories in his superior ingenuity, and makes merry over the stupidity of his foe.

Fear—as we understand the word—has very little influence over the Hottentot soldier, whether he be trained to fight with the white man's fire-arms, or whether he uses the bow and arrow of his primitive life. If he must fight, he will do so with a quiet and dogged valor, and any enemy that thinks to conquer him will find that no easy task lies before him.

Mr. Christie has narrated to me several incidents which show the obstinate courage with which a Hottentot can fight when pressed. One of them is as follows:—

"During the Kafir war of 1847, a body of Hottentots were surrounded by a large party of Kaffirs, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in cutting their way through their dark foes. One of the Hottentots, however, happened to be wounded near the spine, so that he lost the use of his legs, and could not stand. Even though suffering under this severe injury, he would not surrender, but dragged himself to an ant-hill, and supported his back against it, so that his arms were at liberty. In this position he continued to load and fire, though completely exposed to the bullets and assaigais of the Kaffirs. So true was his aim, even under these circumstances, that he killed and wounded a considerable number of them; and, when a reinforcing party came to their help, the brave fellow was at the point of death, but still breathing, though his body was completely riddled with bullets, and cut to pieces with spears."

This anecdote also serves to show the extraordinary tenacity of life possessed by this race—a tenacity which seems to rival that of the lower reptiles. On one occasion, Mr. Christie was in a surgeon's house in Grahamstown, when a Hottentot walked in, and asked the surgeon to look at his head,

which had been damaged on the previous night by a blow from a knob-kerry. He took off his hat and the handkerchief which, according to custom, was wrapped round his head, and exhibited an injury which would have killed most Europeans on the spot, and certainly would have prostrated them utterly. On the crown of his head there was a circular wound, about an inch in diameter, and more than half an inch deep, the bone having been driven down on the brain by a blow from the heavy knob of the weapon. The depressed part of the skull was raised as well as could be done, and the remainder cut away. The operation being over, the man replaced his hat and handkerchief, and walked away, apparently little the worse for his accident, or the operation which succeeded it.

On another occasion, the same gentleman saw a Hottentot wagon-driver fall from his seat under the wheels. One of the fore-wheels passed over his neck, and, as the wagon was loaded with some two tons of firewood, it might be supposed that the man was killed on the spot. To the surprise of the beholder, he was not only alive when free of the wheel, but had presence of mind to roll out of the way of the hind wheel, which otherwise must have gone over him. Mr. Christie ran to him, and helped him to his feet. In answer to anxious questions, he said that he was not much hurt, except by some small stones which had been forced into his skin, and which he asked Mr. Christie to remove. Indeed, these men seem not only to be tenacious of life, but to suffer very little pain from injuries that would nearly kill a white man, or at all events would cause him to be nearly dead with pain alone. Yet, callous as they are to bodily injuries, they seem to be peculiarly susceptible to poison that mixes with the blood, and, if bitten by a snake, or wounded by a poisoned arrow, to have very much less chance of life than a European under similar conditions.

We will conclude this history of the Hottentots with a few remarks on their treatment of sickness and their burial of the dead.

When Hottentots are ill they obey the instinct which seems to be implanted equally in man and beast, and separate themselves from their fellows. Sometimes they take the trouble to have a small hut erected at a distance from the kraal, but in all cases they keep themselves aloof as far as possible, and do not mix with their companions until their health is restored. Of professional physicians they know nothing, and have in this respect a decided advantage over the Kaffirs, who are horribly tormented in their hours of sickness by the witch-doctor, who tries, by all kinds of noisy incantations, to drive out the evil spirit which is tormenting the sick man. There are certainly some

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men among them who possess a kind of knowledge of pharmacy, and these men are liberal enough of their advice and prescriptions. But they do not form a distinct order of men, nor do they attempt to work cures by superhuman means. They are more successful in treating wounds and bodily injuries than in the management of diseases, because in the former case there is something tangible with which they can cope, whereas they cannot see a disease, nor can they produce any immediate and visible effect, as is the case with a bodily injury.

Sometimes a curious kind of ceremony seems to be performed, which is probably analogous to the shampooing that is in vogue in many parts of the earth. The patient lies prostrate while a couple of women, one on either side, pound and knead him with their closed fists, at the same time uttering loud cries close to his ear. This apparently rough treatment seems to have some amount of efficacy in it, as Sparrman mentions that he has seen it practised on the apparently lifeless body of a young man who eventually recovered.

Of all diseases the Hottentots dread nothing so much as the small-pox; and if a single member of the horde be taken with it they leave him in his hut, strike all their habitations, and move off into the desert, where they remain until they think that the danger is past. All ties of relationship and affection are broken through by this dread malady, for which they know no cure, and which always rages with tenfold violence among savages. The husband will abandon his wife, and even the mother her children, in the hope of checking the spread of the disorder, and the wretched sufferers are left

to perish either from the disease itself or from privation.

When a Hottentot dies the funeral is conducted without any ceremony. The body is disposed in as small a compass as possible,—indeed, into the attitude that is assumed during sleep, and the limbs and head are firmly tied together. A worn-out kaross is then rolled round the body, and carefully arranged so as to conceal it entirely. The place of burial is, with certain exceptions, chosen at a distance from the kraal, and the corpse is then placed in the grave, which is never of any great depth. Earth is then thrown on the body; and if there are any stones near the spot, they are mixed with the earth, and heaped above the grave in order to defend it from the hyenas and jackals, which are sure to discover that an interment has taken place. If stones cannot be found, thorn-bushes are used for the same purpose. Generally, the grave is so shallow, and the stones are so few, that the whole process of burial is practically rendered nugatory, and before another day has dawned the hyenas and jackals have scattered the frail defences, dug up the body, and devoured it.

Should the headman of the kraal die, there are great wailings throughout the kraal. These cries are begun by the family, taken up by the inhabitants of the village, and the whole night is spent in loud howlings and lamentation. His body is usually buried in the middle of the cattle-pen, as it is a safe place so long as the cattle are in it, which are watched throughout the night, and over his remains a considerable pile of stones is raised.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BOSJESMAN OR BUSHMAN.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME—THEORIES RESPECTING THEIR ORIGIN—THEIR LANGUAGE AND ITS PECULIARITIES—THE GESTURE—LANGUAGE—SMALL SIZE OF THE BOSJESMANS—THEIR COMPLEXION AND GENERAL APPEARANCE—A STRANGE VISITOR—THE BOSJESMAN'S PIPE AND MODE OF SMOKING—SAID TO HAVE NO NAMES, AND NO DISTINCTIONS OF RANK—SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE BOSJESMANS—MATRIMONY AND ITS TROUBLES—INDIVIDUALITY OF THE BOSJESMAN—HIS INDIFFERENCE TO PAIN—A CULPRIT AND HIS PUNISHMENT—DRESS OF BOTH SEXES—THE BOSJESMAN FROM INFANCY TO AGE.

WE now come to a singular race of human beings, inhabiting various parts of Southern Africa, and being evidently allied to the Hottentots. They are called Bosjesmans by the Dutch settlers. This word is pronounced Bushes-man, and is popularly contracted into Bushman,—a word which is, indeed, an exact translation of the Dutch title. As, however, several groups of savages in different parts of the world are called Bushmen, we will retain the original Dutch name.

Respecting the precise relationship there are three distinct theories. The first is, that they are the aboriginal inhabitants upon whom the Hottentots have improved; the second is, that they are degenerate offshoots of the Hottentot race; and the third is, that they form a totally distinct group of mankind. On the whole, I am inclined rather to accept the theory that they are a variety of the Hottentot race, which they closely resemble in many particulars. The peculiar form of the countenance, the high cheek-bones, the little contracted eyes, and the long narrow chin, are all characteristics of the Hottentot race. The color of the skin, too, is not black, but yellow, and even paler than that of the Hottentot, and the women are notable for that peculiarity of form which has already been noticed.

Their language much resembles that of the Hottentots in sound, the characteristic "click" being one of its peculiarities. But, whereas the Hottentots generally content themselves with one click in a word, the Bosjesman tribes employ it with every syl-

lable, and have besides a kind of croaking sound produced in the throat, which is not used by the Hottentots, and which they find the greatest difficulty in imitating. But though their tongue resembles the language of the Hottentots in sound, the words of the two languages are totally different, so that a Hottentot is quite as much at a loss to understand a Bosjesman as would be a European. Even the various tribes of Bosjesmans differ much in their language, each tribe having a dialect of their own, and even changing their dialect in the course of a few years. This is accounted for by the fact that the hordes or families of Bosjesmans have but little intercourse with each other, and remain as widely separated as possible, so that they shall not interfere with the hunting-grounds of their fellow-tribesmen.

In their conversation among each other also, they are continually inventing new words. Intellectually, they are but children, and, like children, the more voluble condescend to the weakness of those who cannot talk as well as themselves, and accept their imperfect words as integral parts of their language. So imperfect, indeed, is the language of the Bosjesmans, that even those of the same horde often find a difficulty in understanding each other without the use of gesture; and at night, when a party of Bosjesmans are smoking, dancing, and talking, they are obliged to keep up a fire, so as to be able by its light to see the explanatory gestures of their companions.

Like many other savage nations, they possess a gesture-language which is univer-

sally understood, even where words are quite unintelligible, and by means of this language a European can make himself understood by them, even though he does not know a word of their spoken language. When a Bosjesman is speaking, he uses a profusion of gestures, animated, graphic, and so easily intelligible that a person who is wholly ignorant of the language can readily follow his meaning. I have heard a Bosjesman narrate the manner in which he hunted different animals, and, although the precise words which he employed were unknown to me, the whole process of the chase was rendered perfectly intelligible. Perhaps some of my readers may remember that the late Gordon Cumming was accompanied by a Bosjesman named Ruyter. This little man survived the perils of the desert, he escaped from the claws of a lion which dragged his companion from the blanket in which the two were rolled, and lived for some years in England. He was an admirable actor, and would sometimes condescend to display his wonderful powers. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more graphic than Ruyter's acted description of a lion stealing into the camp, and the consternation of the different animals which found themselves in such close proximity to their dreaded enemy. The part of each animal was enacted in turn by Ruyter, whose best rôles were those of the lion himself and a tame baboon—the voices and action of both animals being imitated with startling accuracy.

The Bosjesmans differ from the true Hottentots in point of size, being so small as to deserve the name of a nation of pigmies, being, on the average, very little above five feet in height, while some of the women are seven or eight inches shorter. This does not apply to the Kora Bosjesmans, who are about five feet four or five inches in height. Still, small as they are, there is no proof either that they have degenerated from the ancient stock, which is represented by the true Hottentot, or that they represent the original stock, on which the Hottentots have improved, and it is more likely that they simply constitute a group of the Hottentot race.

It has been mentioned that their color is rather more yellow than dark. This curious fairness of complexion in a South African race is even more strongly marked than is the case among the Hottentots, although in their native state it is scarcely so conspicuous. The fact is, the Bosjesmans think fresh water far too valuable to be used for ablutions, and, by way of a succedaneum for a bath, rub themselves with grease, not removing the original layer, but adding a fresh one whenever they make their toilets. Thus they attract the smoke of the fire over which they love to crouch at night, and, when they are performing the operation which they are pleased to consider as cook-

ing, the smoke settles on their bodies, and covers them with a sooty-black hue that makes them appear nearly as dark as the Kaffirs. There is generally, however, a tolerably clean spot under each eye, which is caused by the flow of tears consequent on snuff taking. But when well washed, their skins are wonderfully fair, and therefore the Bosjesmans who visit this country, and who are obliged to wash themselves, give very little idea of the appearance of these curious beings in their native state.

Of the ordinary appearance of the Bosjesman in his normal state, a good description is given by Dr. Lichtenstein, in his well-known work on Southern Africa:—"After some hours two Bosjesmans appeared, who saluted us with their *T'abeh*, asked for tobacco, and, having received it, seated themselves behind a bush, by a little fire, to revel at their ease in the delights of smoking. I devoted a considerable time to observing these men very accurately, and cannot forbear saying that a Bosjesman, certainly in his mien and all his gestures, has more resemblance to an ape than a man.

"One of our present guests, who appeared about fifty years of age, had gray hair and a bristly beard; his forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin were all smeared over with black grease, having only a white circle round the eye, washed clean with tears occasioned by smoking. This man had the true physiognomy of the small blue ape of Kaffraria. What gave the more verity to such a comparison was the vivacity of his eyes, and the flexibility of his eyebrows, which he worked up and down with every change of countenance. Even his nostrils and the corners of his mouth, even his very ears, moved involuntarily, expressing his hasty transitions from eager desire to watchful distrust. There was not, on the contrary, a single feature in his countenance that evinced a consciousness of mental powers, or anything that denoted emotions of the mind of a milder character than belongs to man in his mere animal nature.

"When a piece of meat was given him, half rising, he stretched out a distrustful arm, snatched it hastily, and stuck it immediately into the fire, peering around with his little keen eyes, as if fearing lest some one should take it away again. All this was done with such looks and gestures, that any one must have been ready to swear that he had taken the example of them entirely from an ape. He soon took the meat from the embers, wiped it hastily upon his left arm, and tore out with his teeth large half-raw bits, which I could see going entire down his meagre throat. At length, when he came to the bones and sinew, as he could not manage these with his teeth, he had recourse to a knife which was hanging round his neck, and with this

he cut off the piece which he held in his teeth, close to the mouth, without touching his nose or lips—a feat of dexterity which a person with a Celtic countenance could not easily have performed. When the bone was picked clean, he stuck it again into the fire, and, after beating it between two stones, sucked out the marrow. This done, he immediately filled the emptied bone with tobacco. I offered him a clay pipe, which he declined, and taking the thick bone a long way into his mouth, he drew in the smoke by long draughts, his eyes sparkling like those of a person who, with more than usual pleasure, drinks a glass of costly wine. After three or four draughts, he handed the bone to his countryman, who inhaled three or four mouthfuls in like manner, and then stuck it, still burning, into his pouch, to be reserved for future occasions.”

This very simple pipe is preferred by the Bosjesman to any other, probably because he can take in a larger quantity of smoke at a single inhalation than could be the case if he were to use the small-bored pipe of civilization. Reeds, hollow sticks, and similar objects are used for the same purpose. Sometimes the Bosjesman inhales the whole of the smoke into his lungs, and takes draught after draught with such eagerness, that he falls down in a state of insensibility, and has to be restored to consciousness by being rolled on the ground, and having water thrown over him. This is certainly an economical mode of consuming the tobacco, as, in this manner, a single pipeful will serve to intoxicate several smokers in succession. As is the case with other savages, the Bosjesman has but little idea of using a luxury in moderation. The chief value of tobacco is, in a Bosjesman's eyes, its intoxicating power, and he therefore smokes with the avowed intention of being intoxicated as soon as possible, and with the least expenditure of material.

It is stated by old travellers who have had much intercourse with the Bosjesmans, that they have no names by which different individuals are distinguished. This may possibly be the case, and, if so, it denotes a depth of degradation which can scarcely be conceived. But as the Bosjesmans are not without the average share of intellect which, in their peculiar conditions, they could be expected to possess, it is possible that the statement may be rather too sweeping. It is well known that among many savage nations in different parts of the earth, there is a great disinclination to allow the name to be known.

As has already been mentioned, the Kafirs will not allow a stranger to hear their true names, and, if asked for their names, will only entrust him with their titles, but never with their true names. It is therefore very probable that the Bosjesmans may

be actuated by similar motives, and pretend to have no names at all; rather than take the trouble of inventing false ones. They have not the least objection to take European names, mostly preferring those of Dutch parentage, such as Ruyter, Kleinboy, Andries, Booy, &c.; and as they clearly comprehend that those names are used in order to distinguish them from their fellows, it seems scarcely possible to believe that they have not some nomenclature among themselves.

Whatever may be the case with regard to their names, it is certain that the Bosjesmans have no idea of distinctions in rank, differing, however, from the natives which surround them. The Kafir tribes are remarkable for the elaborate code of etiquette which they possess, and which could not exist unless social distinctions were definitely marked. The Hottentots have their headmen, who possess supreme power in the kraal, though they do not exhibit any external mark of dignity. But the Bosjesman has not the least notion of rank, and affords the most complete example of anarchic life that can be conceived. In the small herds of Bosjesmans who wander about the country, there is no chief, and not even a headman. Each herd, as a general rule, consists of a single family, unless members of other herds may choose to leave their own friends and join it. But the father of the family is not recognized as its head, much less does he exercise any power. The leadership of the kraal belongs to the strongest, and he only holds it until some one stronger than himself dispossesses him.

It is the same with the social relations of life. Among the Kafirs and Hottentots—especially among the former—the women are jealously watched, and infidelity to the marriage compact is severely punished. This, however, is not the case with the Bosjesmans, who scarcely seem to recognize any such compact, the marriage tie being dissoluble at the will of the husband. Although the man can divorce his wife whenever he chooses, the woman does not possess the same power—not because either party has any regard to the marriage tie, but because he is the stronger of the two, and would beat her if she tried to go away without his permission. Even if a couple should be pleased with each other, and do not wish to separate, they cannot be sure that they will be allowed to remain together; for if a man who is stronger than the husband chooses to take a fancy to the wife, he will take her away by force, and keep her, unless some one still stronger than himself happens to think that she will suit his taste. As to the woman herself, she is not consulted on the subject, and is either given up or retained without the least reference to her feelings. It is a curi-

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ous fact, that in the various dialects of the Bosjesmans, there are no words that express the distinction between an unmarried girl or wife, one word being indiscriminately used.

In this extraordinary social condition the Bosjesman seems to have lived for centuries, and the earliest travellers in Southern Africa, who wrote accounts of the inhabitants of that strange land, have given descriptions which exactly tally with narratives which have been published within the last few years.

The character of the true Bosjesman seems to have undergone no change for many hundreds of years. Civilization has made no impression upon him. The Kaffirs, the Dutch, and the English have in turn penetrated into his country, and have driven him further into the wilderness, but he has never submitted to either of these powerful foes, nor has he condescended to borrow from them any of the arts of civilization. Both Kaffirs and Hottentots have been in so far subjected to the lroads of civilization that they have placed themselves under the protection of the white colonists, and have learned from them to substitute the blanket for the kaross, and the gun for the spear or arrow. They have also acted as domestic servants to the white men, voluntarily hiring themselves for pay, and performing their work with willingness. But the Bosjesman has preserved his individuality, and while the Hottentots have become an essentially subservient race, and the Kaffirs have preferred vassalage to independence, he is still the wild man of the desert, as free, as untamable, as he was a thousand years ago. Kaffirs, Dutch, and English have taken young Bosjesmans into their service. The two former have made them their slaves; the latter have tried to educate them into paid servants. But they have been equally unsuccessful, and the Bosjesman servant cannot, as the saying is, be trusted further than he can be seen, and, by a wise master, not so far. His wild nature is strong within him, and, unless closely watched, he is apt to throw off all appearance of civilization, and return to the privations and the freedom of his native state.

The principal use to which a Bosjesman servant is put is to serve the office of "fore-louper," i. e. the guide to the oxen. When a wagon is harnessed with its twelve or fourteen oxen, the driver sits on the box—which really is a box—and wields a most formidable whip, but has no reins, his office being to urge, and not to guide. His own department he fulfils with a zest all his own. His terrific whip, with a handle like a salmon-rod, and a lash nearly as long as its line, can reach the foremost oxen of the longest team, and, when wielded by an experienced driver, can cut a deep gash in the animal's hide, as if a knife, and not a

whip, had been used. A good driver can deliver his stroke with equal certainty upon the furthest ox, or upon those that are just beneath him, and so well are the oxen aware of this, that the mere whistle of the plaited cord through the air, or the sharp crack of its lash, will cause every ox in the team to bend itself to its work, as if it felt the stinging blow across its back, and the hot blood trickling down its sides.

But the driver will not condescend to guide the animals, that task being considered the lowest to which a human being can be put, and which is in consequence handed over to a Hottentot boy, or, preferably, to a Bosjesman. The "fore-louper's" business is to walk just in front of the leading oxen, and to pick out the track which is most suitable for the wheels. There is now before me a beautiful photograph of a harnessed wagon, with the driver on his seat, and the fore-louper in his place in front of the oxen. He is a very little man, about four feet six inches in height, and, to judge from his face, may be of any age from sixteen to sixty.

How the fore-louper will sometimes behave, if he thinks that his master is not an experienced traveller, may be seen from the following account by a traveller who has already been quoted: "My 'leader' (as the boy is called who leads the two front oxen of the span), on my first wagon journey, was a Bushman; he was about four feet high, and decidedly the ugliest specimen of the human race I ever beheld, without being deformed in body or limbs; the most prominent feature in his face was the mouth, with its huge, thick, sensual lips. The nose could scarcely be called a projection; at all events, it was far less distinguishable in the outline of the side face than the mouth; it was an inverted (or concave) Roman,—that is to say, the bridge formed a curve inward; the nostrils were very wide and open, so that you seemed, by means of them, to look a considerable distance into his head.

"With regard to the eyes, I am guilty of no exaggeration when I assert that you could not see the eyeballs at all as you looked at his profile, but only the hollows which contained them; it was like looking at a mask when the eyes of the wearer are far removed from the orifices cut for them in the pasteboard. The cheek-bones were immense, the cheeks thin and hollow; the forehead was low and shelving—in fact, he could scarcely be said to have a forehead at all. He was two or three shades from being black, and he had even less hair on his head than his countrymen generally; it was composed of little tight woolly knots, with a considerable space of bare skin between each.

"So much for the young gentleman's features. The expression was diabolically bad, and his disposition corresponded to it. I firmly believe that the little wretch would have been guilty of any villainy, or any

cruelty, for the mere love of either. I found the only way to keep him in the tightest control was to inspire him with bodily fear — no easy task, seeing that his hide was so tough that your arms would ache long before you produced any keen sense of pain by thrashing him.

"On one occasion the wagon came to the brow of a hill, when it was the duty of the leader to stop the oxen, and see that the wheel was well locked. It may readily be imagined that a wagon which requires twelve oxen to draw it on level ground could not be held back by two oxen in its descent down a steep hill, unless with the wheel locked. My interesting Bushman, however, whom I had not yet offended in any manner, no sooner found himself at the top of the hill, than he let go the oxen with a yell and 'whoop,' which set them off at a gallop down the precipitous steep. The wagon flew from side to side of the road, destined, apparently, to be smashed to atoms every moment, together with myself, its luckless occupant. I was dashed about, almost unconscious of what could be the cause, so suddenly had we started on our mad career. Heaven only knows how I escaped destruction, but we positively reached the bottom of the hill uninjured.

"The Bushman was by the wagon-side in an instant, and went to his place at the oxen's heads as coolly and unconcerned as if he had just performed part of his ordinary duties. The Hottentot driver, on the contrary, came panting up, and looking aghast with horror at the fear he had felt. I jumped out of the wagon, seized my young savage by the collar of his jacket, and with a heavy sea-cowhide whip I belabored him with all my strength, wherein, I trust, the reader will think me justified, as the little wretch had made the most barefaced attempt on my life. I almost thought my strength would be exhausted before I could get a sign from the young gentleman that he felt my blows, but at length he uttered a yell of pain, and I knew he had had enough. Next day I dropped him at a village, and declined his further services."

Missionaries have tried their best to convert the Bosjesman to Christianity, and have met with as little success as those who have endeavored to convert him to civilization. Indeed, the former almost presupposes some amount of the latter, and, whatever may be done by training up a series of children, nothing can be done with those who have once tasted of the wild ways of desert life.

The dress of the Bosjesman bears some resemblance to that of the Hottentot, but is, if possible, even more simple. Like the Hottentot, the Bosjesman likes to cover his head, and generally wears a headdress made of skin. Sometimes he pulls out the scanty tufts of hair to their fullest extent—an inch

at the most—and plasters them with grease until they project stiffly from the head. Sometimes also he shaves a considerable portion of the head, and rubs red clay and grease so thickly into the remaining hair that it becomes a sort of felt cap. To this odd headdress he suspends all kinds of small ornaments, such as beads, fragments of ostrich shells, bright bits of metal, and other objects.

When a Bosjesman kills a bird, he likes to cut off the head, and fasten that also to his hair-cap in such a manner that the beak projects over his forehead. Mr. Baines mentions two Bosjesmans, one of whom wore the head of a secretary bird, and the other that of a crow. One of these little men seemed to be rather a dandy in his costume, as he also wore a number of white feathers, cut short, and stuck in his hair, where they radiated like so many curl-papers.

As for dress, as we understand the word, all that the Bosjesman cares for is a kind of small triangular apron, the broad end of which is suspended to the belt in front, and the narrow end passed between the legs and tucked into the belt behind. Besides this apron, if it may be so called, the Bosjesman has generally a kaross, or mantle, made from the skin of some animal. This kaross is generally large enough to hang to nearly the feet when the wearer is standing upright, and its chief use is as an extemporized bed. Like the Hottentot, the Bosjesman rolls himself up in his kaross when he sleeps, gathering himself together into a very small compass, and thus covering himself completely with a mantle which would be quite inadequate to shelter a European of equal size.

As to the women, their dress very much resembles that of the Hottentot. They wear a piece of skin wrapped round their heads, and the usual apron, made of leather cut into narrow thongs. They also have the kaross, which is almost exactly like that of the men. These are the necessities of dress, but the female sex among this curious race are equally fond of finery with their more civilized sisters. Having but little scope for ornament in the apron and kaross, they place the greater part of their decoration on the head, and ornament their hair and countenances in the most extraordinary way. Water, as has been already observed, never touches their faces, which are highly polished with grease, so that they shine in the sunbeams with a lustre that is literally dazzling. To their hair they suspend various small ornaments, like those which have been mentioned as forming part of the men's dress. Among these ornaments, the money-cowrie is often seen, and is much valued, because this shell does not belong to the coast, but is used as money, and is thus passed over a very great portion of Southern Africa as a sort of currency.

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(1.) GRAPPLE PLANT. (See page 214.)



(2.) WOMAN AND CHILD. (See page 249.)



(4.) BOSJESMAN QUIVER AND ARROWS.

(See pages 237, 261.)



(3.) HOTTENTOTS ASLEEP. (See page 233.)



(247) (3.) FRONTLET. (See pages 225, 249)

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A curious and very inconvenient ornament is mentioned by Burchell, and the reader will see that it bears some resemblance to the frontlet which is drawn on page 247. The girl who was wearing it had evidently a great idea of her own attractions, and indeed, according to the writer, she had some grounds for vanity. She had increased the power of her charms by rubbing her whole dress and person thickly with grease, while her arms and legs were so loaded with leathern rings, that she evidently had an admirer who was a successful hunter, as in no other way could she obtain these coveted decorations. Her hair was clotted with red ochre, and glittering with sibilio, while her whole person was perfumed with buchu.

Her chief ornament, however, was a frontlet composed of three oval pieces of ivory, about as large as sparrow's eggs, which were suspended from her head in such a way that one fell on her nose, and the other two on her cheeks. As she spoke, she coquettishly moved her head from side to side, so as to make these glittering ornaments swing about in a manner which she considered to be very fascinating. However, as the writer quaintly observes, "her vanity and affectation, great as they were, did not, as one may sometimes observe in both sexes in other countries, elate her, or produce any alteration in the tone of her voice, for the astonishing quantity of meat which she swallowed down, and the readiness with which she called out to her attendants for more, showed her to be resolved that no squeamishness should interfere on this occasion."

As is the case with the Hottentots, the Bosjesman female is slightly and delicately formed while she is young, and for a few years is almost a model of symmetry. But the season of beauty is very short, and in a few years after attaining womanhood the features are contracted, sharpened, and wrinkled, while the limbs look like sticks more than arms and legs of a human being. The illustration No. 2 on page 247, which represents a Bosjesman woman with her child, will give a good idea of the appearance which these people present. Even naturally, the bloom of youth would fade quickly, but the decay of youth is accelerated by constant hardships, uncertain supply of food, and a total want of personal cleanliness. The only relic of beauty that remains is the hand, which is marvellously small and delicate, and might be envied by the most refined lady in civilized countries, and which never becomes coarse or disfigured by hard work.

The children of the Bosjesmans are quite as repulsive in aspect as their elders, though in a different manner, being as stupendously thick in the body as their elders are shapelessly thin. Their little eyes, continually kept

nearly closed, in order to exclude the sand-flies, look as if they had retreated into the head, so completely are they hidden by the projecting cheek-bones, and the fat that surrounds them. Their heads are preternaturally ugly, the skull projecting exceedingly behind, and the short woolly hair growing so low down on the forehead that they look as if they were afflicted with hydrocephalus. In fact, they scarcely seem to be human infants at all, and are absolutely repulsive, instead of being winning or attractive. They soon quit this stage of formation, and become thin-limbed and pot-bellied, with a prodigious fall in the back, which is, in fact, a necessary consequence of the other deformity.

It is astonishing how soon the little things learn to lead an independent life. At a few months of age they crawl on the sand like yellow toads of a larger size than usual, and by the time that they are a year old they run about freely, with full use of arms as well as legs. Even before they have attained this age, they have learned to search for water bulbs which lie hidden under the sand, and to scrape them up with their hands and a short stick. From eight to fourteen seems to be the age at which these people are most attractive. They have lost the thick shapelessness of infancy, the ungainliness of childhood, and have attained the roundness of youth, without having sunk into the repulsive attributes of age. At sixteen or seventeen they begin to show marks of age, and from that time to the end of their life seem to become more and more repulsive. At the age when our youths begin to assume the attributes of manhood, and to exhibit finely-knit forms and well-developed muscles, the Bosjesman is beginning to show indications of senility. Furrows appear on his brow, his body becomes covered with wrinkles, and his abdomen falls loosely in successive folds. This singularly repulsive development is partly caused by the nature of the food which he eats, and of the irregularity with which he is supplied. He is always either hungry, or gorged with food, and the natural consequence of such a mode of life is the unsightly formation which has been mentioned. As the Bosjesman advances in years, the wrinkles on his body increase in number and depth, and at last his whole body is so covered with hanging folds of loose skin, that it is almost impossible for a stranger to know whether he is looking at a man or a woman.

It has already been mentioned that the eyes of the Bosjesman are small, deeply sunken in the head, and kept so tightly closed that they are scarcely perceptible. Yet the sight of the Bosjesman is absolutely marvellous in its penetration and precision. He needs no telescope, for his unaided vision is quite as effective as any ordinary telescope, and he has been known

to decide upon the precise nature of objects which a European could not identify, even with the assistance of his glass.

This power of eyesight is equalled by the delicacy of two other senses, those of hearing and smell. The Bosjesman's ear catches the slightest sound, and his mind is instantly ready to take cognizance of it. He understands the sound of the winds as they blow over the land, the cry of birds, the rustling of leaves, the hum of insects, and draws his own conclusions from them. His wide, flattened nostrils are equally sensitive to odors, and in some cases a Bosjesman trusts as much to his nose as to his eyes.

Yet these senses, delicate as they may be, are only partially developed. The sense of smell, for example, which is so sensitive to

odors which a civilized nose could not perceive, is callous to the abominable emanations from his own body and those of his comrades, neither are the olfactory nerves blunted by any amount of pungent snuff. The sense of taste seems almost to be in abeyance, for the Bosjesman will eat with equal relish meat which has been just killed, and which is tough, stringy, and juiceless, or that which has been killed for several days, and is in a tolerably advanced state of putrefaction. Weather seems to have little effect on him, and the sense of pain seems nearly as blunt as it is in the lower animals, a Bosjesman earning nothing for injuries which would at once prostrate any ordinary European.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE BOSJESMAN — *Continued.*

HOMES OF THE BOSJESMANS — THE ROCK-CAVE — THE BUSH-HOUSE — TEMPORARY HABITATIONS — FOOD, AND MODE OF OBTAINING IT — HUNTING — CHASE OF THE OSTRICH — A SINGULAR STRATAGEM — OSTRICH FEATHERS, AND METHOD OF PACKING THEM — USES OF THE OSTRICH EGG-SHELL — CUNNING ROBBERS — CATTLE-STEALING — WARFARE — PETTY SKIRMISHING — BOSJESMANS AT BAY — SWIMMING POWERS OF THE BOSJESMANS — THE "WOODEN HORSE" — BENEVOLENT CONDUCT OF BOSJESMANS — THE WEAPONS OF THE BOSJESMANS — THE ARROW, AND ITS CONSTRUCTION — HOW ARROWS ARE CARRIED — POISON WITH WHICH THE ARROW IS COVERED — VARIOUS METHODS OF MAKING POISON — IRRITATING THE SERPENT — THE N'GWA, K'AA, OR POISON GRUB, AND ITS TERRIBLE EFFECTS — THE GRUB IN ITS DIFFERENT STAGES — ANTIDOTE — POISONED WATER — UNEXPECTED CONDUCT OF THE BOSJESMANS — THE QUIVER, SPEAR, AND KNIFE.

HAVING now glanced at the general appearance of the Bosjesman, we will rapidly review the course of his ordinary life.

Of houses or homes he is nearly independent. A rock cavern is a favorite house with the Bosjesman, who finds all the shelter he needs, without being obliged to exert any labor in preparing it. But there are many parts of the country over which he roams, in which there are no rocks, and consequently no caves. In such cases, the Bosjesman imitates the hare, and makes a "form" in which he conceals himself. He looks out for a suitable bush, creeps into it, and bends the boughs down so as to form a tent-like covering. The mimosa trees are favorite resorts with the Bosjesman, and it has been well remarked, that after a bush begins to shoot upward, the whole bush bears a great resemblance to a huge bird's nest. The resemblance is increased by the habit of the Bosjesman of lining these primitive houses with hay, dried leaves, wool, and other soft materials. The Tareonanthus forms the usual resting-place of these wild men, its pliant branches being easily bent into the required shape.

These curious dwellings are not only used as houses, but are employed as lurking-places, where the Bosjesman can lie concealed, and whence he launches his tiny but deadly arrows at the animals that may pass near the treacherous bush. It is in consequence of this simple mode of making

houses that the name of Bosjesman, or Bushman, has been given to this group of South African savages. This, of course, is the Dutch title; their name, as given by themselves, is Saqua.

In places where neither rocks nor bushes are to be found, these easily contented people are at no loss for a habitation, but make one by the simple process of scratching a hole in the ground, and throwing up the excavated earth to windward. Sometimes they become rather luxurious, and make a further shelter by fixing a few sticks in the ground, and throwing over them a mat or a piece of hide, which will answer as a screen against the wind. In this hole a wonderful number of Bosjesmans will contrive to stow themselves, rolling their karosses round their bodies in the peculiar manner which has already been mentioned. The slight screen forms their only protection against the wind — the kaross their sole defence against the rain. When a horde of Bosjesmans has settled for a time in a spot which promises good hunting, they generally make tent-like houses by fixing flexible sticks in the ground, bending them so as to force them to assume a cage-like form, and then covering them with simple mats made of reeds. These huts are almost exactly like the primitive tents in which the gypsies of England invariably live, and which they prefer to the most sumptuous chamber that wealth, luxury, and art can provide.

So much for his houses. As to his food,

the Bosjesman finds no difficulty in supplying himself with all that he needs. His wants are indeed few, for there is scarcely anything which a human being can eat without being poisoned, that the Bosjesman does not use for food. He has not the least prejudice against any kind of edible substance, and, provided that it is capable of affording nourishment, he asks nothing more. His luxuries are comprised in two words—tobacco and brandy; but food is a necessary of life, and is not looked upon in any other light.

There is not a beast, and I believe not a bird, that a Bosjesman will not eat. Snakes and other reptiles are common articles of diet, and insects are largely used as food by this people. Locusts and white ants are the favorite insects, but the Bosjesman is in no wise fastidious, and will eat almost any insect that he can catch. Roots, too, form a large portion of the Bosjesman's diet, and he can discover the water-root without the assistance of a baboon. Thus it happens that the Bosjesman can live where other men would perish, and to him the wild desert is a congenial home. All that he needs is plenty of space, because he never cultivates the ground, nor breeds sheep or cattle, trusting entirely for his food to the casual productions of the earth, whether they be animal or vegetable.

It has already been mentioned that the Bosjesman obtains his meat by hunting. Though one of the best hunters in the world, the Bosjesman, like the Hottentot, to whom he is nearly related, has no love of the chase, or, indeed, for any kind of exertion, and would not take the trouble to pursue the various animals on which he lives, if he could obtain their flesh without the trouble of hunting them. Yet, when he has fairly started on the chase, there is no man more doggedly persevering; and even the Esquimaux seal-hunter, who will sit for forty-eight hours with harpoon in hand, cannot surpass him in endurance.

Small as he is, he will match himself against the largest and the fiercest animals of South Africa, and proceeds with perfect equanimity and certainty of success to the chase of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, and the leopard. The former animals, whose skins are too tough to be pierced with his feeble weapons, he entraps by sundry ingenious devices, while the latter fall victims to the deadly poison with which his arrows are imbued. The skill of the Bosjesman is severely tested in the chase of the ostrich, a bird which the swiftest horse can barely overtake, and is so wary as well as swift, that a well-mounted hunter, armed with the best rifle, thinks himself fortunate when he can kill one.

The little Bosjesman has two modes of killing these birds. If he happens to find one of their enormous nests while the

parent birds are away, he approaches it very cautiously, lest his track should be seen by the ever-watchful ostrich, and buries himself in the sand among the eggs. The reader will doubtless remember that several ostriches deposit their eggs in one nest, and that the nest in question is simply scraped in the sand, and is of enormous dimensions. Here the tiny hunter will lie patiently until the sun has gone down, when he knows that the parent birds will return to the nest. As they approach in the distance, he carefully fits a poisoned arrow to his bow, and directs its point toward the advancing ostriches. As soon as they come within range, he picks out the bird which has the plumpest form and the most luxuriant plumage, and with a single arrow seals its fate.

The chief drawback to this mode of hunting is, that the very act of discharging the arrow reveals the form of the hunter, and frightens the other birds so much that a second shot is scarcely to be obtained, and the Bosjesman is forced to content himself with one dead bird and the whole of the eggs. Fortunately, he is quite indifferent as to the quality of the eggs. He does not very much care if any of them should be added, and will eat with perfect composure an egg which would alarm an European at six paces' distance. Neither does he object to the eggs if they should be considerably advanced in hatching, and, if anything, rather fancies himself fortunate in procuring a young and tender bird without the trouble of chasing and catching it. Then the egg-shells, when the contents are removed, are most valuable for many purposes, and especially for the conveyance of water. For this latter purpose they are simply invaluable. The Bosjesmans always contrive to have a supply of water, but no one except themselves has the least notion where it is stored. If a Bosjesman kraal is attacked, and the captives interrogated as to the spot where the supply of water has been stored, they never betray the precious secret, but always pretend that they have none, and that they are on the point of dying with thirst. Yet, at some quiet hour of the night, a little yellow woman is tolerably sure to creep to their sides and give them a plentiful draught of water, while their captors are trying to lull their thirst by sleep. How they utilize their egg-shells of water, the reader will see in another place.

The eyes of the ostrich are keen enough, but those of the Bosjesman are keener, and if the small hunter, perched on his rocky observatory, happens to catch a glimpse of a number of ostriches in the far distance, he makes up his mind that in a few hours several of those birds will have fallen before the tiny bow and the envenomed arrow which it projects. He immediately creeps back to his apology for a hut, and there

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finds a complete hunter's suit which he has prepared in readiness for such an occasion. It consists of the skin of an ostrich, without the legs, and having a stick passed up the neck. The skin of the body is stretched over a kind of saddle, which the maker has adapted to his own shoulders.

He first rubs his yellow legs with white chalk, and then fixes the decoy skin on his back, taking care to do it in such a manner, that, although it is quite firm as long as it has to be worn, it can be thrown off in a moment. The reason for this precaution will be seen presently. He then takes his bow and arrows and sets off in pursuit of the ostriches, using all possible pains to approach them in such a direction that the wind may blow from them to him. Were he to neglect this precaution, the watchful birds would soon detect him by the scent, and dash away where he could not possibly follow them.

As soon as the ostriches see a strange bird approaching, they cease from feeding, gather together, and gaze suspiciously at their supposed companion. Were the disguised hunter to approach at once, the birds would take the alarm, so he runs about here and there, lowering the head to the ground, as if in the act of feeding, but always contriving to decrease the distance between himself and the birds. At last he manages to come within range, and when he has crept tolerably close to the selected victim, he suddenly allows the head of the decoy-skin to fall to the ground, snatches up an arrow, speeds it on its deadly mission, and instantly raises the head again.

The stricken bird dashes off in a fright on receiving the wound, and all its companions run with it, followed by the disguised Bosjesman. Presently the wounded bird begins to slacken its speed, staggers, and falls to the ground, thus allowing the hunter to come up to the ostriches as they are gazing on their fallen companion, and permitting him to secure another victim. Generally, a skilful hunter will secure four out of five ostriches by this method of hunting, but it sometimes happens that the birds discover that there is something wrong, and make an attack on the apparent stranger. An assault from so powerful a bird is no trifle, as a blow from its leg is enough to break the limb of a powerful man, much more of so small and feeble a personage as a Bosjesman hunter. Then comes the value of the precaution which has just been mentioned. As soon as he finds the fraud discovered, the hunter runs round on the windward side of the ostriches, so as to give them his scent. They instantly take the alarm, and just in that moment when they pause in their contemplated attack, and meditate immediate flight, the Bosjesman dings off the now useless skin, seizes his weapons, and showers his arrows with marvellous rapidity among the frightened birds.

In this way are procured a very large proportion of the ostrich feathers which are sent to the European market, and the lady who admires the exquisite contour and beautiful proportions of a good ostrich plume has seldom any idea that it was procured by a little yellow man disguised in an ostrich skin, with bow and arrows in his hand, and his legs rubbed with chalk.

After he has plucked the feathers, he has a very ingenious mode of preserving them from injury. He takes hollow reeds, not thicker than an ordinary drawing pencil, and pushes the feathers into them as far as they will go. He then taps the end of the reeds against the ground, and, by degrees, the feather works its own way into the protecting tube. In this tube the feathers are carried about, and it is evident that a considerable number of them can be packed so as to make an easy load for a man.

When they kill an ostrich, they prepare from it a substance of a rather remarkable character. Before the bird is dead, they cut its throat, and then tie a ligature firmly over the wound, so as to prevent any blood from escaping. The wretched bird thus bleeds inwardly, and the flow of blood is promoted by pressing it and rolling it from side to side. Large quantities of mixed blood and fat are thus collected in the distensible crop, and when the bird happens to be in particularly good condition, nearly twenty pounds of this substance are furnished by a single ostrich. The natives value this strange mixture very highly, and think that it is useful in a medicinal point of view.

The shell of the ostrich egg is nearly as valuable to the Bosjesman as its contents, and in some cases is still more highly valued. Its chief use is as a water vessel, for which it is admirably adapted. The women have the task of filling these shells; a task which is often a very laborious one when the water is scanty.

In common with many of the kindred tribes, they have a curious method of obtaining water when there is apparently nothing but mud to be found. They take a long reed, and tie round one end of it a quantity of dried grass. This they push as deeply as they conveniently can into the muddy soil, and allow it to remain there until the water has penetrated through the primitive filter, and has risen in the tube. They then apply their lips to the tube, and draw into their mouths as much water as they can contain, and then discharge it into an empty egg-shell by means of another reed; or, if they do not possess a second reed, a slight stick will answer the purpose if managed carefully. When filled, the small aperture that has been left in each egg is carefully closed by a tuft of grass very tightly forced into it, and the women have to undertake the labor of carrying their heavy load homeward. There is one mode of using these egg-shells which is worthy of mention.

The Bosjesmans are singularly ingenious in acting as spies. They will travel to great distances in order to find out if there is anything to be stolen, and they have a method of communicating with each other by means of the smoke of a fire that constitutes a very perfect telegraph. The Australian savage has a similar system, and it is really remarkable that two races of men, who are certainly among the lowest examples of humanity, should possess an accomplishment which implies no small amount of mental capability. Property to be worth stealing by a Bosjesman must mean something which can be eaten, and almost invariably takes the shape of cattle. Thus, to steal cattle is perhaps not so difficult a business, but to transport them over a wide desert is anything but easy, and could not be accomplished, even by a Bosjesman, without the exercise of much forethought.

In the first place, the Bosjesman is very careful of the direction in which he makes his raids, and will never steal cattle in places whence he is likely to be followed by the aggrieved owners. He prefers to carry off animals that are separated from his own district by a dry and thirsty desert, over which horses cannot pass, and which will tire out any pursuers on foot, because they cannot carry with them enough water for the journey. When his plans are laid, and his line of march settled, he sends the women along it, with orders to bury ostrich egg-shells full of water at stated distances, the locality of each being signified by certain marks which none but himself can read. As soon as this precaution is taken, he starts off at his best pace, and, being wonderfully tolerant of thirst, he and his companions reach their destination without making any very great diminution in the stock of water. They then conceal themselves until nightfall, their raids never taking place in the daytime.

In the dead of night they slink into the cattle pen, silently killing the watchman, if one should be on guard, and select the best animals, which they drive off. The whole of the remainder they either kill or maim, the latter being the usual plan, as it saves their arrows. But, if they should be interrupted in their proceedings, their raid is not the less fatal, for, even in the hurry of flight, they will discharge a poisoned arrow into every animal, so that not one is left. (See the engraving No. 2 on page 237.)

We will suppose, however, that their plans are successful, and that they have got fairly off with their plunder. They know that they cannot conceal the tracks of the cattle, and do not attempt to do so, but push on as fast as the animals can be urged, so as to get a long start of their pursuers. When they are fairly on the track, some of their number go in advance to the first station, dig up the water vessels, and wait the arrival of the remainder. The cattle are sup-

plied with as much water as can be spared for them, in order to give them strength and willingness for the journey; the empty vessels are then tied on their backs, and they are again driven forward. In this manner they pass on from station to station until they arrive at their destination. Should, however, the pursuers come up with them, they abandon the cattle at once; invariably leaving a poisoned arrow in each by way of a parting gift, and take to flight with such rapidity, that the pursuers know that it is useless to follow them.

The needless destruction which they work among the cattle, which to a Hottentot or a Kafir are almost the breath of life, has exasperated both these people to such a degree that they will lay aside for a time their differences, and unite in attacking the Bosjesman, who is equally hated by both. This, however, they do with every precaution, knowing full well the dangerous character of the enemies against whom they are about to advance, and not attempting any expedition unless their numbers are very strong indeed.

Of systematic warfare the Bosjesmans know nothing, although they are perhaps the most dangerous enemies that a man can have, his first knowledge of their presence being the clang of the bow, and the sharp whirring sound of the arrow. Sometimes a horde of Bosjesmans will take offence at some Hottentot or Kafir tribe, and will keep up a desultory sort of skirmish for years, during which time the foe knows not what a quiet night means.

The Bosjesmans dare not attack their enemies in open day, neither will they venture to match themselves in fair warfare against any considerable number of antagonists. But not a man dares to stray from the protection of the huts, unless accompanied by armed comrades, knowing that the cunning enemies are always lurking in the neighborhood, and that a stone, or bush, or tree, will afford cover to a Bosjesman. These tiny but formidable warriors will even conceal themselves in the sand, if they fancy that stragglers may pass in that direction, and the puff-adder itself is not more invisible, nor its fangs more deadly, than the lurking Bosjesman. On the bare cliffs they can conceal themselves with marvellous address, their yellow skins being so like the color of the rocks that they are scarcely visible, even when there is no cover. Moreover, they have a strange way of huddling themselves up in a bundle, so as to look like conical heaps of leaves and sticks, without a semblance of humanity about them.

Open resistance they seldom offer, generally scattering and escaping in all directions if a direct charge is made at them, even if they should be assailed by one solitary enemy armed only with a stick. But they will hang about the outskirts of the hostile

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tribe for months together, never gathering themselves into a single band which can be assaulted and conquered, but separating themselves into little parties of two or three, against whom it would be absurd for the enemy to advance in force, which cannot be conquered by equal numbers, and yet which are too formidable to be left unmolested. The trouble and annoyance which a few Bosjesmans can inflict upon a large body of enemies is almost incredible. The warriors are forced to be always on the watch, and never venture singly without their camp, while the women and children have such a dread of the Bosjesmans, that the very mention of the name throws them into paroxysms of terror. The difficulty of attacking these pertinacious enemies is very much increased by the nomad character of the Bosjesmans. The Hottentot tribes can move a village in half a day, but the Bosjesmans, who can exist without fixed habitations of any kind, and whose most elaborate houses are far simpler than the worst specimens of Hottentot architecture, can remove themselves and their habitations whenever they choose; and, if necessary, can abolish their rude houses altogether, so as not to afford the least sign of their residence.

Sometimes, but very rarely, the Kaffirs, exasperated by repeated losses at the hands of the Bosjesmans, have determined to trace the delinquents to their home, and to extirpate the entire community. The expedition is one which is fraught with special danger, as there is no weapon which a Kaffir dreads more than the poisoned arrow of the Bosjesman. In such cases the overwhelming numbers of the assailants and the absolute necessity of the task which they have set themselves, are sure to lead to ultimate success, and neither men nor women are spared. The very young children are sometimes carried off and made to act as slaves, but, as a general rule, the Kaffirs look upon the Bosjesmans much as if they were a set of venomous serpents, and kill them all with as little compunction as they would feel in destroying a family of cobras or puff-adders.

It has been mentioned that the Bosjesmans will seldom offer any resistance in open fight. Sometimes, however, they will do so, but only in case of being driven to bay, preferring usually to lie in wait, and in the dead of night to steal upon their foes, and send a few poisoned arrows among them, and steal away under cover of the darkness. Yet when flight is useless, and they are fairly at bay, they accept the position, and become as terrible foes as can be met; losing all sense of fear, and fighting with desperate courage. A small band of them has often been known to fight a large party of enemies, and to continue their struggles until every man has been killed. On one

such occasion, all had been killed except one man, who had ensconced himself so closely behind a stone that his enemies could not manage to inflict a mortal wound. With his bow he drew toward him the spent arrows of his fallen kinsmen, and, though exhausted by loss of blood from many wounds on his limbs, he continued to hurl the arrows at his foes, accompanying each with some abusive epithet. It was not until many of his enemies had fallen by his hand, that he exposed himself to a mortal blow.

It is a curious custom of the Bosjesman, who likes to have his arrows ready to hand, to carry them in his headdress, just as an old-fashioned clerk carries his pen behind his ear. Generally he keeps them in his quiver with their points reversed, but, when he is actively engaged in fighting, he takes them out, turns the points with their poisoned ends outward, and arranges them at each side of his head, so that they project like a couple of skeleton fans. They give a most peculiar look to the features, and are as sure an indication of danger as the spread hood of the cobra, or the menacing "whirr" of the rattlesnake. He makes great use of them in the war of words, which in Southern Africa seems invariably to accompany the war of weapons, and moves them just as a horse moves his ears. With one movement of the head he sends them all forward like two horns, and with another he shakes them open in a fan-like form, accompanying each gesture with rapid frowns like those of an angry baboon, and with a torrent of words that are eloquent enough to those who understand them.

He does not place all his arrows in his headdress, but keeps a few at hand in the quiver. These he uses when he has time for a deliberate aim. But, if closely pressed, he snatches arrow after arrow out of his headdress, fits them to the string, and shoots them with a rapidity that seems almost incredible. I have seen a Bosjesman send three successive arrows into a mark, and do it so quickly that the three were discharged in less than two seconds. Indeed, the three sounds followed one another as rapidly as three blows could have been struck with a stick.

Traversing the country unceasingly, the Bosjesman would not be fit for his ordinary life if he could be stopped by such an obstacle as a river; and it is accordingly found that they can all swim. As the rivers are often swift and strong, swimming across them in a straight line would be impossible but for an invention which is called "Houte-paard," or wooden horse. This is nothing more than a piece of wood six or seven feet in length, with a peg driven into one end. When the swimmer crosses a stream, he places this peg against his right shoulder so that the wood is under his body, and helps

to support it. How this machine works may be seen from the following anecdote by Dr. Lichtenstein, which not only illustrates the point in question, but presents the Bosjesmans in a more amiable light than we are generally accustomed to view them.

"A hippopotamus had been killed, and its body lashed to the bank with leathern ropes. The stream, however, after the fashion of African streams, had risen suddenly, and the current swept downward with such force, that it tore asunder the ropes in question, and carried off the huge carcass. Some Bosjesmans went along the bank to discover the lost animal, and at last found it on the other bank, and having crossed the river, carrying with them the ends of some stout ropes, they tried unsuccessfully to tow the dead animal to the other side. Some other means of accomplishing the proposed end were now to be devised, and many were suggested, but none found practicable. The hope of retrieving the prize, however, induced a young colonist to attempt swimming over; but, on account of the vast force of the stream, he was constrained to return ere he had reached a fourth part of the way. In the mean time, the two Bosjesmans who had attained the other side of the water, having made a large fire, cut a quantity of fat off the monster's back, which they baked and ate most voraciously.

"This sight tempted five more of the Bosjesmans to make a new essay. Each took a light flat piece of wood, which was fastened to the right shoulder, and under the arm; when in the water the point was placed directly across the stream, so that the great force of water must come upon that, while the swimmer, with the left arm and the feet, struggled against the stream, in the same manner as a ship with spread sails, when, according to the sailor's language, it sails before the wind. They arrived quicker than the first, and almost without any effort, directly to the opposite point, and immediately applied all their strength, though in vain, to loosening the monster from the rock on which it hung.

"In the mean time, a freed slave, belonging to the Governor's train, an eager, spirited young fellow, and a very expert swimmer, had the boldness to attempt following the savages without any artificial aid, and got, though slowly, very successfully, about half-way over. Here, however, his strength failed him; he was carried away and sunk, but appeared again above the water, struggling with his little remaining powers to reach the shore. All efforts were in vain; he was forced to abandon himself to the stream; but luckily, at a turn in the river, which soon presented itself, he was carried to the land half dead.

"The Bosjesmans, when they saw his situation, quitted their fire, and, hastening to his

assistance, arrived at the spot just as he crawled on shore, exhausted with fatigue, and stiffened with cold. It was a truly affecting sight to behold the exertions made by the savages to recover him. They threw their skins over him, dried him, and rubbed him with their hands, and, when he began somewhat to revive, carried him to the fire and laid him down by it. They then made him a bed with their skins, and put more wood on the fire, that he might be thoroughly warmed, rubbing his benumbed limbs over with the heated fat of the river-horse. But evening was now coming on, and, in order to wait for the entire restoration of the unfortunate adventurer, it was necessary for the whole party to resolve on passing the night where they were. Some of the Bosjesmans on this side exerted themselves to carry the poor man's clothes over to him, that he might not be prevented by the cold from sleeping, and recovering strength for his return.

"Early the next morning the Bosjesmans were seen conducting their *protégé* along the side of the stream, to seek out some more convenient spot for attempting to cross it. They soon arrived at one where there was a small island in the river, which would of course much diminish the fatigue of crossing; a quantity of wood was then fastened together, on which he was laid, and thus the voyage commenced. The young man, grown timid with the danger from which he had escaped, could not encounter the water again without great apprehensions; he with the whole party, however, arrived very safely and tolerably quick at the island, whence, with the assistance of his two friends, he commenced the second and most toilsome part of the undertaking. Two of the Bosjesmans kept on each side of the bundle of wood, while the young man himself exerted all his remaining powers to push on his float. When they reached a bank in the river, on which they were partially aground, having water only up to the middle, he was obliged to stop and rest awhile; but by this time he was so completely chilled, and his limbs were so benumbed with the cold, that it seemed almost impossible for him to proceed. In vain did his comrades, who looked anxiously on to see the termination of the adventure, call to him to take courage, to make, without delay, yet one more effort; he, as well as an old Bosjesman, the best swimmer of the set, seemed totally to have lost all presence of mind.

"At this critical moment, two of the Bosjesmans who had remained on our side of the water were induced, after some persuasion, to undertake the rescue of these unfortunate adventurers. A large bundle of wood was fastened together with the utmost despatch; on the end of this they laid themselves, and to the middle was fastened a cord; this was held by those on shore, so

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that it might not fall into the water and incommode them in swimming. It was astonishing to see with what promptitude they stooped directly to the right spot, and came, notwithstanding the rapidity of the stream, to the unfortunate objects they sought. The latter had so far lost all coolness and presence of mind, that they had not the sense immediately to lay hold of the cord, and their deliverers were in the utmost danger of being carried away the next moment by the stream. At this critical point, the third, who was standing on the bank, seized the only means remaining to save his companions. He pushed them before him into the deep water, and compelled them once more, in conjunction with him, to put forth all their strength, while the other two struggled with their utmost might against the stream. In this manner he at length succeeded in making them catch hold of the rope, by means of which all five were ultimately dragged in safety to the shore."

We will now proceed to the weapons with which the Bosjesman kills his prey and fights his enemies. The small but terrible arrows which the Bosjesman uses with such deadly effect are constructed with very great care, and the neatness with which they are made is really surprising, when we take into consideration the singularly inefficient tools which are used.

The complete arrow is about eighteen inches in length, and it is made of four distinct parts. First, we have the shaft, which is a foot or thirteen inches long, and not as thick as an ordinary black-lead pencil. This is formed from the common Kaffir reed, which, when dry, is both strong and light. At either end it is bound firmly with the split and flattened intestine of some animal, which is put on when wet, and, when dry, shrinks closely, and is very hard and stiff. One end is simply cut off transversely, and the other notched in order to receive the bowstring. Next comes a piece of bone, usually that of the ostrich, about three inches in length. One end of it is passed into the open end of the shaft, and over the other is slipped a short piece of reed, over which a strong "wrapping" of intestine has been placed. This forms a socket for the true head of the arrow—the piece of ostrich bone being only intended to give the needless weight to the weapon.

The head itself is made of ivory, and is shaped much like the piece of bone already described. One end of it is sharpened, so that it can be slipped into the reed socket, and the other is first bound with intestine, and then a notch, about the eighth of an inch deep, is made in it. This notch is for the reception of the triangular piece of flattened iron, which we may call the blade.

The body of the arrow is now complete, and all that is required is to add the poison which makes it so formidable. The poison,

which is first reduced to the consistency of glue, is spread thickly over the entire head of the arrow, including the base of the head. Before it has dried, a short spike of iron or quill is pushed into it, the point being directed backward, so as to form a barb. If the arrow strikes a human being, and he pulls it out of the wound, the iron blade, which is but loosely attached to the head, is nearly sure to come off and remain in the wound. The little barb is added for the same purpose, and, even if the arrow itself be immediately extracted, enough of the poison remains in the wound to cause death. But it is not at all likely that the arrow will be extracted. The head is not fastened permanently to the shaft, but is only loosely slipped into it. Consequently the shaft is pulled away easily enough, but the head is left in the wound, and affords no handle whereby it can be extracted. As may be seen from the illustration No. 4 on the 247th page, a considerable amount of the poison is used upon each arrow.

This little barb, or barblet, if the word may be used, is scarcely as large as one nib of an ordinary quill pen, and lies so close to the arrow that it would not be seen by an inexperienced eye. In form it is triangular, the broader end being pressed into the poison, and the pointed end directed backward, and lying almost parallel with the shaft. It hardly seems capable of being dislodged in the wound, but the fact is, that the poison is always soft in a warm climate, and so allows the barb, which is very slightly inserted, to remain in the wound, a portion of poison of course adhering to its base.

This is the usual structure of a good arrow, but the weapons are not exactly alike. Some of them have only a single piece of bone by way of a head, while many are not armed with the triangular blade. Arrows that possess this blade are intended for war, and are not employed in the peaceful pursuit of game. Hunting arrows have the head shaped much like a spindle, or, to speak more familiarly, like the street boy's "cat," being tolerably thick in the middle and tapering to a point at each end. When not in actual use, the Bosjesman reverses the head, so that the poisoned end is received into the hollow shaft, and thus is debarred from doing useless harm. These heads are not nearly as thick as those which are used for war, neither do they need as much poison.

The Bosjesman quiver and arrows which are illustrated on page 247 were taken from the dead body of their owner, and were kindly sent to me by H. Dennett, Esq. They are peculiarly valuable, because they are in all stages of manufacture, and show the amount of labor and care which is bestowed on these weapons. There is first the simple reed, having both ends carefully bound with sinew to prevent it from split-

ting. Then comes a reed with a piece of bone inserted in one end. On the next specimen a small socket is formed at the end of the bone, in order to receive the ivory head; and so the arrows proceed until the perfect weapon is seen.

As to the poison which is used in arming the arrows, it is of two kinds. That which is in ordinary use is made chiefly of vegetable substances, such as the juice of certain euphorbias, together with the matter extracted from the poison-gland of the puff-adder, cobra, and other venomous serpents. In procuring this latter substance they are singularly courageous. When a Bosjesman sees a serpent which can be used for poisoning arrows, he does not kill it at once, but steals quietly to the spot where it is lying, and sets his foot on its neck. The snake, disturbed from the lethargic condition which is common to all reptiles, starts into furious energy, and twists and struggles and hisses, and does all in its power to inflict a wound on its foe. This is exactly what the Bosjesman likes, and he excites the serpent to the utmost pitch of fury before he kills it. The reason of this conduct is, that the desire to bite excites the poison-gland, and causes it to secrete the venomous substance in large quantities.

The Bosjesmans say that not only is the poison increased in volume, but that its venomous properties are rendered more deadly by exciting the anger of the reptile before it is killed. The materials for making this poison are boiled down in a primitive kind of pot made of a hollowed sandstone, and, when thoroughly inspissated, it assumes the color and consistency of pitch. It is put on very thickly, in some parts being about the eighth of an inch thick. In some arrows, the little triangular head is only held in its place by the poison itself, being merely loosely slipped into a notch and then cemented to the shaft with the poison. In this case it acts as a barb, and remains in the wound when the arrow is withdrawn.

In our climate the poison becomes hard, and is exceedingly brittle, cracking in various directions, and being easily pulverized by being rubbed between the fingers. But in the comparatively hot temperature of Southern Africa it retains its soft tenacity, and even in this country it can be softened before a fire and the cracked portions mended. It is very bitter, and somewhat aromatic in taste, and in this respect much resembles the dreaded vourali poison of tropical Guiana. In some places the poison bulb is common, and in its prime it is very conspicuous, being recognized at a considerable distance by the blue undulated leaves which rise, as it were, out of the ground, and spread like a fan. Soon, however, the leaves fall off and dry up, and nothing is seen but a short, dry stalk, which gives little promise of the bulb below.

In some parts of the Bosjesmans' country, the juice of *amaryllis* is used for poisoning arrows, like that of euphorbia, and is then mixed with the venom extracted from a large black spider, as well as that which is obtained from serpents. An antidote for this mixed poison is not at present known to white men, and whether the Bosjesmans are acquainted with one is at present unknown. It would be a great boon, not only to science, but to the inhabitants of that part of Africa, if a remedy could be discovered, inasmuch as such a discovery would at once deprive the Bosjesman of the only means whereby he can render himself terrible to those who live in his neighborhood. Property would then be rendered comparatively safe, and the present chronic state of irregular warfare would be exchanged for peace and quiet. The twofold nature of the poison, however, renders such a discovery a matter of exceeding difficulty, as the antidote must be equally able to counteract the vegetable poison as well as the animal venom.

Terrible as is this mixed poison, the Bosjesman has another which is far more cruel in its effects. If a human being is wounded with an arrow armed with this poison, he suffers the most intolerable agony, and soon dies. Even if a small portion of this poison should touch a scratch in the skin, the result is scarcely less dreadful, and, in Livingstone's graphic words, the sufferer "cuts himself, calls for his mother's breast, as if he were returned in idea to his childhood again, or flies from human habitations a raging maniac." The lion suffers in much the same way, raging through the woods, and biting the trees and the ground in the extremity of his pain. The poison which produces such terrible effects is simply the juice which exudes from a certain grub, called the N'gwa, or K'aa—the former title being used by Dr. Livingstone, and the latter by Mr. Baines, who has given great attention to this dread insect. His account of the insect is as follows:—

There is a tree called the *Maruru pappeerie*, which is about the size of an ordinary elm, but which has its stems and branches covered with thorns. The wood of this tree is of very soft texture. Upon the *Maruru pappeerie* are found the poison grubs, which are of a pale flesh-color, something like that of the silkworm, and about three quarters of an inch in length. One curious point in its habits is the singular covering with which it is invested. "We were much puzzled by a covering of green matter similar in color to the leaf it feeds on. At first we thought it was the first skin peeling off, as it lay in loose rolls parallel to the muscular rings of the body; it seemed gradually driven forward toward the head, where it formed a shield or hood, portions breaking off as it dried, and being replaced by fresh.

mans' country, for poisoning a, and is then acted from a that which is antidote for present known e Bosjesmans present un- noon, not only tants of that ould be discov- recovery would n of the only r himself' ter- neighborhood, red compar- rone state of exchanged for nature of the a discovery a as the anti- nteract the animal

son, the Bos- ar more cruel g is wounded is poison, he any, and soon of this poison in, the result in Living- fferer "eats freest, as if is childhood abitations a fers in much the woods, round in the poison which s simply the certain grub, former title and the lat- given great His account

um paperie, ordinary elm, branches cov- this tree is the Maruru grubs, which ing like that ee quarters ous point in eeing with much puz- der similar At first ve eling off, as e muscular d gradually d, where it is breaking ed by fresh.

At length we were enabled to decide that it must be the excrement of the creature, issuing not only in the usual manner, but from the pores that are scattered over nearly the whole of its body.

"When the grub attains a length of three quarters of an inch, this matter is more sparingly distributed, and is of a brownish color. In a short time the grub drops from the tree, and, burying itself about two feet below the surface, forms its cocoon of a thin shell of earth agglutinated round its body. Its entrails, or rather the whole internal juices, arc, in all stages of its grubdom, of the most deadly nature, and, if brought in contact with a cut, or sore of any kind, cause the most excruciating agony."

Through the kindness of Mr. Baines, who enriched my collection with some specimens of the N'gwa, I am enabled to present my readers with some figures of this dread



POISON GRUB.

insect. Fig. 1 shows the N'gwa, or K'na, of its natural size. The specimen was dry, shrivelled, and hard, but a careful administration of moisture caused it to relax its stiffened segments, and the wrinkled skin to become plump as in life.

Fig. 1 shows the under surface of the grub, as it appears when lying on its back, and exhibits its six little legs, the dark head and thorax, and the row of spiracles, or breathing apertures, along the sides. Fig. 2 exhibits the same grub, as it appears when coiled up inside its cocoon, and serves also to show the flattened form of the N'gwa in this stage of existence.

Fig. 3 represents the cocoon itself. This domicile made of grains of dark brown earth or sand, agglutinated together, is wonderfully hard, strong, and compact, although its walls are exceedingly thin. When entire, it is so strong that it will bear rather rough handling without injury, but when it is broken, it tumbles into fragments almost at a touch. The specimens are represented of their natural size.

When the Bosjesman wishes to poison an arrow-head, he first examines his hands with the minutest care, so as to be certain that his skin is not broken even by a slight scratch. He then takes a grub between his fingers, and squeezes it so as to force out the whole contents of the abdomen, together with the juices of the body. These he places in little drops upon the arrow-point, arranging them at a tolerably regular distance from each other; and when this is done, the dreadful process is complete. It is no won-

der that people who wield such weapons as these should be equally feared and hated by all around them. It is bad enough to be shot with arrows which, like those of the Macoushies, cause certain death, but the terrors of the poison are aggravated a hundred-fold when it causes fearful agony and absolute mania before death relieves the sufferer.

A question now naturally arises, namely, the existence of any antidote to this dreadful poison. Probably there is an antidote to every poison if it were but known, and it is likely, therefore, that there is one for the N'gwa. The Kaffirs say that the only antidote is fat. They have a theory that the N'gwa requires fat, and that it consumes the life of the wounded beings in its attempts to find fat. Consequently, when a person is wounded with a poisoned arrow, they saturate the wound with liquid fat, and think that, if it can be applied in time, and in sufficient quantities, it satisfies the N'gwa, and saves the man's life.

The Bosjesmans themselves deny that there is any antidote, but this they might be expected to do, from their natural unwillingness to part with so valuable a secret. It is no light matter to possess a poison which keeps every enemy in terror, as well it may, when we consider its effects. Dr. Livingstone mentions that the efficiency of this poison is so great that it is used against the lion. After watching the lion make a full meal, two Bosjesman hunters creep up to the spot where the animal is reposing, according to his custom, and approach so silently that not even a cracked stick announces the presence of an enemy. One of them takes off his kaross, and holds it with both hands, while the other prepares his weapons. When all is ready, a poisoned arrow is sent into the lion's body, and, simultaneously with the twang of the bowstring, the kaross is flung over the animal's head, so as to bewilder him when he is so unceremoniously aroused, and to give the bold hunters time to conceal themselves. The lion shakes off the blinding cloak, and bounds off in terror, which soon gives way to pain, and in a short time dies in convulsive agonies.

When the N'gwa is used for poisoning arrows, no other substance is used, and in consequence the head of the weapon presents a much neater appearance than when it is armed with the pitch-like euphorbia or serpent poison. This substance being of so terrible a character, its possessors would naturally be anxious to discover some antidote which they might use in case of being accidentally wounded, and to give foreigners the idea that no antidote existed. Consequently Mr. Baines and his companions found that they persistently denied that they knew of any antidote, but when they mentioned the very name of the plant which

they had heard was used by them for that purpose, the Bosjesmans yielded the point, said that white men know everything, and that it was useless to conceal their knowledge.

The antidote is called by the name of *Kāla hātlwe*, and is chiefly made from a small soft-stemmed plant. The flower is yellow, star-shaped, and has five petals. The stamens are numerous, and the calyx is divided into two sepals. The root is "something between a bulb and a tuber, rough and brown outside, and when cut is seen marked with concentric lines of light reddish brown and purple." The leaves are two inches and a half in length, and only a quarter of an inch wide. The mid-rib of the leaf projects on the under surface, and forms a depression on the upper. There are, however, two other plants which bear the same title, and are used for the same purpose. One of them has a broader leaf and a larger flower, and tastes something like sorrel, while the third has a waved or wrinkled leaf. When the *Kāla hātlwe* is used, the root or bulb is chewed and laid on the wound, and is followed by the application of plenty of fat. I may here mention that the word "*kāla*" signifies "friend," and is therefore very appropriate to the plant.

This is not the only use which they make of poisons. If they are retreating over a district which they do not intend to visit for some time, they have an abominable custom of poisoning every water-hole in their track. Sometimes they select one fountain, and mix its waters with poison for the purpose of destroying game. The substance that is used for poisoning water is generally of a vegetable nature. The bulb of the poison-root (*Anaryllis toxicaria*) is much employed, and so is the juice of the euphorbia. Mr. Moffatt nearly fell a victim to this custom. After a long and tedious ride under the hot sunbeams, he approached a Bosjesman village, near which his horse discovered a small pool of water surrounded with bushes. Pushing his way through them, Mr. Moffatt lay down and took a long draught at the water, not having understood that the surrounding bushes were in fact a fence used to warn human beings from the water. As soon as he had drunk, he perceived an unusual taste, and then found that the water had been poisoned. The effects of the poison were rather irritable, though not so painful as might have been imagined. "I began to feel a violent turmoil within, and a fulness of the system, as if the arteries would burst, while the pulsation was exceedingly quick, being accompanied by a slight giddiness in the head." Fortunately, a profuse perspiration came on, and he recovered, though the strange sensations lasted for several days.

To the honor of the Bosjesmans, it must be said that they displayed the greatest

solitude on this occasion. One of them came running out of the village, just after the water had been drunk, and, not knowing that the mischief had already been done, tried to show by gestures that the water must not be drunk. They then ran about in all directions, seeking for a remedy; and when they found that the result would not be fatal, they showed extravagant joy. The escape was a very narrow one, as a zebra had died on the previous day from drinking at the same fountain.

This anecdote, when taken in conjunction with Dr. Lichtenstein's narrative, shows that this despised race of people are not, as some seem to think, devoid of all human affections, and thereby degraded below the level of the brute beasts. Subjected, as they are, to oppression on every side, and equally persecuted by the Hottentots, the Kafirs, and the white colonists, it is not to be supposed that they could be remarkable for the benevolence of their disposition, or their kindly feelings toward the hostile people with whom they are surrounded; and, whenever they find an opportunity for retaliation, it is but natural that they should take advantage of it.

Small, few, and weak, they would have been long ago exterminated but for their one weapon, the poisoned arrow, and, through its possession, they have exacted from their many foes the same feeling of respectful abhorrence which we entertain toward a hornet or a viper. All hate and dread the Bosjesman, but no one dares to despise him. However powerful may be a tribe of Kafirs or Hottentots, or however carefully an European settlement may be protected, a single Bosjesman will keep them in constant alarm. Sentries are almost useless when a Bosjesman chooses to make a nocturnal attack, for he can crawl unseen within a few yards of the sentinel, lodge a poisoned arrow in his body, and vanish as imperceptibly as he arrived. As to finding the retreat in which he hides himself by day, it is almost impossible, even to a Hottentot, for the Bosjesman is marvellously skilful in obliterating tracks, and making a false spoor, and has besides the art of packing his tiny body into so small a compass, that he can lie at his ease in a hole which seems hardly large enough to accommodate an ordinary rabbit.

Yet, though he is hunted and persecuted like the hornet and the viper, and, like those creatures, can use his venomous weapon when provoked, it is evident that he is not incapable of gratitude, and that he can act in a friendly manner toward those who treat him kindly. Vindictive he can be when he thinks himself offended, and he can wreak a most cruel vengeance on those who have incurred his wrath. But that he is not destitute of the better feelings of humanity is evident from the above-mentioned accounts, and we ought to feel grateful to

the writer for giving, on undoubted authority, a better character to the Bosjesman than he was thought to have deserved.

The shape of the arrows, together with the want of feathers, and the feeble nature of the bow, implies that they are not intended for long ranges. The Bosjesman is, indeed, a very poor marksman, and does not care to shoot at an object that is more than thirty or forty yards from him, preferring a distance of eight or ten yards, if he can manage to creep so near. In order to test the Bosjesman's marksmanship, Mr. Burchell hung on a pole an antelope skin kaross, nearly seven feet square. One of the men took his bow and arrows, crept toward it until he was within twenty yards, and missed it with his first arrow, though he struck it with the second.

The quiver, which seems to be a necessary accompaniment to the bow and arrow in all nations which use these weapons, is sometimes made of wood, and sometimes of leather. The example which is shown on page 217 is of the latter material, and is drawn from a specimen in my own collection. It is made very strongly, and is an admirable example of Bosjesman workmanship. The hide of which it is made is that of some large animal, such as the ox or the eland, but as the hair has been carefully removed, no clue is left as to the precise animal which furnished the skin. The wooden quivers are almost invariably made from one of the aloes (*Aloe dichotoma*), which has therefore received from the Dutch colonists the name of "Kokerboom," or quiver-tree. Occasionally, however, they are made from the karree tree, a species of *Rhus*, which grows on the banks of rivers, and in habits and appearance much resembles the English willow.

The Bosjesman has a very ingenious method of carrying his weapons when upon a journey, the bow, quiver, and knob-kerry being tied together, and the whole group slung over the back. A perfectly equipped Bosjesman, however, has a kind of skin case, in which he places his weapons. Sometimes it is merely a leathern bag, but in its best form it is composed of an entire antelope skin, the body of which forms the case, and the legs acting as straps by which it can be hung on the back.

The bow is extremely small and simple, inasmuch as the Bosjesman cares little about its strength, because he never shoots

at objects at more than a few yards' distance. It is mostly made of a species of *Turchonanthus*, but the Bosjesman is not particular about its material, so that it be tolerably elastic. Neither is he fastidious about its size, which is seldom more than four feet in length, and often less; nor about its shape, for the curve is often extremely irregular, the thickest portion of the bow not having been kept in the centre. Any little boy can make, with a stick and a string, a bow quite as good as that which is used by the Bosjesman. In using it, the Bosjesman does not hold it vertically, after the manner of the ordinary long-bow, but horizontally, as if it were a cross-bow—a fact which explains the extremely indifferent aim which can be taken with it.

The Bosjesman generally carries an assagai, but it is not of his own manufacture, as he is quite ignorant of the blacksmith's art. Even the little triangular tips which are placed on the arrow-heads are hammered with infinite labor, the iron being laid cold on one stone, and beaten perseveringly with another, until it is at last flattened. Of softening it by heat the Bosjesman knows nothing, nor does he possess even the rude instruments which are necessary for heating the iron to the softening point. The assagai is usually the work of the Bechuanas, and is purchased from them by the Bosjesman. Now and then, an ordinary Kafir's assagai is seen in the hand of the Bosjesman, and in this case it is generally part of the spoils of war, the original owner having been killed by a poisoned arrow. From the same source also is derived the knife which the Bosjesman usually wears hanging by a thong round his neck, the instrument being almost invariably of Bechmana manufacture.

The Bosjesman, indeed, makes nothing with his own hands which is not absolutely necessary to him. The assagai and the knife are rather luxuries than necessities, and are obtained from strangers. The bow and poisoned arrow, however, with which he fights human enemies, or destroys the larger animals, are absolutely necessary to him, and so is the knob-kerry, with which he obtains the smaller animals and birds. He also beats his wife with it, and perhaps considers it a necessary article of property on that score also. These, therefore, every Bosjesman can make for himself, and considers himself sufficiently equipped when he possesses them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BOSJESMAN—*Concluded.*

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE BOSJESMAN—HOW HE SMOKES—HIS DANCE—CURIOUS ATTITUDES—DANCING-RATTLES—THE WATER-DRUM—SPECIMENS OF BOSJESMAN MUSIC—ITS SINGULAR SCALE AND INTERVALS—SUCCEDANUM FOR A HANDKERCHIEF—A TRAVELLER'S OPINION OF THE DANCE AND SONG—THE GOURA—ITS CONSTRUCTION, AND MODE OF USING IT—QUALITY OF THE TONES PRODUCED BY IT—A BOSJESMAN MELODY AS PERFORMED ON THE GOURA—THE JOUR-JOURM AND THE PERFORMER—SOOTHING EFFECT OF THE INSTRUMENT—ART AMONG THE BOSJESMANS—MR. CHRISTIE'S DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH—THE BOSJESMAN'S BRUSH AND COLORS—HIS APPRECIATION OF A DRAWING—ANECDOTES OF BOSJESMANS.

THE amusements of the Bosjesmans are very similar to those of the Hottentots, and can be generally comprised in two words, namely, singing and dancing. Both these words are to be understood in their South African sense, and are not to be taken in an European signification. Perhaps smoking ought to be included in the category of amusements. How a Bosjesman smokes after a meal has already been narrated. But there are seasons when he does not merely take a few whiffs as a conclusion to a meal, but deliberately sets to work at a smoking festival. He then takes the smoke in such quantities, swallowing instead of ejecting it, that he is seized with violent coughing fits, becomes insensible, and falls down in convulsions. His companions then take upon themselves the duty of restoring him, and do so in a rather singular manner.

As is usual in smoking parties, a supply of fresh water is kept at hand, together with reeds, through which the smokers have a way of discharging the smoke and water after a fashion which none but themselves can perfectly accomplish. When one of their number falls down in a fit of convulsions, his companions fill their mouths with water, and then spout it through the tube upon the back of his neck, blowing with all their force, so as to produce as great a shock as possible. This rather rough treatment is efficacious enough, and when the man has fairly recovered, he holds himself in readiness to perform the like office on his companions.

The dance of the Bosjesman is of a very singular character, and seems rather oddly calculated for producing amusement either in performers or spectators. "One foot,"

writes Burchell, "remains motionless, while the other dances in a quick, wild, irregular manner, changing its place but little, though the knee and leg are turned from side to side as much as the attitude will allow. The arms have but little motion, their duty being to support the body."

"The dancer continues singing all the while, and keeps time with every movement, sometimes twisting the body in sudden starts, until at last, as if fatigued by the extent of his exertions, he drops upon the ground to recover breath, still maintaining the spirit of the dance, and continuing to sing and keep time, by the motion of his body, to the voices and accompaniments of the spectators. In a few seconds he starts up again, and proceeds with increased vigor. When one foot is tired out, or has done its share of the dance, the other comes forward and performs the same part; and thus, changing legs from time to time, it seemed as though he meant to convince his friends that he could dance forever."

When the Bosjesman dances in a house he is not able to stand upright, and consequently is obliged to support himself between two sticks, on which he leans with his body bent forward. Very little space is required for such a dance, and in consequence the hut is nearly filled with spectators, who squat in a circle, leaving just space enough in the centre for the dancer to move in. In order to assist him in marking time, he has a set of rattles which he ties round his ankles. They are made of the ears of the springbok, the edges being sewed together, and some fragments of ostrich shell placed loosely in the interior. They are tied on the outside of the ankle.

The dances which I have seen performed by the Bosjesmans resembled those described by Burchell, the dancer supporting himself on a long stick, though he was in the open air, and occasionally beating time with the stick upon the ground to the peculiar Bosjesman measure. The spectators, whether men or women, accompany the dancer in his song by a sort of melody of their own, and by clapping their hands, or beating sticks on the ground, in time with his steps. They also beat a simple instrument called the Water-Drum. This is nothing more than a wooden bowl, or "banbus." A little water is previously poured into the bowl, and by its aid the skin is kept continually wet. It is beaten with the forefinger of the right hand, and is kept to the proper pitch by pressing the

thumb and forefinger of the left hand upon the skin.

Not being skilled in the Bosjesman's language, I was unable to distinguish a single syllable used by the Bosjesman in dancing, but Mr. Burchell gives them as follows. The dancer uses the word "Wawa-koo," repeated continually, while the spectators sing "Aye-O," separating the hands at the first syllable, and bringing them sharply together at the second. The effect of the combined voices and dances may be seen by the following notation, which was taken by Burchell. This strange combination of sounds, which is so opposed to our system of music, is grateful to the ear of most South Africans, and in principle is prevalent among many of the tribes, though there are differences in their modes and measures.

SPECTATORS.

Aye O aye O aye O aye eh aye O O O

DANCER.

Wawa koo wawa koo wawa koo wawa koo wawa koo

WATER-DRUM.

ad infinitum

When engaged in this singular performance, the dancer seems so completely wrapped up in his part, that he has no thought except to continue his performance in the most approved style. On the occasion just mentioned, the dancer did not interrupt his movement for a single moment when the white man made his unexpected entrance into the hut, and, indeed, seemed wholly unconscious of his presence. Shaking and twisting each leg alternately until it is tired does not seem to our eyes to be a particularly exhilarating recreation, especially when the performer cannot stand upright, is obliged to assume a stooping posture, and has only a space of a foot or two in diameter in which he can move. But the Bosjesman derives the keenest gratification from this extraordinary amusement, and the more he fatigues himself, the more he seems to enjoy it.

As is likely in such a climate, with such exertions, and with an atmosphere so close

and odorous that an European can scarcely live in it, the perspiration pours in streams from the performer, and has, at all events, the merit of acting as a partial ablation. By way of a handkerchief, the dancer carries in his hand the bushy tail of a jackal fastened to a stick, and with this implement he continually wipes his countenance. He seems to have borrowed this custom from the Bechuanas, who take great pains in their manufacture of this article, as will be seen when we come to treat of their habits.

After dancing until he is unable even to stand, the Bosjesman is forced to yield his place to another, and to become one of the spectators. Before doing so, he takes off the rattles, and passes them to his successor, who assumes them as essential to the dance, and wears them until he, in his turn, can dance no longer. Here is another dancing tune taken down by Mr. Burchell on the same evening:—

THE COMPANY.

Aye O aye O aye O, aye eh aye O O O

DANCER.

Lok a tay Lok a tay Lok a tay

WATER-DRUM.

It may seem strange that such odd music could have any charms for an European who knew anything of music. Yet that such can be the case is evident from the words of the above mentioned traveller. "I find it impossible to give, by any means of mere description, a correct idea of the pleasing impressions received while viewing this scene, or of the kind of effect which the evening's amusements produced upon my mind and feelings. It must be seen, it must be participated in, without which it would not be easy to imagine its force, or justly to conceive its nature. There was in this amusement nothing which can make me ashamed to confess that I derived as much enjoyment from it as the natives themselves. There was nothing in it which approached to vulgarity, and, in this point of view, it would be an injustice to these poor creatures not to place them in a more respectable rank than that to which the notions of Europeans have generally admitted them. It was not rude laughter and boisterous mirth, nor drunken jokes, nor noisy talk, which passed their hours away, but the peaceful, calm emotion of harmless pleasure.

"Had I never seen and known more of these savages than the occurrences of this day, and the pastimes of the evening, I should not have hesitated to declare them the happiest of mortals. Free from care, and pleased with a little, their life seemed flowing on, like a smooth stream gliding through flowery meads. Thoughtless and unreflecting, they laughed and smiled the hours away, heedless of futurity, and forgetful of the past. Their music softened all their passions, and thus they lulled themselves into that mild and tranquil state in which no evil thoughts approach the mind. The soft and delicate voices of the girls, instinctively accordant to those of the women and the men; the gentle clapping of the hands; the rattles of the dancer; and the mellow sound of the water drum, all harmoniously attuned, and keeping time together; the peaceful, happy countenances of the party, and the cheerful light of the fire, were circumstances so combined and fitted to produce the most soothing effects on the senses, that I sat as if the hut had been my home, and felt in the midst of this horde as though I had been one of them; for some few moments ceasing to think of sciences or of Europe, and forgetting that I was a lonely stranger in a land of untutored men."

Nor is this a solitary example of the effect of native music in its own land, for other travellers have, as we shall see, written in equally glowing terms of the peculiar charms of the sounds produced by the rude instruments of Southern Africa, accompanied by the human voice.

We now come to the instrument which is, *par excellence*, the characteristic instrument

of Southern Africa. The water-drum is a rather curious musical instrument, but there is one even more remarkable in use among the Bosjesmans, which is a singular combination of the stringed and wind principles. In general form it bears a great resemblance to the Kafir harp, but it has no gourd by way of a sounding-board, and the tones are produced in a different manner. This instrument is called the Goura, and is thus described by Le Vaillant:—

"The goura is shaped like the bow of a savage Hottentot. It is of the same size, and a string made of intestines, fixed to one of its extremities, is retained at the other by a knot in the barrel of a quill which is flattened and cleft. This quill being opened, forms a very long isosceles triangle, about two inches in length; and at the base of this triangle the hole is made that keeps the string fast, the end of which, drawn back, is tied at the other end of the bow with a very thin thong of leather. This cord may be stretched so as to have a greater or less degree of tension according to the pleasure of the musician, but when several gouras play together, they are never in unison.

"Such is the first instrument of a Hottentot, which one would not suppose to be a wind instrument, though it is undoubtedly of that kind. It is held almost in the same manner as a huntsman's horn, with that end where the quill is fixed toward the performer's mouth, which he applies to it, and either by aspiration or inspiration draws from it very melodious tones. The savages, however, who succeed best on this instrument, cannot play any regular tune; they only emit certain twangs, like those drawn in a particular manner from a violin or violoncello. I took great pleasure in seeing one of my attendants called John, who was accounted an adept, regale for whole hours his companions, who, transported and ravished, interrupted him every now and then by exclaiming 'Ah! how charming it is; begin that again.' John began again, but his second performance had no resemblance to the first; for, as I have said, these people cannot play any regular tune upon this instrument, the tones of which are only the effect of chance, and of the quality of the quill. The best quills are those which are taken from the wings of a certain species of bustard, and whenever I happened to kill one of these birds, I was always solicited to make a small sacrifice for the support of our orchestra."

In playing this remarkable instrument, the performer seats himself, brings the quill to his mouth, and steadies himself by resting his elbows on his knees, and putting the right forefinger into the corresponding ear, and the left forefinger into his wide nostril. A good performer uses much exertion in order to bring out the tones properly, and it is a curious fact, that an accomplished player

contrives to produce octaves by blowing with increased strength, just as is done with the flute, an instrument on which the sound of the goura can be tolerably represented.

are stretched three strings, made of the twisted intestines of animals. The strings are attached to pegs, by which they can be tightened or loosened so as to produce the



The same traveller contrived to write down the air which was played by a celebrated performer, and found that he always repeated the same movement. The time occupied in playing it through was seventy seconds.

"When a woman plays the goura, it changes its name merely because she changes the manner of playing it, and it is then transformed into a *joum-joum*. Seated on the ground, she places it perpendicularly before her, in the same manner as a harp is held in Europe. She keeps it firm in its position by putting her foot between the bow and the string, taking care not to touch the latter. With the right hand she grasps the bow in the middle, and while she blows with her mouth in the quill, she strikes the string in several places with a small stick five or six inches in length, which she holds in the other hand. This produces some variety in the modulations, but the instrument must be brought close to the ear before one can catch distinctly all the modulations of the sounds. This manner of holding the goura struck me much, especially as it greatly added to the graces of the female who performed on it."

The reader will see from this description that the tones of the goura are not unlike those of the jews-harp, though inferior both in volume and variety to those which can be produced from a tolerably good instrument. Both the Hottentots and Bosjesmans soon learn to manage the jews-harp, and, on account of its small size and consequent portability, it has almost superseded the native goura.

Two more musical instruments are or were used by these people. One is the native guitar, or Rabecquin, which somewhat resembles the familiar "banjo" of the negro. It consists of a triangular piece of board, furnished with a bridge, over which

required note. As Le Vaillant quaintly observes: "Any other person might perhaps produce some music from it and render it agreeable, but the native is content with drumming on the strings with his fingers at random, so that any musical effect is simply a matter of chance."

The last instrument which these natives possess is a kind of drum, made of a hollowed log, over one end of which a piece of tanned skin is tightly stretched. The drum is sometimes beaten with the fists and sometimes with sticks, and a well-made drum will give out resonant notes which can be heard at a considerable distance. This drum is called by the name of Romelpot.

The effect of native music on an European ear has already been mentioned on page 204. Dr. Lichtenstein, himself a good musician, corroborates Burchell's account, and speaks no less highly, though in more technical and scientific language, of that music, and the peculiar scale on which it is formed.

"We were by degrees so accustomed to the monotonous sound that our sleep was never disturbed by it; nay, it rather lulled us to sleep. Heard at a distance, there is nothing unpleasant in it, but something plaintive and soothing. Although no more than six tones can be produced from it, which do not besides belong to our gamut, but form intervals quite foreign to it, yet the kind of vocal sound of these tones, the uncommon nature of the rhythm, and even the oddness, I may say wildness, of the harmony, give to this music a charm peculiar to itself. I venture to make use of the term 'harmony,' for so it may indeed be called, since, although the intervals be not the same as ours, they stand in a proportion perfectly regular and intelligible, as well as pleasing to the ear.

"Between the principal tones and the octave lie only three intervals; the first is

at least somewhat deeper than our great third; the second lies in the middle, between the little and the great fifth; and the third between the great sixth and the little seventh; so that a person might imagine he hears the modulation first in the smallest seventh accord. Yet every one lies higher in proportion to the principal tone; the ear feels less the desire of breaking off in the pure triple sound; it is even more satisfied without it. Practised players continue to draw out the second, sometimes even the third, interval, in the higher octave. Still these high tones are somewhat broken, and seldom pure octaves of the corresponding deep tones. Melodies, properly speaking, are never to be heard; it is only a change of the same tones long protracted, the principal tone being struck before every one. It deserves to be remarked, that the intervals in question do not properly belong to the instrument; they are, in truth, the psalmody music of the African savages."

There is nothing more easy than to theorize, and nothing more difficult than to make the theory "hold water," as the saying is. I knew a learned philologist, who elaborated a theory on the structure of language, and illustrated it by careful watching of his successive children, and noting the mode in which they struggled through their infantile lisplings into expression. First came inarticulate sounds, which none but the mother could understand, analogous to the cries of the lower animals, and employed because the yet undeveloped mind had not advanced beyond the animal stage of existence. Then came onomatopoeia, or imitative sounds, and so, by regular degrees, through substantives, verbs, adjectives, and pronouns, the powers of language were systematically developed. This theory answered very well with the first two children, but broke down utterly with the third, whose first utterance was, "Don't tease, go away."

So has it been with the Bosjesman race; and, while they have been described as the most degraded of the great human family, signs have been discovered which show that they have some knowledge of the rudiments of art. I allude here to the celebrated Bosjesman paintings which are scattered through the country, mostly in caves and on rocks near water springs, and which are often as well drawn as those produced so plentifully by the American Indians. They almost invariably represent figures of men and beasts, and in many cases the drawing is sufficiently good to enable the spectator to identify the particular animals which the native artist has intended to delineate.

The following account of some of these drawings is taken from the notes of Mr. Christie, which he has liberally placed at my disposal:—

"I cannot add much to what is written of them, except to allude to what are termed

Bushman paintings, found in caverns and on flat stone surfaces near some of their permanent water supplies. I have only met with two instances of the former paintings, and they were in a cave in the side of a krantz, in the north part of the Zwart Ruggens. I came upon them while hunting koodoos. One side of the cavern was covered with outlines of animals. Only the upper part was distinguishable, and evidently represented the wildebeest, or gnou, the koodoo, quagga, &c. The figures were very rudely drawn, and the colors used were dull-red and black, and perhaps white; the latter may possibly have been a stalactite deposition from water.

"The other instance was near an outspan place on the Karroo road to Graff Reinet, known as Pickle Fountain, where there is a permanent spring of fresh water, near the course of an ancient stream now dry. On a flat piece of sandstone which had once formed part of the bank of the stream were the remains of a drawing, which may have been the outline of a man with a bow and arrow, and a dog, but it was so weather-worn that little more could be made out than the fact of its being a drawing. The colors used, as in the cave, were red and black. At the time of my seeing the drawings, I had with me a Bushman, named Booy (who was born near what is marked in the map as the Commissioner's Salt Pan), but he could give me no information on the subject of the paintings, and I am rather inclined to think that they are the work of one of the Hottentot tribes now extinct.

"My Bushman was a very shrewd fellow, but, although I had been at that time for some years among the natives, I had not become aware of the poverty of their intellect. I had shown them drawings numberless times, had described them, and listened to their remarks, but had not then discovered that even the most intelligent had no idea of a picture beyond a simple outline. They cannot understand the possibility of perspective, nor how a curved surface can be shown on a flat sheet of paper."

Together with this account, Mr. Christie transmitted a copy of a similar drawing found in a cavern in the George district. The color used in the drawings is red, upon a yellow ground—the latter tint being that of the stone on which they were delineated. The subject of the drawing is rather obscure. The figures are evidently intended to represent men, but they are unarmed, and present the peculiarity of wearing head-dresses, such as are not used by any of the tribes with whom the Bosjesmans could have come in contact. They might have often seen the Kaffirs, with their war ornaments of feathers, and the Hottentots with their rude skin caps, but no South African tribe wears a headdress which could in any

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way be identified with these. Partly on this account, and partly because the figures are not armed with bows and arrows, as is usual in figures that are intended to represent Bosjesmans, Mr. Christie is of opinion that many years ago a boat's crew may have landed on the coast, and that the Bosjesmans who saw them recorded the fact by this rock-picture.

The tools of the Bosjesman artist are simple enough, consisting of a feather dipped in grease, in which he has mixed colored clays, and, as Mr. Baines well observes, he never fails to give the animals which he draws the proper complement of members. Like a child, he will place the horns and ears half down the neck, and distribute the legs impartially along the body; but he knows nothing of perspective, and has not the least idea of foreshortening, or of concealing one limb or horn behind another, as it would appear to the eye.

The same traveller rather differs from Mr. Christie in his estimation of the artistic powers of the Bosjesman, and his capability for comprehending a picture. According to him, a Bosjesman can understand a colored drawing perfectly. He can name any tree, bird, animal, or insect, that has been drawn in colors, but does not seem to appreciate a perspective drawing in black and white. "When I showed them the oil-painting of the Damara family, their admiration knew no bounds. The forms, dress, and ornaments of the figures were freely commented on, and the distinctive characteristics between them and the group of Bushmen pointed out. The dead bird was called by its name, and, what I hardly expected, even the bit of wheel and fore part of the wagon was no difficulty to them. They enjoyed the sketch of Kobis greatly, and pointed out the figures in the group of men, horses, and oxen very readily. Leaves and flowers they had no difficulty with, and the only thing they failed in was the root of the markwhae. But when it is considered that if this, the real blessing of the desert, were lying on the surface, an inexperienced Englishman would not know it from a stone at a little distance, this is not to be wondered at. The dead animals drawn in perspective and foreshortened were also named as fast as I produced them, except a half-finished, uncolored sketch of the brindled guoo. They had an idea of its proper name, but, said they, 'We can see only one horn, and it may be a rhinoceros or a wild boar.'"

The following anecdotes have been kindly sent to me by Captain Drayson, R. A., who was engaged in the late Kafir war:—
"The habits of the Bushman are those of a thoroughly wild hunter; to him cattle are merely an incumbrance, and to cultivate the soil is merely to do himself what Nature will do for him. The country in which

he resides swarms with game, and to kill this is to a Bushman no trouble. His neighbors keep cattle, and that is as a last resource a means of subsistence; but, as the Bushman wanders over the country, and selects those spots in which the necessities of life abound, he rarely suffers from want. If a young Bushman be captured, as sometimes happens when the Dutch Boers set out on an expedition against these thieves, the relatives at once track the captive to its prison, and sooner or later recover it. I once saw a Bushboy who had been eight years in a Dutchman's family, had learned to speak Dutch, to eat with a knife and fork, and to wear clothes; but at the end of that time the Bushboy disappeared. His clothes were found in the stables in the place of a horse which he had taken with him. The spoor being rapidly followed, was found to lead to the Draakensberg Mountains, among the fastnesses of which the Boers had no fancy to follow, for from every cranny and inaccessible ridge a poisonous arrow might be discharged, as the youth had evidently rejoined his long-lost relatives.

"It was a great surprise to notice the effect on our Dutch sporting companions of the intimation of 'Bushmen near.' We were riding on an elevated spur of the Draakensberg, near the Mooi River, when a Boer suddenly reined up his horse, and exclaimed:—

"Cess, kek die spoor von verdant Boschmen!"

"Jumping off his horse he examined the ground, and then said: 'A man it is; one naked foot, the other with a velschoen.' The whole party immediately became intensely excited, they scattered in all directions like a pack of hounds in cover; some galloped to the nearest ridge, others followed on the spoor, all in search of the Bushman. 'He has not long gone,' said one of my companions; 'be ready.'

"Ready for what?" I inquired.

"Ready to shoot the schelm."

"Would you shoot him?" I asked.

"Just so as I would a snake."

"And then my companion explained to me that he had not long since bought at a great price a valuable horse which he had taken to his farm. In three weeks the horse was stolen by Bushmen. He followed quickly, and the animal being fat, begun to tire, so two Bushmen who were riding it jumped off, stabbed it with their arrows, and left it. The horse died that night. Again, a neighbor had about twenty oxen carried off. The Bushmen were the thieves, and, on being followed closely, stabbed all the oxen, most of which died.

"Many other similar tales were told, our informant winding up with these remarks:

"I have heard that every creature God makes is useful, and I think so too; but it is

only useful in its place. A puff-adder is useful where there are too many toads or frogs; but when he comes into my house he is out of place, and I kill him. A Bushman near my farm is out of place, and I shoot him; for if I let him alone he poisons my horses and cattle, and very likely me too.

"Only twice did I ever see the Bushman at home; on the first occasion it was just after a fearful storm, and they had sought shelter in a kloof near our quarters. They emerged about three hundred yards in advance of us, and immediately made off like the wind. Not to be unconventional, we

sent a bullet after them, but high over their head; they stayed not for another. On a second occasion I was close to them, and was first made aware of their presence in consequence of an arrow striking a tree near; not aimed at me, but at some Daas, or roek-rabbits, which were on the rocks close by. With no little care and some speed I retreated from the neighborhood of such implements as poisoned arrows, and then by aid of a glass saw the Bushmen first find their arrow and then my scor, at which latter they took fright, and disappeared in a neighboring kloof."

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE KORANNAS AND NAMAQUAS.

NOMAD CHARACTER OF THE TRIBE—THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER—DISTINCT FROM THE BOSJESMAN TRIBE—THEIR HORSES AND CATTLE—GOVERNMENT—DRESS OF THE KORANNAS—SINGULAR MODE OF DANCING—DESIRE OF OBTAINING KNOWLEDGE—THE MUSICAL ALPHABET—"AULD LANG SYNE"—TENACIOUS MEMORY OF A YOUNG KORANNA—HIS GROTESQUE APPEARANCE—FONDNESS FOR MEDICINE—THE NAMAQUA TRIBE—CHARACTER OF GREAT NAMAQUA-LAND—VICISSITUDES OF THE CLIMATE—EFFECT ON THE INHABITANTS—AFRICANER, AND HIS HISTORY—DRESS OF THE NAMAQUAS—THEIR IDEAS OF RELIGION—SUPERSTITIONS—STORY OF A NAMAQUA HUNTER AND A BOSJESMAN WOMAN—RAIN-MAKING—HEALING THE SICK—THE DOCTOR'S PANACEA—POLYGAMY AND DIVORCE—CATTLE-TRAINING—CRUELTY TOWARD THE INFIRM AND AGED—ADOPTION OF PARENTS.

IN accordance with the plan of this work, we will now glance slightly at a few of the more conspicuous tribes which inhabit Southern Africa from the Cape to that part of the continent which is occupied by the negro races.

Among the offshoots of the Hottentots is a tribe called indifferently Korn, Koranna, Korans, or Korannas. On account of their nomad habits, it is impossible to fix any particular locality for them, and besides it often happens that they extend their peregrinations into the territories of tribes more adherent to the soil, and for a time are as completely mixed up with them as if they belonged to the same tribe. Owing to their want of civilization, and general manners, some travellers have considered them as a rude tribe of Bosjesmans, but they have been satisfactorily proved to belong to the Hottentots.

They seem to be quiet and well-behaved, and possessed of much curiosity. Burchell relates one or two anecdotes of the latter quality, and gives an amusing description of their astonishment at the sight of a colored drawing which he had made of a yellow fish. One of them had struck one of these fishes, and Burchell had borrowed it in order to make a colored drawing of it. When the owner came to take it back, he happened to glance at the drawing, and was struck dumb with amazement, gazing at it with mouth and eyes wide open. At last he found his tongue, and called his compan-

ions to see the new wonder. At the sight of the drawing, they behaved much as a company of monkeys might be supposed to conduct themselves, turning the paper to look at the back of it, feeling it with their fingers, and being quite unable to comprehend how an object could at once be rounded to the eye, and flat to the touch.

Of the general character of the Koranna Hottentots, Dr. Lichtenstein has written so admirable an analysis in so small a compass, that I cannot do better than give his own words:—

"These Korans are the oldest original inhabitants of the country; they are a tolerably numerous race, mild, and well-disposed, speaking almost the same language that was formerly spoken by the Hottentot tribes within the colony, but which has not hitherto been sufficiently known by the Europeans to acquire from it much insight into the ancient customs and habits of the people. They still live, after the manner of their forefathers, in small villages or kraals, in huts of a hemispherical form, and are slothful by nature, so that they are not so successful in breeding cattle—though their country is extremely well adapted to it, as the stronger and more industrious Kafir tribes. With these, who are their nearest neighbors, they live on very good terms; but a perpetual warfare subsists between them and the Bosjesmans; the latter are hated by them to excess.

"The Korans have hitherto been very

erroneously confounded with the Bosjesmans, but they are a totally distinct people, having their principal residence on the banks of the Nari and Vaal rivers, north-east from where we now were, and south of the Bechuana country. They are divided into several tribes, the principal of which are called the Kharemankis and the Khuremankis. In their size and corporeal structure they resemble the Hottentots very much, but the cheek and chin bones are less prominent, and the whole face is more oval than some other of the Hottentot tribes. They have all a kind of voluptuous expression about the mouth, which, united with a peculiar wild roll of the eye, and a rough, broken manner of speaking, give them altogether the appearance of intoxication, nor indeed are they falsified by it, since they are truly a voluptuous race, deficient in bodily strength, and destitute of martial courage.

"Their clothing consists of a mantle of prepared skin, made either from the hides of their cattle, or from those of the antelopes; it is smaller, and of a somewhat different form from that worn by the Bechuanas, and is never made of several small skins sewed together. A favorite mode with them is to scrape figures of various kinds on the hairy side of these mantles. They trade with the Bechuanas for ornaments for the ears, neck, and arms.

"The cattle are held in high estimation by them; they take much more care of these creatures than the other tribes, or than most of the colonists. They are so much celebrated for training the oxen as riding and draught animals, that the Bechuanas acknowledge them to be in this instance their masters, and purchase of them those that they use for riding. These animals go on exceedingly good trot or gallop, and clear a great deal of ground in a very short time. There is no occasion ever to be harsh with them; 'tis sufficient to touch them with a thin osier. The rider never neglects, when he dismounts, to have the animal led about slowly for a quarter of an hour, that he may cool by degrees. The bridle is fastened to a wooden pin, stuck through the nose, and a sheep's or a goat's skin serves as a saddle. On this the rider has so firm a seat, that he is in no danger of being thrown by even the wildest ox.

"The Korans do not apply themselves at all to agriculture; their dwellings are spherical huts, very much like those of the Koossas, but not so spacious. Some skins and mats, on which they sleep, some leather knapsacks, and a sort of vessel somewhat in the form of cans, which are cut out of a piece of solid wood, with some calabashes and bamboo canes, compose the whole of their household furniture. Most of them wear a knife of the Bechuana manufactory, in a case hanging round their necks, with a small leather bag, or the shell of a tortoise, in

which is the pipe, the tobacco, and the flint for striking fire.

"They have no fixed habitation, but often move from one place to another, always carrying with them, as is the custom among the other tribes, the staves and mats of which their huts are built. All their goods and chattels are packed together within a very small compass on the back of the patient ox; and thus a whole Koran village is struck and in full march in a few moments. Their form of government is the same as with the other Hottentot tribes; the richest person in the kraal is the captain or provost; he is the leader of the party, and the spokesman on all occasions, without deriving from this office any judicial right over the rest. His authority is exceedingly circumscribed, and no one considers himself as wholly bound to yield obedience to him, neither does he himself ever pretend to command them. Only in case of being obliged to defend themselves against a foreign enemy he is the first, because, being the richest, he suffers most from the attack.

"Plurality of wives is not contrary to their institutions; yet I never heard of anybody who had more than one wife. They are by nature good-tempered; but they are indolent, and do not take any great interest for others; less cunning than the Hottentot, therefore easy to be deceived in trafficking with them; and, from their simplicity, easily won to any purpose by the attraction of strong liquors, tobacco, and the like luxuries."

On the next page is an illustration of a Koranna chief dressed as described by Lichtenstein. The kaross worn by the individual from whom the portrait was taken was so plentifully bedaubed with red earth and grease, that it left traces of his presence wherever he went, and, if the wearer happened to lean against anything, he caused a stain which could not easily be removed. Suspended to his neck is seen the all-pervading Bechuana knife, and exactly in front is the shell of a small tortoise, in which he kept his snuff.

The leathern cap is universal among them as among other Hottentots, and as the fur is retained, it can be put on with some degree of taste, as may be seen by reference to the portrait. The use of sibilo is common among the Korannas, and, like other Hottentot tribes, the women load their hair so thickly with this substance, that they appear to be wearing a metal cap. Their language is full of clicks, but not so thickly studded with them as that of the Hottentots, and in a short time any person who understands the ordinary Hottentot dialect will be able to learn that of the Korannas.

These tribes have a dance which is very similar to that of Bosjesmans, a drum being used, made of a joint of aloe over which

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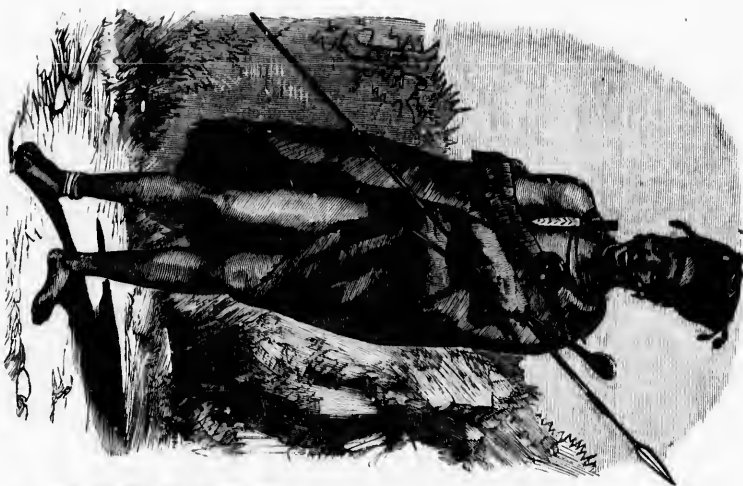
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(1) KOEANNA CHIEF. (See page 20.)



(2) SHOOTING AT THE STORM. (See page 20.)



an undressed sheepskin is stretched. The women sit on the ground in a circle, with their arms stretched toward the dancer, and singing a song very much resembling the "Aye-O" of the Bosjesmans. The dancer leans against two sticks, as if they were crutches, twines his arms around his body, and sways himself backward and forward, bending first toward one of the women, and then toward another, until he loses his balance, and as he falls is caught in the outstretched arms of the woman who happens to be nearest to him. Of course, she falls on the ground with the shock, and as soon as they can rise to their feet he resumes his place in the circle, replaces the sticks under his arms, and dances with renewed vigor, while she takes her seat again, in order to catch him if he should happen to fall again in her direction.

The women, by the way, are liable to that extraordinary conformation which has already been mentioned when treating of the Hottentot, and to European eyes their beauty is not increased by it, though a native sees nothing remarkable in it. It is a curious fact that this development should occur in the country which produces an analogous formation in the sheep, whose bodies are thin and meagre, but whose tails are of enormous size, and little but masses of pure fat.

Their names are, as far as can be ascertained, nicknames, given to them on account of any remarkable incident that may have happened to them, and, in consequence, variable from day to day.

Mr. Moffatt, speaking as a missionary, has a very high opinion of the Koranna tribe. He found them docile, good-tempered, and not only willing, but impatiently desirous of gaining knowledge. After preaching and attending the sick all day, in the evening he began to teach some of the younger Korannas the rudiments of learning, when some of the principal men heard of the proceeding, and insisted on being taught also. The whole scene which followed was very amusing.

"It was now late, and both mind and body were jaded, but nothing would satisfy them; I must teach them also. After a search, I found among some waste paper a large sheet alphabet with a corner and two letters torn off. This was laid on the ground, when all knelt in a circle round it, and of course the letters were viewed by some just upside down. I commenced pointing with a stick, and, when I pronounced one letter, all hallooed out to some purpose. When I remarked that perhaps we might manage with somewhat less noise, one replied that he was sure the louder he roared, the sooner would his tongue get accustomed to the 'seeds,' as he called the letters.

"As it was growing late, I rose to straighten my back, which was beginning to tire, when

I observed some young folks coming dancing and skipping toward me, who, without any ceremony, seized hold of me. 'Oh! teach us the A B C with music!' every one cried, giving me no time to tell them it was too late. I found they had made this discovery through one of my boys. There were presently a dozen or more surrounding me, and resistance was out of the question. Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded. The tune of 'Auld Lang Syne' was pitched to A B C, each succeeding round was joined by succeeding voices until every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heartfelt satisfaction. The longer the song, the more freedom was felt, and 'Auld Lang Syne' was echoed to the farthest end of the village. The strains which inspire pleasurable emotions into the sons of the North were no less potent among the children of the South. Those who had retired to their evening's slumber, supposing that we were holding a night service, came; for music, it is said, charms the savage ear. It certainly does, particularly the natives of Southern Africa, who, however degraded they may have become, still retain that refinement of taste which enables them to appreciate those tunes which are distinguished by melody and softness.

"After two hours' singing and puffing, I obtained permission, though with some difficulty of consent, and greater of egress, to leave them, now comparatively proficient. It was between two and three in the morning. Worn out in mind and body, I laid myself down in my wagon, cap and shoes and all, just to have a few hours' sleep preparatory to departure on the coming day. As the 'music-hall' was not far from my pillow, there was little chance of sleeping soundly, for the young amateurs seemed unwearyed, and A B C to 'Auld Lang Syne' went on till I was ready to wish it at John o' Groat's House. The company at length dispersed, and, awaking in the morning after a brief repose, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming the alphabet over again." Perhaps this fine old tune may be incorporated into Koranna melodies, just as the story of "Jane Eyre" has taken a place among Arab tales.

During this sojourn among the Korannas, Mr. Moffatt observed a singular instance of retentive memory. He had just finished a sermon, and was explaining portions of it to groups of hearers, when his attention was attracted by a young man who was holding forth to a crowd of attentive hearers. On approaching the spot, he was more than surprised to find that this young man was preaching the sermon second-hand to his audience, and, more than this, was reproducing, with astonishing fidelity, not

only the words of a discourse which he had heard but once, but even the gestures of the speaker. When complimented on his wonderful powers of memory, he did not seem at all flattered, but only touched his forehead with his finger, saying, that when he heard anything great, there it remained. This remarkable youth died soon afterward, having been previously converted to Christianity. When preaching, he presented a singular, not to say grotesque appearance, being dressed in part of one leg of a quondam pair of trousers, a cap made of the skin stripped from a zebra's head, with the ears still attached, and some equally fantastic ornament about his neck. The contrast between the wild figure and the solemnity of the subject, which he was teaching with much earnestness, was most remarkable.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Moffatt was engaged in attending upon the sick. This is an invariable part of a missionary's

duties, as the natives have unbounded faith in the medicinal powers of all white men, and naturally think that those who come to heal their souls must know how to heal their bodies. Fortunately, their faith makes them excellent patients, and is in itself the best cure for affections of a nervous character, to which all men seem liable, no matter what may be the color of their skin. They are passionately desirous of medicine, and it is impossible to mix a draught that can be too nauseous for them; in fact, the more distasteful it is, the greater they think its efficacy. On one occasion, a woman came for some medicine for her husband who was ill, and two very little doses were given her, one to be taken at sunset and the other at midnight. However, she settled that point by immediately taking both draughts herself, stating that it would equally benefit her husband whether he or she happened to take it.

THE NAMAQUAS.

THE termination of the word Namaquas shows that it is a Hottentot term, and consequently that the people who bear that name belong to the Hottentot nation. The suffix Qua is analogous among the Hottentots to the prefix Ama among the Kallr tribes, and signifies "men." Thus the terms Namaqua, Griqua, Koraqua, Gonaqua, &c., signify that those tribes are branches of the Hottentot nation. Namaquas themselves, however, prefer to be called by the name of Oerlam, a word of uncertain derivation.

The Namaquas, unlike the Korannas, can be referred to a totally distinct locality, their habitation being a large tract of country on the southwest coast of Africa, lying north of the Orange River, or Gariep, and being called from its inhabitants Great Namaqua-land. It is a wild and strange country—dry, barren and rugged, and therefore with a very thinly scattered population, always suffering from want of water, and at times seeming as parched as their own land. For several consecutive years it often happens that no rain falls in a large district, and the beds of the streams and rivers are as dry as the plains. Under these circumstances, the natives haunt the dried water-courses, and, by sinking deep holes in their beds, contrive to procure a scanty and precarious supply of water at the cost of very great labor. Sometimes these wells are dug to the depth of twenty feet, and even when the water is obtained at the expense of so much labor, it is in comparatively small quantities, and of very inferior quality. Branches of trees are placed in these pits by way of ladders, and by their means the Namaquas haul up the water in wooden

pails, first filling their own water-vessels, and then supplying their cattle by pouring the water into a trough. This scene is always an animated one, the cattle, half mad with thirst, bellowing with impatience, crowding round the trough, and thrusting one another aside to partake of its contents. A similar scene takes place if a water-hole is discovered on the march. A strong guard, mostly of women, is placed round the precious spot, or the cattle would certainly rush into it in their eagerness to drink what water they could get, and trample the rest into undrinkable mud.

In this strange country, the only supplies of rain are by thunderstorms, and, much as the natives dread the lightning, they welcome the distant rumble of the thunder, and look anxiously for its increasing loudness. These thunderstorms are of terrific violence when they break over a tract of country, and in a few hours the dry watercourses are converted into rushing torrents, and the whole country for a time rejoices in abundant moisture. The effect on vegetation is wonderful. Seed that have been lying in the parched ground waiting in vain for the vivifying moisture spring at once into life, and, aided by the united influence of a burning sun and moist ground, they spring up with marvellous rapidity. These storms are almost invariably very partial, falling only on a limited strip of country, so that the traveller passes almost at a step out of a barren and parched country, with scarcely a blade of grass or a leaf of herbage, into a green tract as luxuriant as an English meadow.

The geological formation is mostly gran-

ite, and the glittering quartz crystals are scattered so profusely over the surface, that a traveller who is obliged to pursue his journey at noon can scarcely open his eyes sufficiently to see his way, so dazzling are the rays reflected on every side. In many parts the ground is impregnated with nitre, which forms a salt-like incrustation, and crumbles under the feet, so that vegetation is scarcely possible, even in the vicinity of water. There seem to be few inhabited lands which are more depressing to the traveller, and which cause more wonder that human beings can be found who can endure for their whole lives its manifold discomforts. Yet they appear to be happy enough in their own strange way, and it is very likely that they would not exchange their dry and barren land for the most fertile country in the world.

The euphorbia best flourishes in the ravines, but, from its poisonous nature, adds little to the comfort of the traveller. Even the honey which the wild bees deposit in the rocks is tainted with the poison of the euphorbia flowers, and, if eaten, causes most painful sensations. The throat first begins to feel as if cayenne-pepper had been incautiously swallowed, and the burning heat soon spreads and becomes almost intolerable. Even in a cool country its inward heat would be nearly unendurable, but in such a place as Namaqua-land, what the torture must be can scarcely be conceived. Water seems to aggravate instead of allaying the pain, and the symptoms do not go off until after the lapse of several days.

On account of their privations, which they are constantly obliged to endure, the inhabitants are, as a rule, almost hopelessly ignorant, and without the martial spirit which distinguishes so many tribes which inhabit Southern Africa. Still, the celebrated chief, Africamer, contrived to make good soldiers out of the Namaquas, and under his leadership they made his name dreaded throughout a large portion of South-western Africa. He revolutionized the ordinary system of warfare, which consisted in getting behind bushes and shooting arrows at each other, by which much time was consumed and little harm done, and boldly led his men on at the run, driving his astonished antagonists out of their sheltering places. In this way he subdued the neighboring tribes, especially the Damaras, who looked upon him as a sort of wild beast in human form.

Not only did he fight against native enemies, but matched himself successfully against the Dutch Boers, in this case having recourse to stratagem when he knew he could not succeed by open force in face of such an enemy. On one occasion, when the Dutch forces had made a raid on Africamer's territory, and carried off all his cows, he pursued them, swam a river at dead of night, fell upon the unsuspecting enemy

as they slept, killed numbers of them, and recovered all his own cattle, together with those belonging to the assailants. It will be seen therefore that the military spirit is not wanting in the Namaqua character, but that it merely slumbers for want of some one to awake it.

In former days they may possibly have been a warlike nation, inasmuch as they possessed rather peculiar weapons, namely, the bow and arrow, and an enormous shield made of the entire skin of an ox, folded singly. They also used the assagal, but in the present day civilization has so far penetrated among them that the only weapon which they use is the gun, and it is many years since a Namaqua has been seen with the ancient weapons of his nation.

Like other Hottentots, the Namaquas are fond of wearing European apparel, and, as usual in such cases, look very bad in it. The men are merely transformed from respectable savages into disreputable vagabonds, and to them it is not so very unsuitable, but to the women it is peculiarly so, owing to the odd manner in which they paint their faces. A girl, dressed in her little skin apron and ornamented with coils of leathern thongs, may paint her face as much as she pleases without appearing grotesque. But nothing can look more ridiculous than a girl in a striped cotton dress, with a red handkerchief round her head, and the outlines of her cheeks, nose, and eyelids defined with broad stripes of blue paint. The costume of the men resembles that of the women, *minus* the skin apron, the place of which is taken by the ends of the leathern thongs. The Namaquas are very fond of bead-work, and display some taste in their designs. They are not contented with buying glass beads from Europe, but manufacture those ornaments themselves. The mode of manufacture is simple enough. A resinous gum is procured, moistened thoroughly, and kneaded with charcoal. It is then rolled between the hands into long cylinders, which are cut up into small pieces, and again rolled until a tolerably spherical shape is obtained. They also have a great love for glittering ornaments made of metal, and decorate themselves profusely with native jewelry, made of polished iron, brass, and copper. They also tattoo their skins, and make great use of the buchu perfume.

As the Namaquas have not been accustomed to exercise their minds on any subject except those immediately connected with themselves, it is found very difficult to drive any new ideas into their heads. Some writers say that many of them have no names, and not a single one has the least idea of his own age, or of counting time by years. Indeed, counting at all is an intellectual exertion that is positively painful to them, and a man who knows the number



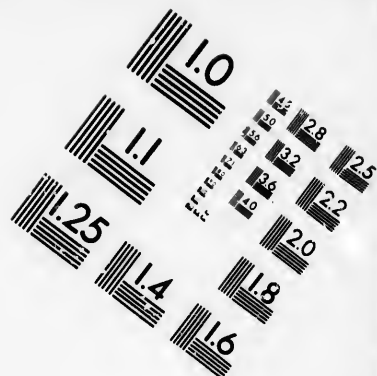
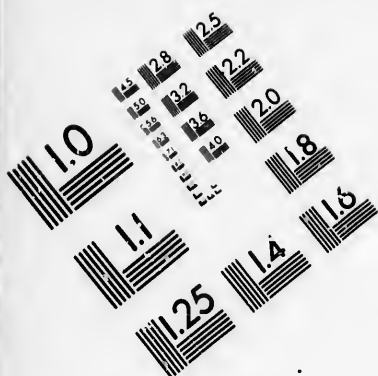
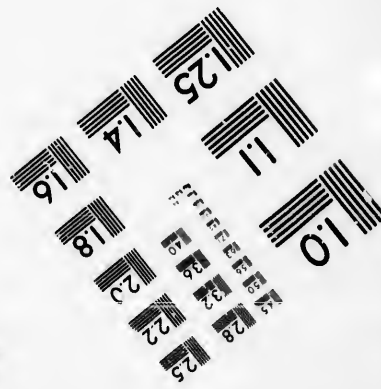
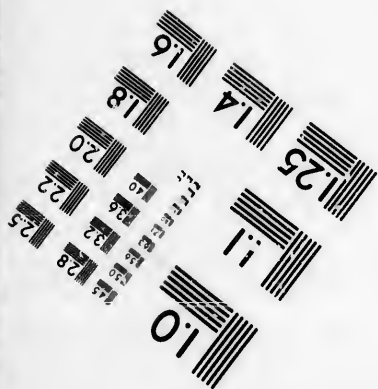
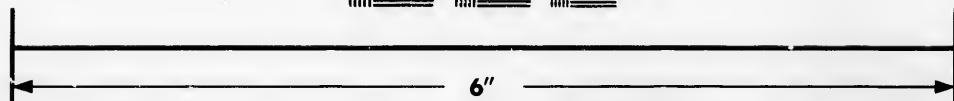
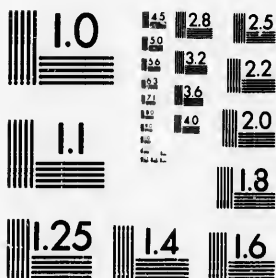


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of his fingers is scarcely to be found among them. Such statements are often the result of ignorance, not of the savages, but of their visitors, who must needs live among them for years, and be thoroughly acquainted with their language, before they can venture to generalize in so sweeping a fashion. Mr. Moffatt, who did live among the Namaquas, and knew their language intimately, says that he never knew a man who had not a name, and that mere children are able to count beyond the number ten.

Of religion they appear to have but the faintest glimmering, and it is more than suspected that even their rude and imperfect ideas on the subject are corruptions of information obtained from Europeans. Superstitions they have in plenty, some of them resembling those which are held by the tribes which have already been mentioned.

Their idea of the coming of death into the world is one of these odd notions. It seems that in former days, when men were first made, the hare had no cleft in its lip. The moon sent a hare to the newly created beings with this message: "As I die, and am born again, so you shall die and be born again." The hare, however, delivered the message wrongly, "As I die and am not born again, so you shall die and not be born again." The moon, angry at the hare's disobedience, threw a stick at it as it fled away from his wrath, and split its lip open. From that time the hare has been cleft lip, and is always running away. In consequence of this legend, the Namaquas will not eat the hare. They have such a horror of it, that if a man should happen even to touch a fire at which a hare has been cooked he is banished from his community, and not readmitted until he has paid a fine.

During the terrible thunderstorms which occasionally pass over the country, the Namaquas are in great dread of the lightning, and shoot their poisoned arrows at the clouds in order to drive it away. This is illustrated on page 271. As may be imagined, there is no small danger in this performance, and a man has been killed by the lightning flash, which was attracted by his pointed arrow. Other tribes have a similar custom, being in the habit of throwing stones or other objects at the clouds.

As far as can be ascertained, their only notion of a supreme being is one who is the author of death and inflicter of pain, and one consequently whom they fear, but cannot love. Still, all statements of this nature made by savages must be received with very great caution, owing to the invincible repugnance which they feel toward revealing any portion of their religious system. They will rather state anything than the truth, and will either invent a series of imaginative stories on the spur of the moment, or say whatever they think is likely to please their

interrogator. Even if they are converted to Christianity, sufficient of the old nature remains to render them averse to speaking on their former superstition, and they will mostly fence with the question or evade it rather than tell the whole truth.

Being superstitious, they have, of course, sorcerers in plenty. Besides the usual pretensions of such personages, they claim the power of voluntary transmigration, and their followers implicitly believe that they can assume the form of any beast which they choose to select. They fancy, however, that their own sorcerers or witch doctors share this power with the Bosjesman race. Mr. Anderson quotes the following legend in support of this statement. "Once on a time a certain Namaqua was travelling in company with a Bushwoman carrying a child on her back. They had proceeded some distance on their journey when a troop of wild horses (zebras) appeared, and the man said to the woman, 'I am hungry, and as I know you can turn yourself into a lion, do so now, and catch us a wild horse that we may eat.' The woman answered, 'You will be afraid.' "No, no," said the man, 'I am afraid of dying of hunger, but not of you.'

"Whilst he was speaking, hair began to appear at the back of the woman's neck, her nails assumed the appearance of claws, and her features altered. She set down the child. The man, alarmed at the change, climbed up a tree close by, while the woman glared at him fearfully; and, going to one side, she threw off her skin petticoat, when a perfect lion rushed out into the plain. It bounded and crept among the bushes toward the wild horses, and, springing on one of them, it fell, and the lion lapped its blood. The lion then came back to the place where the child was crying, and the man called from the tree, 'Enough! enough! Do not hurt me. Put off your lion's shape. I will never ask to see this again.' The lion looked at him and growled. 'I'll remain here till I die!' exclaimed the man, 'if you do not become a woman again.' The man and tail began to disappear, the lion went toward the bush where the skin petticoat lay; it was slipped on, and the woman in her proper shape took up the child. The man descended, partook of the horse's flesh, but never again asked the woman to catch game for him."

Their notions about the two chief luminaries seem rather variable, though there is certainly a connecting link between them. One account was, that the sun was made of people living in the sea, who cut it in pieces every night, fried the fragments, put them together again, and sent it afresh on its journey through the sky. Another story, as told to Mr. Anderson, is to the effect that the sun is a huge lump of pure fat, and that, when it sinks below the waves, it is seized by the chief of a white man's ship, who cuts off a piece of it, and then gives it a kick

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which throws it into the sky again. It is evident that this story has at all events received some modification in recent times.

As to worship, the Namaquas seem to have little idea of it. They are very much afraid of a bad spirit, but have no conception of a good one, and therefore have no worship. Of praise they have not the least conception. So far are they from feeling gratitude to a supreme being, that their language does not possess a word or a phrase by which they can express their thanks to their fellow creatures. Some travellers who have lived among them say that they not only do not express, but do not feel gratitude, nor feel kindness, and that, although they will feign friendship for a superior in order to get what they can from him, they will desert him as soon as he can give no more, and ridicule him for his credulity. In short, "they possess every vice of savages, and none of their noble qualities." This, however, seems rather too sweeping an assertion, especially as it is contradicted by others of equal experience, and we may therefore calculate that the Namaqua Hottentot is, in his wild state, neither worse nor better than the generality of savages, and that higher feelings cannot be expected of him until they have been implanted in him by contact with a higher race.

Rain-making is practised by Namaqua witch doctors, as well as by the prophets of the Kafir tribes, and the whole process is very similar, deriving all its efficacy from the amount of the fee which the operator receives. These men also practise the art of healing, and really exercise no small amount of ingenuity. They have a theory, and, like theorists in general, they make their practice yield to their theory, which is, that the disease has insinuated itself into the patient in the guise of some small reptile, and must be expelled. They seem to be clever conjurers, for they perform the task of exorcism with such ingenuity that they have deceived not only the credulous, but the sharper gaze of Europeans.

One such performance was witnessed by a Dutchman, who fully believed that the operation was a genuine one. A sheep was killed as soon as the doctor arrived, and the sinews of the back rolled up and made into a kind of pill, which was administered to the patient, the rest of the animal being the fee of the doctor. The mysterious pill was then left for a day or two to transform the disease into a visible shape, so that it could be removed before the eyes of the spectators. On the return of the doctor, he solemnly cut some little holes in the stomach of the patient, from which there issued, first a small snake, then a lizard, and then a whole series of smaller creatures. As is the case among the Kafirs, the richer a patient is, the larger is the animal required for the production of the sacred pill. If he be a man of no par-

ticular consequence, a goat or a sheep will work the charm, while, if he should happen to be a chief, not a disease will condescend to assume bodily form unless instigated by an ox or a cow.

The witch doctors have another theory of disease, namely, that a great snake has shot an invisible arrow into the sufferer. Of course, this ailment has to be treated in a similar manner. The reader may perhaps call to mind the very similar superstition which once prevailed in England, namely, that cattle were sometimes shot with fairy arrows, which had to be extracted by the force of counter-charms. The great panacea for diseases is, however, a sort of charm which requires several years for its production, and which has the property of becoming more powerful every year. When a man is initiated into the mysteries of the art, he puts on a cap, which he wears continually. In the course of time it becomes saturated with grease, and is in a terribly filthy condition. Not until then is it thought to possess healing properties; but when it is in such a state that no one with ordinary feelings of cleanliness would touch it, the hidden virtues are supposed to be developed. The mode of administering the remedy is by washing a little portion of the cap, and giving the patient the water to drink. One of the chiefs, named Amral, assured Mr. Anderson that he possessed a cap of this kind, which was absolutely infallible. He would not use it unless every other remedy failed, but, whenever he did so, the cure was certain.

The Namaquas have great faith in amulets and charms of various kinds, the strangest of which is a rather curious one. When a chief dies, cattle are sacrificed, in order to furnish a great feast. One of the sons of the deceased succeeds his father in the chieftainship, and, in recognition of his new rank, the fat and other choice portions are brought to him as they had been to his father in his lifetime. The young chief places the fat on his head, and allows it to remain there until the fat has been melted out of it by the sun's rays, and only the enclosing membrane remains, dry and shrivelled. This is thought to be a powerful charm, and is held in great estimation. The reader will notice the fact that there seems to be in the mind of the Namaquas some connection between the head and the power of charming.

On the tombs of chiefs the Namaquas have a habit of flinging stones, each throwing one stone upon it whenever he passes by. Why they do so, they either cannot or will not tell—probably the latter; but in process of time, the heap attains a considerable size. This is the only superstition which gives any indication of their belief in a future life, for they have a kind of dim notion about an invisible but potent being,

whom they name Heitjeebib, or Heitjekobib, who, they think, is able to grant or withhold prosperity. Spirit though he be, they localize him in the tombs, and the casting of stones has probably some reference to him.

Like other savage nations, they have certain ceremonies when their youth attain manhood, and at that time the youth is instructed in the precepts which are to govern his life for the future. These are rather of a negative than a positive nature, and two very important enactments are, that he must never eat the hare, and must cease from sucking the goats. The latter injunction requires a little explanation. As long as the Namaquas are children, they are accustomed to visit the female goats, drive away the kids, and take their place. This, however, is considered to be essentially a childish occupation, to be abandoned forever when the boy seeks to be admitted among the men.

As far as is known, there are few, if any, matrimonial ceremonies among the Namaqua Hottentots. When a man wishes to marry any particular woman, he goes to her parents and simply demands her. If the demand is acceded to, an ox is killed outside the door of the bride's house, and she then goes home to her new husband. Polygamy is permitted among this people, and, as is the case in other countries, has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. In a country where the whole of the manual labor is performed by the women, such a state is necessary, each woman being a sort of domestic servant, and in no sense the equal companion of the man. Its drawbacks may be summed up in the word "jealousy," that being a failing to which the Namaqua women are very subject, and which generally finds its vent in blows. If a man becomes tired of his wife, he needs no divorce court, but simply cuts the conjugal knot by sending the woman back to her family. She has no redress; and, however much she and her parents may object to the proceeding, they cannot prohibit it.

In peaceful arts they have some skill, especially in training oxen. This is a difficult process, and is managed with great care. The young animal is first induced to step into the noose of a rope which is laid on the ground, and, as soon as it has done so, a number of men seize the other end of the rope, and, in spite of his struggles, hold the animal tightly. Sometimes the infuriated animal charges at them, and in that case they let go the rope and scatter in all directions, only to renew their hold when the fury of the animal is exhausted. Another rope is then thrown over his horns, and by sharply pulling this and his tail, and at the same time jerking his leg off the ground, the trainers force the animal to fall. His head is then held on the ground,

and a sharp stick thrust through his nostrils, a tough leathern thong being then attached to each end of the stick, and acting as a bridle.

The more an ox struggles and fights, the more docile he becomes afterward, and the more is he valued, while an ox which is sulky, especially if he lies down and declines to rise, is never of much use. Loads, carefully graduated, are then fastened on his back, beginning with a simple skin or empty bag, and ending with the full burden which an ox is supposed to carry. The hide rope with which the burden is lashed on the back of the ox is often one hundred and fifty feet in length, and consequently passes round and round the body of the animal.

The chief difficulty is, to train an ox that will act as leader. The ox is naturally a gregarious animal, and when he is associated with his fellows, he never likes to walk for any distance unless there is a leader whom he can follow. In a state of nature the leader would be the strongest bull, but in captivity he finds that all are very much alike in point of strength, while their combative powers have been too much repressed to allow any one animal to fight his way to the leadership. Very few oxen have the qualities which enable them to be trained as leaders, but the Namaquas, who have excellent eyes for the chief points of an ox, always select for this purpose the animals of lightest build and most sprightly look, so that they may keep their followers at a brisk pace when on the march. Their activity would naturally induce them to keep ahead of their companions, so that the Namaquas merely assist nature when they select such animals to serve as leaders.

The dreadful practice of abandoning the aged prevails in Namaqua-land. A slight fence is built round the unfortunate victim of so cruel a custom, who is then abandoned, having been furnished with a little food, fire, and water, which are destined to play the part of the bread and water placed in the tomb of an offending vestal. Travellers through this country sometimes come upon the remains of a small fence, within which are a heap of ashes, the remains of a water vessel, and a heap of whitened bones, and they know that these are the memorials of an old Namaqua who has been left to perish with hunger and thirst. Such persons must be very old when they succumb to such a death, for some have been known to live to the age of ninety, and now and then a centenarian is found.

It is hardly credible, though true, that the Namaquas are so used to this parricidal custom that they look at it with indifference. They expect no other fate if they themselves should happen to live until they are so old as to be an incumbrance to their people, and the strangest thing is the acquiescence with

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which those who are thus abandoned resign themselves to their fate. Mr. Moffatt mentions an instance where an old woman, whom he found in a most pitiable state of suffering, refused to be taken away by him and fed. It was the custom of the tribe, she said; she was already nearly dead, and did not want to die twice.

Their amusements are so similar to those which have already been mentioned that there is no need to describe them separately. As to work, the men do little or nothing, preferring to lounge about in the sun for days together, and will sit half dead with hunger and thirst, rather than take the trouble to

go and look for food and water. They have an odd way of comparing a man who works with the worms of the ground, and that comparison is thought to be a sufficient reason why a man should not work.

One very curious custom prevails among the Namaquas. Those who visit them are expected to adopt a father and mother, and the newly-made relations are supposed to have their property in common. This is probably a native practice, but the Namaquas have had no scruples in extending it to Europeans, finding that in such cases a community of goods becomes rather a lucrative speculation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BECHUANAS.

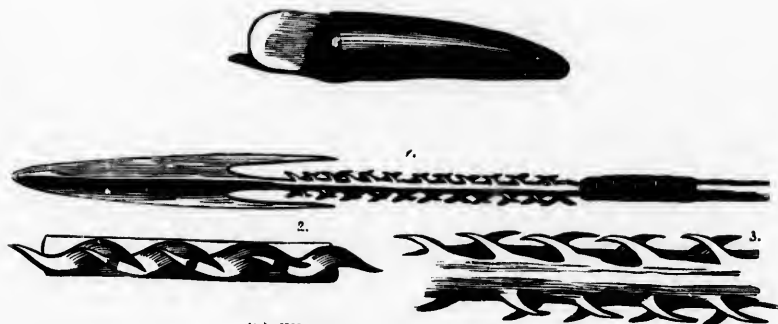
THEIR NAME AND LANGUAGE—THEIR DRESS—SKILL IN THE ARTS OF PEACE—THE BECHUANA KNIFE—SKILL IN CARVING—THE BECHUANA ASSAGAI, OR "KOVH"—INGENIOUS BELLOWS—A METAL APRON—DRESS OF THE WOMEN, AND THEIR FONDNESS FOR METALLIC ORNAMENTS—CHARACTER OF THE BECHUANAS—THEIR TENDENCY TOWARD LYING AND THIEVING—DISREGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE—REDEEMING QUALITIES OF THE BECHUANAS—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—THE NATIVE PARLIAMENT—MR. MOFFAT'S ACCOUNT OF A DEBATE—CUSTOMS AFTER BATTLE—THE ORDER OF THE SCAR, AND MODE OF CONFERRING IT—A DISAPPOINTED WARRIOR—AN UNPLEASANT CEREMONY—MODE OF MAKING WAR—THE BECHUANA BATTLE-AXE.

WE now leave the Hottentot race, and take a passing glance at the appearance of a few other tribes. Chief among these is the very large tribe called by the name of Bechuana, which includes a considerable number of sub-tribes. Just as the Hottentot names are recognized by the affix Qua, so are the Bechuanas by the prefix Ba. Thus, the Bakwams, Barolongs, Batlapis, and Bahurotsi, all belong to the great Bechuana tribe. It is rather curious that in this language prefixes are used where suffixes, or even separate words, might be expected. Thus, a man will speak of himself as Mochmana, *i. e.* a Chuana man; the tribe is called Bechuana, *i. e.* the Chuana men, and they speak Sichmana, *i. e.* the Chuana language. Nearly every syllable ends with a vowel, which gives the language a softness of pronunciation hardly to be expected in such a country. The love of euphony among the Bechuana tribes causes them to be very indifferent about substituting one letter for another, provided that by so doing a greater softness of pronunciation can be obtained.

In appearance they are a fine race of men, in some respects similar to the Kafirs, with whom they have many customs in common. Their dress is not very remarkable, except that they are perhaps the best dressers of skins that are to be found in Africa, the pliancy of the skin and the neatness of the sewing being unrivalled. They are good workers in metal, and supply many of the surrounding tribes both with ornaments and weapons.

Perhaps the Bechuana knife is the most common of all the implements made by this ingenious tribe. The general form of this knife may be seen from the two figures in the engraving No. 2, opposite, one of which was taken from a specimen in my own collection. It is ten inches in length inclusive of the handle, and the blade, which is double-edged, is nearly flat, being a little thicker along the middle than at the edges. In fact, it is simply a spear-head inserted into a handle. The sheath is made of two pieces of wood, hollowed just sufficiently to receive the blade tightly, and then lashed firmly together with sinews. On one side of the sheath a kind of loop is carved out of the solid wood, through which the wearer can pass the string by which he hangs it to his neck.

The ordinary forms are simply a handle, sheath, and blade, all without any ornament, but the ingenious smith often adds a considerable amount of decoration. One favorite mode of doing so is to make the handle of ivory, and carve it into the form of some animal. My own specimen represents a hyena; and, in spite of the rudeness of the sculpture, no naturalist could possibly mistake the animal for which it is intended. The handle is often cut into the form of the hippopotamus or the giraffe, and in all cases the character of the animal is hit off exactly by the native carver. Along the sheath is generally a pattern of some nature, and in many instances it is really of an artistic character, worthy to be transferred to



(1.) KNIFE AND ASSAGAI HEADS.
(See page 283.)



(2.) BECHUANA KNIVES.
(See page 280.)

(3.) APRON.
(See page 283.)

(4.) ORNAMENTS MADE
OF MONKEYS' TEETH.
(See page 284.)

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European weapons. A thong of leather passes along the opposite side of the sheath, and is attached by the same sinews which bind the two halves of the sheath together. All the Hottentot and Boesjesman tribes use this peculiar knife, as do sundry other inhabitants of Southern Africa. They always suspend it to their necks, and use it for a variety of purposes, the chief of which is cutting up meat when they are fortunate enough to procure any.

The carved work of the knife, sheath, and handle is, however, not done with this kind of knife, but with one which has a very short blade and a tolerably long handle. One of these knives is shown in the illustration No. 1 on page 281, and in this instance the handle is made of the end of an antelope's horn. With this simple instrument are cut the various patterns with which the Bechuanas are so fond of decorating their bowls, spoons, and other articles of daily use, and with it are carved the giraffes, hyenas, and other animals, which serve as hilts for their dagger-knives, and handles to their spoons.

Sometimes the bowls of the spoons are covered on the outside with carved patterns of a singularly artistic character, some of them recalling to the spectator the ornaments on old Etruscan vases. They have a way of bringing out the pattern by charring either the plain surface or the incised pattern, so that in the one case the pattern is white on a black ground, and sometimes *vice versa*. The pattern is generally a modification of the zigzag, but there are many instances where curved lines are used without a single angle in them, and when the curves are traced with equal truth and freedom.

One of the best specimens of Bechuana art is a kind of assagai which they forge, and which is equally to be praised for its ingenuity and execrated for its abominable cruelty. Two forms of this dreadful weapon are given in figs. 1 and 2 in the same engraving. The upper figure shows the entire head of the assagai and parts of the shaft, while the other are representations of the barbs on a larger scale. On examining one of these weapons carefully, it is seen that the neck of the assagai has first been forged square, and then that the double barbs have been made by cutting diagonally into the metal and turning up the barbs thus obtained. This is very clear with the upper assagai, and is still better seen in the enlarged figure of the same weapon. But the other is peculiarly ingenious, and exhibits an amount of metallurgic skill which could hardly be expected among savage nations.

These assagais bear a curious resemblance to some arrows which are made in Central Africa. Indeed, the resemblance is so great, that an arrow if enlarged would serve admirably as an assagai. This resemblance—

unknown to Mr. Burchell—confirms his idea that the art of making these weapons came from more northern tribes.

The use to which these terrible weapons are put is, of course, to produce certain death, as it is impossible that the assagai can be either drawn out of the wound, or removed by being pushed through it, as done with other barbed weapons. As, however, the temporary loss of the weapon is necessarily involved in such a case, the natives do not use it except on special occasions. The native name for it is "kóveh," and it is popularly called the "assagai of torture." It is generally used by being thrust down the throat of the victim—generally a captured chief—who is then left to perish miserably.

The bellows used by the Bechuana blacksmith are singularly ingenious. In all the skin bellows used by the natives of Southern Africa there is one radical defect, namely, the want of a valve. In consequence of this want the bellows cannot be worked quickly, as they would draw the fire, or, at all events, suck the heated air into their interior, and so destroy the skin of which they are made. The Bechuana, however, contrives to avoid this difficulty. The usual mode of making a bellows is to skin a goat, then sew up the skin, so as to make a bag, insert a pipe—usually a horn one—into one of the legs, and then use it by alternately inflating and compressing the bag.

Bellows of this kind can be seen in the illustration No. 2 on page 97.

The Bechuana smith, however, does not use a closed bag, but cuts it completely open on one side, and on either side of the slit he fastens a straight stick. It is evident that by separating these sticks he can admit the air into the bag without drawing the fire into the tube, and that when he wants to eject the air, he has only to press the sticks together. This ingenious succedaneum for a valve allows the smith to work the bellows as fast as his hands can move them, and, in consequence, he can produce a much fiercer heat than can be obtained by the ordinary plan.

On the 281st page the reader may find an engraving that illustrates the skill with which they can work in metals. It is a woman's apron, about a foot square, formed of a piece of leather entirely covered with beads. But, instead of using ordinary glass beads, the maker has preferred those made of metal. The greater part of the apron is formed of iron beads, but those which produce the pattern are made of brass, and when worn the owner took a pride in keeping the brass beads polished as brilliantly as possible. In shape and general principle of structure, this apron bears a close resemblance to that which is shown in "Articles of costume," on page 3. g. 2.

This specimen is in the collection of Col. Lane Fox.

In the same collection is an ornament ingeniously made from the spolls of slain monkeys. A part of the upper jaw, containing the incisive and canine teeth, has been cut off, cleaned, and dried. A whole row of these jaws has then been sewed on a strip of leather, each overlapping its predecessor, so as to form a continuous band of glittering white teeth.

As to dress, the Bechuana, as a rule, uses more covering than many of the surrounding tribes. The women especially wear several aprons. The first is made of thongs, like those of the Kaffirs, and over that is generally one of skin. As she can afford it she adds others, but always contrives to have the outside apron decorated with beads or other adornments.

This series of aprons, however, is all that a Bechuana woman considers necessary in the way of dress, the kaross being adopted merely as a defence against the weather, and not from any idea that covering to the body is needed for the purpose of delicacy. In figure they are not so prepossessing as many of the surrounding tribes, being usually short, stout, and clumsy, which latter defect is rendered still more conspicuous by the quantities of beads which they hang in heavy coils round their waists and necks, and the multitude of metal rings with which they load their arms and ankles. They even load their hair as much as possible, drawing it out into a series of little twists, and dressing them so copiously with grease and sibilu, that at a few yards they look as if their heads were covered with a cap composed of metallic tags, and at a greater distance as if they were wearing bands of polished steel on their heads.

They consider a plentiful smearing of grease and red ochre to be the very acme of a fashionable toilet, and think that washing the body is a disgusting custom. Women are the smokers of the pipe, the men preferring snuff, and rather despising the pipe as a woman's implement.

The Bechuana can hardly be selected as examples of good moral character. No one who knows them can believe a word that they say, and they will steal everything that they can carry. They are singularly accomplished thieves, and the habit of stealing is so ingrained in their nature, that if a man is detected in the very act he feels not the least shame, but rather takes blame to himself for being so inexperienced as to be found out. Small articles they steal in the most ingenious manner. Should it be hanging up, they contrive to handle it carelessly and let it fall on the ground, and then they begin active operations. Standing near the coveted article, and trying to look as if they were not aware of its existence, they quietly scrape a hole in the sand with

one of their feet, push the object of their desire into the hole, cover it up again with sand, and smooth the surface so as to leave no trace that the ground has been disturbed.

They steal each other's goods, whenever they can find an opportunity, but they are only too glad to find an opportunity of exercising their art on a white man, whose property is sure to be worth stealing. A traveller in their country has therefore a hard life, for he knows that there is not a single article in his possession which will not vanish if he leaves it unguarded for a few minutes. Indeed, as Mr. Baines well observes, there is not an honest nerve or fibre in a Bechuana's body; from the root of his tongue to the tips of his toes, every muscle is thoroughly trained in the art of thieving. If they merely sit near an article of moderate size, when they move off it moves with them, in a manner that no wearer of trousers can conceive. Even Mr. Moffatt, who had a singular capacity for discovering good qualities which had lain latent and unsuspected, writes in very forcible terms respecting the utter dishonesty of the Bechuana:—

"Some nights, or rather mornings, we had to record thefts committed in the course of twenty-four hours, in our houses, our smith-shop, our garden, and among our cattle in the field. These they have more than once driven into a bog or mire, at a late hour informing us of the accident, as they termed it; and, as it was then too dark to render assistance, one or more would fall a prey to the hyenas or hungry natives. One night they entered our cattle-fold, killed one of our best draught oxen, and carried the whole away, except one shoulder. We were compelled to use much meat, from the great scarcity of grain and vegetables; our sheep we had to purchase at a distance, and very thankful might we be if out of twenty we secured the largest half for ourselves. They would break their legs, cut off their tails, and more frequently carry off the whole carcass.

"Tools, such as saws, axes, and adzes, were losses severely felt, as we could not at that time replace them, when there was no intercourse whatever with the colony. Some of our tools and utensils which they stole, on finding the metal not what they expected, they would bring back beaten into all shapes, and offer them in exchange for some other article of value. Knives were always eagerly coveted; our metal spoons they melted; and when we were supplied with plated iron ones, which they found not so pliable, they supposed them bewitched. Very often, when employed working at a distance from the house, if there was no one in whom he could confide, the missionary would be compelled to carry them all to the place where he went to seek

a draught of water, well knowing that if they were left they would take wings before he could return.

"The following ludicrous circumstance once happened, and was related to the writer by a native in graphic style. Two men had succeeded in stealing an iron pot. Having just taken it from the fire, it was rather warm for handling conveniently over a fence, and by doing so it fell on a stone, and was cracked. 'It is iron,' said they, and off they went with their booty, resolving to make the best of it: that is, if it would not serve for cooking, they would transform it into knives and spears. After some time had elapsed, and the hue and cry about the missing pot had nearly died away, it was brought forth to a native smith, who had laid in a stock of charcoal for the occasion. The pot was further broken to make it more convenient to lay hold of with the tongs, which are generally made of the bark of a tree. The native Vulean, unacquainted with cast iron, having with his small bellows, one in each hand, produced a good heat, drew a piece from the fire. To his utter amazement, it flew into pieces at the first stroke of his little hammer. Another and another piece was brought under the action of the fire, and then under the hammer, with no better success. Both the thief and the smith, gazing with eyes scattered round the stone anvil, declared their belief that the pot was bewitched, and concluded pot-stealing to be a bad speculation."

To the thieving propensities of these people there was no end. They would peep into the rude hut that was used for a church, in order to see who was preaching, and would then go off to the preacher's house, and rob it at their ease. When the missionaries, at the expense of great labor, made a series of irrigating canals, for the purpose of watering their gardens, the women would slyly cut the banks of the channels, and divert the water. They even broke down the dam which led the water from the river, merely for the sake of depriving somebody of something; and when, in spite of all their drawbacks, some vegetables had been grown, the crops were stolen, even though a constant watch was kept over them. These accomplished thieves have even been known to steal meat out of the pot in which it was being boiled, having also the insolence to substitute a stone for the pilfered meat. One traveller found that all his followers were so continually robbed by the Bechuannas, that at last he ceased from endeavoring to discover the thieves, and threatened instead to punish any man who allowed an article to be stolen from him. They do not even spare their own chief, and would rob him with as little compunction as if he were a foreigner.

Dr. Lichtenstein, who certainly had a better opinion of the Bechuannas than they deserved, was once cheated by them in a very ingenious manner. He had purchased three ivory rings with some tobacco, but when he left the place he found that the same ring had been sold to him three successive times, the natives behind him having picked his pocket with the dexterity of a London thief, and then passed the ring to their companions to be again offered for sale.

Altogether, the character of the Bechuannas does not seem to be an agreeable one, and even the missionaries who have gone among them, and naturally are inclined to look on the best side of their wild flocks, have very little to say in their favor, and plenty to say against them. They seem to be as heartless toward the infirm and aged as the Namaquas, and if one of their number is ill or wounded, so that he cannot wait upon himself, he is carried outside the camp, and there left until he recovers or dies. A small and frail hut is built for him, a portion of food is given to him daily, and in the evening a fire is made, and fuel placed near so that it may be kept up. On one occasion the son of a chief was wounded by a buffalo, and, according to ancient custom, was taken out of the camp. The fire happened to go out, and in consequence a lion came and carried off the wounded man in the night. It was once thought that this cruel custom arose from the fear of infection, but this is evidently not the case, as persons afflicted with infectious diseases are not disturbed as long as they can help themselves. Superstition may probably be the true reason for it.

They have but little regard for human life, especially for that of a woman, and a husband may kill his wife if he likes, without any particular notice being taken of it. One traveller mentions that a husband became angry with his wife about some trifling matter, seized his assagai, and killed her on the spot. The body was dragged out by the heels, and thrown into the bush to be devoured by the hyenas, and there was an end of the whole business. The traveller, being horrified by such an action, laid information before the chief, and was only laughed at for his pains, the chief thinking that for any one to be shocked at so ordinary an occurrence was a very good joke.

Still, the Bechuanna has his redeeming qualities. They are not quarrelsome, and Burchell remarks that, during all the time which he spent among them, he never saw two men openly quarrelling, nor any public breach of decorum. They are persevering and industrious in the arts of peace, and, as has been seen, learn to work in iron and to carve wood with a skill that can only be attained by long and careful practice. They are more attached to the soil than many of

the neighboring tribes, cultivating it carefully, and in this art far surpassing the Kaffirs. Their houses, too, are of elaborate construction, and built with a care and solidity which show that the inhabitants are not nomads, but residents on one spot.

The government of the Bechuanas is primarily monarchial, but not entirely despotic. The king has his own way in most matters, but his chiefs can always exercise a check upon him by summoning a parliament, or "Picho," as it is called. The Picho affords a truly wild and picturesque spectacle. The artist has illustrated this on page 287. The warriors, in their full panoply of war, seat themselves in a circle, in the midst of which is the chair of the king. The various speakers take their turns at addressing the assembly, and speak with the greatest freedom, not even sparing the king himself, but publicly arraigning him for any shortcomings, real or fancied, and sometimes gaining their point. As to the king himself, he generally opens the parliament with a few sentences, and then remains silent until all the speeches have been delivered. He then answers those that have been made against himself, and becomes greatly excited, leaping about the ring, brandishing his spear and shield, and lashing himself into an almost frantic state. This is the usual procedure among savages, and the more excited that a man becomes, the better he is supposed to speak afterward.

An extract from Mr. Moffatt's account of a Picho will give a good idea of the proceedings:—"Although the whole exhibits a very grotesque scene, business is carried on with the most perfect order. There is but little cheering, and still less hissing, while every speaker fearlessly states his own sentiments. The audience is seated on the ground (as represented in the engraving), each man having before him his shield, to which is attached a number of spears. A quiver containing poisoned arrows is hung from the shoulder, and a battle-axe is held in the right hand. Many were adorned with tiger-skins and tails, and had plumes of feathers waving on their heads. In the centre a sufficient space was left for the privileged—those who had killed an enemy in battle—to dance and sing, in which they exhibited the most violent and fantastic gestures conceivable, which drew forth from the spectators the most clamorous applause.

"When they retire to their seats, the speaker commences by commanding silence. 'Be silent, ye Batlapis, be silent, ye Barolong,' addressing each tribe distinctly, not excepting the white people, if any happen to be present, and to which each responds with a groan. He then takes from his shield a spear, and points it in the direction in which the enemy is advancing, imprecating a curse upon them, and thus declaring war by re-

peatedly thrusting his spear in that direction, as if plunging it into an enemy. This receives a loud whistling sound of applause. He next directs his spear toward the Bushman country, south and southwest, imprecating also a curse on those 'ox-eaters,' as they are called.

"The king, on this, as on all similar occasions, introduced the business of the day by 'Ye sons of Molehbanque'—viewing all the influential men present as the friends or allies of his kingdom, which rose to more than its former eminence under the reign of that monarch, his father—the Mantatees are a strong and victorious people; they have overwhelmed many nations, and they are approaching to destroy us. We have been apprised of their manners, their deeds, their weapons, and their intentions. We cannot stand against the Mantatees; we must now concert, conclude, and be determined to stand. The case is a great one. . . . I now wait to hear what the general opinion is. Let every one speak his mind, and then I shall speak again.' Mofhibi maneuvered his spear as at the comic movement, and then pointing it toward heaven, the audience shouted, 'Pula' (rain), on which he sat down amidst a din of applause. Between each speaker a part or verse of a war-song is sung, the same antics are then performed, and again universal silence is commanded. . . .

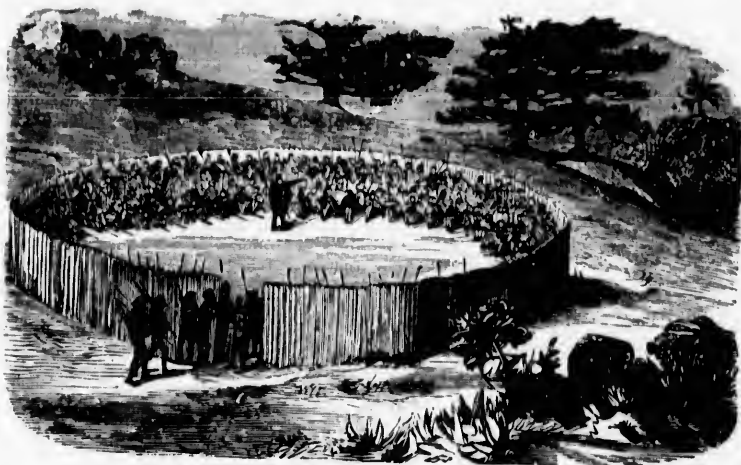
"When several speakers had delivered their sentiments, chiefly exhorting to unanimity and courage, Mofhibi resumed his central position, and, after the usual gesticulations, commanded silence. Having noticed some remarks of the preceding speakers, he added: 'It is evident that the best plan is to proceed against the enemy, that they come no nearer. Let not our towns be the seat of war; let not our houses be the scenes of bloodshed and destruction. No! let the blood of the enemy be spilt at a distance from our wives and children.' Turning to the aged chief, he said: 'I hear you, my father; I understand you, my father; your words are true, they are good for the ear; it is good that we be instructed by the Makobas; I wish those evil who will not obey; I wish that they may be broken in pieces.'

"Then addressing the warriors, 'There are many of you who do not deserve to eat out of a bowl, but only out of a broken pot; think on what has been said, and obey without murmuring. I command you, ye chiefs of the Batlapis, Batlares, Bamairis, Barologs, and Bakotins, that you acquaint all your tribes of the proceedings of this day; let none be ignorant; I say again, ye warriors, prepare for the battle; let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes as sharp as hunger. . . . Be silent, ye kidney-eaters' (addressing the old men), 'ye are of no farther use but to hang about for kidneys when an ox is slaughtered.

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(1.) BECHUANA PARLIAMENT.

(See page 280.)



2. FEMALE ARCHITECTS.

(See page 298.)

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If your oxen are taken, where will you get any more?' Turning to the women, he said, 'Prevent not the warrior from going out to battle by your cunning insinuations. No, rouse the warrior to glory, and he will return with honorable scars, fresh marks of valor will cover his thighs, and we shall then renew the war song and dance, and relate the story of our conquest.' At the conclusion of this speech the air was rent with acclamations, the whole assembly occasionally joining in the dance; the women frequently taking the weapons from the hands of the men and brandishing them in the most violent manner, people of all ages using the most extravagant and frantic gestures for nearly two hours."

In explanation of the strange word, "kidney-eaters," the reader must be made aware that kidneys are eaten only by the old of both sexes. Young people will not taste them on any account, from the superstitious idea that they can have no children if they do so. The word of applause, "pula," or rain, is used metaphorically to signify that the words of the speaker are to the hearers like rain on a thirsty soil.

In the last few lines of the king's speech, mention is made of the "honorable scars upon the thighs." He is here alluding to a curious practice among the Bechuanas. After a battle, those who have killed an enemy assemble by night, and, after exhibiting the trophies of their prowess, each goes to the prophet or priest, who takes a sharp assagal and makes a long cut from the hip to the knee. One of these cuts is made for each enemy that has been slain, and some distinguished warriors have their legs absolutely striped with scars. As the wound is a tolerably deep one, and as ashes are plentifully rubbed into it, the scar remains for life, and is more conspicuous than it would be in an European, leaving a white track upon the dark skin. In spite of the severity of the wound, all the successful warriors join in a dance, which is kept up all night, and only terminates at sunrise. No one is allowed to make the cut for himself, and any one who did so would at once be detected by the jealous eyes of his companions. Moreover, in order to substantiate his claim, each warrior is obliged to produce his trophy—a small piece of flesh with the skin attached, cut from the body of his foe.

When the ceremony of investiture with the Order of the Scar takes place, a large fire is made, and around it is built a low fence, inside which no one may pass except the priest and those who can show a trophy. On the outside of the fence are congregated the women and all the men who have not been fortunate enough to distinguish themselves. One by one the warriors advance to the priest, show the trophy, have it approved, and then take their place round the

fire. Each man then lays the trophy on the glowing coals, and, when it is thoroughly roasted, eats it. This custom arises from a notion that the courage of the slain warrior then passes into the body of the man who killed him, and aids also in making him invulnerable. The Bechuanas do not like this custom, but, on the contrary, view it with nearly as much abhorrence as Europeans can do, only yielding to it from a desire not to controvert the ancient custom of their nation.

It may well be imagined that this ceremony incites the warriors, both old and young, to distinguish themselves in battle, in order that they may have the right of entering the sacred fence, and be publicly invested with the honorable scar of valor. On one such occasion, a man who was well known for his courage could not succeed in killing any of the enemy, because their numbers were so comparatively small that all had been killed before he could reach them. At night he was almost beside himself with anger and mortification, and positively wept with rage at being excluded from the sacred enclosure. At last he sprang away from the place, ran at full speed to his house, killed one of his own servants, and returned to the spot, bringing with him the requisite passport of admittance. In this act he was held to be perfectly justified, because the slain man was a captive taken in war, and therefore, according to Bechuanan ideas, his life belonged to his master, and could be taken whenever it might be more useful to him than the living slave.

In war, the Bechuanas are but cruel enemies, killing the wounded without mercy, and even butchering the inoffensive women and children. The desire to possess the coveted trophy of success is probably the cause of their ruthlessness. In some divisions of the Bechuana tribes, such as the Bachepins, the successful warriors do not eat the trophy, but dry it and hang it round their necks, eating instead a portion of the liver of the slain man. In all cases, however, it seems that some part of the enemy has to be eaten.

The weapons used in war are not at all like those which are employed by the Kafirs. The Bechuanan shield is much smaller than that of the Kafirs, and on each side a semi-circular piece of leather is cut out. The reader may remember that in the Kafir shield, as may be seen by the illustration, page 21, there is a slight depression on each side. In the Bechuanan shield, however, this depression is scooped out so deeply that the shield is almost like an hour-glass in shape. The assagal, which has already been described, is not intended to be used as a missile, but as a weapon for hand-to-hand combat. Indeed, the amount of labor which is bestowed upon it renders it too valuable to be flung at an enemy, who might

avoid the blow, and then seize the spear and keep it.

The Bechuanas have one weapon which is very effective at close quarters. This is the battle-axe. Various as are the shapes of the heads, they are all made on one principle, and, in fact, an axe is nothing more than an enlarged spear-head fixed transversely on the handle. The ordinary battle-axes have their heads fastened to wooden handles, but the best examples have the handles made of rhinoceros horn.

A remarkably fine specimen of these battle-axes is now before me. It is simply a knob-kerrie made of rhinoceros horn,

through the knob of which the shank of the head has been passed. The object of this construction is twofold. In the first place, the increased thickness of the handle prevents, in a great measure, the liability to split when a severe blow is struck; and, secondly, the increased weight adds force to the stroke. In some of these axes the knob at the end of the handle seems disproportionately large. The axe is carried, together with the shield, in the left hand, while the right is at liberty to hold the assagai. But, if the warrior is driven to close quarters, or if his spear should be broken, he snatches the axe from the shield, and is then armed anew.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

BECHUANAS—*Concluded.*

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION—A NATIVE CONJURER, AND HIS DEXTERITY—CURING A SICK MAN—THE MAGIO DICE—AMULETS—SPARTAN PRACTICES—THE GIRL'S ORDEAL—A SINGULAR PRIVILEGE—FOOD OF THE BECHUANAS—THE MILK-BAG—MUSIC AND DANCING—THE REED PIPE, OR LICHAKA—THE BECHUANAN DANCE—REMARKABLE CAP WORN BY THE PERFORMERS—THE SUBSTITUTE FOR A HANDKERCHIEF—ARCHITECTURE OF THE BECHUANAS, AND ITS ELABORATE CHARACTER—CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES—CONCENTRIC MODE OF BUILDING—MR. BAINES'S VISIT TO A BECHUANA CHIEF—BURIAL OF THE DEAD, AND ATTENDANT CEREMONIES.

OF religion the Bechuanas know nothing, though they have plenty of superstition, and are as utter slaves to their witch doctors as can well be conceived. The life of one of these personages is full of danger. He practises his arts with the full knowledge that if he should fail, death is nearly certain to be the result. Indeed, it is very seldom that a witch doctor, especially if he should happen to be also a rain-maker, dies a natural death, he generally falling a victim to the elus of his quondam followers.

These men evidently practise the art of conjuring, as we understand the word, and they can perform their tricks with great dexterity. One of these men exhibited several of his performances to Mr. Baines, and displayed no small ingenuity in the magic art. His first trick was to empty, or to appear to empty, a skin bag and an old hat, and then to shake the bag over the hat, when a piece of meat or hide fell from the former into the latter. Another performance was to tie up a bead necklace in a wisp of grass, and hand it to one of the white spectators to burn. He then passed the bag to the most incredulous of the spectators, allowed him to feel it and prove that it was empty, while the hat was being examined by Mr. Baines and a friend. Calling out to the holder of the bag, he pretended to throw something through the air, and, when the bag was duly shaken, out fell the beads into the hat.

This was really a clever trick, and, though any of my readers who have some practical acquaintance with the art of legerdemain

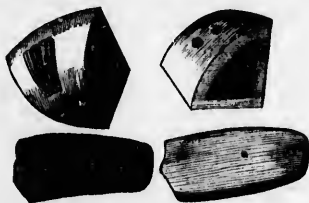
can see how it was done, it is not a little surprising to see such dexterity possessed by a savage. The success of this trick was the more remarkable because the holder of the bag had rather unfairly tried to balk the performer. On a subsequent occasion, however, the conjurer attempted the same trick, varying it by requesting that the beads should be broken instead of burned. The holder of the beads took the precaution of marking them with ink before breaking them, and in consequence all the drumming of the conjurer could not reproduce them until after dark, when another string of beads, precisely similar in appearance, was found under the wagon. Being pressed on the subject, the conjurer admitted that they were not the same beads, but said that they had been sent supernaturally to replace those which had been broken.

The same operator was tolerably clever at tricks with cord, but had to confess that a nautical education conferred advantages in that respect to which his supernatural powers were obliged to yield. He once invited Mr. Baines to see him exhibit his skill in the evening. "A circle of girls and women now surrounded the wizard, and commenced a pleasing but monotonous chant, clapping their hands in unison, while he, seated alternately on a carved stool and on a slender piece of reed covered with a skin to prevent its hurting him, kept time for the hand-clapping, and seemed trying to work himself up to the required state of inspiration, till his whole flesh quivered like that of a person in the ague.

"A few preparatory anointings of the joints of all his limbs, his breast and forehead, as well as those of his choristers, followed; shrill whistlings were interchanged with spasmodic gestures, and now I found that the exhibition of the evening was a *bona fide* medical operation on the person of a man who lay covered with skins outside of the circle. The posterior portion of the thigh was chosen for scarification, but, as the fire gave no light in that direction, and the doctor and the relatives seemed not to like my touching the patient, I did not ascertain how deep the incisions were made. Most probably, from the scars I have seen of former operations of the kind, they were merely deep enough to draw blood.

"The singing and hand-clapping now grew more vehement, the doctor threw himself upon the patient, perhaps sucked the wound, at all events pretended to inhale the disease. Strong convulsions seized him, and, as he was a man of powerful frame, it required no little strength to hold him. At length, with upturned eyes and face expressive of suffocation, he seized his knife, and, thrusting it into his mouth, took out a large piece apparently of hide or flesh, which his admiring audience supposed him to have previously drawn from the body of the patient, thus removing the cause of the disease."

Sometimes the Bechuana doctor uses a sort of dice, if such a term may be used when speaking of objects totally unlike the dice which are used in this country. In form they are pyramidal, and are cut from the clover hoof of a small antelope. These articles do not look very valuable, but they are held in the highest estimation, inasmuch as very few know how to prepare them, and they are handed down from father to son through successive generations. The older they are, the more powerful are they supposed to be, and a man who is fortunate enough to possess them can scarcely be induced to part with them.



MAGIC DICE.

Those which are depicted in the illustration are taken from specimens that were, after a vast amount of bargaining, purchased by Dr. Liechtenstein, at the price of an ox for each die.

These magic dice are used when the proprietor wishes to know the result of some undertaking. He smooths a piece of ground with his hand, holds the die between his fingers, moves his hands up and down several times, and then allows them to fall. He then scans them carefully, and judges from their position what they foretell. The reader may remember the instance where a Kafir prophet used the magic necklace for the same purpose, and in a similar manner. The characters or figures described on the surface have evidently some meaning, but what their signification was the former possessor either did not know, or did not choose to communicate.

The children, when they first begin to trouble themselves and their parents by the process of teething, are often furnished with a kind of amulet. It is made of a large African beetle, called scientifically *Brachycerus apterus*. A number of them are killed, dried, and then strung on leathern thongs, so as to be worn round the neck. These objects have been mistaken for whistles. The Bechuanas have great faith in their powers when used for teething, and think that they are efficacious in preventing various infantile disorders.

Like the Kafirs, the Bechuanas make use of certain religious ceremonies before they go to war. One of these rites consists in laying a charm on the cattle, so that they shall not be seized by the enemy. The oxen are brought singly to the priest, if we may so call him, who is furnished with a pot of black paint, and a jackal's tail by way of a brush. With this primitive brush he makes a certain mark upon the hind leg of the animal, while at the same time an assistant, who kneels behind him, repeats the mark in miniature upon his back or arms. To this ceremony they attribute great value; and, as war is almost invariably made for the sake of cattle, the Bechuanas may well be excused for employing any rite which they fancy will protect such valued possessions.

Among one branch of the Bechuana tribe, a very remarkable ceremony is observed when the boys seek to be admitted into the rank of men. The details are kept very secret, but a few of the particulars have been discovered. Dr. Livingstone, for example, happened once to witness the second stage of the ceremonies, which last for a considerable time.

A number of boys, about fourteen years of age, without a vestige of clothing, stood in a row, and opposite those was an equal number of men, each having in his hand a long switch cut from a bush belonging to the genus *Grewia*, and called in the native language moretloa. The twigs of this bush are very strong, tough, and supple. Both the men and boys were engaged in an odd kind of dance, called "koha," which the

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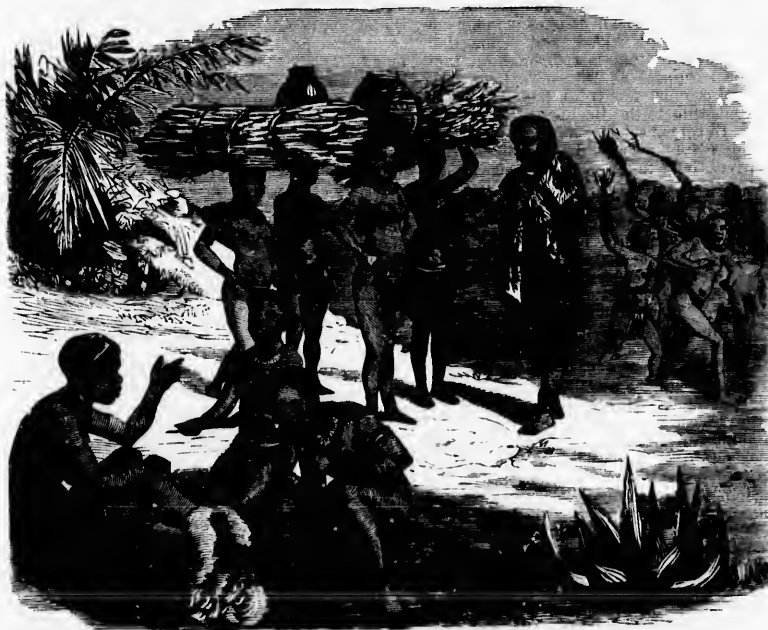
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(1.) SPARTAN PRACTICE. (See page 295.)



(2.) THE GIRLS' ORDEAL. (See page 295.)



men evidently enjoyed, and the boys had to look as if they enjoyed it too. Each boy was furnished with a pair of the ordinary hide sandals, which he wore on his hands instead of his feet. At stated intervals, the men put certain questions to the boys, respecting their future life when admitted into the society of men. For example:—

"Will you herd the cattle well?" asks the man.

"I will," answers the boy, at the same time lifting his sandalled hands over his head. The man then leaps forward, and with his full force strikes at the boy's head. The blow is received on the uplifted sandals, but the elasticity of the long switch causes it to curl over the boy's head with such force that a deep gash is made in his back, some twelve or eighteen inches in length, from which the blood spurts as if it were made with a knife. Ever afterward, the lesson that he is to guard the cattle is supposed to be indelibly impressed on the boy's mind.

Then comes another question, "Will you guard the chief well?"

"I will," replies the boy, and another stroke impresses that lesson on the boy's mind. And thus they proceed, until the whole series of questions has been asked and properly answered. The worst part of the proceeding is, that the boys are obliged, under penalty of rejection, to continue their dance, to look pleased and happy, and not to wince at the terrible strokes which cover their bodies with blood, and seam their backs with scars that last throughout their lifetime. Painful as this ordeal must be, the reader must not think that it is nearly so formidable to the Bchuanas as it would be to Europeans. In the first place, the nervous system of an European is far more sensitive than that of South African natives, and injuries which would lay him prostrate have but little effect upon them. Moreover, their skin, from constant exposure to the elements, is singularly insensible, so that the stripes do not inflict a tenth part of the pain that they would if suffered by an European.

Only the older men are allowed to take part in this mode of instruction of the boys, and if any man should attempt it who is not qualified, he is unpleasantly reminded of his presumption by receiving on his own back the stripes which he intended to inflict on the boys, the old men being in such a case simultaneously judges and executioners. No elevation of rank will allow a man to thus transgress with impunity; and on one occasion, Sekomi himself, the chief of the tribe, received a severe blow on the leg from one of his own people. This kind of ordeal, called the *Sechu*, is only practised among three tribes, one of which is the *Bamangwato*, of which *Sekomi* was the chief. The reader will probably see by the description

that the ceremony is rather of a civil than a religious character. It is illustrated on the previous page. The other stage of the rite, which is called by the general name of *Boguera*, is also of a secular character.

It takes place every six or seven years, so that a large number of boys are collected. These are divided into bands, each of which is under the command of one of the sons of the chief, and each member is supposed to be a companion of his leader for life. They are taken into the woods by the old men, where they reside for some time, and where, to judge from their scurred and seamed backs, their residence does not appear to be of the most agreeable description. When they have passed through the different stages of the *boguera*, each band becomes a regiment or "*mopato*," and goes by its own name.

According to Dr. Livingstone, "they recognize a sort of equality and partial communion afterward, and address each other by the name of *Molekane*, or comrade. In cases of offence against their rules, as eating alone when any of their comrades are within call, or in cases of dereliction of duty, they may strike one another, or any member of a younger *mopato*, but never one of an older band; and, when three or four companies have been made, the oldest no longer takes the field in time of war, but remains as a guard over the women and children. When a fugitive comes to a tribe, he is directed to the *mopato* analogous to that to which his own tribe he belongs, and does duty as a member."

The girls have to pass an ordeal of a somewhat similar character before they are admitted among the women, and can hope to attain the summit of an African girl's hopes, namely, to be married. If possible, the details of the ceremony are kept even more strictly secret than is the case with the boys, but a part of it necessarily takes place in public, and is therefore well known. It is finely illustrated in the engraving No. 2, on previous page.

The girls are commanded by an old and experienced woman, always a stern and determined personage, who carries them off into the woods, and there instructs them in all the many arts which they will have to practise when married. Clad in a strange costume, composed of ropes made of melon-seeds and bits of quill, the ropes being passed over both shoulders and across their bodies in a figure-of-eight position, they are drilled into walking with large pots of water on their heads. Wells are purposely chosen which are at a considerable distance, in order to lure the girls to fatigue, and the mistress always chooses the most inclement days for sending them to the greatest distance. They have to carry heavy loads of wood, to handle agricultural tools, to build houses, and, in fact, to practise before

marriage those tasks which are sure to fall to their lot afterward. Capability of enduring pain is also insisted upon, and the mistress tests their powers by scorching their arms with burning charcoal. Of course, all these severe labors require that the hands should be hard and horny, and accordingly, the last test which the girls have to endure is holding in the hand for a certain time a piece of hot iron.

Rough and rude as this school of instruction may be, its purport is judicious enough; inasmuch as when the girls are married, and enter upon their new duties, they do so with a full and practical knowledge of them, and so escape the punishment which they would assuredly receive if they were to fail in their tasks. The name of the ceremony is called "Bogale." During the time that it lasts, the girls enjoy several privileges, one of which is highly prized. If a boy who has not passed through his ordeal should come in their way, he is at once pounced upon, and held down by some, while others bring a supply of thorn-branches, and beat him severely with this unpleasant rod. Should they be in sufficient numbers, they are not very particular whether the trespasser be protected by the boguera or not; and instances have been known when they have captured adult men, and disciplined them so severely that they bore the scars ever afterward.

In their feeding they are not particularly cleanly, turning meat about on the fire with their fingers, and then rubbing their hands on their bodies, for the sake of the fat which adheres to them. Boiling, however, is the usual mode of cooking; and when eating it, they place a lump of meat in the mouth, seize it with the teeth, hold it in the left hand so as to stretch it as far as possible, and then, with a neat upward stroke of a knife or spear head, cut off the required morsel. This odd mode of eating meat may be found among the Abyssinians and the Esquimaux, and in each case it is a marvel how the men avoid cutting off their uoses.

The following is a description of one of the milk bags. It is made from the skin of some large animal, such as an ox or a zebra, and is rather more than two feet in length, and one in width. It is formed from a tough piece of hide, which is cut to the proper shape, and then turned over and sewed, the seams being particularly firm and strong. The hide of the quagga is said to be the best, as it gives to the milk a peculiar flavor, which is admired by the natives. The skin is taken from the back of the animal, that being the strongest part. It is first stretched on the ground with wooden pegs, and the hair scraped off with an adze. It is then cut to the proper shape, and soaked in water until soft enough to be worked. Even with care, these bags are rather perishable articles; and, when used

for water, they do not last so long as when they are employed for milk. A rather large opening is left at the top, and a small one at the bottom, both of which are closed by conical plugs. Through the upper orifice the milk is poured into the bag in a fresh state, and removed when coagulated; and through the lower aperture the whey is drawn off as wanted. As is the case with the Kafir milk baskets, the Bechuana milk bags are never cleaned, a small amount of sour milk being always left in them, so as to aid in coagulating the milk, which the natives never drink in a fresh state.

When travelling, the Bechuans hang their milk bags on the backs of oxen; and it sometimes happens that the jolting of the oxen, and consequent shaking of the bag, causes the milk to be partially churned, so that small pieces of butter are found floating in it. The butter is very highly valued; but it is not eaten, being reserved for the more important office of greasing the hair or skin.

The spoons which the Bechuans use are often carved in the most elaborate manner. In general shape they resemble those used by the Kaffirs — who, by the way, sometimes purchase better articles from the Bechuans — but the under surface of the bowl is entirely covered with designs, which are always effective, and in many cases are absolutely artistic from the boldness and simplicity of the designs. I have several of these spoons, in all of which the surface has first been charred and polished, and then the pattern cut rather deeply, so as to leave yellowish-white lines in bold contrast with the jetty black of the uncut portion. Sometimes it happens that, when they are travelling, and have no spoons with them, the Bechuans rapidly scoop up their broth in the right hand, throw it into the palm of the left, and then fling it into the mouth, taking care to lick the hands clean after the operation.

Music is practised by the Bechuana tribes, who do not use the gourd, but merely employ a kind of reed pipe. The tunes that are played upon this instrument are of a severely simple character, being limited to a single note, repeated as often as the performer chooses to play it. A very good imitation of Bechuana instrumental music may be obtained by taking a penny whistle, and blowing it at intervals. In default of a whistle, a key will do quite as well. Vocal music is known better among the Bechuans than among the preceding tribes — or, at all events, is not so utterly opposed to European ideas of the art. The melody is simple enough, consisting chiefly of descending and ascending by thirds; and they have a sufficient appreciation of harmony to sing in two parts without producing the continuous discords which delight the soul of the Hot-tentot tribes.

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various lengths, and are blown exactly like Pandean pipes, i. e. transversely across the orifice, which is cut with a slight slope. Each individual has one pipe only, and, as above stated, can only play one note. But the Bechuanas have enough musical ear to tune their pipes to any required note, which they do by pushing or withdrawing a movable plug which closes the reed at the lower end. When a number of men assemble for the purpose of singing and dancing, they tune their pipes beforehand, taking great pains in getting the precise note which they want, and being as careful about it as if they belonged to a European orchestra. The general effect of these pipes, played together, and with certain intervals, is by no means inharmonious, and has been rather happily compared to the sound of sledge or wagon bells. The correct method of holding the pipe is to place the thumb against the cheek, and the forefinger over the upper lip, while the other three fingers hold the instrument firmly in its place. These little instruments run through a scale of some eleven or twelve notes. The dances of the Bechuanas are somewhat similar to those of the Amakosa and other Kaffirs; but they have the peculiarity of using a rather remarkable headdress when they are in full ceremonial costume. This is made from porcupine quills arranged in a bold and artistic manner, so as to form a kind of coronet. None of the stiff and short quills of the porcupine are used for this purpose, but only the long and slender quills which adorn the neck of the animal, and, in consequence of their great proportionate length, bend over the back in graceful curves. These headdresses are worn by the men, who move themselves about so as to cause the pliant quills to wave backward and forward, and so contrive to produce a really graceful effect. The headdress is not considered an essential part of the dance, but is used on special occasions.

When dancing, they arrange themselves in a ring, all looking inward, but without troubling themselves about their number or any particular arrangement. The size of the ring depends entirely upon the number of dancers, as they press closely together. Each is at liberty to use any step which he may think proper to invent, and to blow his reed pipe at any intervals that may seem most agreeable to him. But each man contrives to move very slowly in a slanting direction, so that the whole ring revolves on the same spot, making, on an average, one revolution per minute.

The direction in which it moves seems perfectly indifferent, as at one time it will revolve from right to left, and then, without any apparent reason, the motion is reversed. Dancers enter and leave the ring just as they feel inclined, some of the elders only taking part in the dance for a few minutes,

and others dancing for hours in succession, merely retiring occasionally to rest their wearied limbs. The dancers scarcely speak at all when engaged in this absorbing amusement, though they accompany their reed whistles with native songs. Round the dancers is an external ring of women and girls, who follow them as they revolve, and keep time to their movements by clapping their hands.

As is usual in this country, a vast amount of exertion is used in the dance, and, as a necessary consequence, the dancers are bathed in perspiration, and further inconvenienced by the melting of the grease with which their heads and bodies are thickly covered. A handkerchief would be the natural resort of an European under such circumstances; but the native of Southern Africa does not possess such an article, and therefore is obliged to make use of an implement which seems rather ill adapted for its purpose. It is made from the bushy tail of jackals, and is prepared as follows: The tails are removed from the animals, and, while they are yet fresh, the skin is stripped from the bones, leaving a hollow tube of fur-clad skin. Three or four of these tails are thus prepared, and through them is thrust a stick, generally about four feet in length, so that the tail forms a sort of large and very soft brush. This is used as a handkerchief, not only by the Bechuanas, but by many of the neighboring tribes, and is thought a necessary part of a Bechuana's wardrobe. The stick on which they are fixed is cut from the very heart of the kamel-dorn acacia, where the wood is peculiarly hard and black, and a very great amount of labor is expended on its manufacture. The name of this implement is Kaval-klusi, or Kaval-pukoll, according to the animal from which it is made; the "klusi" being apparently the common yellow jackal, and the "pukoll" the black-tailed jackal. The natives fancy that the jackal possesses some quality which benefits the sight, and therefore they may often be seen drawing the kaval-klusi across their eyes. A chief will sometimes have a far more valuable implement, which he uses for the same purpose. Instead of being made of mere jackal tails, it is formed from ostrich feathers.

The remarkable excellence of the Bechuanas in the arts of peace has already been mentioned. They are not only the best fur-dressers and metal-workers, but they are preëminent among all the tribes of that portion of Africa in their architecture. Not being a nomad people; and being attached to the soil, they have no idea of contenting themselves with the mat-covered cages of the Hottentots, or with the simple wattle-and-daub huts of the Kaffirs. They do not merely build huts, but erect houses, and display an ingenuity in their construction

that is perfectly astonishing. Whence they derived their architectural knowledge, no one knows. Why the Kaffirs, who are also men of the soil, should not have learned from their neighbors how to build better houses, no one can tell. The fact remains, that the Bechuana is simply supreme in architecture, and there is no neighboring tribe that is even worthy to be ranked in the second class.

We have already seen that the house of Dingana, the great Kaffir despot, was exactly like that of any of his subjects, only larger, and the supporting posts covered with beads. Now a Bechuana of very moderate rank would be ashamed of such an edifice by way of a residence; and even the poor—if we may use the word—can build houses for themselves quite as good as that of Dingana. Instead of being round-topped, like so many wickerwork ant-hills, as is the case with the Kaffir huts, the houses of the Bechuanas are conical, and the shape may be roughly defined by saying that a Bechuana's hut looks something like a huge whipping-top with its point upward. The artist has represented them on page 287.

A man of moderate rank makes his house in the following manner—or, rather, orders his wives to build it for him, the women being the only architects. First, a number of posts are cut from the kameel-dorn acacia-tree, their length varying according to the office which they have to fulfil. Supposing, for example, that the house had to be sixteen or twenty feet in diameter, some ten or twelve posts are needed, which will be about nine feet in height when planted in the ground. These are placed in a circle and firmly fixed at tolerably equal distances. Next comes a smaller circle of much smaller posts, which, when fixed in the ground, measure from fifteen to eighteen feet in height, one of them being longer than the rest. Both the circles of posts are connected with beams which are fastened to their tops.

The next process is to lay a sufficient quantity of rafters on these posts, so that they all meet at one point, and these are tightly lashed together. This point is seldom in the exact centre, so that the hut always looks rather lop-sided. A roof made of reeds is then placed upon the rafters, and the skeleton of the house is complete. The thatch is held in its place by a number of long and thin twigs, which are bent, and the end thrust into the thatch. These twigs are set in parallel rows, and hold the thatch firmly together. The slope of the roof is rather slight, and is always that of a depressed cone, as may be seen by reference to the illustration.

Next come the walls. The posts which form the outer circle are connected with a wall sometimes about six feet high, but frequently only two feet or so. But the wall

which connects the inner circle is eight or ten feet in height, and sometimes reaches nearly to the roof of the house. These walls are generally made of the mimosa thorns, which are so ingeniously woven that the garments of those who pass by are in no danger, while they effectually prevent even the smallest animal from creeping through. The inside of the wall is strengthened as well as smoothed by a thick coating of clay. The family live in the central compartment of the house, while the servants inhabit the outer portion, which also serves as a verandah in which the family can sit in the daytime, and enjoy the double benefit of fresh air and shade.

The engraving gives an idea of the ordinary construction of a Bechuana hut. Around this house is a tolerably high paling, made in a similar fashion of posts and thorns, and within this enclosure the cattle are kept, when their owner is rich enough to build an enclosure for their especial use. This fence, or wall, as it may properly be called, is always very firmly built, and sometimes is of very strong construction. It is on an average six feet high, and is about two feet and a half wide at the bottom, and a foot or less at the top. It is made almost entirely of small twigs and branches, placed upright, and nearly parallel with each other, but so firmly interlaced that they form an admirable defence against the assagai, while near the bottom the wall is so strong as to stop an ordinary bullet. A few inches from the top, the wall is strengthened by a double band of twigs, one band being outside, and the other in the interior.

The doorways of a Bechuana hut are rather curiously constructed. An aperture is made in the wall, larger above than below, so as to suit the shape of a human being, whose shoulders are wider than his feet. This formation serves two purposes. In the first place it lessens the size of the aperture, and so diminishes the amount of draught, and, in the next place, it forms a better defence against an adversary than if it were of larger size, and reaching to the ground.

The fireplace is situated outside the hut, though within the fence, the Bechuanas having a very wholesome dread of fire, and being naturally anxious that their elaborately built houses should not be burned down. Outside the house, but within the enclosure, is the corn-house. This is a smaller hut, constructed in much the same manner as the dwelling-house, and containing the supply of corn. This is kept in jars, one of which is of prodigious size, and would quite throw into the shade the celebrated oil jars in which the "Forty Thieves" hid themselves. There is also a separate house in which the servants sleep.

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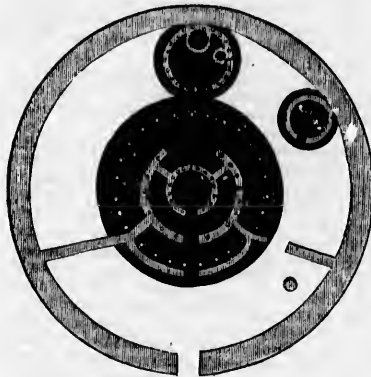
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able, even if its huge dimensions did not answer that purpose. The jar is plastered both on the outside and the interior with clay, so that it forms an admirable protection for the corn. These jars are sometimes six feet in height and three in width, and their shape almost exactly resembles that of the oil jars of Europe. The best specimens are raised six or seven inches from the ground, the stakes which form their scaffolding answering the purpose of legs. Every house has one such jar; and in the abode of wealthy persons there is generally one large jar and a number of smaller ones, all packed together closely, and sometimes entirely filling the store-house.

As is the case with the Kafirs, the Bechuanas build their houses and walls in a circular form, and have no idea of making a wall or a fence in a straight line. Mr. Burchell accounts for it by suggesting that they have discovered the greater capacity of a circle compared with any other figure of equal circumference, and that they make circular houses and cattle-pens in order to accommodate the greatest number of men or cattle in the least possible space. I rather doubt the truth of this theory, because these people cannot build a straight wall or a square house, even if they wished to do so, and believe that the real cause must be looked for in their mental conformation.

We will now examine the illustration



PLAN OF HOUSE.

which exhibits a plan of the house belonging to a Bechuana chief named Molemmi. It is taken from Burchell's valuable work. Encircling the whole is the outer wall, and it will be seen that the enclosure is divided by means of cross walls, one of which has a doorway. At the top of the plan is the corn-house, in which is one large jar and one of the smaller sort. The shaded portion

represents that part of the building which is covered by the roof. The servants' house is also separate, and may be seen on the right of the plan. The fireplace is shown by the small circle just below the cross wall on the right hand of the plan. In the middle is the house itself, with its verandahs and passages covered by a common roof. In the very centre is the sleeping-place of the family; immediately outside it is the passage where the servants sit, and outside it again is the verandah. The little circles upon the plan represent the places occupied by the posts.

In further explanation of the exceeding care that a Bechuana bestows on his house, I here give a portion of a letter sent to me by Mr. T. Baines, the eminent Afrikaner traveller. "About 1850, while that which is now the Free State was then the Orange River Sovereignty, my friend Joseph Makenbe and I were lying at Coqui's Drift on the Vaal (or Yellow-Dun) River, and, needing corn and other supplies, we spanned in the cattle and proceeded to the village. This we found very prettily situated among bold and tolerably well-wooded hills, against whose dark sides the conical roofs, thatched with light yellowish reeds, contrasted advantageously.

"As usual, the tribe was beginning to lay desolate the surrounding country by recklessly cutting down the wood around their dwellings, a process by which in many instances they have so denuded the hills that the little springs that formerly flowed from them are no longer protected by the overhanging foliage, and are evaporated by the fierce heat of the sun upon the unsheltered earth. Of this process, old Lattakoo, the former residence of the missionary Moffatt, is a notable example, and it is proverbial that whenever a native tribe settles by a little rivulet, the water in a few years diminishes and dries up.

"The women and children, as usual in villages out of the common path of travellers, fled half in fear and half in timidity at our approach, and peeped coyly from behind the fences of mud or reeds as we advanced. We left our wagon in the outskirts of the village, and near to the centre found the chief and his principal men seated beneath a massive bower or awning of rough timber, cut with the most reckless extravagance of material, and piled in forked trunks still standing in the earth, as if the design of the builders had been to give the least possible amount of shade with the greatest expenditure of material. . . . Most of the men were employed in the manufacture of karosses or skin cloaks from the spoils of various animals killed in the chase. Some were braying or rubbing the skins between the hands to soften them, others were scraping the inner surface, so as to raise the nap so much prized by the natives, and others,

having cut the skins into shape with their knives or assagais, were slowly and carefully sewing them together. One man was tinkling with a piece of stick on the string of a bow, to which a calabash had been tied in order to increase the resonance, and all looked busy and happy. Our present of snuff was received with intense gratification, but very few of them were extravagant enough to inhale the precious stimulant in its pure state, and generally a small portion was placed upon the back of the left hand, and then a quantity of dust was lifted with a small horn spoon, carefully mixed with the snuff, and inhaled with infinite satisfaction.

"Their habitations were arranged in concentric circles, the outermost of which encloses a more or less spacious court or yard, fenced either with tall straight reeds, or with a wall of fine clay, carefully smoothed and patted up by the hands of the women. It is afterward covered with transverse lines, the space between which are variously etched with parallel lines, either straight, waved, or zigzag, according to fancy. The floor of this court is also smoothed with clay, and elevations of the same material in the form of segments of a circle serve for seats, the whole being kept so clean that dry food might be eaten from the floor without scruple.

"The walls of the hut are also of clay, plastered upon the poles which support the conical roof, but the eaves project so as to form a low verandah all around it. Low poles at intervals give this also an additional support, and a "steep" or elevation, about nine inches high and three feet broad, surrounds the house beneath it.

"The doorway is an arch about three feet high. The inside of the wall is scored and etched into compartments by lines traced with the fingers or a pointed stick. Sometimes melon or pumpkin seeds are stuck into the clay in fanciful patterns, and afterward removed, leaving the hollows lined with their slightly lustrous bark.

"Within this again is another wall, enclosing a still smaller room, which, in the case of the chief's hut, was well stored with soft skin mantles, and, as he said, must have been most agreeably warm as a sleeping apartment in the cold weather, more especially as the doorway might be wholly or partially closed at pleasure. Pilasters of clay were wrought over the doorway, mouldings were run round it, and zigzag ornaments in charcoal, or in red or yellow clay, were plentifully used. The circular mouldings seen upon what may be called the ceiling are really the bands of reeds upon the under side of the roof, by which those that form the thatch are secured.

"The space between the inner chamber and the outer wall extended all round the hut, and in it, but rather in the rear, were

several jars and calabashes of outhushalla, or native beer, in process of fermentation. My first impression of this beverage was, that it resembled a mixture of bad table-beer and spoiled vinegar, but it is regarded both as food and drink by the natives and travellers who have become accustomed to it. A host considers that he has fulfilled the highest duties of hospitality when he has set before his guest a jar of beer. It is thought an insult to leave any in the vessel, but the guest may give to his attendants any surplus that remains after he has satisfied himself."

The burial of the dead is conducted after a rather curious manner. The funeral ceremonies actually begin before the sick person is dead, and must have the effect of hastening dissolution. As soon as the relations of the sick man see that his end is near, they throw over him a mat, or sometimes a skin, and draw it together until the enclosed individual is forced into a sitting, or rather a crouching posture, with the arms bent, the head bowed, and the knees brought into contact with the chin. In this uncomfortable position the last spark of life soon expires, and the actual funeral begins.

The relatives dig a grave, generally within the cattle fence, not shaped as is the case in Europe, but a mere round hole, about three feet in diameter. The interior of this strangely shaped grave is then rubbed with a bulbous root. An opening is then made in the fence surrounding the house, and the body is carried through it, still enveloped in the mat, and with a skin thrown over the head. It is then lowered into the grave, and great pains are taken to place it exactly facing the north, an operation which consumes much time, but which is achieved at last with tolerable accuracy.

When they have settled this point to their satisfaction, they bring fragments of an ant-hill, which, as the reader may remember, is the best and finest clay that can be procured, and lay it carefully about the feet of the corpse, over which it is pressed by two men who stand in the grave for that purpose. More and more clay is handed down in wooden bowls, and stamped firmly down, the operators raising the mat in proportion as the earth rises. They take particular care that not even the smallest pebble shall mix with the earth that surrounds the body, and, as the clay is quite free from stones, it is the fittest material for their purpose.

As soon as the earth reaches the mouth, a branch of acacia is placed in the grave, and some roots of grass laid on the head, so that part of the grass projects above the level of the ground. The excavated soil is then scooped up so as to make a small mound, over which is poured several bowlfuls of water, the spectators meanwhile shouting out, "Pula! Pula!" as they do when applauding a speaker in the parliament. The

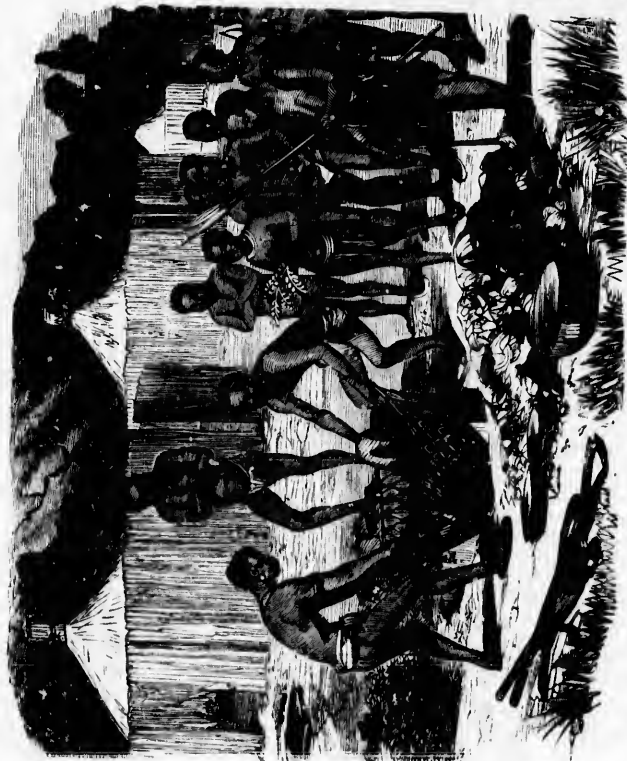
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(1.) BECHUANA FUNERAL.
(See page 33.)



(2.) GRAVE AND MONUMENT OF DAMARA CHIEF.
(See page 34.)

weapons and implements of the deceased are then brought to the grave, and presented to him, but they are not left there, as is the case with some tribes. The ceremony ends by the whole party leaving the ground, amid the lamentations of the women, who keep up a continual wailing crying.

These are the full ceremonials that take place at the death of a chief, — at all events, of a man of some importance, but they vary much according to the rank of the individual. Sometimes a rain-maker has forbidden all sepulchral rites whatever, as interfering with the production of rain, and during the time of this interdiction every corpse is dragged into the bush to be consumed by the hyenas. Even the very touch of a dead body is forbidden, and, under this strange tyranny, a son has been seen to fling a leathern rope round the leg of his dead mother, drag her body into the bush, and there leave it, throw-

ing down the rope and abandoning it, because it had been defiled by the contact of a dead body, and he might happen to touch the part that had touched the corpse.

The concluding scene in a Bechuana funeral is illustrated on the previous page.

In the background is seen the fence of the kraal, in which a hole has been broken, through which the body of the deceased has been carried. Behind the men who are lowering the body into the grave is a girl bearing in her hands the branch of acacia which is to be placed on the head of the corpse — evidently a relic of some tradition long ago forgotten, or, at all events, of which they profess to be ignorant. At the side stands the old woman who bears the weapons of the deceased chief — his spears, axe, and bow — and in the foreground are the bowl of water for lustration, and the hoes with which the grave has been dug.

(2.) GRAVE AND MONUMENT OF DAMARA CHIEF.
(See page 314.)

(1.) BECHUANA FUNERAL.
(See page 303.)

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DAMARA TRIBE.

LOCALITY AND ORIGIN OF THE DAMARAS—DIVISIONS OF THE TRIBE—THE RICH AND POOR DAMARAS—CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY—APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE—THEIR PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION—MAN'S DRESS—THE PECULIAR SANDALS, AND MODE OF ADORNING THE HAIR—WOMEN'S DRESS—COSTUME OF THE GIRLS—PORTRAIT OF A DAMARA GIRL RESTING HERSELF—SINGULAR CAP OF THE MARRIED WOMEN—FASTIDIOUSNESS CONCERNING DRESS—CATTLE OF THE DAMARAS—"CROWING" FOR ROOTS AND WATER—ARCHITECTURE AND FURNITURE—INTELLECT OF THE DAMARAS—ARITHMETICAL DIFFICULTIES—WEAPONS—THE DAMARA AS A SOLDIER—THE DIFFERENT CASTES OR EANDAS—FOOD, AND MODE OF COOKING—DAMARA DANCES AND MUSIC—MATRIMONIAL AFFAIRS—VARIOUS SUPERSTITIONS—THE SACRED FIRE AND ITS PRIESTESS—APPEARITIONS—DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CHIEF—CEREMONIALS ON THE ACCESSION OF HIS SON—THE DAMARA OATH.

If the reader will refer to a map of Africa, and look at the western coast just below lat. 20° S., he will see that a large portion of the country is occupied by a people called Damaras, this word being a euphonious corruption of the word Damup, which signifies "The People." Who the Damaras originally were, how long they have occupied the land, and the place where they originally came from, are rather dubious, and they themselves can throw no light on the subject.

The tribe is a very interesting one. Once of great power and importance, it spread over a vast tract of country, and developed its own peculiar manners and customs, some of which, as will be seen, are most remarkable. Its day of prosperity was, however, but a short one, as is the case with most tribes in this part of the world. It has rapidly sunk from its high estate, has suffered from the attacks of powerful and relentless enemies, and in a few more years will probably perish off the face of the earth. So rapid have been the changes, that one traveller, Mr. Anderssen, remarks that within his own time it has been his fate to witness the complete ruin and downfall of the once great Damara nation.

Such being the case, it is my intention to give a brief account of the tribe, noticing only those peculiarities which serve to distinguish it from other tribes, and which might in the course of a few years be altogether forgotten. The account given in the

following pages has been partly taken from Mr. Anderssen's "Lake Ngami," partly from Mr. Galton's work on Southwestern Africa, and partly from the well-known book by Mr. Baines, to whom I am also indebted for many sketches, and much verbal and written information.

As far as can be ascertained, the aborigines were a race called, even by themselves, the Ghon Damup—a name quite untranslatable to ears polite, and therefore euphonized by the colonists into Hill Damaras, though in reality there is no connection between them. The Ghon Damup say that their great ancestor was a baboon, who married a native lady, and had a numerous progeny. The union, however, like most unequal matches, was not a happy one, the mother priding herself on her family, and twitting her sons with their low connections on the paternal side. The end of the matter was, that a split took place in the family, the sons behaving so badly that they dared no longer face their high-born Hottentot connections, and fled to the hills, where they have ever since dwelt.

The Damaras may be roughly divided into two bodies, the rich and the poor, the former being those who possess cattle, and live chiefly on the milk, and the latter those who have either no cattle, or only one or two, and who, in consequence, live by the chase and on the wild roots which they dig. For the Damaras are not an agricultural people, probably because their soil is not, as

a general rule, adapted for the raising of crops.

The poor Damaras, called Ovatjumba, are looked down upon by the richer sort, and, in fact, treated as if they were inferior beings. Their usual position is that of servitude to the wealthy, who consider them rather as slaves than servants, punish them with great severity, and do not hesitate even to take their lives. It will be seen from this fact that the primitive simplicity of the savage life is not precisely of an Arcadian character; and that savages are not indebted to Europeans for all their vices. For some undoubtedly they are, and display a singular aptitude in acquiring them; but most of the greatest evils of the world, such as drunkenness, cruelty, immorality, dishonesty, lying, slavery, and the like, are to be found in full vigor among savage nations, and existed among them long before they ever saw an European. To say that the vices above mentioned were introduced to savages by Europeans is a libel on civilization. Whenever a savage can intoxicate himself he will do so, no matter in what part of the world he lives. So determinedly is he bent on attaining this result, that he will drink vast quantities of the native African beer, which is as thick as ordinary gruel, or he will drink the disgustingly-prepared kava of Polynesia; or he will smoke hemp in a pipe, or chew it as a sweetmeat; or swallow tobacco smoke until he is more than half choked, or he will take opium if he can get it, and intoxicate himself with that.

Similarly, the savage is essentially cruel, not having the least regard for the sufferings of others, and inflicting the most frightful tortures with calm enjoyment. As for morality, as we understand the word, the true savage has no conception of it, and the scenes which nightly take place in savage lands are of such a nature that travellers who have witnessed them are obliged to pass them over in discreet silence. Honest, in its right sense, is equally unknown, and so is truthfulness, a successful theft and an undetected falsehood being thought evidences of skill and ingenuity, and by no means a disgrace. Slavery, again, thrives mightily among savages, and it is a well-known fact that savages are the hardest masters toward their slaves on the face of the earth.

The land in which the Damaras live is rather a remarkable one, and, although it is of very large extent, only a small portion is habitable by human beings. The vegetation is mostly of the thorny kind, while water is scarce throughout a great portion of the year, the rainy season bringing with it sudden floods which are scarcely less destructive than the previous drought. "Being situated in the tropic of Capricorn, the seasons are naturally the reverse of

those in Europe. In the month of August, when our summer may be said to be at an end, hot westerly winds blow, which quickly parch up and destroy the vegetation. At the same time, whirlwinds sweep over the country with tremendous velocity, driving along vast columns of sand, many feet in diameter and several hundred in height. At times, ten or fifteen of these columns may be seen chasing each other. The Damaras designate them *Orukumb'ombura*, or, *Rah-bringers*, a most appropriate name, as they usually occur just before the first rains fall.

"Showers, accompanied by thunder and vivid lightning, are not unusual in the months of September and October; but the regular rains do not set in till December and January, when they continue, with but slight intermission, till May. In this month and June, strong easterly winds prevail, which are not only disagreeable, but injurious to health. The lips crack, and the skin feels dry and harsh. Occasionally at this time, tropical rains fall, but they do more harm than good, as sudden cold, which annihilates vegetation, is invariably the result. In July and August the nights are the coldest, and it is then no unusual thing to find ice half an inch thick."

The Damaras have a very odd notion of their origin, thinking that they sprang from a tree, which they call in consequence the Mother Tree. All the animals had the same origin; and, after they had burst from the parent tree, the world was all in darkness. A Damar then lighted a fire, whereupon most of the beasts and birds fled away in terror, while a few remained, and came close to the blaze. These which fled became wild animals, such as the gnou, the giraffe, the zebra, and others, while those which remained were the sheep, the ox, the goat, and dog, and became domesticated. The individual tree is said still to exist at a place called Omariera, but, as it happens, every sub-tribe of the Damaras point to a different tree, and regard it with filial affection as their great ancestor. The natives call this tree *Motjehana*, and the particular individual from which they believe that they sprang by the name of *Ommubornumbonga*. The timber is very heavy, and of so close and hard a texture, that it may be ranked among the ironwoods.

In appearance the Damaras are a fine race of men, sometimes exceeding six feet in height, and well proportioned. Their features are tolerably regular, and they move with grace and freedom. (See illustration No. 1, on p. 308.) They are powerful, as becomes their bulk; but, as is the case with many savages, although they can put forth great strength on occasions, they are not capable of long and continued exertion.

The bodily constitution of the Damaras is of the most extraordinary character. Pain

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for them seems almost non-existent, and an injury which would be fatal to the more nervously constituted European has but little effect on the Damara. The reader may remember the insensibility to pain manifested by the Hottentots, but the Damaras even exceed them in this particular. Mr. Baines mentions, in his MS. notes, some extraordinary instances of this peculiarity. On one occasion a man had broken his leg, and the fractured limb had been put up in a splint. One day, while the leg was being dressed, Mr. Baines heard a great shout of laughter, and found that a clumsy assistant had let the leg fall, and had re-broken the partially united bones, so that the leg was hanging with the foot twisted inward. Instead of being horrified at such an accident, they were all shouting with laughter at the abnormal shape of the limb, and no one seemed to think it a better joke, or laughed more heartily, than the injured man himself. The same man, when his injuries had nearly healed, and nitrate of silver had to be applied freely to the parts, bore the excruciating operation so well that he was complimented on his courage. However, it turned out that he did not feel the application at all, and that the compliments were quite thrown away.

On another occasion, a very remarkable incident occurred. There had been a mutiny, which threatened the lives of the whole party, and the ringleader was accordingly condemned to death, and solemnly executed by being shot through the head with a pistol, the body being allowed to lie where it fell. Two or three days afterward, the executed criminal made his appearance, not much the worse for the injury, except the remains of a wound in his head. He seemed to think that he had been rather hardly used, and asked for a stick of tobacco as compensation.

Yet, although so indifferent to external injuries, they are singularly sensitive to illness, and are at once prostrated by a slight indisposition, of which an European would think nothing at all. Their peculiar constitution always shows itself in travelling. Mr. Baines remarks that a savage is ready to travel at a minute's notice, as he has nothing to do but to pick up his weapons and start. He looks with contempt upon the preparation which a white man makes, and for two or three days' "fatigue" work will beat almost any European. Yet in a long, steady march, the European tires out the savage, unless the latter conforms to the usages which he despised at starting.

He finds that, after all, he will require baggage and clothing of some kind. The heat of the mid-day sun gives him a headache, and he is obliged to ask for a cap as a protection. Then his sandals, which were sufficient for him on a sandy soil, are no protection against thorns, and so he has to

procure shoes. Then, sleeping at night without a rug or large kaross cannot be endured for many nights, and so he has to ask for a blanket. His food again, such as the ground-nuts on which the poorer Damaras chiefly live, is not sufficiently nutritious for long-continued exertion, and he is obliged to ask for his regular rations. His usual fashion is to make a dash at work, to continue for two or three days, and then to cease altogether, and recruit his strength by passing several days in inaction.

The dress of the Damaras is rather peculiar—that of the women especially so. The principal part of a man's dress is a leathern rope of wonderful length, seldom less than a hundred feet, and sometimes exceeding four or even five hundred. This is wound in loose coils round the waist, so that it falls in folds which are not devoid of grace. In it the Damara thrusts his axes, knob-kerries, and other implements, so that it serves the purpose of a belt, a pocket, and a dress. His feet are defended by sandals, made something like those of the Bechuanas, and fastened to the feet in a similar manner, but remarkable for their length, projecting rather behind the heel, and very much before the toes, in a way that reminds the observer of the long-toed boots which were so fashionable in early English times. Sometimes he makes a very bad use of these sandals, surreptitiously scraping holes in the sand, into which he pushes small articles of value that may have been dropped, and then stealthily covers them up with the sand.

They are very fond of ornament, and place great value on iron for this purpose, fashioning it into various forms, and polishing it until it glitters brightly in the sunbeams. Beads, of course, they wear, and they are fond of ivory beads, some of which may be rather termed balls, so large are they. One man had a string of these beads which hung from the back of his head nearly to his heels. The uppermost beads were about as large as billiard balls, and they graduated regularly in size until the lowest and smallest were barely as large as hazel-nuts. He was very proud of this ornament, and refused to sell it, though he kindly offered to lend it for a day or two.

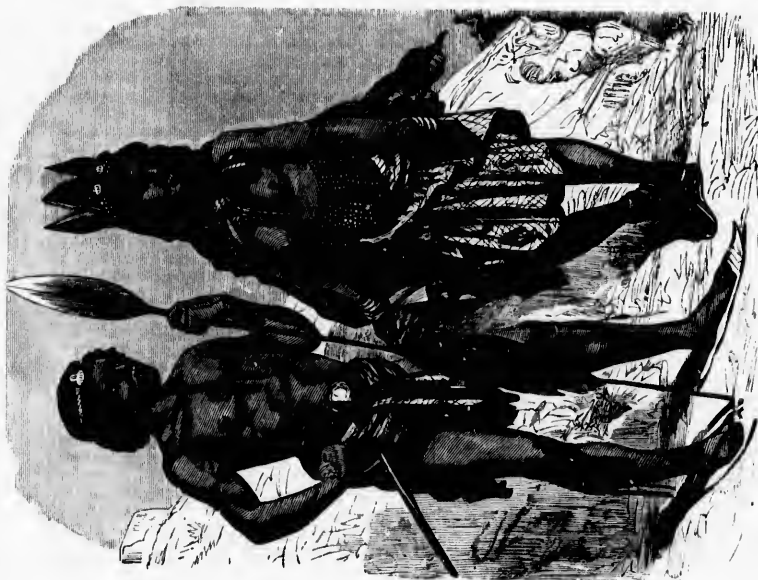
His headdress costs him much trouble in composing, though he does not often go through the labor of adjusting it. He divides his hair into a great number of strands, which he fixes by imbuing them with a mixture of grease and red ochre, and then allows them to hang round his head like so many short red cords. A wealthy man will sometimes adorn himself with a single cockleshell in the centre of the forehead, and Mr. Baines remarks, that if any of his friends at home would only have made a supper on a few pennyworth of cockles, and sent him the shells, he could have made his fortune. The men have no particular hat or cap; but, as

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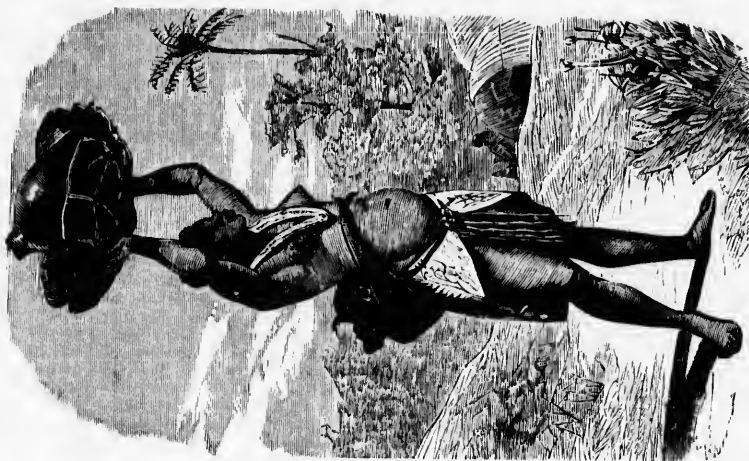
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(1.) DAMARA WARRIOR AND WIFE. (See pages 305, 306.)



(2.) DAMARA GIRL RESTING. (See page 304.)

they are very fastidious about their hair, and as rain would utterly destroy all the elaborately-dressed locks, they use in rainy weather a piece of soft hide, which they place on their heads, and fold or twist into any form that may seem most convenient to them. The fat and red ochre with which he adorns his head is liberally bestowed on the whole body, and affords an index to the health and general spirits of the Damara. When a Damara is well and in good spirits he is all red and shining like a mirror, and whenever he is seen pale and dull he is sure either to be in low spirits or bad circumstances. As a rule, the Damaras do not wash themselves, preferring to renew their beauty by paint and grease, and the natural consequence is, that they diffuse an odor which is far from agreeable to European nostrils, though their own seem to be insensible to it. Indeed, so powerful are the odors of the African tribes, that any one who ventures among them must boldly abnegate the sense of smell, and make up his mind to endure all kinds of evil odors, just as he makes up his mind to endure the heat of the sun and the various hardships of travel in a foreign land.

The dress of the women is most remarkable, not to say unique. As children, they have no clothing whatever; and, until they are asked in marriage, they wear the usual costume of Southern Africa, namely, the fringe-apron, and perhaps a piece of leather tied round the waist, these and beads constituting their only dress. The illustration No. 2, opposite, is from a drawing by Mr. Baines, which admirably shows the symmetrical and graceful figures of the Damara girls before they are married, and their contours spoiled by hard work. The drawing was taken from life, and represents a young girl as she appears while resting herself. It seems rather a strange mode of resting, but it is a point of honor with the Damara girls and women not to put down a load until they have conveyed it to its destination, and, as she has found the heavy basket to fatigue her head, she has raised it on both her hands, and thus "rests" herself without ceasing her walk or putting down her burden.

Not content with the basket load upon her head, she has another load tied to her back, consisting of some puppies. The Damara girls are very fond of puppies, and make great pets of them, treating them as if they were babies, and carrying them about exactly as the married women carry their children.

As soon as they have been asked in marriage, the Damara woman assumes the matron's distinctive costume. This is of the most elaborate character, and requires a careful description, as there is nothing like it in any part of the world. Round her waist the woman winds an inordinately long hide rope, like that worn by her husband.

This rope is so saturated with grease that it is as soft and pliable as silk, but also has the disadvantage of harboring sundry noxious insects, the extermination of which, however, seems to afford harmless amusement to the Damara ladies. Also, she wears a dress made of skin, the hair being worn outward, and the upper part turned over so as to form a sort of cape.

Many Damara women wear a curious kind of bodice, the chief use of which seems to be the evidence that a vast amount of time and labor has been expended in producing a very small result. Small flat disks of ostrich-shell are prepared, as has already been mentioned when treating of the Hottentots, and strung together. A number of the strings are then set side by side so as to form a wide belt, which is fastened round the body, and certainly forms a pleasing contrast to the shining red which is so liberally used, and which entirely obliterates the distinctions of dark or fair individuals. Round their wrists and ankles they wear a succession of metal rings, almost invariably iron or copper, and some of the richer sort wear so many that they can hardly walk with comfort, and their naturally graceful gait degenerates into an awkward waddle. It is rather curious that the women should value these two metals so highly, for they care comparatively little for the more costly metals, such as brass or even gold. These rings are very simply made, being merely thick rods cut to the proper length, bent rudely into form, and then clenched over the limb by the hammer. These ornaments have cost some of their owners very dear, as we shall presently see.

The strangest part of the woman's costume is the headdress, which may be seen in the illustration opposite, of a warrior's wife. The framework of the headdress is a skull-cap of stout hide, which fits closely to the head, and which is ornamented with three imitation ears of the same material, one being on each side, and the third behind. To the back of this cap is attached a flat tail, sometimes three feet or more in length, and six or eight inches in width. It is composed of a strip of leather, on which are fastened parallel strings of metal beads, or rather "bugles," mostly made of tin. The last few inches of the leather strip are cut into thongs so as to form a terminal fringe. The cap is further decorated by shells, which are sewed round it in successive rows according to the wealth of the wearer. The whole of the cap, as well as the ears, is rubbed with grease and red ochre. So much for the cap itself, which, however, is incomplete without the veil. This is a large piece of thin and very soft leather which is attached to the front of the cap, and, if allowed to hang freely, would fall over the face and conceal it. The women, however, only wear it thus for a short

(2.) DAMARA GIRL RESTING. (See page 304.)

(1.) DAMARA WARRIOR AND WIFE. (See pages 305, 306.)

time, and then roll it back so that it passes over the forehead, and then falls on either shoulder.

Heavy and inconvenient as is this cap, the Damara woman never goes without it, and suffers all the inconvenience for the sake of being fashionable. Indeed, so highly is this adornment prized by both sexes that the husbands would visit their wives with their heaviest displeasure (*i. e.* beat them within an inch of their lives) if they ventured to appear without it. One woman, whose portrait was being taken, was recommended to leave her headdress with the artist, so that she might be spared the trouble of standing while the elaborate decorations were being drawn. She was horrified at the idea of laying it aside, and said that her husband would kill her if she was seen without her proper dress. If she wishes to carry a burden on her head, she does not remove her cap, but pushes it off her forehead, so that the three pointed ears come upon the crown instead of the top of the head, and are out of the way.

However scanty may be the apparel which is worn, both sexes are very particular about wearing something, and look upon entire nudity much in the same light that we do. So careful are they in this respect that an unintentional breach of etiquette gave its name to a river. Some Damara women came to it, and, seeing that some berries were growing on the opposite side, and that the water was not much more than waist-deep, they left their aprons on the bank and waded across. While they were engaged in gathering the berries, a torrent of water suddenly swept down the river, overflowed its banks, and carried away the dresses. Ever afterward the Damaras gave that stream the name of Okaroschekè, or "Naked River."

They have a curious custom of chipping the two upper front teeth, so as to leave a V-shaped space between them. This is done with a flint, and the custom prevails, with some modifications, among many other tribes.

It has been mentioned that the Damaras have many cattle. They delight in having droves of one single color, bright brown being the favorite hue, and cattle of that color being mostly remarkable for their enduring powers. Damara cattle are much prized by other tribes, and even by the white settlers, on account of their quick step, strong hoofs, and lasting powers. They are, however, rather apt to be wild, and, as their horns are exceedingly long and sharp, an enraged Damara ox becomes a most dangerous animal. Sometimes the horns of an ox will be so long that the tips are seven or eight feet apart. The hair of these cattle is shining and smooth, and the tuft at the end of the tail is nearly as remarkable for its length as the horns. These

tall-tufts are much used in decorations, and are in great request for ornamenting the shafts of the assagals. As is generally the case with African cattle, the cows give but little milk daily, and, if the calf should happen to die, none at all. In such cases, the Damaras stuff the skin of the dead calf with grass, and place it before the cow, who is quite contented with it. Sometimes a rather ludicrous incident has occurred. The cow, while licking her imagined offspring, has come upon the grass which protrudes here and there from the rudely stuffed skin, and, thrusting her nose into the interior, has dragged out and eaten the whole of the grass.

It has been mentioned that the Damaras find much of their subsistence in the ground. They are trained from infancy in digging the ground for food, and little children who cannot fairly walk may be seen crawling about, digging up roots and eating them. By reason of this diet, the figures of the children are anything but graceful, their stomachs protruding in a most absurd manner, and their backs taking a corresponding curve. Their mode of digging holes is called "crowing," and is thus managed: they take a pointed stick in their right hand, break up the ground with it, and scrape out the loose earth with the left. They are wonderfully expeditious at this work, having to employ it for many purposes, such as digging up the ground-nuts, on which they feed largely, excavating for water, and the like. They will sometimes "crow" holes eighteen inches or more in depth, and barely six inches in diameter. The word "crow" is used very frequently by travellers in this part of Africa, and sadly puzzles the novice, who does not in the least know what can be meant by "crowing" for roots, "crow-water," and the like. Crow-water, of course, is that which is obtained by digging holes, and is never so good as that which can be drawn from some open spring or stream.

"Crowing" is very useful in house-building. The women procure a number of tolerably stout but pliant sticks, some eight or nine feet long, and then "crow" a corresponding number of holes in a circle about eight feet in diameter. The sticks are planted in the holes, the tops bent down and lashed together, and the framework of the house is complete. A stout pole, with a forked top, is then set in the middle of the hut, and supports the roof, just as a tent-pole supports the canvas. Brushwood is then woven in and out of the framework, and mud plastered upon the brushwood. A hole is left at one side by way of a door, and another at the top to answer the purpose of a chimney. When the fire is not burning, an old ox-hide is laid over the aperture, and kept in its place by heavy stones. Moreover, as by the heat of the

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fire inside the hut, and the rays of the sun outside it, various cracks make their appearance in the roof, hides are laid here and there, until at last an old Damara hut is nearly covered with hides. These act as ventilators during the day, but are carefully drawn and closed at night; the savage, who spends all his day in the open air, almost invariably shutting out every breath of air during the night, and seeming to have the power of existing for six or eight hours without oxygen. As if to increase the chance of suffocation, the Damaras always crowd into these huts, packing themselves as closely as possible round the small fire which occupies the centre.

As to furniture, the Damaras trouble themselves little about such a superfluity. Within the hut may usually be seen one or two clay cooking-pots, some wooden vessels, a couple of ox-hides by way of chairs, a small bag of grease, another of red ochre, and an axe for chopping wood. All the remainder of their property is either carried on their persons, or buried in some secret spot so that it may not be stolen.

The intellect of the Damaras does not seem to be of a very high order, or, at all events, it has not been cultivated. They seem to fail most completely in arithmetic, and cannot even count beyond a certain number. Mr. Galton gives a very amusing description of a Damara in difficulties with a question of simple arithmetic.

"We went only three hours, and slept at the furthest watering-place that Hans and I had explored. Now we had to trust to the guides, whose ideas of time and distance were most provokingly indistinct; besides this, they have no comparative in their language, so that you cannot say to them, 'Which is the longer of the two, the next stage or the last one?' but you must say, 'The last stage is little; the next, is it great?' The reply is not, 'It is a little longer,' 'much longer,' or 'very much longer,' but simply, 'It is so,' or 'It is not so.' They have a very poor notion of time. If you say, 'Suppose we start at sunrise, where will the sun be when we arrive?' they make the wildest points in the sky, though they are something of astronomers, and give names to several stars. They have no way of distinguishing days, but reckon by the rainy season, the dry season, or the pig-nut season.

"When inquiries are made about how many days' journey off a place may be, their ignorance of all numerical ideas is very annoying. In practice, whatever they may possess in their language, they certainly use no numeral greater than three. When they wish to express four, they take to their fingers, which are to them as formidable instruments of calculation as a sliding rule is to an English school-boy. They puzzle very much after five, because no spare hand re-

mains to grasp and secure the fingers that are required for 'units.' Yet they seldom lose oxen; the way in which they discover the loss of one is not by the number of the herd being diminished, but by the absence of a face they know.

"When bartering is going on, each sheep must be paid for separately. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the rate of exchange for one sheep, it would sorely puzzle a Damara to take two sheep and give him four sticks. I have done so, and seen a man first put two of the sticks apart, and take a sight over them at one of the sheep he was about to sell. Having satisfied himself that that one was honestly paid for, and finding to his surprise that exactly two sticks remained in hand to settle the account for the other sheep, he would be afflicted with doubts; the transaction seemed to come out too 'pat' to be correct, and he would refer back to the first couple of sticks; and then his mind got lazy and confused, and wandered from one sheep to the other, and he broke off the transaction until two sticks were put into his hand, and one sheep driven away, and then the other two sticks given him, and the second sheep driven away.

"When a Damara's mind is bent upon number, it is too much occupied to dwell upon quantity; thus a heifer is bought from a man for ten sticks of tobacco, his large hands being both spread out upon the ground, and a stick placed upon each finger. He gathers up the tobacco, the size of the mass pleases him, and the bargain is struck. You then want to buy a second heifer; the same process is gone through, but half sticks instead of whole sticks are put upon his fingers; the man is equally satisfied at the time, but occasionally finds it out, and complains the next day.

"Once, while I watched a Damara floundering hopelessly in a calculation on one side of me, I observed Dinah, my spaniel, equally embarrassed on the other. She was overlooking half a dozen of her new-born puppies, which had been removed two or three times from her, and her anxiety was excessive, as she tried to find out if they were all present, or if any were still missing. She kept puzzling and running her eyes over them backward and forward, but could not satisfy herself. She evidently had a vague idea of counting, but the figure was too large for her brain. Taking the two as they stood, dog and Damara, the comparison reflected no great honor on the man.

"Hence, as the Damaras had the vaguest notions of time and distance, and as their language was a poor vehicle for expressing what ideas they had, and, lastly, as truth-telling was the exception and not the rule, I found their information to be of very little practical use."

Although the Damaras managed to over-

run the country, they cannot be considered a warlike people, neither have they been able to hold for any length of time the very uninviting land they conquered. Their weapons are few and simple, but, such as they are, much pains are taken in their manufacture, and the Damara warrior is as careful to keep his rude arms in good order as is the disciplined soldier of Europe. The chief and distinctive weapon of the Damara is the assagai, which has little in common with the weapons that have already been described under that name. It is about six feet in length, and has an enormous blade, leaf-shaped, a foot or more in length, and proportionately wide. It is made of soft steel, and can be at once sharpened by scraping with a knife or stone. The shaft is correspondingly stout, and to the centre is attached one of the flowing ox-tails which have already been mentioned. Some of these assagais are made almost wholly of iron, and have only a short piece of wood in the middle, which answers for a handle, as well as an attachment for the ox-tail, which seems to be an essential part of the Damara assagai.

The weapon is, as may be conjectured, an exceedingly inefficient one, and the blade is oftener used as a knife than an offensive weapon. It is certainly useful in the chase of the elephant and other large game, because the wound which it makes is very large, and causes a great flow of blood; but against human enemies it is comparatively useless. The Damara also carries a bow and arrows, which are wretchedly ineffective weapons, the marksman seldom hitting his object at a distance greater than ten or twelve yards. The weapon which he really handles well is the knob-kerry or short club, and this he can use either as a club at short quarters, or as a missile, in the latter case hurling it with a force and precision that renders it really formidable. Still, the Damara's entire armament is a very poor one, and it is not matter of wonder that when he came to match himself against the possessors of fire-arms he should be hopelessly defeated.

In their conflicts with the Hottentots, the unfortunate Damaras suffered dreadfully. They were literally cut to pieces by far inferior forces, not through any particular valor on the part of the enemy, nor from any especial cowardice on their own, but simply because they did not know their own powers. Stalwart warriors, well armed with their broad-bladed assagais, might be seen paralyzed with fear at the sound and effects of the muskets with which the Hottentots were armed, and it was no uncommon occurrence for a Damara soldier to stand still in fear and trembling while a little Hottentot, at twenty paces' distance, deliberately loaded his weapon, and then shot him down. Being ignorant of the construction and management of fire-arms, the Damaras had

no idea that they were harmless when discharged (for in those days breech-loaders and revolvers were alike unknown to the Hottentots), and therefore allowed themselves to be deliberately shot, while the enemy was really at their mercy.

If the men suffered death in the field, the fate of the women was worse. According to the custom of the Damara tribe, they carried all their wealth on their persons, in the shape of beads, ear-rings, and especially the large and heavy metal rings with which their ankles and wrists were adorned. Whenever the Hottentot soldiers came upon a Damara woman, they always robbed her of every ornament, tearing off all her clothing to search for them, and, as the metal rings could not be unclenched without some trouble, they deliberately cut off the hands and feet of the wretched woman, tore off the rings, and left her to live or die as might happen. Strangely enough they often lived, even after undergoing such treatment; and, after stanching the flowing blood by thrusting the stumps of their limbs into the hot sand, some of them contrived to crawl for many miles until they rejoined their friends. For some time after the war, maimed Damara women were often seen, some being without feet, others without hands, and some few without either—these having been the richest when assaulted by their cruel enemies.

The Damaras are subdivided into a number of *candas*—a word which has some analogy with the Hindoo "caste," each *canda* having its peculiar rites, superstitions, &c. One *canda* is called *Ovakucyaba*, or the Sun-children; another is *Ovakuenombura*, or the Rain-children; and so on. The *candas* have special emblems or crests—if such a word may be used. These emblems are always certain trees or bushes, which represent the *candas* just as the red and white roses represented the two great political parties of England. Each of these castes has some prohibited food, and they will almost starve rather than break the law. One *canda* will not eat the flesh of red oxen—to another, the draught oxen are prohibited; and so fastidious are they, that they will not touch the vessels in which such food might have been cooked, nor even stand to leeward of the fire, lest the smoke should touch them. These practices cause the Damaras to be very troublesome as guides, and it is not until the leader has steadily refused to humor them that they will consent to forego for the time their antipathies.

This custom is the more extraordinary, as the Damaras are by nature and education anything but fastidious, and they will eat all kinds of food which an European would reject with disgust. They will eat the flesh of cattle or horses which have died of disease, as well as that of the leopard, hyena, and other beasts of prey. In spite of their un-

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clean feeding, they will not eat raw, or even underdone meat, and therein are certainly superior to many other tribes, who seem to think that cooking is a needless waste of time and fuel. Goats are, happily for themselves, among the prohibited animals, and are looked upon by the Damaras much as swine are by the Jews.

Found as they are of beef, they cannot conceive that any one should consider meat as part of his daily food. On special occasions they kill an ox, or, if the giver of the feast should happen to be a rich man, six or seven are killed. But, when an ox is slaughtered, it is almost common property, every one within reach coming for a portion of it, and, if refused, threatening to annihilate the stingy man with their curse. They are horribly afraid of this curse, supposing that their health will be blighted and their strength fade away. Consequently, meat is of no commercial value in Damara-land, no one caring to possess food which practically belongs to every one except himself. Cows are kept for the sake of their milk, and oxen (as Mr. Galton says) merely to be looked at, just as deer are kept in England, a few being slaughtered on special occasions, but not being intended to furnish a regular supply of food. Much as the Damaras value their oxen when alive—so much so, indeed, that a fine of two oxen is considered a sufficient reparation for murder—they care little for them when dead, a living sheep being far more valuable than a dead ox. These people know every ox that they have ever seen. Their thoughts run on oxen all day, and cattle form the chief subject of their conversation. Mr. Galton found that, whenever he came to a new station, the natives always inspected his oxen, to see if any of their own missing cattle were among them; and if he had by chance purchased one that had been stolen, its owner would be sure to pick it out, and by the laws of the land is empowered to reclaim it. Knowing this law, he always, if possible, bought his oxen from men in whose possession they had been for several years, so that no one would be likely to substantiate a claim to any of them.

When the Damaras are at home, they generally amuse themselves in the evening by singing and dancing. Their music is of a very simple character, their principal if not only instrument being the bow, the string of which is tightened, and then struck with a stick in a kind of rhythmic manner. The Damara musician thinks that the chief object of his performance is to imitate the gallop or trot of the various animals. This he usually does with great skill, the test of an accomplished musician being the imitation of the clumsy canter of the baboon.

Their dances are really remarkable, as may be seen by the following extract from the work of Mr. Baines:—"At night,

dances were got up among the Damaras, our attention being first drawn to them by a sound between the harking of a dog and the efforts of a person to clear something out of his throat, by driving the breath strongly through it. We found four men stooping with their heads in contact, vying with each other in the production of these delectable inarticulations, while others, with rattling anklets of hard seed-shells, danced round them. By degrees the company gathered together, and the women joined the performers, standing in a semi-circle. They sang a monotonous chant, and clapped their hands, while the young men and boys danced up to them. Literally, and by no means feely, 'beating the ground with nimble feet,' raising no end of dust, and making their shell anklets sound, in their opinion, most melodiously. Presently the leader snatched a brand from the fire, and, after dancing up to the women as before, stuck it in the ground as he retired, performing the step round and over it when he returned, like a Highlander in the broadsword dance, without touching it. Then came the return of a victorious party, brandishing their broad spears ornamented with flowing ox-tails, welcomed by a chorus of women, and occasionally driving back the few enemies who had the audacity to approach them.

"This scene, when acted by a sufficient number, must be highly effective. As it was, the glare of the fire reflected from the red helmet-like gear and glittering ornaments of the women, the flashing blades and waving ox-tails of the warriors, with the fitful glare playing on the background of huts, kraal, and groups of cattle, was picturesque enough. The concluding guttural emissions of sound were frightful; the dogs howled simultaneously; and the little lemur, terrified at the uproar, darted wildly about the inside of the wagon, in vain efforts to escape from what, in fact, was his only place of safety."

In Damara-land, the authority of the husband over the wife is not so superior as in other parts of Africa. Of course, he has the advantage of superior strength, and, when angered, will use the stick with tolerable freedom. But, if he should be too liberal with the stick, she has a tacit right of divorce, and betakes herself to some one who will not treat her so harshly. Mr. Galton says that the women whom he saw appeared to have but little affection either for their husbands or children, and that he had always some little difficulty in finding to which man any given wife happened for the time to belong. The Damara wife costs her husband nothing for her keep, because she "crows" her own ground-nuts, and so he cannot afford to dispense with her services, which are so useful in building his house, cooking his meals, and carrying his

goods from place to place. Each wife has her own hut, which of course she builds for herself; and, although polygamy is in vogue, the number of wives is not so great as in the case with other tribes. There is always one chief wife, who takes precedence of the others, and whose eldest son is considered the heir to his father's possessions.

Though the Damaras have no real religion, they have plenty of superstitious practices, one of which bears a striking resemblance to the sacred fire of the ancients. The chief's hut is distinguished by a fire which is always kept burning, outside the hut in fine weather, and inside during rain. To watch this fire is the duty of his daughter, who is a kind of priestess, and is called officially Ondangere. She performs various rites in virtue of her office; such as sprinkling the cows with water, as they go out to feed; tying a sacred knot in her leathern apron, if one of them dies; and other similar duties. Should the position of the village be changed, she precedes the oxen, carrying a burning brand from the consecrated fire, and taking care that she replaces it from time to time. If by any chance it should be extinguished, great are the lamentations. The whole tribe are called together, cattle are sacrificed as expiatory offerings, and the fire is re-kindled by friction. If one of the sons, or a chief man, should remove from the spot, and set up a village of his own, he is supplied with some of the sacred fire, and hands it over to his own daughter, who becomes the Ondangere of the new village.

That the Damaras have some hazy notion of the immortality of the soul is evident enough, though they profess not to believe in such a doctrine; for they will sometimes go to the grave of a deceased friend or chief, lay down provisions, ask him to eat, drink, and be merry, and then beg him, in return, to aid them, and grant them herds of cattle and plenty of wives. Moreover, they believe that the dead revisit the earth, though not in the human form: they generally appear in the shape of some animal, but are always distinguished by a mixture of some other animal. For example, if a Damara sees a dog with one foot like that of an ostrich, he knows that he sees an apparition, and is respectful accordingly. If it should follow him, he is dreadfully frightened, knowing that his death is prognosticated thereby. The name of such an apparition is *Otj-yuru*.

When a Damara chief dies, he is buried in rather a peculiar fashion. As soon as life is extinct—some say, even before the last breath is drawn—the bystanders break the spine by a blow from a large stone. They then unwind the long rope that encircles the loins, and lash the body together in a sitting posture, the head being bent over

the knees. Ox-hides are then tied over it, and it is buried with its face to the north, as already described when treating of the Bechuanas. Cattle are then slaughtered in honor of the dead chief, and over the grave a post is erected, to which the skulls and hair are attached as a trophy. The bow, arrows, assagai, and clubs of the deceased are hung on the same post. Large stones are pressed into the soil above and around the grave, and a large pile of thorns is also heaped over it, in order to keep off the hyenas, who would be sure to dig up and devour the body before the following day. The grave of a Damara chief is represented on page 302. Now and then a chief orders that his body shall be left in his own house, in which case it is laid on an elevated platform, and a strong fence of thorns and stakes built round the hut.

The funeral ceremonies being completed, the new chief forsakes the place, and takes the whole of the people under his command. He remains at a distance for several years, during which time he wears the sign of mourning, i. e. a dark-colored conical cap, and round the neck a thong, to the ends of which are hung two small pieces of ostrich shell.

When the season of mourning is over, the tribe return, headed by the chief, who goes to the grave of his father, kneels over it, and whispers that he has returned, together with the cattle and wives which his father gave him. He then asks for his parent's aid in all his undertakings, and from that moment takes the place which his father filled before him. Cattle are then slaughtered and a feast held to the memory of the dead chief, and in honor of the living one; and each person present partakes of the meat, which is distributed by the chief himself. The deceased chief symbolically partakes of the banquet. A couple of twigs cut from the tree of the particular *canda* to which the deceased belonged are considered as his representative, and with this emblem each piece of meat is touched before the guests consume it. In like manner, the first pail of milk that is drawn is taken to the grave, and poured over it.

These ceremonies being rightly performed, the village is built anew, and is always made to resemble that which had been deserted; the huts being built on the same ground, and peculiar care being taken that the fireplaces should occupy exactly the same positions that they did before the tribe went into voluntary exile. The hut of the chief is always upon the east side of the village.

The Damaras have a singular kind of oath, or asseveration—"By the tears of my mother!"—a form of words so poetical and pathetic, that it seems to imply great moral capabilities among a people that could invent and use it.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE OVAMBO OR OVAMPO TRIBE.

LOCALITY OF THE TRIBE—THEIR HONESTY—KINDNESS TO THE SICK AND AGED—DOMESTIC HABITS—
CURIOUS DRESS—THEIR ARCHITECTURE—WOMEN'S WORK—AGRICULTURE—WEAPONS—MODE
OF CAMPING—FISH-CATCHING—INGENIOUS TRAPS—ABSENCE OF PAUPERISM—DANCES—GOV-
ERNMENT OF THE OVAMBO—THEIR KING NANGORO—HIS TREACHEROUS CHARACTER—GOV-
ERNMENTAL AFFAIRS—THE LAW OF SUCCESSION—THEIR FOOD—CURIOUS CUSTOM AT MEAL-TIMES—
MODE OF GREETING FRIENDS.]

THERE is a rather remarkable tribe inhabit-
ing the country about lat. 18° S. and long.
15° E. called by the name of OVAMPO, or
OVAMBO, the latter being the usual form.
In their own language their name is Ova-
herero, or the Merry People. They are
remarkable for their many good qualities,
which are almost exceptional in Southern
Africa. In the first place, they are honest,
and, as we have already seen, honesty is a
quality which few of the inhabitants of
Southern Africa seem to recognize, much
less to practise.

A traveller who finds himself among the
Damaras, Namaquas, or Bechuannas, must
keep a watchful eye on every article which
he possesses, and, if he leaves any object
exposed for a moment, it will probably
vanish in some mysterious manner, and
never be seen again. Yet Mr. Anderssen,
to whom we owe our chief knowledge of the
Ovambo tribe, mentions that they were so
thoroughly honest that they would not even
touch any of his property without permis-
sion, much less steal it; and, on one occa-
sion, when his servants happened to leave
some trifling articles on the last camping
ground, messengers were despatched to him
with the missing articles. Among them-
selves, theft is fully recognized as a crime,
and they have arrived at such a pitch of
civilization that certain persons are ap-
pointed to act as magistrates, and to take
cognizance of theft as well as of other
crimes. If a man were detected in the act
of stealing, he would be brought before the
house of the king, and there speared to
death.

They are kind and attentive to their sick
and aged, and in this respect contrast most

favorably with other tribes of Southern Af-
rica. Even the Zulus will desert those who
are too old to work, and will leave them to
die of hunger, thirst, and privation, whereas
the Ovambo takes care of the old, the sick,
and the lame, and carefully tends them.
This one fact alone is sufficient to place
them immeasurably above the neighboring
tribes, and to mark an incalculable advance
in moral development.

It is a remarkable fact that the Ovambos
do not live in towns or villages, but in sepa-
rate communities dotted over the land, each
family forming a community. The corn
and grain, on which they chiefly live, are
planted round the houses, which are sur-
rounded with a strong and high enclosure.
The natives are obliged to live in this
manner on account of the conduct of some
neighboring tribes, which made periodical
raids upon them, and inflicted great dam-
age upon their cottages. And, as the
Ovambos are a singularly peaceable tribe,
and found that retaliation was not success-
ful, they hit upon this expedient, and formed
each homestead into a separate fort.

Probably for the same reason, very few
cattle are seen near the habitations of the
Ovambos, and a traveller is rather struck
with the fact that, although this tribe is
exceptionally rich in cattle, possessing vast
herds of them, a few cows and goats are
their only representatives near the houses.
The fact is, the herds of cattle are sent away
to a distance from the houses, so that they
are not only undiscernible by an enemy, but
can find plenty of pasture and water. It
is said that they also breed large herds of
swine, and have learned the art of fattening
them until they attain gigantic dimensions.

The herds of swine, however, are never allowed to come near the houses, partly for the reasons already given, and partly on account of their mischievous propensities.

The first engraving on page 329 represents the architecture of the Ovambos. The houses, with their flat, conical roofs, are so low that a man cannot stand upright in them. But the Ovambos never want to stand upright in their houses, thinking them to be merely sleeping-places into which they can crawl, and in which they can be sheltered during the night. Two grain-stores are also seen, each consisting of a huge jar, standing on supports, and covered with a thatch of reeds. In the background is a fowl-house. Poultry are much bred among the Ovambos, and are of a small description, scarcely larger than an English bantam. They are, however, prolific, and lay an abundance of eggs.

The dress of the Ovambos, though scanty, is rather remarkable. As to the men, they generally shave the greater part of the head, but always leave a certain amount of their short, woolly hair upon the crown. As the skull of the Ovambos is rather oddly formed, projecting considerably behind, this fashion gives the whole head a very curious effect. The rest of the man's dress consists chiefly of beads and sandals, the former being principally worn as necklaces, and the latter almost precisely resembling the Bechuanan sandals, which have already been described. They generally carry a knife with them, stuck into a band tied round the upper part of the arm. The knife bears some resemblance in general make to that of the Bechuana and is made by themselves, they being considerable adepts in metallurgy. The bellows employed by the smiths much resembles that which is in use among the Bechuana, and they contrive to procure a strong and steady blast of wind by fixing two sets of bellows at each forge, and having them worked by two assistants, while the chief smith attends to the metal and wields his stone hammer. The metal, such as iron and copper, which they use, they obtain by barter from neighboring tribes, and work it with such skill that their weapons, axes, and agricultural tools are employed by them as a medium of exchange to the very tribes from whom the ore had been purchased.

The women have a much longer dress than that of the other sex, but it is of rather scanty dimensions. An oddly-shaped apron hangs in front, and another behind, the ordinary form much resembling the head of an axe, with the edge downward.

The portrait on the next page was taken from a sketch by Mr. Baines, and represents the only true Ovambo that he ever saw. While he was at Otjikango Katiti, or "Little Barman," a Hottentot chief, named Jan Aris, brought out a young Ovambo girl,

saying that she was intrusted to him for education. Of course, the real fact was, that she had been captured in a raid, and was acting as servant to his wife, who was the daughter of the celebrated Jonker, and was pleased to entitle herself the Victoria of Damara-land. The girl was about fourteen, and was exceedingly timid at the sight of the stranger, turning her back on him, hiding her face, and bursting into tears of fright. This attitude gave an opportunity of sketching a remarkable dress of the Ovambo girl, the rounded piece of hide being decorated with blue beads. When she was persuaded that no harm would be done to her, she turned round and entered into conversation, thereby giving an opportunity for the second sketch. Attached to the same belt which sustains the cushion was a small apron of skin, and besides this no other dress was worn. She was a good-looking girl, and, if her face had not been disfigured by the tribal marks, might have even been considered as pretty.

The headdress of the women consists chiefly of their own hair, but they continually stiffen it with grease, which they press on the head in cakes, adding a vermilion-colored clay, and using both substances in such profusion that the top of the head looks quite flat, and much larger than it is by nature. The same mixture of grease and clay is abundantly rubbed over the body, so that a woman in full dress imparts a portion of her decorations to every object with which she comes in contact.

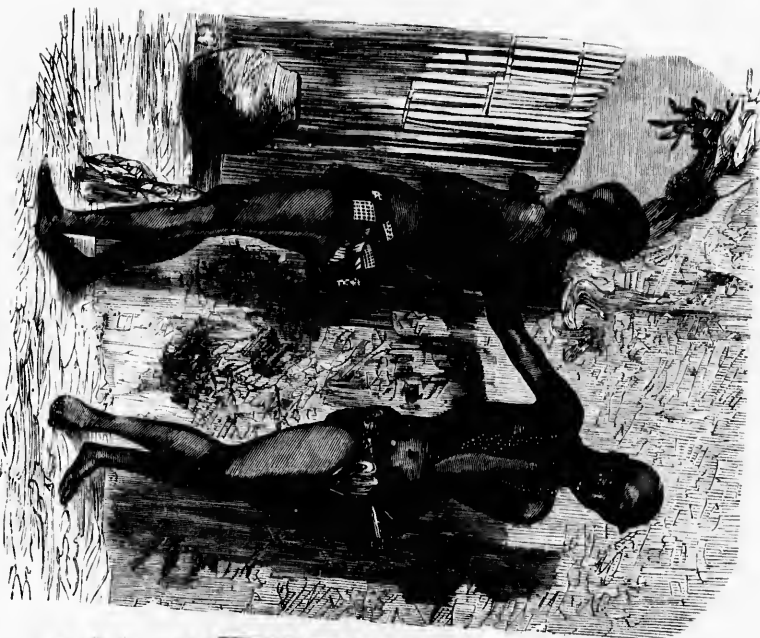
Round their waists they wear such masses of beads, shells, and other ornaments, that a solid kind of cuirass is made of them, and the centre of the body is quite covered with these decorations. Many of the women display much taste in the arrangement of the beads and shells, forming them into patterns, and contrasting their various hues in quite an artistic manner. Besides this bead cuirass, they wear a vast number of necklaces and armlets made of the same materials. Their wrists and ankles are loaded with a profusion of huge copper rings, some of which weigh as much as three pounds; and, as a woman will sometimes have two of these rings on each ankle, it may be imagined that the grace of her deportment is not at all increased by them. Young girls, before they are of sufficient consequence to obtain these ornaments, and while they have to be content with the slight apparel of their sex, are as graceful as needs be, but no woman can be expected to look graceful or to move lightly when she has to carry about with her such an absurd weight of ornaments. Moreover, the daily twelve hours' work of the women tends greatly toward the deterioration of their figures. To them belongs, as to all other South African women, the labor of building the houses. The severity of this labor is indeed great,

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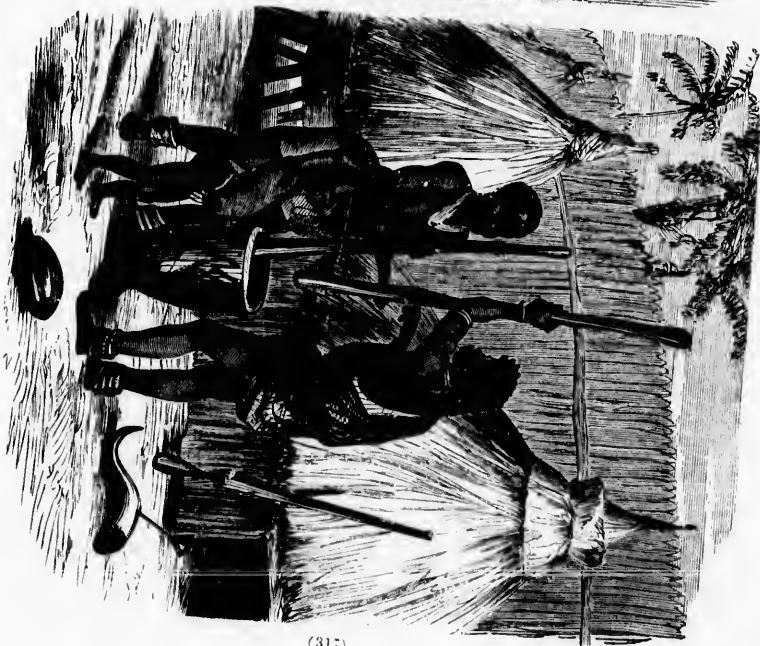
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(1) PORTRAIT OF OVAMBO GIRL.
(See page 316.)



(2) WOMEN POUNDING COHN.
(See page 319.)



when we take into consideration the dimensions of the enclosures. The houses themselves do not require nearly so much work as those of the Bechuanas, for, although they are of nearly the same dimensions, *i. e.* from fourteen to twenty feet in diameter, they are comparatively low pitched, and therefore need less material and less labor. A number of these houses are placed in each enclosure, the best being for the master and his immediate family, and the others for the servants. There are besides grain-stores, houses for cattle, fowl-houses, and even sties for pigs, one or two of the animals being generally kept in each homestead, though the herds are rigidly excluded. Within the same enclosure are often to be seen a number of ordinary Bosjesman huts. These belong to members of that strange tribe, many of whom have taken up their residence with the Ovambos, and live in a kind of relationship with them, partly considered as vassals, partly as servants, and partly as kinsfolk.

Moreover, within the palisade is an open space in which the inhabitants can meet for amusement and consultation, and the cultivated ground is also included, so that the amount of labor expended in making the palisade can easily be imagined. The palisade is composed of poles at least eight feet in length, and of corresponding stoutness, each being a load for an ordinary laborer. These are fixed in the ground at short intervals from each other, and firmly secured by means of rope lashing.

As to the men, they take the lighter departments of field work, attend to the herds of cattle, and go on trading expeditions among the Damaras and other tribes. The first of these labors is not very severe, as the land is wonderfully fertile. The Ovambos need not the heavy tools which a Kaffir woman is obliged to use, one hoe being a tolerable load. The surface of the ground is a flinty sand soil, but at a short distance beneath is a layer of blue clay, which appears to be very rich, and to be able to nourish the plants without the aid of manures. A very small hoe is used for agriculture, and, instead of digging up the whole surface, the Ovambos merely dig little holes at intervals, drop a handful of corn into them, cover them up, and leave them. This task is always performed at the end of the rainy season, so that the ground is full of moisture, and the young blades soon spring up. They are then thinned out, and planted separately.

When the corn is ripe, the women take possession of it, and the men are free to catch elephants in pitfalls for the sake of their tusks, and to go on trading expeditions with the ivory thus obtained. When the grain is beaten out of the husks, it is placed in the storehouses, being kept in huge jars made of palm leaves and clay, much resembling those of the Bechuanas, and, like them,

raised a foot or so from the ground. Grinding, or rather pounding the grain, also falls to the lot of the women, and is not done with stones, but by means of a rude mortar. A tree trunk is hollowed out, so as to form a tube, and into this tube the grain is thrown. A stout and heavy pole answers the purpose of a pestle, and the whole process much resembles that of making butter in the old-fashioned churn.

The illustration No. 2 on page 317 is from an original sketch by T. Baines, Esq., and exhibits a domestic scene within an Ovambo homestead. Two women are pounding corn in one of their mortars, accompanied by their children. On the face of one of them may be seen a series of tribal marks. These are scars produced by cutting the cheeks and rubbing clay into the wounds, and are thought to be ornamental. In the foreground lies an oval object pierced with holes. This is a child's toy, made of the fruit of a baobab. Several holes are cut in the rind, and the pulp squeezed out. The hard seeds are allowed to remain within the fruit, and when dry they produce a rattling sound as the child shakes its simple toy. In a note attached to his sketch, Mr. Baines states that this is the only example of a child's toy that he found throughout the whole of Southern Africa. Its existence seems to show the real superiority of this remarkable tribe. In the background are seen a hut and two granaries, and against the house is leaning one of the simple hoes with which the ground is cultivated. The reader will notice that the iron blade is set in a line with the handle, and not at right angles to it. A water-pipe lies on the ground, and the whole is enclosed by the lofty palisades lashed together near the top.

The weapons of the Ovambo tribe are very simple, as it is to be expected from a people who are essentially peaceful and unwarlike. They consist chiefly of an assagai with a large blade, much like that of the Damaras, and quite as useless for warlike purposes, bow and arrows, and the knobkerrie. None of them are very formidable weapons, and the bow and arrows are perhaps the least so of the three, as the Ovambos are wretched marksmen, being infinitely surpassed in the use of the bow by the Damaras and the Bosjesmans, who obtain a kind of skill by using the bow in the chase, though they would be easily beaten in range and aim by a tenth-rate English amateur archer.

When on the march they have a very ingenious mode of encamping. Instead of lighting one large fire and lying round it, as is the usual custom, their first care is to collect a number of stones about as large as bricks, and with these to build a series of circular fireplaces, some two feet in diameter. These fireplaces are arranged in a double row, and between them the travel-

lers make up their primitive couches. This is a really ingenious plan, and especially suited to the country. In a place where large timber is plentiful, the custom of making huge fires is well enough, though on a cold windy night the traveller is likely to be seared on one side and frozen on the other. But in Ovambo-land, as a rule, sticks are the usual fuel, and it will be seen that, by the employment of these stones, the heat is not only concentrated but economized, the stones radiating the heat long after the fire has expired. These small fires are even safer than a single large one, for, when a large log is burned through and falls, it is apt to scatter burning embers to a considerable distance, some of which might fall on the sleepers and set fire to their beds.

The Ovambos are successful cultivators, and raise vegetables of many kinds. The ordinary Kafir corn and a kind of millet are the two grains which are most plentiful, and they possess the advantage of having stems some eight feet in length, juicy and sweet. When the corn is reaped, the ears are merely cut off, and the cattle then turned into the field to feed on the sweet stems, which are of a very fattening character. Beans, peas, and similar vegetables are in great favor with the Ovambos, who also cultivate successfully the melon, pumpkins, calabashes, and other kindred fruits. They also grow tobacco, which, however, is of a very poor quality, not so much on account of the inferior character of the plant, as of the imperfect mode of curing and storing it. Taking the leaves and stalks, and mashing them into a hollow piece of wood, is not exactly calculated to improve the flavor of the leaf, and the consequence is, that the tobacco is of such bad quality that none but an Ovambo will use it.

There is a small tribe of the Ovambos, called the Ovaquangari, inhabiting the banks of the Okovango river, who live much on fish, and have a singularly ingenious mode of capturing them. Mr. Andersen gives the following account of the fish-traps employed by the Ovaquangari:—"The river Okovango abounds, as I have already said, in fish, and that in great variety. During my very limited stay on its banks, I collected nearly twenty distinct species, and might, though very inadequately provided with the means of preserving them, unquestionably have doubled them, had sufficient time been afforded me. All I discovered were not only edible, but highly palatable, some of them possessing even an exquisite flavor.

"Many of the natives devote a considerable portion of their time to fishing, and employ various simple, ingenious, and highly effective contrivances for catching the finny tribe. Few fish, however, are caught in the river itself. It is in the numerous shallows

and lagoons immediately on its borders, and formed by its annual overflow, that the great draughts are made. The fishing season, indeed, only commences in earnest at about the time that the Okovango reaches its highest water-mark—that is, when it has ceased to ebb, and the temporary lagoons or swamps alluded to begin to disappear.

"To the best of my belief, the Ovaquangari do not employ nets, but traps of various kinds, and what may not inaptly be called aquatic yards, for the capture of fish. These fishing yards are certain spots of eligible water, enclosed or fenced off in the following manner:—A quantity of reeds, of such length as to suit the water for which they are intended, are collected, put into bundles, and cut even at both ends. These reeds are then spread in single layers flat on the ground, and sewed together very much in the same way as ordinary mats, but by a less laborious process. It does not much matter what the length of these mats may be, as they can be easily lengthened or shortened as need may require.

"When a locality has been decided on for fishing operations, a certain number of these mattings are introduced into the water on their ends, that is, in a vertical position, and are placed either in a circle, semi-circle, or a line, according to the shape of the lagoon or shallow which is to be enclosed. Open spaces, from three to four feet wide, are, however, left at certain intervals, and into these apertures the toils, consisting of beehive-shaped masses of reeds, are introduced. The diameter of these at the mouth varies with the depth to which they have to descend, the lower side being firmly fastened to the bottom of the water, whilst the upper is usually on a level with its surface, or slightly rising above it. In order thoroughly to disguise these ingenious traps, grasses and weeds are thrown carelessly over and around them."

The Ovambos are fond of amusing themselves with a dance, which seems to be exceedingly agreeable to the performers, but which could not be engaged in by those who are not well practised in its odd evolutions. The dancers are all men, and stand in a double row, back to back. The music, consisting of a drum and a kind of guitar, then strikes up, and the performers begin to move from side to side, so as to pass and repass each other. Suddenly, one of the performers spins round, and delivers a tremendous kick at the individual who happens then to be in front of him; and the gist of the dance consists in planting your own kick and avoiding that of others. This dance takes place in the evening, and is lighted by torches made simply of dried palm branches. Nangoro used to give a dance every evening in his palace yard, which was a most intricate building, a hundred yards or so in diameter, and a very

labyrinth of paths leading to dancing-floors, threshing-floors, corn stores, women's apartments, and the like.

Among the Ovambos there is no pauperism. This may not seem to be an astonishing fact to those who entertain the popular idea of savage life, namely, that with them there is no distinction of rich and poor, master and servant. But, in fact, the distinctions of rank are nowhere more sharply defined than among savages. The king or chief is approached with a ceremony which exacts homage, and the inferior pays it. Wealth is as much sought after among savages as among Europeans, and a rich man is quite as much respected on account of his wealth as if he had lived in Europe all his life. The poor become servants to the rich, and, practically, are their slaves, being looked down upon with supreme contempt. Pauperism is as common in Africa as it is in Europe, and it is a matter of great credit to the Ovambos that it is not to be found among them.

The Ovambos are ruled by a king, and entertain great contempt for all the tribes who do not enjoy that privilege. They acknowledge petty chiefs, each head of a family taking rank as such, but prefer monarchy to any other form of government. As is the case with many other tribes, the king becomes enormously fat, and is generally the only obese man in the country. Nangoro, who was king some few years ago, was especially remarkable for his enormous dimensions, wherein he even exceeded Panda, the Kafir monarch. He was so fat that his gait was reduced to a mere waddle, and his breath was so short that he was obliged to halt at every few paces, and could not speak two consecutive sentences without suffering great inconvenience, so that in ordinary conversation his part mostly consisted of monosyllabic grunts. His character was as much in contrast to those of his subjects as was his person. He was a very unpleasant individual,—selfish, cunning, and heartless. After witnessing the effect of the fire-arms used by his white visitors, he asked them to prove their weapons by shooting elephants. Had they fallen into the trap which was laid for them, he would have delayed their departure by all kinds of quibbles, kept up the work of elephant-shooting, and have taken all the ivory himself.

After they had left his country, Nangoro despatched a body of men after them, with orders to kill them all. The commander of the party, however, took a dislike to his mission—probably from having witnessed the effect of conical bullets when fired by the white men—and took his men home again. One party, however, was less fortunate, and a fight ensued. Mr. Green and some friends visited Nangoro, and were received very hospitably. But, just before they were

about to leave the district, they were suddenly attacked by a strong force of the Ovambos, some six hundred in number, all well armed with their native weapons, the bow, the knob-kerry, and the assagai, while the armed Europeans were only thirteen in number.

Fortunately, the attack was not entirely unsuspected, as sundry little events had happened which put the travellers on their guard. The conflict was very severe, and in the end the Ovambos were completely defeated, having many killed and wounded, and among the former one of Nangoro's sons. The Europeans, on the contrary, only lost one man, a native attendant, who was treacherously stabbed before the fight began. The most remarkable part of the fight was, that it caused the death of the treacherous king, who was present at the battle. Although he had seen fire-arms used, he had a poor opinion of their power, and had, moreover, only seen occasional shots fired at a mark. The repeated discharges that stunned his ears, and the sight of his men falling dead and dying about him, terrified him so exceedingly that he died on the spot from sheer fright.

The private character of this cowardly traitor was by no means a pleasant one, and he had a petty way of revenging himself for any fancied slight. On one occasion, when some native beer was offered to Mr. Anderssen, and declined in consequence of an attack of illness, Nangoro, who was sitting in front of the traveller, suddenly thrust at him violently with his sceptre, and caused great pain. This he passed off as a practical joke, though, as the sceptre was simply a pointed stick, the joke was anything but agreeable to its victim. The real reason for this sudden assault was, that Mr. Anderssen had refused to grant the king some request which he had made.

He became jealous and sulky, and took a contemptible pleasure in thwarting his white visitors in every way. Their refusal to shoot elephants, and to undergo all the dangers of the hunt, while he was to have all the profits, was a never-failing source of anger, and served as an excuse for refusing all accommodation. They could not even go half a mile out of camp without first obtaining permission, and, when they asked for guides to direct them on their journey, he refused, saying that those who would not shoot elephants for him should have no guides from him. In fine, he kept them in his country until he had exacted from them everything which they could give him, and, by way of royal remuneration for their gifts, once sent them a small basket of flour. He was then glad to get rid of them, evidently fearing that he should have to feed them, and, by way of extraordinary generosity, expedited their departure with a present of corn, not from his own stores, but from those of his

subjects, and which, moreover, arrived too late. His treacherous conduct in sending after the European party, and the failure of his plans, have already been mentioned.

The Ovambo tribe are allowed to have as many wives as they please, provided that they can be purchased at the ordinary price. This price differs, not so much from the charms or accomplishments of the bride, as from the wealth of the suitor. The price of wives is much lower than among the Kaffirs, two oxen and one cow being considered the ordinary sum which a man in humble circumstances is expected to pay. A man of some wealth cannot purchase a wife under three oxen and two cows. The exception to this rule is afforded by the king himself, who takes as many wives as he pleases without paying for them, the honor of his alliance being considered a sufficient remuneration. One wife always takes the chief place, and the successor to the rank and property of his father is always one of her children. The law of royal succession is very simple. When the king dies, the eldest son of his chief wife succeeds him, but if she has no son, then the daughter assumes the sceptre. This was the case with the fat king, Nangoro, whose daughter Chipanga was the heir-apparent, and afterward succeeded him.

It is, however, very difficult to give precise information on so delicate a subject. The Ovambo tribe cannot endure to speak, or even to think, of the state of man after death, and merely to allude to the successor of a chief gives dire offence, as the mention of an heir to property, or a successor to rank, implies the death of the present chief. For the same reason, it is most difficult to extract any information from them respecting their ideas of religion, and any questions upon the subject are instantly checked. That they have some notions of religion is evident enough, though they degrade it into mere superstition. Charms of various kinds they value exceedingly, though they seem to be regarded more as safeguards against injury from man or beast than as possessing any sanctity of their own. Still, the constitutional reticence of the Ovambo tribe on such subjects may cause them to deny such sanctity to others, though they acknowledge it among themselves.

As is the case with many of the South African tribes, the Ovambos make great use of a kind of coarse porridge. They always eat it hot, and mix with it a quantity of clotted milk or semi-liquid butter. They are quite independent of spoons at their meals, and, in spite of the nature of their food, do not even use the brush-spoon that is employed by the Hottentots.

Mr. Andersen, while travelling in the land of the Ovambos, was hospitably received at a house, and invited to dinner. No spoons were provided, and he did not

see how he was to eat porridge and milk without such aid. "On seeing the dilemma we were in, our host quickly plunged his greasy fingers into the middle of the steaming mass, and brought out a handful, which he dashed into the milk. Having stirred it quickly round with all his might, he next opened his capacious mouth, in which the agreeable mixture vanished as if by magic. He finally licked his fingers, and smacked his lips with evident satisfaction, looking at us as much as to say, 'That's the trick, my boys!' However unpleasant this initiation might have appeared to us, it would have been ungrateful, if not offensive, to refuse. Therefore we commenced in earnest, according to example, emptying the dish, and occasionally burning our fingers, to the great amusement of our swarthy friends."

On one occasion, the same traveller, who was accompanied by some Damaras, fell in with a party of Ovambos, who gave them a quantity of perridge meal of millet in exchange for meat. Both parties were equally pleased, the one having had no animal food for a long time, and the other having lived on flesh diet until they were thoroughly tired of it. A great feast was the immediate result, the Ovambos revelling in the unwonted luxury of meat, and the Europeans and Damaras only too glad to obtain some vegetable food. The feast resembled all others, except that a singular ceremony was insisted upon by the one party, and submitted to by the other. The Damaras had a fair share of the banquet, but, before they were allowed to begin their meal, one of the Ovambos went round to them, and, after filling his mouth with water, spirted a little of the liquid into their faces.

This extraordinary ceremony was invented by the king Nangoro when he was a young man. Among their other superstitions, the Ovambos have an idea that a man is peculiarly susceptible to witchcraft at meal-times, and that it is possible for a wizard to charm away the life of any one with whom he may happen to eat. Consequently, all kinds of counter-charms are employed, and, as the one in question was invented by the king, it was soon adopted by his loyal subjects, and became fashionable throughout the land. So wedded to this charm was Nangoro himself, that when Mr. Galton first visited him he was equally alarmed and amazed at the refusal of the white man to submit to the aspersion. At last he agreed to compromise the matter by anointing his visitor's head with butter, but, as soon as beer was produced, he again became suspicious, and would not partake of it, nor even remain in the house while it was being drunk.

He would not even have consented to the partial compromise, but for a happy idea that white men were exceptional beings, not subject to the ordinary laws of Nature.

That there was a country where they were the lords of the soil he flatly refused to believe, but, as Mr. Galton remarks, considered them simply as rare migratory animals of considerable intelligence.

It is a rather curious fact that, although the Damaras are known never to take salt with their food, the Ovambos invariably make use of that condiment.

They have a rather odd fashion of greeting their friends. As soon as their guests are seated, a large dish of fresh butter is produced, and the host or the chief man presents the face and breast of each guest with the butter. They seem to enjoy this process thoroughly, and cannot understand why their white guests should object to a ceremony which is so pleasing to themselves. Perhaps this custom may have some analogy with their mode of treating the Damaras at meal-times. The Ovambos still retain a ceremony which is precisely similar

to one which prevails through the greater part of the East. If a subject should come into the presence of his king, if a common man should appear before his chief, he takes off his sandals before presuming to make his obeisance.

The reader may remember that on page 314, certain observances connected with fire are in use among the Damaras. The Ovambo tribe have a somewhat similar idea on the subject, for, when Mr. Andersen went to visit Nangoro, the king of the Ovambos, a messenger was sent from the king bearing a brand kindled at the royal fire. He first extinguished the fire that was already burning, and then re-kindled it with the glowing brand, so that the king and his visitor were supposed to be warmed by the same fire. In this ceremony there is a delicate courtesy, not unmingled with pectical feeling.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MAKOLOLO TRIBE.

RISE AND FALL OF AFRICAN TRIBES—ORIGIN OF THE MAKOLOLO TRIBE—ORGANIZATION BY SEBITUANE—INCAPACITY OF HIS SUCCESSOR, SEKELETU—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—APPEARANCE OF THE MAKOLOLO—THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER—HONESTY—GRACEFUL MODE OF MAKING PRESENTS—MODE OF SALUTATION—FOOD AND COOKING—A MAKOLOLO FEAST—ETIQUETTE AT MEALS—MANAGEMENT OF CANOES—THE WOMEN, THEIR DRESS AND MANNERS—THEIR COLOR—EASY LIFE LED BY THEM—HOUSE-BUILDING—CURIOUS MODE OF RAISING THE ROOF—HOW TO HOUSE A VISITOR—LAWSUITS AND SPECIAL PLEADING—GAME LAWS—CHILDREN'S GAMES—A MAKOLOLO VILLAGE—M'BOPO AT HOME—TOBY FILL'OT—MAKOLOLO SONGS AND DANCES—HEMP-SMOKING, AND ITS DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS—TREATMENT OF THE SICK, AND BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

IN the whole of Africa south of the equator, we find the great events of the civilized world repeated on a smaller scale. Civilized history speaks of the origin and rise of nations, and the decadence and fall of empires. During a course of many centuries, dynasties have arisen and held their sway for generations, fading away by degrees before the influx of mightier races. The kingdoms of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Persia, and the like, have lasted from generation after generation, and some of them still exist, though with diminished powers. The Pharaohs have passed from the face of the earth, and their metropolis is a desert; but Athens and Rome still retain some traces of their vanished glories.

In Southern Africa, however, the changes that take place, though precisely similar in principle, are on a much smaller scale, both of magnitude and duration, and a traveller who passes a few years in the country may see four or five changes of dynasty in that brief period. Within the space of an ordinary life-time, for example, the fiery genius of Tshaka gathered a number of scattered tribes into a nation, and created a dynasty, which, when deprived of its leading spirit, fell into decline, and has yearly tended to return to the original elements of which it was composed. Then the Hottentots have come from some unknown country, and dispossessed the aborigines of the Cape so completely that no one knows what those aborigines were. In the case of islands,

such as the Polynesian group, or even the vast island of Australia, we know what the aborigines must have been; but we have no such knowledge with regard to Southern Africa, and in consequence the extent of our knowledge is, that the aborigines, wherever they might have been, were certainly not Hottentots. Then the Kaffirs swept down and ejected the Hottentots, and the Dutch and other white colonists ejected the Kaffirs.

So it has been with the tribe of the Makololo, which, though thinly scattered, and by no means condensed, has contrived to possess a large portion of Southern Africa. Deriving their primary origin from a branch of the great Bechuana tribe, and therefore retaining many of the customs of that tribe together with its skill in manufactures, they were able to extend themselves far from their original home, and by degrees contrived to gain the dominion over the greater part of the country as far as lat. 14° S. Yet, in 1861, when Dr. Livingstone passed through the country of the Makololo, he saw symptoms of its decadence.

They had been organized by a great and wise chief named Sebituane, who carried out to the fullest extent the old Roman principle of mercy to the submissive, and war to the proud. Sebituane owed much of his success to his practice of leading his troops to battle in person. When he came within sight of the enemy, he significantly felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said, "Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his

back on the enemy will feel its edge." Being remarkably fleet of foot, none of his soldiers could escape from him, and they found that it was far safer to fling themselves on the enemy with the chance of repelling him, than run away with the certainty of being cut down by the chief's battle-axe. Sometimes a cowardly soldier skulked, or hid himself. Sebituane, however, was not to be deceived, and, after allowing him to return home, he would send for the delinquent, and, after mockingly assuming that death at home was preferable to death on the field of battle, would order him to instant execution.

He incorporated the conquered tribes with his own Makololo, saying that, when they submitted to his rule, they were all children of the chief, and therefore equal; and he proved his words by admitting them to participate in the highest honors, and causing them to intermarry with his own tribe. Under him was an organized system of head chiefs, and petty chiefs and elders, through whom Sebituane knew all the affairs of his kingdom, and guided it well and wisely. But, when he died, the band that held together this nation was loosened, and bid fair to give way altogether. His son and successor, Sekeletu, was incapable of following the example of his father. He allowed the prejudices of race to be again developed, and fostered them himself by studiously excluding all women except those Makololo from his harem, and appointing none but Makololo men to office.

Consequently, he became exceedingly unpopular among those very tribes whom his father had succeeded in conciliating, and, as a natural result, his chiefs and elders being all Makololo men, they could not enjoy the confidence of the incorporated tribes, and thus the harmonious system of Sebituane was broken up. Without confidence in their rulers, a people cannot retain their position as a great nation; and Sekeletu, in forfeiting that confidence, sapped with his own hands the foundation of his throne. Discontent began to show itself, and his people drew unfavorable contrasts between his rule and that of his father, some even doubting whether so weak and purposeless a man could really be the son of their lamented chief, the "Great Lion," as they called him. "In his days," said they, "we had great chiefs, and little chiefs, and elders, to carry on the government, and the great chief, Sebituane, knew them all, and the whole country was wisely ruled. But now Sekeletu knows nothing of what his underlings do, and they care not for him, and the Makololo power is fast passing away."

Then Sekeletu fell ill of a horrible and disfiguring disease, shut himself up in his house, and would not show himself; allowing no one to come near him but one favorite, through whom his orders were trans-

mitted to the people. But the nation got tired of being ruled by deputy, and consequently a number of conspiracies were organized, which never could have been done under the all-pervading rule of Sebituane, and several of the greater chiefs boldly set their king at defiance. As long as Sekeletu lived, the kingdom retained a nominal, though not a real existence, but within a year after his death, which occurred in 1864, civil wars sprang up on every side; the kingdom thus divided was weakened, and unable to resist the incursions of surrounding tribes, and thus, within the space of a very few years, the great Makololo empire fell to pieces. According to Dr. Livingstone, this event was much to be regretted, because the Makololo were not slave-dealers, whereas the tribes which eventually took possession of their land were so; and, as their sway extended over so large a territory, it was a great boon that the abominable slave traffic was not permitted to exist.

Mr. Baines, who knew both the father and the son, has the very meanest opinion of the latter, and the highest of the former. In his notes, which he has kindly placed at my disposal, he briefly characterizes them as follows:—"Sebituane, a polished, merciful man. Sekeletu, his successor, a fast young snob, with no judgment. Killed off his father's councillors, and did as he liked. Helped the missionaries to die rather than live, even if he did not intentionally poison them—then plundered their provision stores."

The true Makololo are a fine race of men, and are lighter in color than the surrounding tribes, being of a rich warm brown, rather than black, and they are rather peculiar in their intonation, pronouncing each syllable slowly and deliberately.

The general character of this people seems to be a high one, and in many respects will bear comparison with the Ovambo. Brave they have proved themselves by their many victories, though it is rather remarkable that they do not display the same courage when opposed to the lion as when engaged in warfare against their fellow-men. Yet they are not without courage and presence of mind in the hunting-field, though the dread king of beasts seems to exercise such an influence over them that they fear to resist his inroads. The buffalo is really quite as much to be dreaded as the lion, and yet the Makololo are comparatively indifferent when pursuing it. The animal has an unpleasant habit of doubling back on its trail, crouching in the bush, allowing the hunters to pass its hiding-place, and then to charge suddenly at them with such a force and fury that it scatters the bushes before its headlong rush like autumn leaves before the wind. Yet the Makololo hunters are not in the least afraid of this most formidable ani-

mal, but leap behind a tree as it charges, and then hurl their spears as it passes them.

Hospitality is one of their chief virtues, and it is exercised with a modesty which is rather remarkable. "The people of every village," writes Livingstone, "treated us most liberally, presenting, besides oxen, butter, milk, and meal, more than we could stow away in our canoes. The cows in this valley are now yielding, as they frequently do, more milk than the people can use, and both men and women present butter in such quantities, that I shall be able to refresh my men as we go along. Anointing the skin prevents the excessive evaporation of the fluids of the body, and acts as clothing in both sun and shade.

"They always made their presents gracefully. When an ox was given, the owner would say, 'Here is a little bit of bread for you.' This was pleasing, for I had been accustomed to the Bechuanas presenting a miserable goat, with the pompous exclamation, 'Behold an ox!' The women persisted in giving me copious supplies of shrill praises, or 'lullilooing,' but although I frequently told them to modify their 'Great Lords,' and 'Great Lions,' to more humble expressions, they so evidently intended to do me honor, that I could not help being pleased with the poor creatures' wishes for our success."

One remarkable instance of the honesty of this tribe is afforded by Dr. Livingstone. In 1853, he had left at Linyanti, a place on the Zambesi River, a wagon containing papers and stores. He had been away from Linyanti, to which place he found that letters and packages had been sent for him. Accordingly, in 1860, he determined on revisiting the spot, and, when he arrived there, found that everything in the wagon was exactly in the same state as when he left it in charge of the king seven years before. The head men of the place were very glad to see him back again, and only lamented that he had not arrived in the previous year, which happened to be one of special plenty.

This honesty is the more remarkable, because they had good reason to fear the attacks of the Matabele, who, if they had heard that a wagon with property in it was kept in the place, would have attacked Linyanti at once, in spite of its strong position amid rivers and marshes. However, the Makololo men agreed that in that case they were to fight in defence of the wagon, and that the first man who wounded a Matabele in defence of the wagon was to receive cattle as a reward. It is probable, however, that the great personal influence which Dr. Livingstone exercised over the king and his tribe had much to do with the behavior of these Makololo, and that a man of less capacity and experience would have been robbed of everything that could be stolen.

When natives travel, especially if they

should be headed by a chief, similar ceremonies take place, the women being intrusted with the task of welcoming the visitors. This they do by means of a shrill, prolonged, undulating cry, produced by a rapid agitation of the tongue, and expressively called "lullilooing." The men follow their example, and it is etiquette for the chief to receive all these salutations with perfect indifference. As soon as the new comers are seated, a conversation takes place, in which the two parties exchange news, and then the head man rises and brings out a quantity of beer in large pots. Calabash goblets are handed round, and every one makes it a point of honor to drink as fast as he can, the fragile goblets being often broken in this convivial rivalry.

Besides the beer, jars of clotted milk are produced in plenty, and each of the jars is given to one of the principal men, who is at liberty to divide it as he chooses. Although originally sprung from the Bechuanas, the Makololo disdain the use of spoons, preferring to scoop up the milk in their hands, and, if a spoon be given to them, they merely ladle out some milk from the jar, put it into their hands, and so eat it. A chief is expected to give several feasts of meat to his followers. He chooses an ox, and hands it over to some favored individual, who proceeds to kill it by piercing its heart with a slender spear. The wound is carefully closed, so that the animal bleeds internally, the whole of the blood, as well as the viscera, forming the perquisite of the butcher.

Scarcely is the ox dead than it is cut up, the best parts, namely, the hump and ribs, belonging to the chief, who also apportions the different parts of the slain animal among his guests, just as Joseph did with his brethren, each of the honored guests subdividing his own portion among his immediate followers. The process of cooking is simple enough, the meat being merely cut into strips and thrown on the fire, often in such quantities that it is nearly extinguished. Before it is half cooked, it is taken from the embers, and eaten while so hot that none but a practised meat-eater could endure it, the chief object being to introduce as much meat as possible into the stomach in a given time. It is not manners to eat after a man's companions have finished their meal, and so each guest eats as much and as fast as he can, and acts as if he had studied in the school of Sir Dugald Dalgetty. Neither is it manners for any one to take a solitary meal, and, knowing this custom, Dr. Livingstone always contrived to have a second cup of tea or coffee by his side whenever he took his meals, so that the chief, or one of the principal men, might join in the repast.

Among the Makololo, rank has its drawbacks as well as its privileges, and among

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the former may be reckoned one of the cus-
toms which regulate meals. A chief may
not dine alone, and it is also necessary that
at each meal the whole of the provisions
should be consumed. If Sekelutu had an
ox killed, every particle of it was consumed
at a single meal, and in consequence he
often suffered severely from hunger before
another could be prepared for him and his
followers. So completely is this custom in-
grained in the nature of the Makololo, that,
when Dr. Livingstone visited Sekelutu, the
latter was quite scandalized that a portion
of the meal was put aside. However, he
soon saw the advantage of the plan, and
after a while followed it himself, in spite of
the remonstrances of the old men; and,
while the missionary was with him, they
played into each other's hands by each
reserving a portion for the other at every
meal.

Mention has been made of canoes. As
the Makololo live much on the banks of the
river Zambesi, they naturally use the canoe,
and are skilful in its management. These
canoes are flat-bottomed, in order to enable
them to pass over the numerous shallows of
the Zambesi, and are sometimes forty feet
in length, carrying from six to ten paddlers,
besides other freight. The paddles are about
eight feet in length, and, when the canoe gets
into shallow water, the paddles are used as
punt-poles. The paddlers stand while at
work, and keep time as well as if they were
engaged in a University boat race, so that
they propel the vessel with considerable
speed.

Being flat-bottomed, the boat, need very
skilful management, especially in so rapid
and variable a river as the Zambesi, where
sluggish depths, rock-beset shallows, and
swift rapids, follow each other repeatedly.
If the canoe should happen to come broad-
side to the current, it would inevitably be
upset, and, as the Makololo are not all
swimmers, several of the crew would prob-
ably be drowned. As soon, therefore, as
such a danger seems to be impending, those
who can swim jump into the water, and
guide the canoe through the sunken rocks
and dangerous eddies. Skill in the man-
agement of the canoe is especially needed
in the chase of the hippopotamus, which
they contrive to hunt in its own element,
and which they seldom fail in securing, in
spite of the enormous size, the furious
anger, and the formidable jaws of this
remarkable animal.

The dress of the men differs but little
from that which is in use in other parts of
Africa south of the equator, and consists
chiefly of a skin twisted round the loins,
and a mantle of the same material thrown
over the shoulders, the latter being only
worn in cold weather. The Makololo are a
cleanly race, particularly when they happen
to be in the neighborhood of a river or lake,

in which they bathe several times daily.
The men, however, are better in this re-
spect than the women, who seem rather to
be afraid of cold water, preferring to rub
their bodies and limbs with melted butter,
which has the effect of making their skins
glossy, and keeping off parasites, but also
imparting a peculiarly unpleasant odor to
themselves and their clothing.

As to the women, they are clothed in a
far better manner than the men, and are
exceedingly fond of ornaments, wearing a
skin kilt and kraoss, and adorning them-
selves with as many ornaments as they can
afford. The traveller who has already been
quoted mentions that a sister of the great
chief Sebituane wore enough ornaments to
be a load for an ordinary man. On each
leg she had eighteen rings of solid brass, as
thick as a man's finger, and three of copper
under each knee; nineteen similar rings on
her right arm, and eight of brass and cop-
per on her left. She had also a large ivory
ring above each elbow, a broad band of
heads round her waist, and another round
her neck, being altogether nearly one hun-
dred large and heavy rings. The weight of
the rings on her legs was so great, that she
was obliged to wrap soft rags round the
lower rings, as they had begun to chafe her
ankles. Under this weight of metal she
could walk but awkwardly, but fashion
proved itself superior to pain with this
Makololo woman, as among her European
sisters.

Both in color and general manners, the
Makololo women are superior to most of
the tribes. This superiority is partly due
to the light warm brown of their complex-
ion, and partly to their mode of life. Un-
like the women of ordinary African tribes,
those of the Makololo lead a comparatively
easy life, having their harder labors shared
by their husbands, who aid in digging the
ground, and in other rough work. Even
the domestic work is done more by servants
than by the mistresses of the household, so
that the Makololo women are not liable to
that rapid deterioration which is so evident
among other tribes. In fact they have so
much time to themselves, and so little to
occupy them, that they are apt to fall into
rather dissipated habits, and spend much of
their time in smoking hemp and drinking
beer, the former habit being a most insidi-
ous one, and apt to cause a peculiar erup-
tive disease. Sekelutu was a votary of the
hemp-pipe, and, by his over-indulgence in
this luxury, he induced the disease of which
he afterward died.

The only hard work that falls to the lot of
the Makololo women is that of house-build-
ing, which is left entirely to them and their
servants. The mode of making a house is
rather remarkable. The first business is to
build a cylindrical tower of stakes and reeds,
plastered with mud, and some nine or ten

feet in height, the walls and floor being smoothly plastered, so as to prevent them from harboring insects. A large conical roof is then put together on the ground, and completely thatched with reeds. It is then lifted by many hands, and lodged on top of the circular tower. As the roof projects far beyond the central tower, it is supported by stakes, and, as a general rule, the spaces between these stakes are filled up with a wall or fence of reeds plastered with mud. This roof is not permanently fixed either to the supporting stakes or the central tower, and can be removed at pleasure. When a visitor arrives among the Makololo, he is often lodged by the simple process of lifting a finished roof off an unfinished house, and putting it on the ground. Although it is then so low that a man can scarcely sit, much less stand upright, it answers very well for Southern Africa, where the whole of active life is spent, as a rule, in the open air, and where houses are only used as sleeping-boxes. The doorway that gives admission into the circular chamber is always small. In a house that was assigned to Dr. Livingstone, it was only nineteen inches in total height, twenty-two in width at the floor, and twelve at the top. A native Makololo, with no particular encumbrance in the way of clothes, makes his way through the doorway easily enough; but an European with all the impediments of dress about him finds himself sadly hampered in attempting to gain the penetration of a Makololo house. Except through this door, the tower has neither light nor ventilation. Some of the best houses have two, and even three, of these towers, built concentrically within each other, and each having its entrance about as large as the door of an ordinary dog-kennel. Of course the atmosphere is very close at night, but the people care nothing about that.

The illustration No. 2, upon the next page, is from a sketch furnished by Mr. Baines. It represents a nearly completed Makololo house on the banks of the Zambesi river, just above the great Victoria Falls. The women have placed the roof on the building, and are engaged in the final process of fixing the thatch. In the centre is seen the cylindrical tower which forms the inner chamber, together with a portion of the absurdly small door by which it is entered. Round it is the inner wall, which is also furnished with its doorway. These are made of stakes and withes, upon which is worked a quantity of clay, well patted on by hand, so as to form a thick and strong wall. The clay is obtained from ant-hills, and is generally kneaded up with cow-dung, the mixture producing a kind of plaster that is very solid, and can be made beautifully smooth. Even the wall which surrounds the building and the whole of the floor are made of the same material.

It will be seen that there are four concentric

walls in this building. First comes the outer wall, which encircles the whole premises. Next is a low wall which is built up against the posts that support the ends of the rafters, and which is partly supported by them. Within this is a third wall, which encloses what may be called the ordinary living room of the house; and within all is the inner chamber, or tower, which is in fact only another circular wall of much less diameter and much greater height. It will be seen that the walls of the house itself increase regularly in height, and decrease regularly in diameter, so as to correspond with the conical roof.

On the left of the illustration is part of a millet-field, beyond which are some completed houses. Among them are some of the fan-palms with recurved leaves. That on the left is a young tree, and retains all its leaves, while that on the right is an old one, and has shed the leaves toward the base of the stem, the foliage and the thickened portion of the trunk having worked their way gradually upward. More palms are growing on the Zambesi River, and in the background are seen the vast spray clouds arising from the Falls.

The comparatively easy life led by the Makololo women makes polygamy less of a hardship to them than is the case among neighboring tribes, and, in fact, even if the men were willing to abandon the system, the women would not consent to do so. With them marriage, though it never rises to the rank which it holds in civilized countries, is not a mere matter of barter. It is true that the husband is expected to pay a certain sum to the parents of his bride, as a recompense for her services, and as purchase-money to retain in his own family the children that she may have, and which would by law belong to her father. Then again, when a wife dies her husband is obliged to send an ox to her family, in order to recompense them for their loss, she being still reckoned as forming part of her parent's family, and her individuality not being totally merged into that of her husband.

Plurality of wives is in vogue among the Makololo, and is, indeed, an absolute necessity under the present conditions of the race, and the women would be quite as unwilling as the men to have a system of monogamy imposed upon them. No man is respected by his neighbors who does not possess several wives, and indeed without them he could not be wealthy, each wife tilling a certain quantity of ground, and the produce belonging to a common stock. Of course, there are cases where polygamy is certainly a hardship, as, for example, when old men choose to marry very young wives. But, on the whole, and under existing conditions, polygamy is the only possible system.

Another reason for the plurality of wives, as given by themselves, is that a man with

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(1.) OVAMBO HOUSES.

(See page 316.)



(2.) HOUSE BUILDING.

(See page 328.)

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one wife would not be able to exercise that hospitality which is one of the special duties of the tribe. Strangers are taken to the huts and there entertained as honored guests, and as the women are the principal providers of food, chief cultivators of the soil, and sole guardians of the corn stores, their co-operation is absolutely necessary for any one who desires to carry out the hospitable institutions of his tribe. It has been mentioned that the men often take their share in the hard work. This laudable custom, however, prevailed most among the true Makololo men, the incorporated tribes preferring to follow the usual African custom, and to make the women work while they sit down and smoke their pipes.

The men have become adepts at carving wood, making wooden pots with lids, and bowls and jars of all sizes. Moreover, of late years, the Makololo have learned to think that sitting on a stool is more comfortable than squatting on the bare ground, and have, in consequence, begun to carve the legs of their stools into various patterns.

Like the people from whom they are descended, the Makololo are a law-loving race and manage their government by means of councils or parliaments, resembling the *pitshos* of the Bechuannas, and consisting of a number of individuals assembled in a circle round the chief, who occupies the middle. On one occasion, when there was a large halo round the sun, Dr. Livingstone pointed it out to his chief boatman. The man immediately replied that it was a parliament of the Barimo, i. e. the gods, or departed spirits, who were assembled round their chief, i. e. the sun.

For major crimes a *pitsho* is generally held, and the accused, if found guilty, is condemned to death. The usual mode of execution is for two men to grasp the condemned by his wrists, lead him a mile from the town, and then to spear him. Resistance is not offered, neither is the criminal allowed to speak. So quietly is the whole proceeding that, on one very remarkable occasion, a rival chief was carried off within a few yards of Dr. Livingstone without his being aware of the fact.

Shortly after Sebituane's death, while his son Sekeletu was yet a young man of eighteen, and but newly raised to the throne, a rival named Mpepe, who had been appointed by Sebituane chief of a division of the tribe, aspired to the throne. He strengthened his pretensions by superstition, having held for some years a host of incantations, at which a number of native wizards assembled, and performed a number of enchantments so potent that even the strong-minded Sebituane was afraid of him. After the death of that great chief Mpepe organized a conspiracy whereby he should be able to murder Sekeletu and to take his throne. The plot, however, was discovered, and on the

night of its failure his executioners came quietly to Mpepe's fire, took his wrists, led him out, and speared him.

Sometimes the offender is taken into the river in a boat, strangled, and flung into the water, where the crocodiles are waiting to receive him. Disobedience to the chief's command is thought to be quite sufficient cause for such a punishment. To lesser offences fines are inflicted, a parliament not being needed, but the case being heard before the chief. Dr. Livingstone relates in a very graphic style the manner in which these cases are conducted. "The complainant asks the man against whom he means to lodge his complaint to come with him to the chief. This is never refused. When both are in the *kotla*, the complainant stands up and states the whole case before the chief and people usually assembled there. He stands a few seconds after he has done this to recollect if he has forgotten anything. The witnesses to whom he has referred then rise up and tell all that they themselves have seen or heard, but not anything that they have heard from others. The defendant, after allowing some minutes to elapse, so that he may not interrupt any of the opposite party, slowly rises, folds his cloak about him, and in the most quiet and deliberate way he can assume, yawning, blowing his nose, &c., begins to explain the affair, denying the charge or admitting it, as the case may be.

"Sometimes, when galled by his remarks, the complainant utters a sentence of dissent. The accused turns quietly to him and says, 'Be silent, I sat still while you were speaking. Cannot you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?' And, as the audience acquiesce in this bantering, and enforce silence, he goes on until he has finished all he wishes to say in his defence. If he has any witnesses to the truth of the facts of his defence, they give their evidence. No oath is administered, but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will say, 'By my father,' or 'By the chief, it is so.' Their truthfulness among each other is quite remarkable, but their system of government is such that Europeans are not in a position to realize it readily. A poor man will say in his defence against a rich one, 'I am astonished to hear a man so great as he make a false accusation,' as if the offence of falsehood were felt to be one against the society which the individual referred to had the greatest interest in upholding."

When a case is brought before the king by chiefs or other influential men, it is expected that the councillors who attend the royal presence shall give their opinions, and the permission to do so is inferred whenever the king remains silent after having heard both parties. It is a point of etiquette that all the speakers stand except the king, who

alone has the privilege of speaking while seated.

There is even a series of game-laws in the country, all ivory belonging of right to the king, and every tusk being brought to him. This right is, however, only nominal, as the king is expected to share the ivory among his people, and if he did not do so, he would not be able to enforce the law. In fact, the whole law practically resolves itself into this; that the king gets one tusk and the hunters get the other, while the flesh belongs to those who kill the animal. And, as the flesh is to the people far more valuable than the ivory, the arrangement is much fairer than appears at first sight.

Practically it is a system of make-believes. The successful hunters kill two elephants, taking four tusks to the king, and make believe to offer them for his acceptance. He makes believe to take them as his right, and then makes believe to present them with two as a free gift from himself. They acknowledge the royal bounty with abundant thanks and recapitulation of titles, such as Great Lion, &c., and so all parties are equally satisfied.

On page 319 I have described, from Mr. Baines' notes, a child's toy, the only example of a genuine toy which he found in the whole of Southern Africa. Among the Makololo, however, as well as among Europeans, the spirit of play is strong in children, and they engage in various games, chiefly consisting in childish imitation of the more serious pursuits of their parents. The following account of their play is given by Dr. Livingstone:—"The children have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms, as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and stopping before each hut, sing pretty airs, some beating time on their little kilts of cow-skin, and others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this and the skipping-rope, the play of the girls consists in imitation of the serious work of their mothers, building little huts, making small pots, and cooking, pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens."

"The boys play with spears of reeds pointed with wood, and small shields, or bows and arrows; or amuse themselves in making little cattle-pens, or cattle in clay, — they show great ingenuity in the imitation of variously shaped horns. Some, too, are said to use slings, but, as soon as they can watch the goats or calves, they are sent to the field. We saw many boys riding on the calves they had in charge, but this is an innovation since the arrival of the English with their horses. Tselane, one of the ladies, on observing Dr. Livingstone noting observations on the wet and dry bulb ther-

mometers, thought that he too was engaged in play. On receiving no reply to her question, which was rather difficult to answer, as their native tongue has no scientific terms, she said with roguish glee, 'Poor thing! playing like a little child!'"

On the opposite page I present my readers with another of Mr. Baines's sketches. The scene is taken from a Makololo village on the bank of the river, and the time is supposed to be evening, after the day's work is over. In the midst are the young girls playing the game mentioned by Mr. Andersen, the central girl being carried by two others, and her companions singing and clapping their hands. The dress of the young girls is, as may be seen, very simple, and consists of leathern thongs, varying greatly in length, but always so slight and scanty that they do not hide the contour of the limbs. Several girls are walking behind them, carrying pots and bundles on the head, another is breaking up the ground with a toy hoe, while in the foreground is one girl pretending to grind corn between two stones, another pounding in a small model mortar, and a third with a rude doll carried as a mother carries her child. The parents are leaning against their houses, and looking at the sports of the children. On the left are seen some girls building a miniature hut, the roof of which they are just lifting upon the posts.

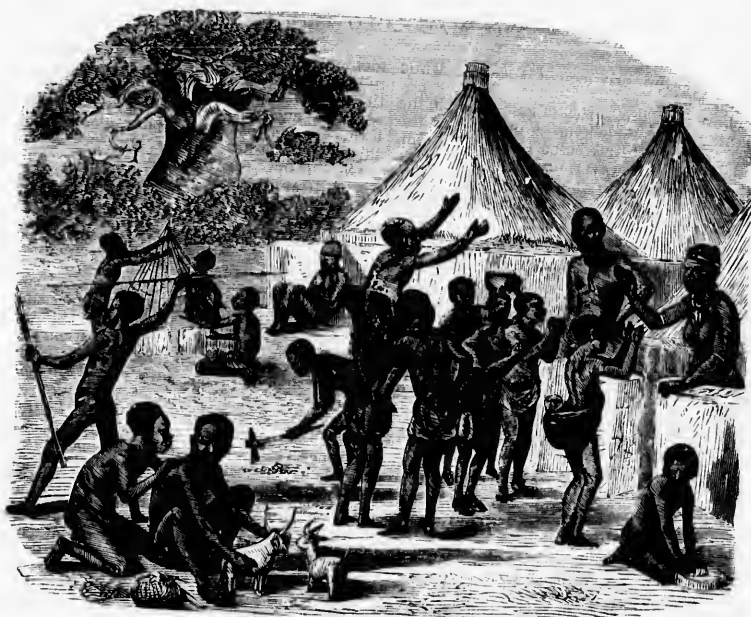
In the foreground on the left are the boys engaged in their particular games. Some are employed in making rude models of cattle and other animals, while others are engaged in mimic warfare. In the background is a boy who has gone out to fetch the flock of goats home, and is walking in front of them, followed by his charge. A singular tree often overhangs the houses and is very characteristic of that part of Africa. In the native language it is called *Mosaawe*, and by the Portuguese, *Paopisa*. It has a leaf somewhat like that of the acacia, and the blossoms and fruit are seen hanging side by side. The latter very much resembles a wooden cucumber, and is about as eatable.

On the same page is another sketch by Mr. Baines, representing a domestic scene in a Makololo family. The house belongs to a chief named M'Bope, who was very friendly to Mr. Baines and his companions, and was altogether a fine specimen of a savage gentleman. He was exceedingly hospitable to his guests, not only feeding them well, but producing great jars of pombe, or native beer, which they were obliged to consume either personally or by deputy. He even apologized for his inability to offer them some young ladies as temporary wives, according to the custom of the country, the girls being at the time all absent, and engaged in ceremonies very similar to those which have been described when treating of the Bechuanas.

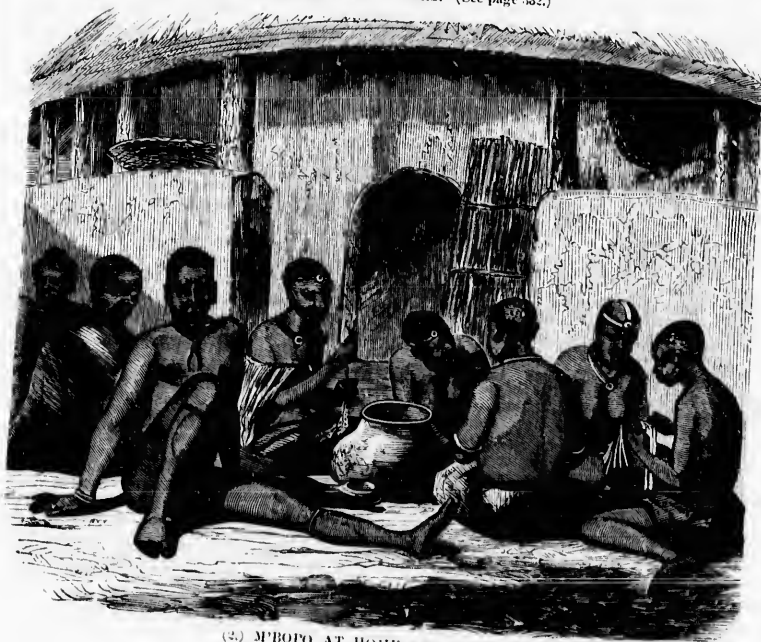
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(1.) CHILDREN'S GAMES. (See page 332.)



(2.) M'BOFO AT HOME. (See page 332.)

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M'Bopo is seated in the middle, and may be distinguished by the fact that he is wearing all his hair, the general fashion being to crop it and dress it in various odd ways. Just behind him is one of his chief men, whom Mr. Baines was accustomed to designate as Toby Fillpot, partly because he was very assiduous in filling the visitor's jars with pombe, and partly because he was more than equally industrious in emptying them. It will be noticed that he has had his head shaved, and that the hair is beginning to grow in little patches. Behind him is another man, who has shaved his head at the sides, and allowed a mere tuft of hair to grow along the top. In front of M'Bopo is a huge earthen vessel full of pombe, and by the side of it is the calabash ladle by which the liquid is transferred to the drinking vessels.

M'Bopo's chief wife sits beside him, and is distinguished by the two ornaments which she wears. On her forehead is a circular piece of hide, kneaded while wet so as to form a shallow cone. The inside of this cone is entirely covered with beads, mostly white, and scarlet in the centre. Upon her neck is another ornament, which is valued very highly. It is the base of a shell, a species of conus—the whole of which has been ground away except the base. This ornament is thought so valuable that when the great chief Shinte presented Dr. Livingstone with one, he took the precaution of coming alone, and carefully closing the tent door, so that none of his people should witness an act of such extravagant generosity.

This lady was good enough to express her opinion of the white travellers. They were not so ugly, said she, as she had expected. All that hair on their heads and faces was certainly disagreeable, but their faces were pleasant enough, and their hands were well formed, but the great defect in them was, that they had no toes. The worthy lady had never heard of boots, and evidently considered them as analogous to the hoofs of cattle. It was found necessary to remove the boots, and convince her that the white man really had toes.

Several of the inferior wives are also sitting on the ground. One of them has her scalp entirely shaved, and the other has capriciously diversified her head by allowing a few streaks of hair to go over the top of the head, and another to surround it like a band. The reed door is seen turned aside from the opening, and a few baskets are hanging here and there upon the wall.

The Makololo have plenty of amusements after their own fashion, which is, certainly not that of an European. Even those who have lived among them for some time, and have acknowledged that they are among the most favorable specimens of African heathendom, have been utterly disgusted and

wearied with the life which they had to lead. There is no quiet and no repose day or night, and Dr. Livingstone, who might be expected to be thoroughly hardened against annoyance by trifles, states broadly that the dancing, singing, roaring, jesting, story-telling, grumbling, and quarrelling of the Makololo were a severer penance than anything which he had undergone in all his experiences. He had to live with them, and was therefore brought in close contact with them.

The first three items of savage life, namely, dancing, singing, and roaring, seem to be inseparably united, and the savages seem to be incapable of getting up a dance unless accompanied by roaring on the part of the performers, and singing on the part of the spectators—the latter sounds being not more melodious than the former. Dr. Livingstone gives a very graphic account of a Makololo dance. "As this was the first visit which Sekelethu had paid to this part of his dominions, it was to many a season of great joy. The head men of each village presented oxen, milk, and beer, more than the horse which accompanied him could devour, though their abilities in that way are something wonderful.

"The people usually show their joy and work off their excitement in dances and songs. The dance consists of the men standing nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamping twice with it, then lift the other and give one stamp with it; this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction, and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigor. The continued stamping makes a cloud of dust ascend, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood.

"If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain. But here, gray-headed men joined in the performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration start off their bodies with the exertion. Motebe asked what I thought of the Makololo dance. I replied, 'It is very hard work, and brings but small profit.' 'It is,' he replied; 'but it is very nice, and Sekelethu will give us an ox for dancing for him.' He usually does slaughter an ox for the dancers when the work is over. The women stand by, clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances within the circle, composed of a hundred men, makes a few movements, and then retires. As I never tried it, and am unable to enter into the spirit of the thing, I cannot recommend the Makololo polka to the dancing world, but I have the authority of no less a person than

Motebe, Sekeletu's father-in-law, for saying that it is very nice."

Many of the Makololo are inveterate smokers, preferring hemp even to tobacco, because it is more intoxicating. They delight in smoking themselves into a positive frenzy, "which passes away in a rapid stream of unmeaning words, or short sentences, as, 'The green grass grows,' 'The fat cattle thrive,' 'The fishes swim.' No one in the group pays the slightest attention to the vehement eloquence, or the sage or silly utterances of the oracle, who stops abruptly, and, the instant common sense returns, looks foolish." They smoke the hemp through water, using a koodoo horn for their pipe, much in the way that the Damaras and other tribes use it.

Over indulgence in this luxury has a very prejudicial effect on the health, producing an eruption over the whole body that is quite unmistakable. In consequence of this effect, the men prohibit their wives from using the hemp, but the result of the prohibition seems only to be that the women smoke secretly instead of openly, and are afterward discovered by the appearance of the skin. It is the more fascinating, because its use im-

parts a spurious strength to the body, while it enervates the mind to such a degree that the user is incapable of perceiving the state in which he is gradually sinking, or of exercising sufficient self-control to abandon or even to modify the destructive habit. Sekeletu was a complete victim of the hemp-pipe, and there is no doubt that the illness, something like the dreaded "craw-craw" of Western Africa, was aggravated, if not caused, by over-indulgence in smoking hemp.

The Makololo have an unbounded faith in medicines, and believe that there is no ill to which humanity is subject which cannot be removed by white man's medicine. One woman who thought herself too thin to suit the African ideas of beauty, asked for the medicine of fatness, and a chief, whose six wives had only produced one boy among a number of girls, was equally importunate for some medicine that would change the sex of the future offspring.

The burial-places of the Makololo are seldom conspicuous, but in some cases the relics of a deceased chief are preserved, and regarded with veneration, so that the guardians cannot be induced to sell them even for the most tempting prices.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BAYEYE AND MAKOKA TRIBES.

MEANING OF THE NAME—GENERAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER—THIEVING—ABILITY IN FISHING
—CANOES—ELEPHANT-CATCHING—DRESS—THE MAKOKA TRIBE—THEIR LOCALITY—A MAKOKA
CHIEF'S ROGUERY—SKILL IN MANAGING CANOES—ZANGUELLAH AND HIS BOATS—HIPPOPOTAMUS
HUNTING WITH THE CANOE—STRUCTURE OF THE HARPOON—THE REED-RAFT AND ITS USES—
SUPERSTITIONS—PLANTING TREES—TRANSMIGRATION—THE PONDORO AND HIS WIFE.

THE BAYEYE TRIBE.

As the Bayeye tribe has been mentioned once or twice during the account of the Makololo, a few lines of notice will be given to them. They originally inhabited the country about Lake Ngami, but were conquered by another tribe, the Batoanas, and reduced to comparative serfdom. The conquerors called them Bakoba, i. e. serfs, but they themselves take the pretentious title of Bayeye, or Men. They attribute their defeat to the want of shields, though the superior discipline of their enemies had probably more to do with their victory than the mere fact of possessing a shield.

On one notable occasion, the Bayeye proved conclusively that the shield does not make the warrior. Their chief had taken the trouble to furnish them with shields, hoping to make soldiers of them. They received the gift with great joy, and loudly boasted of the prowess which they were going to show. Unfortunately for them, a marauding party of the Makololo came in sight, when the valiant warriors forgot all about their shields, jumped into their canoes, and paddled away day and night down the river, until they had put a hundred miles or so between them and the dangerous spot.

In general appearance, the Bayeye bear some resemblance to the Ovambo tribe, the complexion and general mould of features being of a similar cast. They seem to have retained but few of their own characteristics, having accepted those of their conquerors, whose dress and general manners they have assumed. Their language bears some resemblance to that of the Ovambo tribe, but they have contrived to impart

into it a few clicks which are evidently derived from the Hottentots.

They are amusing and cheerful creatures, and as arrant thieves and liars as can well be found. If they can only have a pot on the fire full of meat, and a pipe, their happiness seems complete, and they will feast, dance, sing, smoke, and tell anecdotes all night long. Perhaps their thievishness is to be attributed to their servile condition. At all events, they will steal everything that is not too hot or heavy for them, and are singularly expert in their art. Mr. Anderssen mentions that by degrees his Bayeye attendants contrived to steal nearly the whole of his stock of beads, and, as those articles are the money of Africa, their loss was equivalent to failure in his journey. Accordingly, he divided those which were left into parcels, marked each separately, and put them away in the packages as usual. Just before the canoes landed for the night, he went on shore, and stood by the head of the first canoe while his servant opened the packages, in order to see if anything had been stolen. Scarcely was the first package opened when the servant exclaimed that the Bayeye had been at it. The next move was to present his double-barrelled gun at the native who was in charge of the canoe, and threaten to blow out his brains if all the stolen property was not restored.

At first the natives took to their arms, and appeared inclined to fight, but the sight of the ominous barrels, which they knew were in the habit of hitting their mark, proved too much for them, and they agreed to restore the beads provided that their

conduct was not mentioned to their chief Lecholetébé. The goods being restored, pardon was granted, with the remark that, if anything were stolen for the future, Mr. Andersen would shoot the first man whom he saw. This threat was all-sufficient, and ever afterward the Bayeye left his goods in peace.

In former days the Bayeye used to be a bucolic nation, having large herds of cattle. These, however, were all seized by their conquerors, who only permitted them to rear a few goats, which, however, they value less for the flesh and milk than for the skins, which are converted into karosses. Fowls are also kept, but they are small, and not of a good breed. In consequence of the deprivation of their herds, the Bayeye are forced to live on the produce of the ground and the flesh of wild animals. Fortunately for them, their country is particularly fertile, so that the women, who are the only practical agriculturists have little trouble in tilling the soil. A light hoe is the only instrument used, and with this the ground is scratched rather than dug, just before the rainy season; the seed deposited almost at random immediately after the first rains have fallen. Pumpkins, melons, calabashes, and earth fruits are also cultivated, and tobacco is grown by energetic natives.

There are also several indigenous fruits, one of which, called the "moshoma," is largely used. The tree on which it grows is a very tall one, the trunk is very straight, and the lowermost branches are at a great height from the ground. The fruit can therefore only be gathered when it falls by its own ripeness. It is first dried in the sun, and then prepared for storage by being pounded in a wooden mortar. When used, it is mixed with water until it assumes a cream-like consistency. It is very sweet, almost as sweet as honey, which it much resembles in appearance. Those who are accustomed to its use find it very nutritious, but to strangers it is at first unwholesome, being apt to derange the digestive system. The timber of the moshoma-tree is useful, being mostly employed in building canoes.

The Bayeye are very good huntsmen, and are remarkable for their skill in capturing fish, which they either pierce with spears or entangle in nets made of the fibres of a native aloe. These fibres are enormously strong, as indeed is the case with all the varieties of the aloe plant. The nets are formed very ingeniously from other plants besides the aloe, such for example as the hibiscus, which grows plentifully on river banks, and moist places in general. The float-ropes, i. e. those that carry the upper edge of the nets, are made from the "ile" (*Sansevieria Angolensis*), a plant that somewhat resembles the common water-flag of England. The floats themselves are formed of stems of a water-plant, which has the

peculiarity of being hollow, and divided into cells, about an inch in length, by transverse valves. The mode in which the net is made is almost identical with that which is in use in England. The shaft of the spear which the Bayeye use in catching fish is made of a very light wood, so that, when the fish is struck, the shaft of the spear ascends to the surface, and discharges the double duty of tiring the wounded fish, and giving to the fisherman the means of lifting his finny prey out of the water.

The Bayeye are not very particular as to their food, and not only eat the ten fishes which, as they boast, inhabit their rivers, but also kill and eat a certain water-snake, brown in color and spotted with yellow, which is often seen undulating its devious course across the river. It is rather a curious circumstance that, although the Bayeye live so much on fish, and are even proud of the variety of the finny tribe which their waters afford them, the more southern Bechuanas not only refuse themselves to eat fish, but look with horror and disgust upon all who do so.

The canoes of the Bayeye are simply trunks of trees hollowed out. As they are not made for speed, but for use, elegance of shape is not at all considered. If the tree trunk which is destined to be hewn into a canoe happens to be straight, well and good. But it sometimes has a bend, and in that case the canoe has a bend also. The Bayeye are pardonably fond of their canoes, not to say proud of them. As Dr. Livingstone well observes, they regard their rude vessels as an Arab does his camel. "They have always fires in them, and prefer sleeping in them when on a journey to spending the night on shore. 'On land you have lions,' say they, 'serpents, hyenas, as your enemies; but in your canoe, behind a bank of reeds, nothing can harm you.'"

"Their submissive disposition leads to their villages being frequently visited by hungry strangers. We had a pot on the fire in the canoe by the way, and when we drew near the villages, devoured the contents. When fully satisfied ourselves, I found that we could all look upon any intruders with much complaisance, and show the pot in proof of having devoured the last morsel."

They are also expert at catching the larger animals in pitfalls, which they ingeniously dig along the banks of the rivers, so as to entrap the elephant and other animals as they come to drink at night. They plant their pitfalls so closely together that it is scarcely possible for a herd of elephants to escape altogether unharmed, as many as thirty or forty being sometimes dug in a row, and close together. Although the old and experienced elephants have learned to go in front of their comrades, and sound the earth for concealed traps, the great

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The dress of the Bayeye is much the same as that of the Batoanas and their kinsfolk, namely, a skin wrapped round the waist, a kaross, and as many beads and other ornaments as can be afforded. Brass, copper, and iron are in great request as materials for ornaments, especially among the women, who display considerable taste in arranging and contrasting the colors of their simple jewelry. Sometimes a wealthy woman is so loaded with beads, rings, and other decorations, that, as the chief Secholetébbé said, "they actually grunt under their burden" as they walk along.

Their architecture is of the simplest description, and much resembles that of the Hottentots, the houses being mere skeletons of sticks covered with reed mats. Their amusements are as simple as their habits. They are fond of dancing, and in

their gestures they endeavor to imitate the movements of various wild animals—their walk, their mode of feeding, their sports, and their battles. Of course they drink, smoke, and take snuff whenever they have the opportunity. The menus for the first luxury they can themselves supply, making a sort of beer, on which, by drinking vast quantities, they manage to intoxicate themselves. Snuff-taking is essentially a manly practice, while smoking hemp seems to be principally followed by the women. Still, there are few men who will refuse a pipe of hemp, and perhaps no woman who will refuse snuff if offered to her. On the whole, setting aside their inveterate habits of stealing and lying, they are tolerably pleasant people, and their naturally cheerful and lively disposition causes the traveller to feel almost an affection for them, even though he is obliged to guard every portion of his property from their nimble fingers.

THE MAKOKA TRIBE.

TOWARD the east of Lake Ngami, there is a river called the Bo-tlet-le, one end of which communicates indirectly with the lake, and the other with a vast salt-pan. The consequence of this course is, that occasionally the river runs in two directions, westward to the lake, and eastward to the salt-pan; the stream which causes this curious change flowing into it somewhere about the middle. The people who inhabit this district are called Makoka, and, even if not allied to the Bayeye, have much in common with them. In costume and general appearance they bear some resemblance to the Bechuanas, except that they are rather of a blacker complexion. The dress of the men sometimes consists of a snake-skin some six or seven feet in length, and five or six inches in width. The women wear a small square apron made of hide, ornamented round the edge with small beads.

Their character seems much on a par with that of most savages, namely, impulsive, irreflective, kindly when not crossed, revengeful when angered, and honest when there is nothing to steal. To judge from the behavior of some of the Makoka men, they are crafty, dishonest, and churlish; while, if others are taken as a sample, they are simple, good-natured, and hospitable. Savages, indeed, cannot be judged by the same tests as would be applied to civilized races, having the strength and craft of man with the moral weakness of children. The very same tribe, and even the very same individuals, have obtained—and deserved—exactly opposite characters from those who have known them well, one person describing them as perfectly honest, and

another as arrant cheats and thieves. The fact is, that savages have no moral feelings on the subject, not considering theft to be a crime nor honesty a virtue, so that they are honest or not, according to circumstances. The subjugated tribes about Lake Ngami are often honest from a very curious motive.

They are so completely enslaved that they cannot even conceive the notion of possessing property, knowing that their oppressors would take by force any article which they happened to covet. They are so completely cowed that food is the only kind of property that they can appreciate, and they do not consider even that to be their own until it is eaten. Consequently they are honest because there would be no use in stealing. But, when white men come and take them under their protection, the case is altered. At first, they are honest for the reasons above mentioned, but when they begin to find that they are paid for their services, and allowed to retain their wages, the idea of property begins to enter their minds, and they desire to procure as much as they can. Therefore, from being honest they become thieves. They naturally wish to obtain property without trouble, and, as they find that stealing is easier than working, they steal accordingly, not attaching any moral guilt to taking the property of another, but looking on it in exactly the same light as hunting or fishing.

Thus it is that the white man is often accused of demoralizing savages, and converting them from a simple and honest race into a set of cheats and thieves. Whereas, paradoxical as it may seem, the very develop-

ment of roguery is a proof that the savages in question have not been demoralized, but have actually been raised in the social scale.

Mr. Chapman's experiences of the Makoka tribe were anything but agreeable. They stole, and they lied, and they cheated him. He had a large cargo of ivory, and found that his oxen were getting weaker, and could not draw their costly load. So he applied to the Makoka for canoes, and found that they were perfectly aware of his distress, and were ready to take advantage of it, by demanding exorbitant sums, and robbing him whenever they could, knowing that he could not well proceed without their assistance. At last he succeeded in hiring a boat in which the main part of his cargo could be carried along the river. By one excuse and another the Makoka chief delayed the start until the light wagon had gone on past immediate recall, and then said that he really could not convey the ivory by boat, but that he would be very generous, and take his ivory across the river to the same side as the wagon. Presently, the traveller found that the chief had contrived to open a tin-box in which he kept the beads that were his money, and had stolen the most valuable kinds. As all the trade depended on the beads he saw that determined measures were needful, presented his rifle at the breast of the chief's son, who was on board during the absence of his father, and assumed so menacing an aspect that the young man kicked aside a lump of mud, which is always plastered into the bottom of the boats, and discovered some of the missing property. The rest was produced from another spot by means of the same inducement.

As soon as the threatening muzzles were removed, he got on shore, and ran off with a rapidity that convinced Mr. Chapman that some roguery was as yet undiscovered. On counting the tusks it was found that the thief had stolen ivory as well as beads, but he had made such good use of his legs that he could not be overtaken, and the traveller had to put up with his loss as he best could.

Yet it would be unfair to give all the Makoka a bad character on account of this conduct. They can be, and for the most part are, very pleasant men, as far as can be expected from savages. Mr. Baines had no particular reason to complain of them, and seems to have liked them well enough.

The Makoka are essentially a boatman tribe, being accustomed to their canoes from earliest infancy, and being obliged to navigate them through the perpetual changes of this capricious river, which at one time is tolerably quiet, and at another is changed into a series of whirling eddies and dangerous rapids, the former being aggravated by occasional back-flow of the waters. The canoes are like the racing river-boats of our own country, enormously long in proportion

to their width, and appear to be so frail that they could hardly endure the weight of a single human being. Yet they are much less perilous than they look, and their safety is as much owing to their construction as to the skill of their navigator. It is scarcely possible, without having seen the Makoka at work, to appreciate the wonderful skill with which they manage their frail barks, and the enormous cargoes which they will take safely through the rapids. It often happens that the waves break over the side, and rush into the canoe, so that, unless the water were baled out, down the vessel must go.

The Makoka, however, do not take the trouble to stop when engaged in baling out their boats, nor do they use any tool for this purpose. When the canoe gets too full of water, the boatman goes to one end of it so as to depress it, and cause the water to run toward him. With one foot he then kicks out the water, making it fly from his instep as if from a rapidly-wielded scoop. In fact, the canoe is to the Makoka what the camel is to the Arab, and the horse to the Comanches, and, however they may feel an inferiority on shore, they are the masters when on board their canoes. The various warlike tribes which surround them have proved their superiority on land, but when once they are fairly launched into the rapids of the river or the wild waves of the lake, the Makokas are masters of the situation, and the others are obliged to be very civil to them.

One of the typical men of this tribe was Makata, a petty chief, or headman of a village. He was considered to be the best boatman and hunter on the river, especially distinguishing himself in the chase of the hippopotamus. The illustration No. 1 on page 351 is from a sketch by Mr. Baines, who depicts forcibly the bold and graceful manner in which the Makokas manage their frail craft. The spot on which the sketch was taken is a portion of the Botlet-le river, and shows the fragile nature of the canoes, as well as the sort of water through which the daring boatman will take them. The figure in the front of the canoe is a celebrated boatman and hunter named Zanguellah. He was so successful in the latter pursuit that his house and court-yard were filled with the skulls of the hippopotami which he had slain with his own hand. He is standing in the place of honor, and guiding his boat with a light but strong pole. The other figure is that of his assistant. He has been hunting up the river, and has killed two sable antelopes, which he is bringing home. The canoe is only fifteen or sixteen feet long, and eighteen inches wide, and yet Zanguellah ventured to load it with two large and heavy antelopes, besides the weight of himself and assistant. So small are some of these canoes, that if a man sits in them, and places his hands on the sides, his fingers are in the water.

The reeds that are seen on the left of the illustration are very characteristic of the country. Wherever they are seen the water is sure to be tolerably deep—say at least four or five feet—and they grow to a great height, forming thick clumps some fifteen feet in height. It often happens that they are broken by the hippopotamus or other aquatic creatures, and then they lie recumbent on the water, with their heads pointing down the stream. When this is the case, they seem to grow *ad libitum*, inasmuch as the water supports their weight, and the root still continues to supply nourishment.

In the background are seen two canoes propelled by paddles. The scene which is here represented really occurred, and was rather a ludicrous one. The first canoe belongs to the Makololo chief, M'Bopo, who was carrying Messrs. Baines and Chapman in his canoe. He was essentially a gentleman, being free from the habit of constant begging which makes so many savages disagreeable. He had been exceedingly useful to the white men, who intended to present him with beads as a recompense for his services. It so happened that another chief, named Moskotlani, who was a thorough specimen of the begging, pilfering, unpleasant native, suspected that his countryman might possibly procure beads from the white men, and wanted to have his share. So he stuck close by M'Bopo's canoe, and watched it so jealously that no beads could pass without his knowledge. However, Moskotlani had his paddle, and M'Bopo had his beads, though they were given to him on shore, where his jealous compatriot could not see the transaction.

It has been mentioned that Makita was a mighty hunter as well as an accomplished boatman, and, indeed, great skill in the management of canoes is an absolute essential in a hunter's life, inasmuch as the chief game is the hippopotamus. The next few pages will be given to the bold and sportsmanlike mode of hunting the hippopotamus which is employed by the Makoba and some other tribes, and the drawings which illustrate the account are from sketches by Mr. Baines. As these sketches were taken on the spot, they have the advantage of perfect accuracy, while the fire and spirit which animates them could only have been attained by one who was an eye-witness as well as an artist.

According to Dr. Livingstone, these people are strangely fearful of the lion, while they meet with perfect unconcern animals which are quite as dangerous, if not more so. That they will follow unconcernedly the buffalo into the bush has already been mentioned, and yet the buffalo is even more to be dreaded than the lion himself, being quite as fierce, more cunning, and more steadily vindictive. A lion will leap on a man with a terrific roar, strike him to the

ground, carry him off to the den, and then eat him, so that the pressure of hunger forms some excuse for the act. But, with the buffalo no such excuse can be found.

A "rogue" buffalo, *i. e.*, one which has been driven from his fellows, and is obliged to lead a solitary life, is as fierce, as cunning, and as treacherous an animal as can be found. He does not eat mankind, and yet he delights in hiding in thick bushes, rushing out unexpectedly on any one who may happen to approach, and killing him at a blow. Nor is he content with the death of his victim. He stands over the body, kneels on it, pounds it into the earth with his feet, walks away, comes back again, as if drawn by some irresistible attraction, and never leaves it, until nothing is visible save a mere shapeless mass of bones and flesh.

Yet against this animal the Makoba hunters will match themselves, and they will even attack the hippopotamus, an animal which, in its own element, is quite as formidable as the buffalo on land. Their first care is to prepare a number of harpoons, which are made in the following manner. A stout pole is cut of hard and very heavy wood some ten or twelve feet long, and three or four inches in thickness. At one end a hole is bored, and into this hole is slipped the iron head of the harpoon. The shape of this head can be seen in the illustration No. 1 on page 343. It consists of a spear-shaped piece of iron, with a bold barb, and is about a foot in length.

The head is attached to the shaft by a strong band composed of a great number of small ropes or strands laid parallel to each other, and being quite loosely arranged. The object of this multitude of ropes is to prevent the hippopotamus from severing the cord with his teeth, which are sharp as a chisel, and would cut through any single cord with the greatest ease. The animal is sure to snap at the cords as soon as he feels the wound, but, on account of the loose manner in which they are laid, they only become entangled among the long curved teeth, and, even if one or two are severed, the others retain their hold. To the other end of the shaft is attached a long and strongly-made rope of palm-leaf, which is coiled up in such manner as to be carried out readily when loosened. Each canoe has on board two or three of these harpoons, and a quantity of ordinary spears. Preserving perfect silence, the boatmen allow themselves to float down the stream until they come to the spot which has been chosen by the herd for a bathing-place. They do not give chase to any particular animal, but wait until one of them comes close to the boat, when the harpooner takes his weapon, strikes it into the animal's back and loosens his hold.

The first illustration on page 343 represents this phase of the proceedings. In the

front is seen the head of a hippopotamus as it usually appears when the animal is swimming, the only portion seen above the water being the ears, the eyes, and the nostrils. It is a remarkable fact that when the hippopotamus is at liberty in its native stream, not only the ears and the nostrils, but even the ridge over the eyes are of a bright scarlet color, so brilliant indeed that color can scarcely convey an idea of the hue. The specimens in the Zoological Gardens, although fine examples of the species, never exhibit this brilliancy of color, and, indeed, are no more like the hippopotamus in its own river than a prize hog is like a wild boar.

A very characteristic attitude is shown in the second animal, which is represented as it appears when lifting its head out of the water for the purpose of reconnoitring. The horse-like expression is easily recognizable, and Mr. Baimes tells me that he never understood how appropriate was the term *River Horse* (which is the literal translation of the word hippopotamus) until he saw the animals disporting themselves at liberty in their own streams.

In the front of the canoes is standing Makita, about to plunge the harpoon into the back of the hippopotamus, while his assistants are looking after the rope, and keeping themselves in readiness to paddle out of the way of the animal, should it make an attack. Perfect stillness is required for planting the harpoon properly, as, if a splash were made in the water, or a sudden noise heard on land, the animals would take flight, and keep out of the way of the canoes. On the left is a clump of the tall reeds which have already been mentioned, accompanied by some papyrus. The huge trees seen on the bank are baobabs, which sometimes attain the enormous girth of a hundred feet and even more. The small white flowers that are floating on the surface of the water are the white lotus. They shine out very conspicuously on the bosom of the clear, deep-blue water, and sometimes occur in such numbers that they look like stars in the blue firmament, rather than mere flowers on the water. It is rather curious, by the way, that the Damaras, who are much more familiar with the land than the water, call the hippopotamus the *Water Rhinoceros*, whereas the Makoka, Batoka, and other tribes, who are more at home on the water, call the rhinoceros the *Land Hippopotamus*.

Now comes the next scene in this savage and most exciting drama. Stung by the sudden and unexpected pang of the wound, the hippopotamus gives a convulsive spring, which shakes the head of the harpoon out of its socket, and leaves it only attached to the shaft by its many-stranded rope. At this period, the animal seldom shows fight, but dashes down the stream at its full speed, only the upper part of its head and

back being visible above the surface, and towing the canoe along as if it were a cork. Meanwhile, the harpooner and his comrades hold tightly to the rope, paying out if necessary, and hauling in whenever possible—in fact, playing their gigantic prey just as an angler plays a large fish. Their object is twofold, first to tire the animal, and then to get it into shallow water; for a hippopotamus in all its strength, and with the advantage of deep water, would be too much even for these courageous hunters. The pace that the animal attains is something wonderful, and, on looking at its apparently clumsy means of propulsion, the swiftness of its course is really astonishing.

Sometimes, but very rarely, it happens that the animal is so active and fierce, that the hunters are obliged to cast loose the rope, and make off as they best can. They do not, however, think of abandoning so valuable a prey—not to mention the harpoon and rope—and manage as well as they can to keep the animal in sight. At the earliest opportunity, they paddle toward the wounded, and by this time weakened animal, and renew the chase.

The hippopotamus is most dangerous when he feels his strength failing, and with the courage of despair dashes at the canoe. The hunters have then no child's play before them. Regardless of everything but pain and fury, the animal rushes at the canoe, tries to knock it to pieces by blows from his enormous head, or seizes the edge in his jaws, and tears out the side. Should he succeed in capsizing or destroying the canoe, the hunters have an anxious time to pass; for if the furious animal can gripe one of them in his huge jaws, the curved, chisel-like teeth inflict certain death, and have been known to cut an unfortunate man fairly in two.

Whenever the animal does succeed in upsetting or breaking the boat, the men have recourse to a curious expedient. They dive to the bottom of the river, and grasp a stone, a root, or anything that will keep them below the surface, and hold on as long as their lungs will allow them. The reason for this manœuvre is, that when the animal has sent the crew into the river, it raises its head, as seen on page 000, and looks about on the surface for its enemies. It has no idea of foes beneath the surface, and if it does not see anything that looks like a man, it makes off, and so allows the hunters to emerge, half drowned, into the air. In order to keep off the animal, spears are freely used; some being thrust at him by hand, and others thrown like javelins. They cannot, however, do much harm, unless one should happen to enter the eye, which is so well protected by its bony penthouse that it is almost impregnable to anything except a bullet. The head is one huge mass of solid bone, so thick and hard that even fire-

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(1.) SPEARING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

(See page 342.)



(2.) THE FINAL ATTACK.

(See page 345.)

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arms make little impression on it, except in one or two small spots. The hunters, therefore, cannot expect to inflict any material damage on the animal, and only hope to deter it from charging by the pain which the spears can cause.

The last scene is now approaching. Having effectually tired the animal, which is also weakened by loss of blood from the wound, and guided it into shallow water, several of the crew jump overboard, carry the end of the rope ashore, and pass it with a "double turn" round a tree. The fate of the animal is then sealed. Finding itself suddenly checked in its course, it makes new efforts, and fights and struggles as if it were quite fresh. Despite the pain, it tries to tear itself away from the fatal cord; but the rope is too strong to be broken, and the inch-thick hide of the hippopotamus holds the barb so firmly that even the enormous strength and weight of the animal cannot cause it to give way. Finding that a fierce pull in one direction is useless, it rushes in another, and thus slackens the rope, which is immediately hauled taut by the hunters on shore, so that the end is much shortened, and the animal brought nearer to the bank. Each struggle only has the same result, the hunters holding the rope fast as long as there is a strain upon it, and hauling it in as soon as it is slackened. The reader may easily see how this is done by watching a sailor make fast a steamer to the pier, a single man being able to resist the strain of several tons.

As soon as the hippopotamus is hauled up close to the bank, and its range of movements limited, the rope is made fast, and the hunters all combine for the final assault. Armed with large, heavy, long-bladed spears, made for the express purpose, they boldly approach the infuriated animal, and hurl their weapons at him. Should the water be deep beyond him, some of the hunters take to their canoes, and are able to attack the animal with perfect security, because the rope which is affixed to the tree prevents him from reaching them. At last, the unfortunate animal, literally worried to death by numerous wounds, none of which would be immediately fatal, succumbs to fatigue and loss of blood, and falls, never to rise again.

The second illustration on page 343 represents this, the most active and exciting scene of the three. In the centre is the hippopotamus, which has been driven into shallow water, and is plunging about in mingled rage and terror. With his terrible jaws he has already crushed the shaft of the harpoon, and is trying to bite the cords which secure the head to the shaft. He has severed a few of them, but the others are lying entangled among his teeth, and retain their hold. Some of the hunters have just carried the end of the rope ashore, and are going to pass it round the trunk of the tree,

while some of their comrades are boldly attacking the animal on foot, and others are coming up behind him in canoes.

On the Zambesi River, a harpoon is used which is made on a similar principle, but which differs in several details of construction. The shaft is made of light wood, and acts as a float. The head fits into a socket, like that which has already been mentioned; but, instead of being secured to the shaft by a number of small cords, it is fastened to one end of the long rope, the other end of which is attached to the butt of the shaft. When arranged for use, the rope is wound spirally round the shaft, which it covers completely. As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, the shaft is shaken from the head by the wounded animal's struggles, the rope is unwound, and the light shaft acts as a buoy, whereby the rope can be recovered, in case the hippopotamus should sever it, or the hunters should be obliged to cast it loose.

Sometimes these tribes, *i. e.* the Makololo, Bayeye, and others, use a singularly ingenious raft in this sport. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this raft. A quantity of reeds are cut down just above the surface, and are thrown in a heap upon the water. More reeds are then cut, and thrown crosswise upon the others, and so the natives proceed until the raft is formed. No poles, beams, nor other supports, are used, neither are the reeds fashed together in bundles. They are merely flung on the water, and left to entangle themselves into form. By degrees the lower reeds become soaked with water, and sink, so that fresh material must be added above. Nothing can look more insecure or fragile than this rude reed-raft, and yet it is far safer than the canoe. It is, in fact, so strong that it allows a mast to be erected on it. A stout pole is merely thrust into the centre of the reedy mass, and remains fixed without the assistance of stays. To this mast is fastened a long rope, by means of which the raft can be moored when the voyagers wish to land. One great advantage of the raft is, the extreme ease with which it is made. Three or four skilful men can in the course of an hour build a raft which is strong enough to bear them and all their baggage.

The canoes are always kept fastened to the raft, so that the crew can go ashore whenever they like, though they do not seem to tow or guide the raft, which is simply allowed to float down the stream, and steers itself without the aid of a rudder. Should it meet with any obstacle, it only swings round and disentangles itself; and the chief difficulty in its management is its aptitude to become entangled in overhanging branches.

Such a raft as this is much used in the chase of the hippopotamus. It looks like a mere mass of reeds floating down the stream,

and does not alarm the wary animal as much as a boat would be likely to do. When the natives use the raft in pursuit of the hippopotamus, they always haul their canoes upon it, so that they are ready to be launched in pursuit of the buoy as soon as the animal is struck.

The same tribes use reeds if they wish to cross the river. They cut a quantity of them, and throw them into the river as if they were going to make a raft. They then twist up some of the reeds at each corner, so as to look like small posts, and connect these posts by means of sticks or long reeds, by way of bulwarks. In this primitive ferry-boat the man seats himself, and is able to carry as much luggage as he likes, the simple bulwarks preventing it from falling overboard.

It is rather a strange thing that a Makololo cannot be induced to plant the mango tree, the men having imbibed the notion from other tribes among whom they had been travelling. They are exceedingly fond of its fruit, as well they may be, it being excellent, and supplying the natives with food for several weeks, while it may be plucked in tolerable abundance during four months of the year. Yet all the trees are self-planted, the natives believing that any one who plants one of these trees will soon die. This superstition is prevalent throughout the whole of this part of Africa, the Batoka being almost the only tribe among whom it does not prevail.

The Makololo have contrived to make themselves victims to a wonderful number of superstitions. This is likely enough, seeing that they are essentially usurpers, having swept through a vast number of tribes, and settled themselves in the country of the vanquished. Now, there is nothing more contagious than superstition, and, in such a case, the superstitions of the conquered tribes are sure to be added to those of the victors.

The idea that certain persons can change themselves into the forms of animals prevails among them. One of these potent conjurers came to Dr. Livingstone's party, and began to shake and tremble in every limb as he approached. The Makololo explained that the Pondoro, as these men are called, smelled the gunpowder, and, on account of his leonine habits, he was very much afraid of it. The interpreter was asked to offer the Pondoro a bribe of a cloth to change himself into a lion forthwith, but the man declined to give the message, through genuine fear that the transformation might really take place.

The Pondoro in question was really a clever man. He used to go off into the woods for a month at a time, during which period he was supposed to be a lion. His wife had built him a hut under the shade of a baobab tree, and used to bring him regular

supplies of food and beer, his leonine appetite being supposed to be subsidiary to that which belonged to him as a human being. No one is allowed to enter this hut except the Pondoro and his wife, and not even the chief will venture so much as to rest his weapons against the baobab tree; and so strictly is this rule observed that the chief of the village wished to inflict a fine on some of Dr. Livingstone's party, because they had placed their guns against the sacred hut.

Sometimes the Pondoro is believed to be hunting for the benefit of the village, catching and killing game as a lion, and then resuming his human form, and telling the people where the dead animal is lying. There is also among these tribes a belief that the spirits of departed chiefs enter the bodies of lions, and this belief may probably account for the fear which they feel when opposed to a lion, and their unwillingness to attack the animal. In Livingstone's "Zambesi and its tributaries," there is a passage which well illustrates the prevalence of this feeling.

"On one occasion, when we had shot a buffalo in the path beyond the Kapie, a hungry lion, attracted probably by the smell of the meat, came close to our camp, and roused up all hands by his roaring. Tuba Moroko (the 'Canoe-smasher'), imbued with the popular belief that the beast was a chief in disguise, scolded him roundly during his brief intervals of silence. 'You a chief! Eh! You call yourself a chief, do you? What kind of a chief are you, to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo-meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief, truly! You are like the scavenger-beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief, why don't you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all, indeed.'"

The "Canoe-smasher" producing no effect by his impassioned outcry, the lion was addressed by another man named Malonga, the most sedate and taciturn of the party. "In his slow, quiet way he expostulated with him on the impropriety of such conduct to strangers who had never injured him. 'We were travelling peaceably through the country back to our own chief. We never killed people, nor stole anything. The buffalo-meat was ours, not his, and it did not become a great chief like him to be prowling about in the dark, trying, like a hyæna, to steal the meat of strangers. He might go and hunt for himself, as there was plenty of game in the forest.' The Pondoro being deaf to reason, and only roaring the louder, the men became angry, and threatened to send a ball through him if he did not go away. They snatched up their guns to shoot him, but he prudently kept in the dark, outside of the luminous circle made by our

camp fires, and there they did not like to venture."

Another superstition is very prevalent among these tribes. It is to the effect that every animal is specially affected by an appropriate medicine. Ordinary medicines are prepared by the regular witch-doctors, of whom there are plenty; but special medicines require special professionals. One man, for example, takes as his specialty the preparation of elephant medicine, and no hunter will go after the elephant without providing himself with some of the potent medicine. Another makes crocodile medicine, the use of which is to protect its owner from the crocodile. On one occasion, when the white man had shot a crocodile as it lay basking in the sun, the doctors came in wrath, and remonstrated with their visitors for shooting an animal which they looked

upon as their special property. On another occasion, when a baited hook was laid for the crocodile, the doctors removed the bait, partly because it was a dog, and they preferred to eat it themselves, and partly because any diminution in the number of crocodiles would cause a corresponding loss of fees.

Then since the introduction of fire-arms there are gun-doctors, who make medicines that enable the gun to shoot straight. Sulphur is the usual gun medicine, and is mostly administered by making little incisions in the hands, and rubbing the sulphur into them. Magic dice are also used, and are chiefly employed for the discovery of thieves. Even the white men have come to believe in the efficacy of the dice, and the native conjurer is consulted as often by the Portuguese as by his own countrymen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BATOKA AND MANGANJA TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE BATOKA—THEIR GENERAL APPEARANCE AND DRESS—THEIR SKILL AS BOATMEN—THE BAENDA-PEZI, OR GO-NAKEDS—AGRICULTURE—MODE OF HUNTING—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—WAR CUSTOMS—THE MANGANJA TRIBE—GOVERNMENT—INDUSTRY OF BOTH SEXES—SALUTATION—DRESS—THE PELELE, OR LIP-RING—TATTOOING—WANT OF CLEANLINESS—BEER-BREWING AND DRINKING—EXCHANGING NAMES—SUPERSTITIONS—FUNERAL AND MOURNING.

SOMEWHERE about lat. 17° S. and long. 27° E. is a tribe called the Batoka, or Batonga, of which there are two distinct varieties; of whom those who live on low-lying lands, such as the banks of the Zambesi, are very dark, and somewhat resemble the negro in appearance, while those of the higher lands are light brown, much of the same hue as *café au lait*. Their character seems to differ with their complexions, the former variety being dull, stupid, and intractable, while the latter are comparatively intellectual.

They do not improve their personal appearance by an odd habit of depriving themselves of their two upper incisor teeth. The want of these teeth makes the corresponding incisors of the lower jaw project outward, and to force the lip with them; so that even in youth they all have an aged expression of countenance. Knocking out these teeth is part of a ceremony which is practised on both sexes when they are admitted into the ranks of men and women, and is probably the remains of some religious rite. The reason which they give is absurd enough, namely, that they like to resemble oxen, which have no upper incisors, and not to have all their teeth like zebras. It is probable, however, that this statement may be merely intended as an evasion of questions which they think themselves bound to parry, but which may also have reference to the extreme veneration for oxen which prevails in an African's mind.

In spite of its disfiguring effect, the custom is universal among the various sub-tribes of which the Batoka are composed,

and not even the definite commands of the chief himself, nor the threats of punishment, could induce the people to forego it. Girls and lads would suddenly make their appearance without their teeth, and no amount of questioning could induce them to state when, and by whom, they were knocked out. Fourteen or fifteen is the usual age for performing the operation.

Their dress is not a little remarkable, especially the mode in which some of them arrange their hair. The hair on the top of the head is drawn and plastered together in a circle some six or seven inches in diameter. By dint of careful training, and plenty of grease and other appliances, it is at last formed into a cone some eight or ten inches in height, and slightly leaning forward. In some cases the cone is of wonderful height, the head-man of a Batoka village wearing one which was trained into a long spike that projected a full yard from his head, and which must have caused him considerable inconvenience. In this case other materials were evidently mixed with the hair; and it is said that the long hair of various animals is often added, so as to mingle with the real growth, and aid in raising the edifice. Around the edges of this cone the hair is shaven closely, so that the appearance of the head is very remarkable, and somewhat ludicrous.

The figures of the second engraving on page 357 are portraits by Mr. Baines. Mantanyi, the man who is sitting on the edge of the boat, was a rather remarkable man. He really belongs to the Batoka tribe,

though he was thought at first to be one of the Makololo. Perhaps he thought it better to assume the membership of the victorious than the conquered tribe. This was certainly the case with many of the men who, like Mantanyani, accompanied Dr. Livingstone. He was a singularly skilful boatman, and managed an ordinary whaling boat as easily as one of his own canoes. The ornament which he wears in his hair is a comb made of bamboo. It was not manufactured by himself, but was taken from Shimbesi's tribe on the Shire, or Sheereh River. He and his companions forced the boat up the many rapids, and, on being interrogated as to the danger, he said that he had no fears, for that he could swim like a fish, and that, if by any mischance he should allow Mr. Baines to fall overboard and be drowned, he should never dare to show his face to Dr. Livingstone again.

Mr. Baines remarks in his MS. notes, that Mantanyani ought to have made a good sailor, for he was not only an adept at the management of boats, but could appreciate rum as well as any British tar. It so happened that at night, after the day's boating was over, grog was served out to the men, and yet for two or three nights Mantanyani would not touch it. Accordingly one night the following colloquy took place:—

"Mantanyani, non quero grog?" (i.e. Can not you take grog?)

"Non quero." (I cannot.)

"Porquoi non quero grog?" (Why can not you take grog?)

"Garaffa poco, Zambesi munta." (The bottle is little and the Zambesi is big.)

The hint was taken, and rum mixed with water was offered to Mantanyani, who drank it off like a sailor.

A spirited account of the skill of the natives in managing canoes is given in "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." The canoe belonged to a man named Tuba-Mokoro, or the "Canoe-smasher," a rather ominous, but apparently undeserved, title, inasmuch as he proved to be a most skilful and steady boatman. He seemed also to be modest, for he took no credit to himself for his management, but attributed his success entirely to a certain charm or medicine which he had, and which he kept a profound secret. He was employed to take the party through the rapids to an island close to the edge of the great Mosi-oa-tunya, i.e. Smoke Sounding Falls, now called the Victoria Falls. This island can only be reached when the water happens to be very low, and, even in that case, none but the most experienced boatmen can venture so near to the Fall, which is double the depth of Niagara, and a mile in width, formed entirely by a vast and sudden rift in the basalite bed of the Zambesi.

"Before entering the race of water, we

were requested not to speak, as our talking might diminish the value of the medicine, and no one with such boiling, eddying rapids before his eyes would think of disobeying the orders of a 'canoe-smasher.' It soon became evident that there was sound sense in the request of Tuba's, though the reason assigned was not unlike that of the canoe man from Sesheke, who begged one of our party not to whistle, because whistling made the wind come.

"It was the duty of the man at the bow to look out ahead for the proper course, and, when he saw a rock or a snag, to call out to the steersman. Tuba doubtless thought that talking on board might divert the attention of his steersman at a time when the neglect of an order, or a slight mistake, would be sure to spill us all into the chafing river. There were places where the utmost exertions of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapid and to prevent it from sweeping broadside on, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves among the plotuses and cormorants which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish.

"At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jutting out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then, with ready pole, turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided swiftly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. Once only did the medicine seem to have lost something of its efficacy.

"We were driving swiftly down, a black rock over which the white foam flew lay directly in our path, the pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still, shallow place, to bail the water out. He gave us to understand that it was not the medicine which was at fault—that had lost none of its virtue; the accident was owing to Tuba having started without his breakfast. Need it be said that we never let Tuba go without that meal again."

Among them there is a body of men called in their own language the "Baenda-pezi," i.e. the Go-nakeds. These men never wear an atom of any kind of clothing, but are entirely naked, their only coat being one of red ochre. These Baenda-pezi are rather a remarkable set of men, and why they should voluntarily live without clothing is not very evident. Some travellers think that they are a separate order among the Batoka, but this is not at all certain. It is not that they are devoid of vanity, for

they are extremely fond of ornaments upon their heads, which they dress in various fantastic ways. The conical style has already been mentioned, but they have many other fashions. One of their favorite modes is, to plait a fillet of bark, some two inches wide, and tie it round the head in diadem fashion. They then rub grease and red ochre plentifully into the hair, and fasten it to the fillet, which it completely covers. The head being then shaved as far as the edge of the fillet, the native looks as if he were wearing a red, polished forage-cap.

Rings of iron wire and beads are worn round the arms; and a fashionable member of this order thinks himself scarcely fit for society unless he carries a pipe and a small pair of iron tongs, with which to lift a coal from the fire and kindle his pipe, the stem of which is often ornamented by being bound with polished iron wire.

The Baenda-pezi seem to be as devoid of the sense of shame as their bodies are of covering. They could not in the least be made to see that they ought to wear clothing, and quite laughed at the absurdity of such an idea; evidently looking on a proposal to wear clothing much as we should entertain a request to dress ourselves in plate armor.

The pipe is in constant requisition among these men, who are seldom seen without a pipe in their mouths, and never without it in their possession. Yet, whenever they came into the presence of their white visitors, they always asked permission before lighting their pipes, an innate politeness being strong within them. Their tobacco is exceedingly powerful, and on that account is much valued by other tribes, who will travel great distances to purchase it from the Batoka. It is also very cheap, a few beads purchasing a sufficient quantity to last even these inveterate smokers for six months. Their mode of smoking is very peculiar. They first take a whiff after the usual manner, and puff out the smoke. But, when they have expelled nearly the whole of the smoke, they make a kind of catch at the last tiny wreath, and swallow it. This they are pleased to consider the very essence or spirit of the tobacco, which is lost if the smoke is exhaled in the usual manner.

The Batoka are a polite people in their way, though they have rather an odd method of expressing their feelings. The ordinary mode of salutation is for the women to clap their hands and produce that rattling sound which has already been mentioned, and for the men to stoop and clap their hands on their hips. But, when they wish to be especially respectful, they have another mode of salutation. They throw themselves on their backs, and roll from side to side, slapping the outside of their thighs vigorously, and calling out "Kina-bomba! kina-bomba!" with great energy. Dr. Livingstone says

that he never could accustom his eyes to like the spectacle of great naked men wallowing on their backs and slapping themselves, and tried to stop them. They, however, always thought that he was not satisfied with the heartiness of his reception, and so rolled about and slapped themselves all the more vigorously. This rolling and slapping seems to be reserved for the welcoming of great men, and, of course, whenever the Batoka present themselves before the chief, the performance is doubly vigorous.

When a gift is presented, it is etiquette for the donor to hold the present in one hand, and to slap the thigh with the other, as he approaches the person to whom he is about to give it. He then delivers the gift, claps his hands together, sits down, and then strikes his thighs with both hands. The same formalities are observed when a return gift is presented; and so tenacious are they of this branch of etiquette, that it is taught regularly to children by their parents.

They are an industrious people, cultivating wonderfully large tracts of land with the simple but effective hoe of their country. With this hoe, which looks something like a large adze, they not only break up the ground, but perform other tasks of less importance, such as smoothing the earth as a foundation for their beds. Some of these fields are so large, that the traveller may walk for hours through the native corn, and scarcely come upon an uncultivated spot. The quantity of corn which is grown is very large, and the natives make such numbers of granaries, that their villages seem to be far more populous than is really the case. Plenty, in consequence, reigns among this people. But it is a rather remarkable fact that, in spite of the vast quantities of grain, which they produce, they cannot keep it in store.

The corn has too many enemies. In the first place, the neighboring tribes are apt to send out marauding parties, who prefer stealing the corn which their industrious neighbors have grown and stored to cultivating the ground for themselves. Mice, too, are very injurious to the corn. But against these two enemies the Batoka can tolerably guard, by tying up quantities of corn in bundles of grass, plastering them over with clay, and hiding them in the low sand islands left by the subsiding waters of the Zambezi. But the worst of all enemies is the native weevil, an insect so small that no precautions are available against its ravages, and which, as we too often find in this country, destroys an enormous amount of corn in a very short time. It is impossible for the Batoka to preserve their corn more than a year, and it is as much as they can do to make it last until the next crop is ready.

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(1.) BOATING SCENE ON THE BO-TLET-LE RIVER.

(See page 340.)



(2.) BATOKA SALUTATION.

(See page 350.)

the woevill, they prefer the former, and what they cannot eat they make into beer, which they brew in large quantities, and drink abundantly; yet they seldom, if ever, intoxicate themselves, in spite of the quantities which they consume. This beer is called by them either "boala" or "pombe," just as we speak of beer or ale; and it is sweet in flavor, with just enough acidity to render it agreeable. Even Europeans soon come to like it, and its effect on the natives is to make them plump and well nourished. The Batoka do not content themselves with simply growing corn and vegetables, but even plant fruit and oil-bearing trees—a practice which is not found among the other tribes.

Possibly on account of the plenty with which their land is blessed, they are a most hospitable race of men, always glad to see guests, and receiving them in the kindest manner. If a traveller passes through a village, he is continually hailed from the various huts with invitations to eat and drink, while the men welcome the visitor by clapping their hands, and the women by "lullilooing." They even feel pained if the stranger passes the village without being entertained. When he halts in a village for the night, the inhabitants turn out to make him comfortable; some running to fetch firewood, others bringing jars of water, while some engage themselves in preparing the bed, and erecting a fence to keep off the wind.

They are skilful and fearless hunters, and are not afraid even of the elephant or buffalo, going up closely to these formidable animals, and killing them with large spears. A complete system of game-laws is in operation among the Batoka, not for the purpose of prohibiting the chase of certain game, but in order to settle the disposal of the game when killed. Among them, the man who inflicts the first wound on an animal has the right to the spoil, no matter how trifling may be the wound which he inflicts. In case he does not kill the animal himself, he is bound to give to the hunter who inflicts the fatal wound both legs of one side.

As to the laws which regulate ordinary life, there is but little that calls for special notice, except a sort of ordeal for which they have a great veneration. This is called the ordeal of the Muave, and is analogous to the corse and similar ordeals of the early ages of England. The dread of witchcraft is very strong here, as in other parts of Southern Africa; but among the Batoka the accused has the opportunity of clearing himself by drinking a poisonous preparation called muave. Sometimes the accused dies from the draught, and in that case his guilt is clear; but in others the poison acts as an emetic, which is supposed to prove his innocence, the poison finding no congenial evil in the body, and therefore being rejected.

No one seems to be free from such an accusation, as is clear from Dr. Livingstone's account: "Near the confluence of the Kapoe the Mambo, or chief, with some of his headmen, came to our sleeping-place with a present. Their foreheads were smeared with white flour, and an unusual seriousness marked their demeanor. Shortly before our arrival they had been accused of witchcraft: conscious of innocence, they accepted the ordeal, and undertook to drink the poisoned muave. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill of Nehomokela, on which repose the bodies of their ancestors, and, after a solemn appeal to the unseen spirit to attest the innocence of their children, they swallowed the muave, vomited, and were therefore declared not guilty."

"It is evident that they believe that the soul has a continued existence, and that the spirits of the departed know what those they have left behind are doing, and are pleased or not, according as their deeds are good or evil. This belief is universal. The owner of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirit of his father, who helped him when he killed the hippopotamus. Another, when the bargain for his canoe was nearly completed, seeing a large serpent on a branch of a tree overhead, refused to complete the sale, alleging that this was the spirit of his father, come to protest against it."

Some of the Batoka believe that a medicine could be prepared which would cure the bite of the tsetse, that small but terribly which makes such destruction among the cattle, but has no hurtful influence on mankind. This medicine was discovered by a chief, whose son Moyara showed it to Dr. Livingstone. It consisted chiefly of a plant, which was apparently new to botanical science. The root was peeled, and the peel sliced and reduced to powder, together with a dozen or two of the tsetse themselves. The remainder of the plant is also dried. When an animal shows symptoms of being bitten by the tsetse, some of the powder is administered to the animal, and the rest of the dried plant is burned under it so as to fumigate it thoroughly. Moyara did not assert that the remedy was infallible, but only stated that if a herd of cattle were to stray into a district infested with the tsetse, some of them would be saved by the use of the medicine, whereas they would all die without it.

The Batoka are fond of using a musical instrument that prevails, with some modifications, over a considerable portion of Central Africa. In its simplest form it consists of a board, on which are fixed a number of flat wooden strips, which, when pressed down and suddenly released, produce a kind of musical tone. In fact, the principle of the sausa is exactly that of our musical-boxes, the only difference being that the teeth,

or keys, of our instrument are steel, and that they are sounded by little pegs, and not by the fingers. Even among this one tribe there are great differences in the formation of the sansa.

The best and most elaborate form is that in which the sounding-board of the sansa is hollow in order to increase the resonance; and the keys are made of iron instead of wood, so that a really musical sound is produced. Moreover, the instrument is enclosed in a hollow calabash, for the purpose of intensifying the sound; and both the sansa and the calabash are furnished with bits of steel and tin, which make a jingling accompaniment to the music. The calabash is generally covered with carvings. When the sansa is used, it is held with the hollow or ornamented end toward the player, and the keys are struck with the thumbs, the rest of the hand being occupied in holding the instrument.

This curious instrument is used in accompanying songs. Dr. Livingstone mentions that a genuine native poet attached himself to the party, and composed a poem in honor of the white men, singing it whenever they halted, and accompanying himself on the sansa. At first, as he did not know much about his subject, he modestly curtailed his poem, but extended it day by day, until at last it became quite a long ode. There was an evident rhythm in it, each line consisting of five syllables. Another native poet was in the habit of solacing himself every evening with an extempore song, in which he enumerated everything that the white men had done. He was not so accomplished a poet as his brother improvisatore, and occasionally found words to fail him. However, his sansa helped him when he was at a loss for a word, just as the piano helps out an unskilful singer when at a loss for a note.

They have several musical instruments besides the sansa. One is called the marimba, and is in fact a simple sort of harmonicon, the place of the glass or metal keys being supplied by strips of hard wood fixed on a frame. These strips are large at one end of the instrument, and diminish regularly toward the other. Under each of the wooden keys is fixed a hollow gourd, or calabash, the object of which is to increase the resonance. Two sticks of hard wood are used for striking the keys, and a skilful performer really handles them with wonderful agility. Simple as is this instrument, pleasing sounds can be produced from it. It has even been introduced into England, under the name of "xylophone," and, when played by a dexterous and energetic performer, really produces effects that could hardly have been expected from it. The sounds are, of course, deficient in musical tone; but still the various notes can be obtained with tolerable accuracy by trimming the wooden keys to the proper dimensions.

A similar instrument is made with strips of stone, the sounds of which are superior to those produced by the wooden bars.

The Batoka are remarkable for their clanish feeling; and, when a large party are travelling in company, those of one tribe always keep together, and assist each other in every difficulty. Also, if they should happen to come upon a village or dwelling belonging to one of their own tribe, they are sure of a welcome and plentiful hospitality.

The Batoka appear from all accounts to be rather a contentious people, quarrelsome at home, and sometimes extending their strife to other villages. In domestic fights — i. e. in combats between inhabitants of the same village — the antagonists are careful not to inflict fatal injuries. But when village fights against village, as is sometimes the case, the loss on both sides may be considerable. The result of such a battle would be exceedingly disagreeable, as the two villages would always be in a state of deadly feud, and an inhabitant of one would not dare to go near the other. The Batoka, however, have invented a plan by which the feud is stopped. When the victors have driven their opponents off the field, they take the body of one of the dead warriors, quarter it, and perform a series of ceremonies over it. This appears to be a kind of challenge that they are masters of the field. The conquered party acknowledge their defeat by sending a deputation to ask for the body of their comrade, and, when they receive it, they go through the same ceremonies; after which peace is supposed to be restored, and the inhabitants of the villages may visit each other in safety.

Dr. Livingstone's informant further said, that when a warrior had slain an enemy, he took the head, and placed it on an ant-hill, until all the flesh was taken from the bones. He then removed the lower jaw, and wore it as a trophy. He did not see one of these trophies worn, and evidently thinks that the above account may be inaccurate in some places, as it was given through an interpreter; and it is very possible that both the interpreter and the Batoka may have invented a tale for the occasion. The account of the pacificatory ceremonies really seems to be too consistent with itself to be falsehood; but the wearing of the enemy's jaw, uncorroborated by a single example, seems to be rather doubtful. Indeed, Dr. Livingstone expressly warns the reader against receiving with implicit belief accounts that are given by a native African. The dark interlocutor amiably desires to please, and, having no conception of truth as a principle, says exactly what he thinks will be most acceptable to the great white chief, on whom he looks as a sort of erratic supernatural being. Ask a native whether the mountains in his own district are lofty, or whether

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ants are sure to say that the bullet went through the animal's heart, and that it only bounded away for a short distance. "He is our father," say the natives, "and he would be displeased if we told him that he had missed." It is even worse with the slaves, who are often used as interpreters; and it is hardly possible to induce them to interpret with any modicum of truth.

THE MANGANJA TRIBE.

On the river Shire (pronounced Sheereh), a northern tributary of the Zambesi, there is a rather curious tribe called the Manganja. The country which they inhabit is well and fully watered, abounding in clear and cool streams, which do not dry up even in the dry season. Pasturage is consequently abundant, and yet the people do not trouble themselves about cattle, allowing to lie unused tracts of land which would feed vast herds of oxen, not to mention sheep and goats.

Their mode of government is rather curious, and yet simple. The country is divided into a number of districts, the head of which goes by the title of Rundo. A great number of villages are under the command of each Rundo, though each of the divisions is independent of the others, and they do not acknowledge one common chief or king. The chieftainship is not restricted to the male sex, as in one of the districts a woman named Nyango was the Rundo, and exercised her authority judiciously, by improving the social status of the women throughout her dominions. An annual tribute is paid to the Rundo by each village, mostly consisting of one tusk of each elephant killed, and he in return is bound to assist and protect them should they be threatened or attacked.

The Manganjas are an industrious race, being good workers in metal, especially iron, growing cotton, making baskets, and cultivating the ground, in which occupation both sexes equally share; and it is a pleasant thing to see men, women, and children all at work together in the fields, with perhaps the baby lying asleep in the shadow of a bush. They clear the forest ground exactly as is done in America, cutting down the trees with their axes, piling up the branches and trunks in heaps, burning them, and scattering the ashes over the ground by way of manure. The stumps are left to rot in the ground, and the corn is sown among them. Grass land is cleared in a different manner. The grass in that country is enormously thick and long. The cultivator gathers a bundle into his hands, twists the ends together, and ties them in a knot. He then cuts the roots with his adze-like hoe, so as to leave the bunch of grass still standing, like a sheaf of wheat. When a field has been entirely cut, it looks to a stranger as if

it were in harvest, the bundles of grass standing at intervals like the grain shocks. Just before the rainy season comes on, the bundles are fired, the ashes are roughly dug into the soil, and an abundant harvest is the result.

The cotton is prepared after a very simple and slow fashion, the fibre being plucked by hand, drawn out into a "roving," partially twisted, and then rolled up into a ball. It is the opinion of those who have had practical experience of this cotton, that, if the natives could be induced to plant and dress it in large quantities, an enormous market might be found for it. The "staple," or fibre, of this cotton is not so long as that which comes from America, and has a harsh, woolly feeling in the hand. But, as it is very strong, and the fabrics made from it are very durable, the natives prefer it to the foreign plant. Almost every Manganja family of importance has its own little cotton patch, from half an acre to an acre in size, which is kept carefully tended, and free from weeds. The loom in which they weave their simple cloth is very rude, and is one of the primitive forms of a weaver's apparatus. It is placed horizontally, and not vertically, and the weaver has to squat on the ground when engaged in his work. The shuttle is a mere stick, with the thread wound spirally round it, and, when it is passed between the crossed threads of the warp, the warp is beaten into its place with a flat stick.

They are a hospitable people, and have a well-understood code of ceremony in the reception of strangers. In each village there is a spot called the Boala, i.e. a space of about thirty or forty yards diameter, which is sheltered by baobab, or other spreading trees, and which is always kept neat and clean. This is chiefly used as a place where the basket makers and others who are engaged in sedentary occupations can work in company, and also serves as a meeting-place in evenings, where they sing, dance, smoke, and drink beer after the toils of the day.

As soon as a stranger enters a village, he is conducted to the Boala, where he takes his seat on the mats that are spread for him, and awaits the coming of the chief man of the village. As soon as he makes his appearance, his people welcome him by clapping

their hands in unison, and continue this salutation until he has taken his seat, accompanied by his councillors. "Our guides," writes Livingstone, "then sit down in front of the chief and his councillors, and both parties lean forward, looking earnestly at each other. The chief repeats a word, such as 'Ambulata' (our father, or master), or 'Moio' (life), and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, a third by still more clapping, when each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise, and lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, until the last dies away, or is brought to an end, by a smart loud clap from the chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette."

This enrious salutation is valued very highly, and the people are carefully instructed in it from childhood. The chief guide of the stranger party then addresses the chief, and tells him about his visitors,—who they are, why they have come, &c.; and mostly does so in a kind of blank verse—the power of improvising a poetical narrative being valued as highly as the court salutations, and sedulously cultivated by all of any pretensions to station. It is rather amusing at first to the traveller to find that, if he should happen to inquire his way at a hut, his own guide addresses the owner of the hut in blank verse, and is answered in the same fashion.

The dress of this tribe is rather peculiar, the head being the chief part of the person which is decorated. Some of the men save themselves the trouble of dressing their hair by shaving it off entirely, but a greater number take a pride in decorating it in various ways. The headdress which seems to be most admired is that in which the hair is trained to resemble the horns of the buffalo. This is done by taking two pieces of hide while they are wet and pliable, and bending them into the required shape. When the two horns are dry and hard, they are fastened on the head, and the hair is trained over them, and fixed in its place by grease and clay. Sometimes only one horn is used, which projects immediately over the forehead; but the double horn is the form which is most in vogue.

Others divide their hair into numerous tufts, and separate them by winding round each tuft a thin bandage, made of the inner bark of a tree, so that they radiate from the head in all directions, and produce an effect which is much valued by this simple race. Some draw the hair together toward the back of the head, and train it so as to hang down their backs in a shape closely resembling the pigtail which was so fashionable an ornament of the British sailor in Nelson's time. Others, again, allow the hair to grow much as nature formed it, but train it to grow in heavy masses all round their heads.

The women are equally fastidious with the men, but have in addition a most singular ornament called the "pelele." This is a ring that is not fixed into the ear or nose, but into the upper lip, and gives to the wearer an appearance that is most repulsive to an European. The artist has illustrated its form and effect, in an engraving on page 357. The pelele is a ring made of ivory, metal, or bamboo, nearly an inch in thickness, and variable in diameter, sometimes measuring two inches across. When the girl is very young, the upper lip is pierced close to the nose, and a small pin inserted to prevent the orifice from closing. When the wound is healed, the small pin is withdrawn, and a larger one introduced; and this plan is carried on for years, until at last the full-sized "pelele" can be worn.

The commonest sort of pelele is made of bamboo, and is in consequence very light. When a wearer of this pelele smiles, or rather tries to smile, the contraction of the muscles turns the ring upward, so that its upper edge comes in front of the eyes, the nose appearing through its middle. The whole front teeth are exposed by this motion, so as to exhibit the fashionable way in which the teeth have been chipped, and, as Livingstone says, they resemble the fangs of a cat or a crocodile. One old lady, named Chikanda Kadze, had a pelele so wide and heavy that it hung below her chin. But then she was a chief, and could consequently afford to possess so valuable an ornament.

The use of the pelele quite alters the natural shape of the jaws. In the natural state the teeth of the upper jaw are set in an outward curve, but in a wearer of the pelele the constant, though slight, pressure of the ring first diminishes the curve, then flattens it, and, lastly, reverses it. Livingstone suggests that a similar application of gradual pressure should be applied to persons whose teeth project forward, not knowing that such a plan has long been practised by dentists.

How this frightful ornament came to be first introduced is unknown. The reasons which they give for wearing it are rather amusing. A man, say they, has whiskers and a beard, whereas a woman has none. "What kind of a creature would a woman be, without whiskers and without the pelele? She would have a mouth like a man, and no beard!" As a natural result of wearing this instrument, the language has undergone a modification as well as the lips. The labial letters cannot be pronounced properly, the under lip having the whole duty thrown upon them.

In different parts of the country the pelele takes different shapes. The most valued pelele is a piece of pure tin hammered into a dish-like shape. Some are made of a red kind of pipeclay, and others of a white quartz. These latter ornaments are gener-

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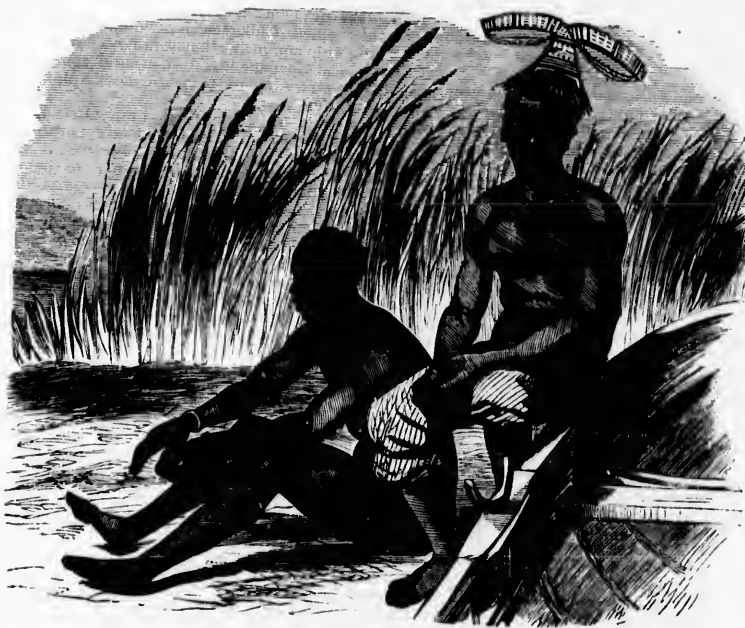
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(1.) FELELE, OR LIP-RING.

(See page 366.)



(2.) BATOKA MEN.

(See page 348.)

ally cylindrical in form, so that, as has been well observed, the wearer looks as if she had an inch or so of wax-candle thrust through the lips, and projecting beyond the nose. Some of them are so determined to be fashionable that they do not content themselves with a pelele in the upper lip, but also wear one in the lower, the effect upon the expression of countenance being better imagined than described. The pelele is seen to the greatest advantage in the lake district, where every woman wears it, and where it takes the greatest variety of form. Along the river it is not so universally worn, and the form is almost always that of the ring or dish.

In this part of the country the sub-tribes are distinguished by certain marks where-with they tattoo themselves, and thereby succeed in still further disfiguring countenances which, if allowed to remain untouched, would be agreeable enough. Some of them have a fashion of pricking holes all over their faces, and treating the wounds in such a way that, when they heal, the skin is raised in little knobs, and the face looks as if it were covered with warts. Add to this fashion the pelele, and the reader may form an opinion of the beauty of a fashionable woman. If the object of fashion be to conceal age, this must be a most successful fashion, as it entirely destroys the lines of the countenance, and hardens and distorts the features to such an extent, that it is difficult to judge by the face whether the owner be sixteen or sixty.

One of the women had her body most curiously adorned by tattooing, and, indeed, was a remarkable specimen of Manganja fashion. She had shaved all her head, and supplied the want of hair by a feather tuft over her forehead, tied on by a band. From a point on the top of her forehead ran lines radiating over the cheeks as far as the ear, looking something like the marks on a New Zealander's face. This radiating principle was carried out all over her body. A similar point was marked on each shoulder blade, from which the lines radiated down the back and over the shoulders; and on the lower part of the spine and on each arm were other patterns of a similar nature. She of course wore the pelele; but she seemed ashamed of it, probably because she was a travelled woman, and had seen white men before. So when she was about to speak to them, she retired to her hut, removed the pelele, and, while speaking, held her hand before her mouth, so as to conceal the ugly aperture in her lip.

Cleanliness seems to be unsuitable to the Manganja constitution. They could not in the least understand why travellers should wash themselves, and seemed to be personally ignorant of the process. One very old man, however, said that he did remember once to have washed himself; but that it

was so long ago that he had quite forgotten how he felt. A very amusing use was once made of this antipathy to cold water. One of the Manganjas took a fancy to attach himself to the expedition, and nothing could drive him away. He insisted on accompanying them, and annoyed them greatly by proclaiming in every village to which they came, "These people have wandered; they do not know where they are going." He was driven off repeatedly; but, as soon as the march was resumed, there he was, with his little bag over his shoulder, ready to proclaim the wandering propensities of the strangers, as usual. At last a happy idea struck them. They threatened to take him down to the river and wash him; whereupon he made off in a fright, and never made his appearance again.

Perhaps in consequence of this uncleanness, skin diseases are rife among the Manganjas, and appear to be equally contagious and durable; many persons having white blotches over their bodies, and many others being afflicted with a sort of leprosy, which, however, does not seem to trouble them particularly. Even the fowls are liable to a similar disease, and have their feet deformed by a thickening of the skin.

Sobriety seems as rare with the Manganjas as cleanliness; for they are notable topers, and actually contrive to intoxicate themselves on their native beer, a liquid of so exceedingly mild a character that nothing but strong determination and a capability of consuming vast quantities of liquid would produce the desired effect. The beer is totally unlike the English drink. In the first place, it is quite thick and opaque, and looks much like gruel of a pinkish hue. It is made by pounding the vegetating grain, mixing it with water, boiling it, and allowing it to ferment. When it is about two days old, it is pleasant enough, having a slightly sweetish-acid flavor, which has the property of immediately quenching thirst, and is therefore most valuable to the traveller, for whose refreshment the hospitable people generally produce it.

As to themselves, there is some excuse for their intemperate habits. They do not possess hops, or any other substance that will preserve the beer, and in consequence they are obliged to consume the whole brewing within a day or two. When, therefore, a chief has a great brew of beer, the people assemble, and by day and night they continue drinking, drumming, dancing, and feasting, until the whole of the beer is gone. Yet, probably on account of the nourishing qualities of the beer—which is, in fact, little more than very thin porridge—the excessive drinking does not seem to have any injurious effect on the people, many being seen who were evidently very old, and yet who had been accustomed to drink beer in the usual quantities. The women

seem to appreciate the beer as well as the men, though they do not appear to be so liable to intoxication. Perhaps the reason for this comparative temperance is, that their husbands do not give them enough of it. In their dispositions they seem to be lively and agreeable, and have a peculiarly merry laugh, which seems to proceed from the heart, and is not in the least like the senseless laugh of the Western negro.

In this part of the country, not only among the Manganjas, but in other tribes, the custom of changing names is prevalent, and sometimes leads to odd results. One day a headman named Sininyane was called as usual, but made no answer; nor did a third and fourth call produce any result. At last one of his men replied that he was no longer Sininyane, but Moshoshama, and to that name he at once responded. It then turned out that he had exchanged names with a Zulu. The object of the exchange is, that the two persons are thenceforth bound to consider each other as comrades, and to give assistance in every way. If, for example, Sininyane had happened to travel into the country where Moshoshama lived, the latter was bound to receive him into his house, and treat him like a brother.

They seem to be an intelligent race, and to appreciate the notion of a Creator, and of the immortality of the soul; but, like most African races, they cannot believe that the white and the black races have anything in common, or that the religion of the former can suit the latter. They are very ready to admit that Christianity is an admirable religion for white men, but will by no means be persuaded that it would be equally good for themselves.

They have a hazy sort of idea of *their*

Creator, the invisible head-chief of the spirits, and ground their belief in the immortality of the soul on the fact that their departed relatives come and speak to them in their dreams. They have the same idea of the muave poison that has already been mentioned; and so strong is their belief in its efficacy that, in a dispute, one man will challenge the other to drink muave; and even the chiefs themselves will often offer to test its discriminating powers.

When a Manganja dies, a great wailing is kept up in his house for two days; his tools and weapons are broken, together with the cooking vessels. All food in the house is taken out and destroyed; and even the beer is poured on the earth.

The burial grounds seem to be carefully cherished — as carefully, indeed, as many of the churchyards in England. The graves are all arranged north and south, and the sexes of the dead are marked by the implements laid on the grave. These implements are always broken; partly, perhaps, to signify that they can be used no more, and partly to save them from being stolen. Thus a broken mortar and pestle for pounding corn, together with the fragments of a sieve, tell that there lies below a woman who once had used them; whilst a piece of a net and a shattered paddle are emblems of the fisherman's trade, and tell that a fisherman is interred below. Broken calabashes, gourds, and other vessels, are laid on almost every grave; and in some instances a banana is planted at the head. The relatives wear a kind of mourning, consisting of narrow strips of palm leaf wound round their heads, necks, arms, legs, and breasts, and allowed to remain there until they drop off by decay.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BANYAI AND BADEMA TRIBES.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE BANYAI TRIBE—GOVERNMENT AND LAW OF SUCCESSION—DISCIPLINE OF YOUTH—MARRIAGE CUSTOMS—HUNTING—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS-TRAP—MANGROVE SWAMP—RAPACITY OF THE BANYAI CHIEF—BANYAI AXES, AND MODE OF MAKING THEM—ELEPHANT HUNTING—BOLDNESS OF THE MEN—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BANYAI—IDEA ABOUT THE HYÆNA—THE "TABOO"—CURIOUS BEEHIVES—THE BADEMA TRIBE—FISHING AND HUNTING WITH NETS—CONCEALMENT OF PROPERTY.

On the south bank of the Zambesi, somewhere about lat. 16° S. and long. 30° E., there is a tribe called the Banyai, who inhabit a tract of country called Shidima. The Banyai are a remarkably fine race of men, being tall, well made, and agile, and are moreover very fair, being of that *café au lait* color which is so fashionable in many parts of Africa. As some of their customs are unlike those of other tribes, a short mention will be made of them.

Their appearance is rather pleasing, and they have a curious fashion of dressing their hair, which much resembles that which was in use among the ancient Egyptians. The fashionable Banyai youth first divides his hair into small tufts, and draws them out as far as he can, encircling each tuft with a spiral bandage of vegetable tissue. The various tufts are then dyed red, and as they are sometimes a foot in length, and hang upon the shoulders, they present a very remarkable aspect. When the Banyai travel, they are fearful of damaging their elaborate head-dress, and so they gather it up in a bundle, and tie it on the top of the head.

Their government is equally simple and sensible. They choose their own chief, although they always keep to the same family. When a chief dies, his people consult together as to his successor. His immediate descendants are never selected, and, if possible, one of his brothers, or a nephew, is chosen. If they cannot find a qualified person at home, they go further afield, and look out for those relatives who have mingled with other tribes, thus bringing a new popu-

lation into their own tribe. Traders from other tribes are always very cautious about visiting the Banyai during the interregnum, as the people think that while there is no chief there is no law, and will in consequence rob without compunction those whom they would never venture to touch as long as the chief was living.

When the future chief is chosen, the electors go to him and tell him of their choice. It is then thought manners for him to assume a *nolo episcopari* air, to modestly deprecate his own character, and to remonstrate with the deputation for having elected a person so unworthy to fill the place of his revered predecessor, who possessed all the virtues and none of the weaknesses of humanity. In fact, the speech of the Banyai king-elect would answer excellently for newly-elected dignitaries of our own country, who make exactly the same kind of oration, and would be equally offended were they to be taken at their word.

Of course the new chief, after his deprecatory speech, assumes the vacant office, together with all the property, including the wives and children, of his predecessor, and takes very good care to keep the latter in subservience. Sometimes one of the sons thinks that he ought to be a man, and set up for a kind of chief himself, and accordingly secedes from the paternal roof, gathers round him as many youths as he can persuade to accompany him, and becomes a petty chief accordingly. The principal chief, however, has no idea of allowing an *imperium in imperio* in his dominions, and, when the young

chieftain has built his village and fairly settled down, he sends a body of his own soldiery to offer his congratulations. If the young chieftain receives them with clapping of hands and humble obeisance, all is well, as the supreme authority of the chief is thereby acknowledged. If not, they burn down all the village, and so teach by very intelligible language that before a youth dares to be a chieftain he had better perform the duties which a vassal owes to his sovereign.

There is a system among the Banyai which has a singular resemblance to the instruction of pages in the days of chivalry. When a man attains to eminence, he gathers around him a band of young boys, who are placed by their parents under his charge, and who are taught to become accomplished gentlemen after Banyai ideas. While they are yet in the condition of pagehood, they are kept under strict discipline, and obliged to be humble and punctilious toward their superiors, whom they recognize with the hand-clapping which is the salute common throughout Central Africa. At meal-times they are not allowed to help themselves, but are obliged to wait patiently until the food is divided for them by one of the men. They are also instructed in the Banyai law; and when they return to their parents, a case is submitted to them, and the progress which they have made is ascertained by their answers. To their teachers they are exceedingly useful. They are all sons of free men who are tolerably well off, and who send servants to accompany their sons, and to till the ground for their maintenance. They also send ivory to the teacher, with which he purchases clothing for the young scholars.

This custom shows that a certain amount of culture has been attained by the Banyai, and the social condition of their women is a still stronger proof. In most parts of savage Africa the woman is little more than a beast of burden, and has no more to do with the management of affairs or with her husband's counsels than the cows for which he has bought her. In Banyai-land, however, the women have not only their full share of power, but rather more than their share, the husbands never venturing to undertake any business or to conduct any bargain without the consent of their wives. The women even act as traders, visiting other towns with merchandise, and acting fairly toward both the purchaser and themselves.

Their marriages are conducted in a manner which shows that the wife is quite the equal of her husband. In most parts of Southern Africa a wife is bought for a stipulated number of cows, and, as soon as the bargain is concluded, and the girl handed over to the purchaser, she becomes his property, and is treated as such. But, among the Banyai, the young bridegroom

does not take his wife to his hut; he goes to the house of her parents. Here he is quite the inferior, and is the special servant of his mother-in-law, cutting wood for her use, and being very respectful in demeanor. Should he not like this kind of life, and be desirous of leaving it, he may do so whenever he likes; but he has to relinquish wife and children, unless he can pay the parents of the wife a sufficient sum to compensate them for their loss. Nevertheless, this is the principle on which the custom of buying wives is founded; but there are few places where the theory is reduced to practice.

Among the Banyai, as among many of the tribes along the river, the flesh of the hippopotamus is much eaten, and the capture of the animal is consequently a matter of importance. They do not care for boldly chasing the hippopotamus, as do the tribes which have already been mentioned, but they prefer to resort to the pitfall and the drop-trap. The pitfalls are always dug in places where the animal is likely to tread; and the pits are not only numerous, but generally placed in pairs close to each other. On one occasion a white traveller happened to fall into one of these pits, and after he had recovered from the shock of finding himself suddenly deprived of the light of day and enclosed in a deep hole, he set to work, and after many hours' labor managed to free himself from his unpleasant position. But no sooner had he fairly got out of the pit than he unfortunately stepped upon its companion, and fell into it just as he had fallen into the other.

The most ingenious mode of capturing the animal is by means of the drop-trap. For this purpose the native cuts a rather long and heavy log of wood, and, in order to make it still heavier, a couple of large stones are tied to it near one end, or a quantity of clay is kneaded round it. At the loaded end a hole is made, into which is set a spear-head, sometimes that of a large assagai, but mostly a sort of harpoon like that which has been described on page 341. A rope loop is then fastened to the other end, and the weapon is ready. The hunter now goes to a hippopotamus track, and looks out for a branch that overhangs it. Generally he can find a branch that will suit his purpose; but if not, he rigs up a sort of gallows on which he can suspend the armed log. When he has found a convenient branch, he takes a long rope, one end of which is fastened to a stick, places the stick across the branch, and hangs the loop of the harpoon upon the other end. He next passes the cord round a peg at the foot of the tree, about eighteen inches or so from the ground, draws it across the path, and then makes it fast.

The engraving No. 1, opposite, will explain how the whole business is managed. The tree on which the weapon is suspended

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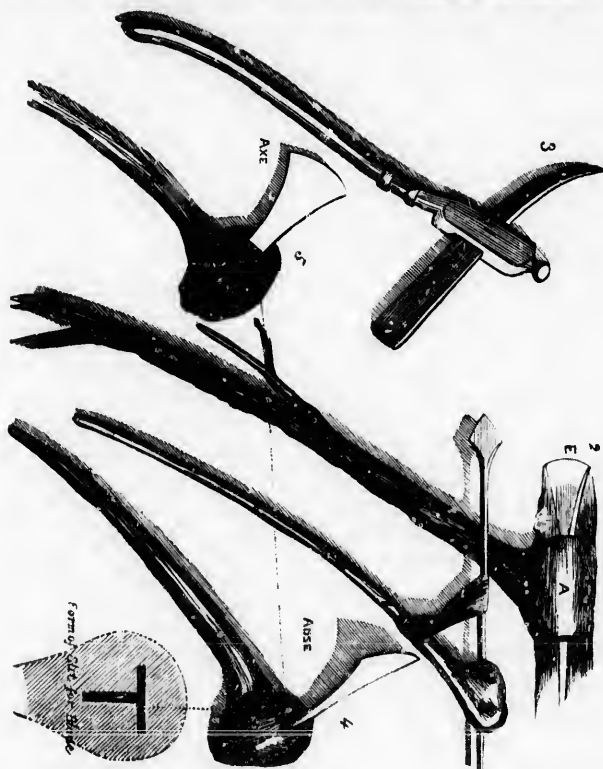
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(1.) HIPPOPOTAMUS TRAP.

(See page 362.)



(2.) AXES.
(See page 366.)



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is the mangrove, a tree utterly unlike any of those which we have in this land. The extraordinary vitality of this tree is well shown by the sketch, which was made by Mr. Baines. The trunk has been broken off, but the upper part has fallen against another tree and been supported by it. It has then thrown out a number of roots, which have descended to the moist ground, and give the tree a new support of its own. In such a case, the branches that tend downward wither away and die, those that tend upward increase rapidly, while those that project sideways take a turn, and then curve themselves upward. Examples of these branches may be seen in the sketch.

The mangrove is a self-sowing tree, and performs this act in a very curious manner. The seeds are very long, and furnished at the end with a hard, pointed tip. As soon as it is ripe, the seed falls, burying the pointed tip several inches into the soft, swampy soil, which mangroves love, and there remains. The object of this curious provision of Nature is, that the seed shall not be washed away by the periodical floods which inundate the country.

In such a soil there is no difficulty in finding the path of the hippopotamus, for the heavy and clumsy animal leaves a track which could be followed in the darkest night. Owing to the great width of its body, the feet of the opposite sides are set rather wider apart than is the case with lighter animals, so that when the hippopotamus walks through grass it makes a distinct double path, with a ridge of grass in the middle. When it walks on the soft, muddy soil of the river bank, the animal makes a most curious track, the feet sinking deeply into the earth, and forming a sort of double rut studded with holes at the distance of an inch or two from each other, a ridge some two inches in width dividing the ruts.

There is no path so trying to a traveller as a hippopotamus track. In that part of the country it is necessary to walk barefoot, or, at all events, to use nothing more than the native sandals. If the traveller tries to walk on the central ridge, he finds that the exertion of keeping the balance is almost equivalent to walking on a tight-rope or a Bornean "batang," and that the pressure on the middle of the foot soon becomes too painful to be borne. If he tries to walk in the ruts, he is no better off, for his feet sink deeply into the holes punched by the limbs of the hippopotamus, the toes are forcibly pressed upward, and the leg is fixed so tightly in the hole that the traveller cannot withdraw it until the earth has been removed.

Over one of these tracks the native hunter suspends his harpoon, taking care that the blade shall hang exactly above the central ridge. As the hippopotamus comes walking along he strikes his foot against the cord.

The blow releases the harpoon, which falls with tremendous violence, burying the iron head deep into the animal's back. Now and then the head comes exactly on the spine, and in that case the animal falls helpless on the spot. Usually, however, the wound is not immediately fatal, and the hippopotamus rushes to the river, hoping thus to shake off the cruel weapon which had tortured him on land. Sooner or later, he is sure to die from the wound, and then the natives, who, like the hippopotamus, never hurry themselves, drag the huge carcass to land, and hold a mighty feast upon it.

In some parts of the country these fall-traps are set nearly as thickly as the pits which have already been mentioned, and the result is, that the animals have become exceedingly suspicious, and will not approach anything that looks like a trap. They are so thoroughly afraid of being injured, that the native agriculturists are in the habit of imitating traps by suspending mangrove seeds, bits of sticks, and other objects, to the branches of the trees, knowing that the wary animal will keep very clear of so dangerous-looking a locality. The trap has to be set with considerable skill, and much care must be taken to conceal the rope which crosses the path, or the animal will not strike it. Large and heavy, and apparently clumsy, as he is, he can look out for himself, and, in places where traps are plentiful, he becomes so suspicious that if even a twig lie across his path he will rather go round it than tread it under foot.

The Banyai chiefs do not neglect the usual African custom of demanding toll from every traveller who passes through their territories, although they do not appear to be quite so rapacious as some, of whom we shall presently treat. The Banyai enforce their tribute much as the owner of a ferry compels payment for the passengers. Knowing that their permission, and even assistance, is needed in passing through the country, they set a very high price upon their services, and will not allow the traveller to proceed until he has complied with their demands. Feeling sure of their position, they are apt to be violent as well as extortionate, flinging down the offered sum with contemptuous gestures, and abusing their victims with a wonderful flow of disparaging language.

Dr. Livingstone, knowing their customs, contrived to get the better of the Banyai in a place where they were accustomed to carry things with a high hand, even over the Portuguese traders. At night, when the time came for repose, instead of going ashore, after the usual custom of the native canoe men, he anchored in the middle of the stream, and had couches made on board. This device completely disconcerted the plans of the Banyai, who expected the travellers to come ashore, and, of course, would

have kept them prisoners until they had paid a heavy toll for permission to embark again. They even shouted invitations from the river bank to come and sleep on land, but dared not attack a boat filled with armed men commanded by Europeans. The oddest part of the whole proceeding was, that the Makololo and Batoka boatmen, who were accompanying Dr. Livingstone, had never thought of so simple a device, and roared exultant jeers from their boat to the Banyai on shore.

The country in which the Banyai live furnishes various kinds of food of which an European would be ignorant, and therefore would run a great risk of starving in a place where the Banyai would be reveling in plenty. Ant-hills, for example, almost always furnish huge mushrooms, which are at once palatable and nutritious; and there are several kinds of subterranean tubers that are only to be found by striking the ground with stones and listening to the sound. One of these tubers is remarkable for the fact that in winter time it has a slight but perceptible quantity of salt in it.

The Banyai, like other African tribes, have their peculiar superstitions, such as pouring out the contents of their snuff box as an offering to the spirits of the dead when they are engaged in hunting, hoping thereby to propitiate them and procure their aid. One man who had performed this act of devotion was quite scandalized at the irreverence of hunters who belonged to other tribes, and who, as he said, did not know how to pray. The same man took to himself the credit of having destroyed an elephant which had been killed by others, his prayers and snuff, and not the weapons of the hunters, having, according to his idea, been the real instruments by which the animal fell.

The particular animal, by the way, was killed in a manner peculiar to some of the tribes in this part of Africa. These native hunters are very Nimrods for skill and courage, going after the elephant into the depths of his own forest, and boldly coping with him, though armed with weapons which an European would despise.

The chief weapon which is used by these tribes is a kind of axe. It is made much after the fashion of those used by the Bechuana described on page 290. The "tang," however, which is fastened into the handle, is at least three feet in length, and the handle is sometimes six or seven feet long, so that the instrument looks more like a scythe than an axe. The handle is made by cutting off a branch of convenient thickness, and also a foot or two of the trunk at its junction. A hole is then bored through the piece of the trunk, the tang of the head inserted into it, and the rough wood then dressed into shape; thus the necessary

weight is gained without the expenditure of valuable metal.

The illustration No. 2 on page 363 will make this ingenious process clear. Fig. 2 represents part of the trunk of a tree, marked A, from which starts a convenient branch. Seeing that this branch will answer for the handle of an axe, the native cuts across the trunk, and thus has a very rude kind of mallet, possessed of considerable weight. A hole is next bored through the part of the trunk, and the iron tang of the axelhead thrust through it. The superabundant wood is then trimmed off, as shown in the cut, the branch is scraped and smoothed, and the simple but effective axe is complete.

Figs. 4 and 5 represent a convertible axo which is much used by this people. As in their work they sometimes need an adze, and sometimes an axe, they have ingeniously made a tool which will serve either purpose. The handle and butt are made exactly as has already been described, but, instead of piercing a single hole for the iron head, the Banyai cut two holes at right angles to each other, as seen in the diagram, fig. 4. The iron, therefore, can be fixed in either of these sockets, and, according to the mode in which it is inserted, the tool becomes either an axe or an adze. At fig. 4 it is placed in the horizontal socket, and accordingly the tool is an adze; but at fig. 5 it is transformed into an axe, merely by shifting the iron head into the perpendicular socket.

It is a curious fact that the Water Dyaks of Borneo have a very similar tool, which they use in boat-building. It is much smaller than the Banyai axe, being only used in one hand, and the head is fixed to the handle by an elaborate binding of split rattan, which is so contrived that the head can be turned at pleasure with its edge parallel to or across the handle.

Fig. 3 represents a rather curious form of axe, which is sometimes found among the Banyai and other tribes. The head is made very long, and it is made so that, when the owner wishes to carry it from one place to another, he does not trouble himself to hold it in his hand, but merely hangs it over his shoulder.

The elephant axe is shown at fig. 1, but it is hardly long enough in the handle. In one part of Central Africa the head is fastened to the handle by means of a socket; but this form is exceedingly rare, and, in such a climate as is afforded by tropical Africa, is far inferior to that which has been described.

The hunters who use this curious weapon go in pairs, one having the axe, which has been most carefully sharpened, and the other not troubling himself about any weapon, except perhaps a spear or two. When they have found an elephant with

good tusks, they separate, and work their way round a wide circuit, so as to come upon him from different quarters, the axeman always approaching from behind, and the assistant coming toward the front. As soon as they know, by well-understood signals, that they are near the animal, they begin their work. The assistant begins to rustle among the branches at some distance in front, not in such a manner as to alarm the elephant, but to keep his attention fixed, and make him wonder what the singular movements can mean. While he is engaged with the man in front, the axeman steals gradually on him from behind, and with a sweep of his huge weapon severs the tendon of the hock, which in the elephant is at a very short distance from the ground. From that moment the animal is helpless, its enormous weight requiring the full use of all its limbs; and the hunters can, if they choose, leave it there and go after another, being quite sure that they will find the lamed animal in the same place where it was left. Even if the axe blow should not quite sever the tendon, it is sure to cut so deeply that at the first step which the animal takes the tendon gives way with a loud snap.

To return to the religious notions of the Banyai. The man who made oblation of his snuff said that the elephant was specially directed by the Great Spirit to come to the hunters, because they were hungry and wanted food; a plain proof that they have some idea, however confused and imperfect it may be, of a superintending and guiding Providence. The other Banyai showed by their conduct that this feeling was common to the tribe, and not peculiar to the individual; for when they brought corn, poultry, and beads, as thank-offerings to the hunters who had killed the elephant, they mentioned that they had already given thanks to the Barimo, or gods, for the successful chase. The Banyai seem to have odd ideas about animals; for when the hyenas set up their hideous laugh, the men said that they were laughing because they knew that the men

could not eat all the elephant, and must leave some for the hyenas. In some parts of the country the hyenas and lions are so numerous, that when the inhabitants are benighted at a distance from human habitations, they build little resting places in the branches of trees, and lodge there for the night, leaving their little huts in the branches as memorials of their visit.

Among the peculiar superstitions is one which is much in vogue. This is a mode of protecting property from thieves, and consists of a strip of palm leaf, smeared with some compound, and decorated with tufts of grass, bits of wood, little roots, and the like. It is chiefly used for the protection of honey, which is sometimes wild, the bees making a nest for themselves in the hollow of a tree, and sometimes preserved in hives, which are made of bark, and placed in the branches. The hives are long and cylindrical, and laid on their sides. The protecting palm leaf is tied round the tree, and the natives firmly believe that if a thief were to climb over it, much more to remove it, he would be at once afflicted with illness, and soon die. The reader will see here an analogous superstition to the "tapu," or taboo, of Polynesia.

The hives are made simply enough. Two incisions are made completely round the tree, about five feet apart, and a longitudinal slit is then cut from one incision to the other. The bark is carefully opened at this slit, and by proper management it comes off the tree without being broken, returning by its own elasticity to its original shape. The edges of the slit are then sewed together, or fastened by a series of little wooden pegs. The ends are next closed with grass ropes, coiled up just like the targets which are used by modern archers; and, a hole being made in one of the ends, the hive is complete. Large quantities of honey and wax are thus collected and used for exportation; indeed all the wax that comes from Loanda is collected from these hives.

THE BADÉMA TRIBE.

THERE is still left a small fragment of one of the many African tribes which are rapidly expiring. These people are called BADÉMA, and from their ingenuity seem to deserve a better fate. They are careful husbandmen, and cultivate small quantities of tobacco, maize, and cotton in the hollows of the valleys, where sufficient moisture lingers to support vegetation. They are clever sportsmen, and make great use of the net, as well on the land as in the water. For fishing they have a kind of casting net and when they go out to catch zebras,

antelopes, and other animals, they do so by stretching nets across the narrow outlets of ravines, and then driving the game into them. The nets are made of baobab bark, and are very strong.

They have a singularly ingenious mode of preserving their corn. Like many other failing tribes, they are much persecuted by their stronger neighbors, who are apt to make raids upon them, and carry off all their property, the chief part of which consists of corn. Consequently they are obliged to conceal their stores in the hills, and only keep

a small portion in their huts, just sufficient for the day's consumption. But the mice and monkeys are quite as fond of corn as their human enemies, and would soon destroy all their stores, had not the men a plan by which they can be preserved. The Badéma have found out a tree, the bark of which is hateful both to the mice and the monkeys. Accordingly they strip off the bark, which is of a very bitter char-

acter, roll it up into cylindrical vessels, and in these vessels they keep their corn safely in caves and crevices among the rocks.

Of course, when their enemies come upon them, they always deny that they have any food except that which is in their huts, and when Dr. Livingstone came among them for the first time they made the stereotyped denial, stating that they had been robbed only a few weeks before.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BALONDO OR BALONDA AND THE ANGOLESE.

GENERAL APPEARANCE—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—WOMAN'S DRESS—MANENKO AND HER STRANGE
COSTUME—FASHIONS IN HAIR-DRESSING—COSTUME OF THE MEN—THEIR ORNAMENTS—PECULIAR
GAIT—MODE OF SALUTATION—CURIOSITY—MILDNESS OF TEMPERAMENT—AN ATTEMPT AT EX-
TORTION—A SCENE AT COURT—BALONDA MUSIC—MANENKO IN COMMAND—KATEMA AND HIS
DEARER—LOVE OF CATTLE—FOOD OF THE BALONDA—FISH-CATCHING—BALONDA ARCHITECTURE
—CEMENTING FRIENDSHIP—RELIGION AND IDOLS—A WILD LEGEND—FUNERAL CUSTOMS—THE
ANGOLESE—THEIR CHARACTER—AGRICULTURE—THE MANIOC, AND ITS USES—MEDICINES AND
CUPPING—SUPERSTITIONS—MARRIAGES AND FUNERALS—DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SUMMARY.

WE now come to a rather important tribe that lives very close to the equator. This is called the Balondo or Balonda tribe, *i. e.* the people who inhabit Londa-land, a very large district on the western side of Africa. A great number of small tribes inhabit this country, but, as they really are offshoots of the one tribe, we will treat of them all under the common name of Balondo.

The chief ruler, or king, of the Balonda tribes is Matiamvo, a name which is hereditary, like that of the Czar or Pharaoh. He has absolute power of life and death, and one of them had a way of proving this authority by occasionally running about the town and beheading every one whom he met, until sometimes quite a heap of human heads was collected. He said that his people were too numerous to be prosperous, and so he took this simple method of diminishing their numbers. There seems to be no doubt that he was insane, and his people thought so too; but their reverence for his office was so great that he was allowed to pursue his mad course without check, and at length died peaceably, instead of being murdered, as might have been expected.

He was a great slave-dealer, and used to conduct the transaction in a manner remarkable for its simplicity. When a slave-merchant came to his town, he took all his visitor's property, and kept him as a guest for a week or ten days. After that time, having shown his hospitality, he sent out a party of armed men against some populous

village, killed the headman, and gave the rest of the inhabitants to the slave merchant in payment for his goods. Thus he enriched his treasury and thinned his population by the same act. Indeed, he seemed always to look upon villages as property which could be realized at any time, and had, besides, the advantage of steadily increasing in value. If he heard of or saw anything which he desired exceedingly, and the owner declined to part with it, he would destroy a whole village, and offer the plunder to the owner of the coveted property.

Still, under this régime, the people lead, as a general rule, tolerably happy and contented lives. They are not subjected to the same despotism as the tribes of the Southern districts, and, indeed, often refuse to obey the orders of the chief. Once, when Katema sent to the Balobale, a sub-tribe under his protection, and ordered them to furnish men to carry Dr. Livingstone's goods, they flatly refused to do so, in spite of Katema's threat that, if they did not obey, he would deprive them of his countenance, and send them back to their former oppressors. The fact is, each of the chiefs is anxious to collect round himself as many people as possible, in order to swell his own importance, and he does not like to do anything that might drive them away from him into the ranks of some rival chief. Dr. Livingstone remarks, that this disobedience is the more remarkable, as it occurs in a country where the slave-trade



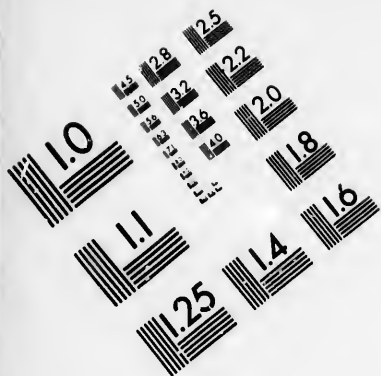
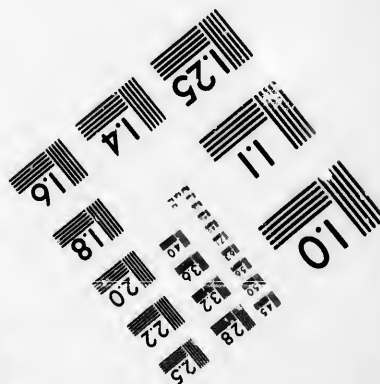
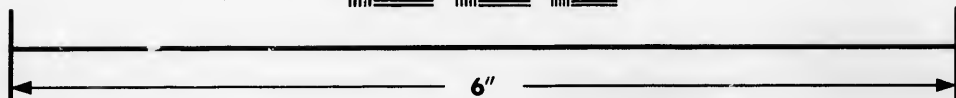
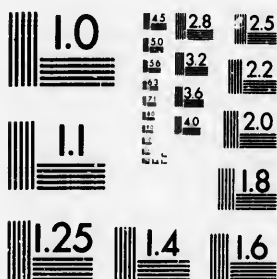


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is in full force, and where people may be kidnapped and sold under any pretext that may happen to occur to the chief.

As is frequently the case with African tribes, there is considerable variety of color among the Balondo, some being of a notably pale chocolate hue, while others are so black as to rival the negro in darkness of complexion. They appear to be a rather pleasing set of men, tainted, as must be the case, with the ordinary vices of savage life, but not morose, cruel, or treacherous, as is too often the case. The women appear to be almost exceptionally lively, being full of animal spirits, and spending all their leisure time, which seems to be considerable, in chattering, weddings, funerals, and similar amusements. Dr. Livingstone offers a suggestion that this flow of spirits may be one reason why they are so indestructible a race, and thinks that their total want of care is caused by the fatalism of their religious theories, such as they are. Indeed, he draws rather a curious conclusion from their happy and cheerful mode of life, considering that it would be a difficulty in the way of a missionary, though why a lively disposition and Christianity should be opposed to each other is not easy to see.

One woman, named Manenko, afforded a curious example of mixed energy, liveliness, and authority. She was a chief, and, though married, retained the command in her own hands. When she first visited Dr. Livingstone, she was a remarkably tall and fine woman of twenty or thereabouts, and rather astonished her guest by appearing before him in a bright coat of red ochre, and nothing else, except some charms hung round her neck. This absence of clothing was entirely a voluntary act on her part, as, being a chief, she might have had any amount of clothing that she liked; but she evidently thought that her dignity required her to outdo the generality of Balondo ladies in the scantiness of apparel which distinguishes them.

In one part of Londa-land the women are almost wholly without clothes, caring nothing for garments, except those of European manufacture, which they wear with much pride. Even in this latter case the raiment is not worn so much as a covering to the body as a kind of ornament which shows the wealth of the wearer, for the women will purchase calico and other stuffs at extravagant prices. They were willing to give twenty pounds' weight of meal and a fowl for a little strip of calico barely two feet in length, and, having put it on, were quite charmed with their new dress.

The fact is, they have never been accustomed to dress, and "are all face," the weather having no more effect on their bodies than it does on our faces. Even the very babies are deprived of the warm furled wrapper in which the generality of

African mothers carry them, and the infant is as exposed to the weather as its mother. The Londa mother carries her child in a very simple manner. She plait a bark belt, some four inches or so in width, and hangs it over one shoulder and under the other, like the sash of a light infantry officer. The child is partly seated on its mother's hip, and partly supported by the belt, which, as is evident, does not afford the least protection against the weather. They even sleep in the same state of nudity, keeping up a fire at night, which they say is their clothing. The women tried very hard to move the compassionate feelings of their white visitors by holding up their little naked babies, and begging for clothes; but it was clear that the real destination of such clothes was for ornaments for themselves.

As is the case with several other tribes which care little for clothes, they decorate their heads with the greatest care, weaving their hair into a variety of patterns, that must cost infinite trouble to make, and scarcely less to preserve. They often employ the "buffalo-horn" pattern, which has already been mentioned, sometimes working their hair into two horns, and sometimes into one, which projects over the forehead. Some of them divide the hair into a number of cords or plaits, and allow them to hang all round the face. The most singular method of dressing the hair is one which is positively startling at first sight, on account of the curious resemblance which it bears to the "nimbus" with which the heads of saints are conventionally surrounded. The hair is dressed in plaits, as has already been mentioned, but, instead of being allowed to hang down, each plait or strand is drawn out in a radiating fashion, and the ends are fastened to a hoop of light wood. When this is done, the hoop itself represents the nimbus, and the strands of hair the radiating beams of light. (See next page.)

The features of the Balondo women are pleasing enough, and in some cases are even tolerably regular. The teeth are allowed to retain their original form and whiteness; and it is a pity that so many good countenances are disfigured by the custom of thrusting pieces of reed through the septum of the nose.

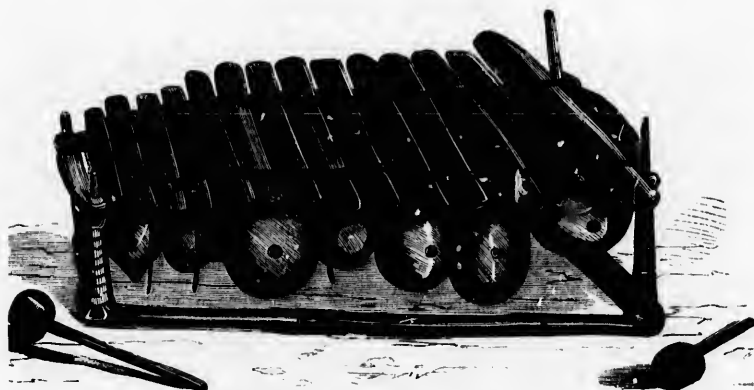
The dress of the Balondo men is more worthy of the name than that of the women, as it consists of a girdle round the waist, with a softly-dressed skin of a jackal in front, and a similar skin behind. Dr. Livingstone relates an anecdote concerning this dress, which shows how arbitrary is the feeling of decency and its opposite. He had with him a number of Makololo men, whose dress is similar to that of many other tribes, and consists merely of a piece of soft hide fastened to the girdle in front, brought under the legs, and tucked into the girdle behind. Now this dress is much more

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(1.) THE MARIMBA OR AFRICAN PIANO. (See page 375.)



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worthy of the name than the double skin of the Balonda. Yet the Balonda girls, themselves in a state of almost complete nudity, were very much shocked when they found that the Makololo men wore no back-apron. Whenever a Makololo man happened to turn his back upon the women and girls, they laughed and jeered at him to such an extent that he was made quite wretched by their scorn. Had they been even moderately clad, such behavior might seem excusable, but, when it is remembered that the dress of the despised visitor would have furnished costumes to four or five of the women who were laughing at him, we can but wonder at the singular hold which fashion takes of the human mind.

The Balondo men are as fond of ornaments as their wives, and, as with them, the decorations chiefly belong to the head and the feet. In some places they have a fashion of dressing their hair into a conical form, similar to that which has been already mentioned; while a man who is fond of dress will generally show his foppery by twisting his beard into three distinct plaits. Some of the Balondo men have a considerable quantity of thick woolly hair, and dress it in a singular fashion. They begin by parting it down the middle, and then forming the hair of each side into two thick rolls, which pass between the ears and fall down as far as the shoulders. The rest of the hair is gathered up into a bundle, and hangs on the back of the neck.

Whenever they can afford it, the Balondo men will carry one of the large knives which are so prevalent in this part of the continent. Throughout the whole of Western Africa there is one type of knife, which undergoes various modifications according to the particular district in which it is made, and this type is as characteristic of Western Africa as the Bechuana knife is of the southern parts. Their curious form is almost identical with that of weapons taken from tumuli in Europe. The sheath is always very wide, and is made with great care, being mostly ornamental as well as useful.

Heavy rings of copper and other metals are as much in vogue as among the Damaras; only the men prefer to wear them on their own limbs, instead of hanging them over to their wives. As wealth is mostly carried on the person in this country, a rich Balondo man will have six or seven great copper rings encircling his ankles, each ring weighing two pounds or so. The gait of a rich man is therefore singularly ungraceful, the feet being planted widely apart, so that the massive rings should not come in contact. The peculiar gait which is caused by the presence of the treasured rings is much admired among the Balondo, and is studiously imitated by those who have no need to use it. A young man, for example, who is only worth half a dozen rings weighing

half an ounce or so each, will strut about with his feet wide apart, as if he could hardly walk for the weight of his anklets.

The ornament which is most prized is made from a large species of shell belonging to the genus *Conus*. The greater part of the shell is chipped away, and only the flat and spiral base is left. This is pierced in the middle, and a string is passed through the middle, so that it can be hung round the neck. Dr. Livingstone tells an anecdote which shows the estimation in which this ornament is held. Just before his departure the king, Shinte, came into his tent, and passed a considerable time in examining his books, watch, and other curiosities. At last he carefully closed the door of the tent, so that none of his people might see the extravagance of which he was about to be guilty, and drew one of these shells from his clothing, hung it round his host's neck, with the words, "There, now you have a proof of my friendship." These shells are used, like stars and crosses in England, as emblems of rank; and they have besides a heavy intrinsic value, costing the king at the rate of a slave for two, or a large elephant's tusk for five.

The very fact that they possess insignia of rank shows that they must possess some degree of civilization; and this is also shown by the manner in which inferiors are bound to salute those above them. If a man of low rank should meet a superior, the former immediately drops on his knees, picks up a little dirt, rubs it on his arms and chest, and then claps his hands until the great man has passed. So punctilious are they in their manner, that when Sambanza, the husband of Manenko, was making a speech to the people of a village, he interspersed his discourse with frequent salutations, although he was a man of consequence himself, being the husband of the chief.

There are many gradations in the mode of saluting. Great chiefs go through the movements of rubbing the sand, but they only make a pretence of picking up sand. If a man desires to be very polite indeed, he carries with him some white ashes or powdered pipe-clay in a piece of skin, and, after kneeling in the usual manner, rubs it on his chest and arms, the white powder being an oenar proof that the salutation has been properly conducted. He then claps his hands, stoops forward, lays first one cheek and then the other on the ground, and continues his clapping for some little time. Sometimes, instead of clapping his hands, he drums with his elbows against his ribs.

On the whole, those travellers who have passed through Londa seem to be pleased with the character of the inhabitants. Dr. Livingstone appears to have had but little trouble with them, except when resisting the extortionate demands which they, like other tribes, were apt to make for leave

of passage through their country. He writes:—

"One could detect, in passing, the variety of character found among the owners of gardens and villages. Some villages were the picture of neatness. We entered others enveloped in a wilderness of weeds, so high that, when sitting on an ox-back in the middle of the village, we could only see the tops of the huts. If we entered at mid-day, the owners would come lazily forth, pipe in hand, and leisurely puff away in dreamy indifference. In some villages weeds were not allowed to grow; cotton, tobacco, and different plants used as relishes, are planted round the huts; fowls are kept in cages; and the gardens present the pleasant spectacle of different kinds of grain and pulse at various periods of their growth. I sometimes admired the one class, and at times wished I could have taken the world easy, like the other.

"Every village swarms with children, who turn out to see the white man pass, and run along with strange cries and antics; some run up trees to get a good view—all are agile climbers through Londa. At friendly villages they have scampered alongside our party for miles at a time. We usually made a little hedge round our sheds; crowds of women came to the entrance of it, with children on their backs, and pipes in their mouths, gazing at us for hours. The men, rather than disturb them, crawled through a hole in the hedge; and it was common to hear a man in running off say to them, "I am going to tell my mamma to come and see the white man's oxen."

According to the same authority, the Balonda do not appear to be a very quarrelsome race, generally restricting themselves to the tongue as a weapon, and seldom resorting to anything more actively offensive. The only occasion on which he saw a real quarrel take place was rather a curious one. An old woman had been steadily abusing a young man for an hour or two, with that singular fluency of invective with which those women seem to be gifted. He endured it patiently for some time, but at last uttered an exclamation of anger. On which another man sprang forward, and angrily demanded why the other had cursed his mother. They immediately closed with each other, and a scuffle commenced, in the course of which they contrived to tear off the whole of each other's clothing. The man who began the assault then picked up his clothes and ran away, threatening to bring his gun, but he did not return, and the old woman proceeded with her abuse of the remaining combatant. In their quarrels the Balonda make plenty of noise, but after a while they suddenly cease from their mutual invective, and conclude the dispute with a hearty laugh.

Once a most flagrant attempt at extortion

was made by Kawawa, a Balonda chief who had a very bad character, and was in disfavor with Matlamvo, the supreme chief of the Balonda. He sent a body of men to a ferry which they had to cross, in order to prevent the boatman taking them over the river. The canoes were removed; and as the river was at least a hundred yards wide, and very deep, Kawawa thought he had the strangers at his mercy, and that if the cart, the ox, the gun, the powder, and the slave, which he required, were not forthcoming, he could keep the strangers until they were forced to comply with his demands. However, during the night Dr. Livingstone swam to the place where the canoes were hidden, ferried the whole party across, replaced the canoe, together with some beads as payment for its use, and quietly swam to the side on which their party were now safely landed. Kawawa had no idea that any of the travellers could swim, and the whole party were greatly amused at the astonishment which they knew he must feel when he found the travellers vanished and the canoes still in their place of concealment.

Some of the Balonda have a very clever but rather mean method of extorting money from travellers. When they ferry a party over the river, they purposely drop or leave in a canoe a knife or some other object of value. They then watch to see if any one will pick it up, and, if so, seize their victim and accuse him of the theft. They always manage to do so just before the headman of the party has been ferried across, and threaten to retain him as a hostage until their demand be paid. Dr. Livingstone once fell a victim to this trick, a lad belonging to his party having picked up a knife which was thrown down as a bait by one of the rascally boatmen. As the lad happened to possess one of those precious shells which have been mentioned, he was forced to surrender it to secure his liberty. Such conduct was, however, unusual with the Balonda, and the two great chiefs, Shinte and Katema, behaved with the greatest kindness to the travellers. The former chief gave them a grand reception, which exhibited many of the manners and customs of the people.

The royal throne was placed under the shade of a spreading banyan tree, and was covered with a leopard skin. The chief had disfigured himself with a checked jacket and a green baize kilt; but, besides these portions of civilized costume, he wore a multitude of native ornaments, the most conspicuous being the number of copper and iron rings round his arms and ankles, and a sort of bead helmet adorned with a large plume of feathers. His three pages were close to him, and behind him sat a number of women headed by his chief wife, who was distinguished from the others by a cap of scarlet material.

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Between the speeches the women filled up the time by chanting a wild and plaintive melody; and that they were allowed to take more than a passive part in the proceedings was evident from the frequency with which they applauded the various speeches. Music was also employed at the reception, the instruments being the marimba, which has already been mentioned, and drums. These latter instruments are carved from solid blocks of wood, cut into hollow cylinders, the ends of which are covered with antelope skin, and tightly fastened by a row of small wooden pegs. There is no method of bracing the skins such as we use with our drums, and when the drum-heads become slack they are tightened by being held to the fire. These drums are played with the hand, and not with sticks.

As to Shinte's niece, Mancenko, the female chief, she was a woman who really deserved her rank, from her bold and energetic character. She insisted on conducting the party in her own manner; and when they set out, she headed the expedition in person. It happened to be a singularly unpleasant one, the rain falling in torrents, and yet this very energetic lady marched on at a pace that could be equalled by few of the men, and without the slightest protection from the weather, save the coat of red grease and a charmed necklace. When asked why she did not wear clothes, she said that a chief ought to despise such luxuries, and ought to set an example of fortitude to the rest of the tribe. Nearly all the members of the expedition complained of cold, wet, and hunger, but this indefatigable lady pressed on in the very lightest marching order, and not until they were all thoroughly wearied

would she consent to halt for the night. Her husband, Sambanza, had to march in her train, accompanied by a man who had instructions to beat a drum incessantly, which he did until the perpetual rain soaked the skin-heads so completely that they would not produce a sound. Sambanza had then to chant all kinds of invocations to the rain, which he did, but without any particular effect.

She knew well what was her dignity, and never allowed it to be encroached upon. On one occasion Dr. Livingstone had presented an ox to Shinte. Manenko heard of it, and was extremely angry that such a gift should have been made. She said that, as she was the chief of the party who had brought the white men, the ox was hers, and not theirs, as long as she was in command. So she sent for the ox straightway, had it slaughtered by her own men, and then sent Shinte a leg. The latter chief seemed to think that she was justified in what she had done, took the leg, and said nothing about it.

Yet she did not forget that, although she was a chief, she was a woman, and ought therefore to perform a woman's duties. When the party stopped for the night in some village, Manenko was accustomed to go to the huts and ask for some maize, which she ground and prepared with her own hands and brought to Dr. Livingstone, as he could not eat the ordinary country meal without being ill afterward. She was also careful to inform him of the proper mode of approaching a Balonda town or village. It is bad manners to pass on and enter a town without having first sent notice to the headman. As soon as a traveller comes within sight of the houses, he ought to halt, and send forward a messenger to state his name, and ask for permission to enter. The headman or chief then comes out, meets the stranger under a tree, just as Shinte received Dr. Livingstone, giving him a welcome, and appointing him a place where he may sleep. Before he learned this piece of etiquette, several villages had been much alarmed by the unannounced arrival of the visitors, who were in consequence looked upon with fear and suspicion.

Afterward, when they came to visit the great chief Katema, they found him quite as friendly as Shinte had been. He received them much after the same manner, being seated, and having around him a number of armed men or guards, and about thirty women behind him. In going to or coming from the place of council, he rode on the shoulders of a man appointed for the purpose, and who, through dint of long practice, performed his task with apparent ease, though he was slightly made, and Katema was a tall and powerful man. He had a great idea of his own dignity, and made a speech in which he compared himself with

Matlamvo, saying that he was the great Moéne, or lord, the fellow of Matlamvo.

He was very proud of a small herd of cattle, about thirty in number, mostly white in color, and as active as antelopes. He had bred them all himself, but had no idea of utilizing them, and was quite delighted when told that they could be milked, and the milk used for food. It is strange that the Balonda are not a more pastoral people, as the country is admirably adapted for the nurture of cattle, and all those which were possessed by Katema, or even by Matlamvo himself, were in splendid condition. So wild were Katema's cattle, that when the chief had presented the party with a cow, they were obliged to stalk and shoot it, as if it had been a buffalo. The native who shot the cow being a bad marksman, the cow was only wounded, and dashed off into the forest, together with the rest of the herd. Even the herdsman was afraid to go among them, and, after two days' hunting, the wounded cow was at last killed by another ball.

The Balonda are not only fond of cattle, but they do their best to improve the breed. When a number of them went with Dr. Livingstone into Angola, they expressed much contemptuous wonder at the neglect both of land and of domesticated animals. They themselves are always on the look-out for better specimens than their own, and even took the trouble of carrying some large fowls all the way from Angola to Shinte's village. When they saw that even the Portuguese settlers slaughtered little cows and heifer calves, and made no use of the milk, they at once set the white men down as an inferior race. When they heard that the flour used by these same settlers was nearly all imported from a foreign country, they were astonished at the neglect of a land so suited for agriculture as Angola. "These know nothing but buying and selling; they are not men," was the verdict given by the so-called savages.

The food of the Balonda is mostly of a vegetable character, and consists in a great measure of the manioe, or cassava, which grows in great abundance. There are two varieties of this plant, namely, the sweet and the bitter, *i. e.* the poisonous. The latter, however, is the quicker of growth, and consequently is chiefly cultivated. In order to prepare it for consumption, it is steeped in water for four days, when it becomes partially rotten, the skin comes off easily, and the poisonous matter is easily extracted. It is then dried in the sun, and can be pounded into a sort of meal.

When this meal is cooked, it is simply stirred into boiling water, one man holding the vessel and putting in the meal, while the other stirs it with all his might. The natives like this simple diet very much, but to an European it is simply detestable. It

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has no flavor except that which arises from partial decomposition, and it looks exactly like ordinary starch when ready for the laundress. It has but little nutritive power, and, however much a man may contrive to eat, he is as hungry two hours afterward as if he had fasted. Dr. Livingstone compares it in appearance, taste, and odor, to potato starch made from diseased tubers. Moreover, owing to the mode of preparing it, the cooking is exceedingly imperfect, and, in consequence, its effects upon ordinary European digestions may be imagined.

The manioc plant is largely cultivated, and requires but little labor, the first planting involving nearly all the trouble. In the low-lying valleys the earth is dug with the curious Balonda hoe, which has two handles and one blade, and is scraped into parallel beds, about three feet wide and one foot in height, much resembling those in which asparagus is planted in England. In these beds pieces of the manioc stalk are planted at four feet apart. In order to save space, ground-nuts, beans, or other plants are sown between the beds, and, after the crop is gathered, the ground is cleared of weeds, and the manioc is left to nurture itself. It is fit for eating in a year or eighteen months, according to the character of the soil; but there is no necessity for digging it at once, as it may be left in the ground for three years before it becomes dry and bitter. When a root is dug, the woman cuts off two or three pieces of the stalk, puts them in the hole which she has made, and thus a new crop is begun. Not only the root is edible, but also the leaves, which are boiled and cooked as vegetables.

The Balonda seldom can obtain meat, and even Shinte himself, great chief as he was, had to ask for an ox, saying that his mouth was bitter for the want of meat. The reader may remember that when the ox in question was given, he was very thankful for the single leg which Manenko allowed him to receive. The people are not so fastidious in their food as many other tribes, and they are not above eating mice and other small animals with their tasteless porridge. They also eat fowls and eggs, and are fond of fish, which they catch in a very ingenious manner.

When the floods are out, many fish, especially the silurus, or mosala, as the natives call it, spread themselves over the land. Just before the waters retire, the Balonda construct a number of earthen banks across the outlets, leaving only small apertures for the water to pass through. In these apertures they fix creels or baskets, so made that the fish are forced to enter them as they follow the retreating waters, but, once in, they cannot get out again. Sometimes, instead of earthen walls, they plant rows of mats stretched between sticks, which answer the same purpose.

They also use fish traps very like our own lobster pots, and place a bait inside in order to attract the fish. Hooks are also employed; and in some places they descend to the practice of poisoning the water, by which means they destroy every fish, small and great, that comes within range of the deadly juice. The fish when taken are cleaned, split open, and dried in the smoke, so that they can be kept for a considerable time.

Like other Africans, the Balonda make great quantities of beer, which has more a stupefying than an intoxicating character, those who drink it habitually being often seen lying on their faces fast asleep. A more intoxicating drink is a kind of mead which they make, and of which some of them are as fond as the old Ossianic heroes. Shinte had a great idea of the medicinal properties of this mead, and recommended it to Dr. Livingstone when he was very ill with a fever: "Drink plenty of mead," said he, "and it will drive the fever out." Probably on account of its value as a febrifuge, Shinte took plenty of his own prescription.

They have a most elaborate code of etiquette in eating. They will not partake of food which has been cooked by strangers, neither will they eat it except when alone. If a party of Balonda are travelling with men of other tribes, they always go aside to cook their food, and then come back, clap their hands, and return thanks to the leader of the party. Each hut has always its own fire, and, instead of kindling it at the chief's fire, as is the custom with the Damaras, they always light it at once with fire produced by friction.

So careful are the Balonda in this respect, that when Dr. Livingstone killed an ox, and offered some of the cooked meat to his party, the Balonda would not take it, in spite of their fondness for meat, and the very few chances which they have of obtaining it. They did, however, accept some of the raw meat, which they took away and cooked after their own fashion. One of them was almost absurd in the many little fashions which he followed and probably invented. When the meat was offered to him, he would not take it himself, as it was below his dignity to carry meat. Accordingly he marched home in state, with a servant behind him carrying a few ounces of meat on a platter. Neither would he sit on the grass beside Dr. Livingstone. "He had never sat on the ground during the late Matiamvo's reign, and was not going to degrade himself at his time of life." So he seated himself on a log of wood, and was happy at his untarnished dignity.

One of the little sub-tribes, an offshoot of the Balonda, was remarkable for never eating beef on principle, saying that cattle are like human beings, and live at home like men. (There are other tribes who will not

keep cattle, because, as they rightly say, the oxen bring enemies and war upon them. But they are always glad to eat beef when they can get it.) This tribe seems to be unique in its abstinence. Although they have this idea about cattle, they will eat without compunction the flesh of most wild animals, and in many cases display great ingenuity in hunting them. They stalk the animals through the long grass and brushwood, disguising themselves by wearing a cap made of the skin taken from the head of an antelope, to which the horns are still attached. When the animal which they are pursuing begins to be alarmed at the rustling of the boughs or shaking of the grass, they only thrust the horned mask into view, and move it about as if it were the head of a veritable antelope. This device quiets suspicion, and so the hunter proceeds until he is near enough to deliver his arrow. Some of these hunters prefer the head and neck of the jabiru, or great African crane.

As far as is known, the Balonda are not a warlike people, though they are in the habit of carrying arms, and have a very formidable look. Their weapons are short knife-like swords, shields, and bows and arrows, the latter being iron headed. The shields are made of reeds plaited firmly together. They are square or rather oblong, in form, measuring about five feet in length and three in width.

The architecture of the Balonda is simple, but ingenious. Every house is surrounded with a palisade which to all appearance has no door, and is always kept closed, so that a stranger may walk round and round it, and never find the entrance. In one part of the palisade the stakes are not fastened to each other, but two or three are merely stuck into their holes in the ground. When the inhabitants of the huts wish to enter or leave their dwellings, they simply pull up two or three stakes, squeeze themselves through the aperture, and replace them, so that no sign of a doorway is left. The reader may perhaps remember that the little wooden bird-cages in which canaries are brought to England are opened and closed in exactly the same manner, some movable bars supplying the place of a door.

Sometimes they vary the material of their fences, and make them of tall and comparatively slight rods fastened tightly together. Shinto's palace was formed after this manner, and the interior space was decorated with clumps of trees which had been planted for the sake of the shade which they afforded. That these trees had really been planted, and not merely left standing, was evident from the fact that several young trees were seen recently set, with a quantity of grass twisted round their stems to protect them against the sun. Even the

corners of the streets were planted with sugar-canes and bananas, so that the social system of the Balonda seems to be of rather a high order. One petty chief, called Mozinkwa, had made the hedge of his enclosure of green banian branches which had taken root, and so formed a living hedge.

It is a pity that so much care and skill should be so often thrown away. As the traveller passes through the Londa districts he often sees deserted houses, and even villages. The fact is, that either the husband or the chief wife has died, and the inviolable custom is to desert the locality, and never to revisit it except to make offerings to the dead. Thus it happens that permanent localities are impossible, because the death of a chief's wife would cause the whole village to be deserted, just as is the case with a house when an ordinary man dies. This very house and garden underwent the usual lot, for Mozinkwa lost his favorite wife, and in a few months house, garden, and hedges had all gone to ruin.

The Balonda have a most remarkable custom of cementing friendship. When two men agree to be special friends, they go through a singular ceremony. The men sit opposite each other with clasped hands, and by the side of each is a vessel of beer. Slight cuts are then made on the clasped hands, on the pit of the stomach, on the right cheek, and on the forehead. The point of a grass blade is then pressed against each of these cuts, so as to take up a little of the blood, and each man washes the grass blade in his own beer-vessel. The vessels are then exchanged and the contents drunk, so that each imbibes the blood of the other. They are then considered as blood relations, and are bound to assist each other in every possible manner. While the beer is being drunk, the friends of each of the men beat on the ground with clubs, and bawl out certain sentences as ratification of the treaty. It is thought correct for all the friends of each party to the contract to drink a little of the beer. This ceremony is called "kasendi." After the ceremony has been completed, gifts are exchanged, and both parties always give their most precious possessions.

Dr. Livingstone once became related to a young woman in rather a curious manner. She had a tumor in her arm, and asked him to remove it. As he was doing so, a little blood spirted from one of the small arteries and entered his eye. As he was wiping it out, she hailed him as a blood relation, and said that whenever he passed through the country he was to send word to her, that she might wait upon him, and cook for him. Men of different tribes often go through this ceremony, and on the present occasion all Dr. Livingstone's men, whether they were Batoka, Makololo, or of other tribes, became *Molekanes*, or friends, to the Balonda.

As to their religious belief, it is but con-

fixed and hazy, still it exercises a kind of influence over them. They have a tolerably clear idea of a Supreme Being, whom they call by different names according to their dialect. The Balonda use the word *Zambi*, but *Morimo* is one name which is understood through a very large tract of country. The Balonda believe that *Zambi* rules over all other spirits and minor deities just as their king *Matiamvo* rules over the greater and lesser chiefs. When they undergo the poison ordeal, which is used as much among them as in other tribes, they hold up their hands to heaven, and thus appeal to the Great Spirit to judge according to right.

Among the Balonda we come for the first time among idols or fetiches, whichever may be the correct title. One form of idol is very common in Balonda villages, and is called by the name of a lion, though a stranger initiated in its mysteries would certainly take it for a crocodile, or at all events a lizard of some kind. It is a long cylindrical roll of grass plastered over with clay. One end represents the head, and is accordingly furnished with a mouth, and a couple of cowrie shells by way of eyes. The other end tapers gradually into a tail, and the whole is supported on four short straight legs. The native modeller seems to have a misgiving that the imitation is not quite so close as might be wished, and so sticks in the neck a number of hairs from an elephant's tail, which are supposed to represent the mane.

These singular idols are to be seen in most Balonda villages. They are supposed to represent the deities who have dominion over disease; and when any inhabitant of the village is ill, his friends go to the lion idol, and pray all night before it, beating their drums, and producing that amount of noise which seems to be an essential accompaniment of religious rites among Africans. Some idols may be perhaps more properly called teraphim, as by their means the medicine men foretell future events. These idols generally rest on a horizontal beam fastened to two uprights—a custom which is followed in Dahomé when a human sacrifice has been made. The medicine men tell their clients that by their ministrations they can force the teraphim to speak, and that thus they are acquainted with the future. They are chiefly brought into requisition in war-time, when they are supposed to give notice of the enemy's approach.

These idols take various shapes. Sometimes they are intended to represent certain animals, and sometimes are fashioned into the rude semblance of the human head. When the superstitious native does not care to take the trouble of carving or modelling an idol, he takes a crooked stick, fixes it in the ground, rubs it with some strange compound, and so his idol is completed. Trees are pressed into the service of the heathen worshipper. Offerings of maize or manioc

root are laid on the branches, and lincions are made in the bark, some being mere knife-cuts, and others rude outlines of the human face. Sticks, too, are thrown on the ground in heaps, and each traveller that passes by is supposed to throw at least one stick on the heap.

Sometimes little models of huts are made, and in them are placed pots of medicine; and in one instance a small farmhouse was seen, and in it was the skull of an ox by way of an idol. The offerings which are made are generally some article of food; and some of the Balonda are so fearful of offending the denizens of the unseen world, that whenever they receive a present, they always offer a portion of it to the spirits of their dead relations.

One curious legend was told to Dr. Livingstone, and is worthy of mention, because it bears a resemblance to the old mythological story of *Ladona*. There is a certain lake called in Londa-land *Dilolo*, respecting which the following story was told to the white visitors:—

"A female chief, called *Moéne* (lord) *Monenga*, came one evening to the village of *Mosogo*, a man who lived in the vicinity, but who had gone to hunt with his dogs. She asked for a supply of food, and *Mosogo's* wife gave her a sufficient quantity. Proceeding to another village, standing on the spot now occupied by the water, she preferred the same demand, and was not only refused, but, when she uttered a threat for their niggardliness, was taunted with the question, 'What could she do though she were thus treated?'

"In order to show what she could do, she began a song in slow time, and uttered her own name, '*Monenga-wo-o*.' As she prolonged the last note, the village, people, fowls, and dogs sank into the space now called *Dilolo*. When *Kasimakate*, the headman of the village, came home and found out the catastrophe, he cast himself into the lake, and is supposed to be in it still. The name is taken from '*ilolo*,' despair, because this man gave up all hope when his family was destroyed. *Monenga* was put to death."

The Balonda are certainly possessed of a greater sense of religion than is the case with tribes which have been described. They occasionally exhibit a feeling of reverence, which implies a religious turn of mind, though the object toward which it may manifest itself be an unworthy one. During Dr. Livingstone's march through the Londa country the party was accompanied by a medicine man belonging to the tribe which was ruled by *Manenko*. The wizard in question carried his sacred implements in a basket, and was very reverential in his manner toward them. When near these sacred objects, he kept silence as far as possible, and, if he were forced to speak,

never raised his voice above a whisper. Once, when a Batoka man happened to speak in his usual loud tones when close to the basket, the doctor administered a sharp reproof, his anxious glances at the basket showing that he was really in earnest. It so happened that another female chief, called Nyamonna, was of the party, and, when they had to cross a stream that passed by her own village, she would not venture to do so until the doctor had waved his charms over her, and she had further fortified herself by taking some in her hands, and hanging others round her neck.

As the Balonda believe in a Supreme Being, it is evident that they also believe in the immortality of the human spirit. Here their belief has a sort of consistency, and opposes a curious obstacle to the efforts of missionaries; even Dr. Livingstone being unable to make any real impression on them. They fancy that when a Balonda man dies, he may perhaps take the form of some animal, or he may assume his place among the Barimo, or inferior deities, this word being merely the plural form of Morimo. In either case the enfranchised spirit still belongs to earth, and has no aspirations for a higher state of existence.

Nor can the missionary make any impression on their minds with regard to the ultimate destiny of human souls. They admit the existence of the Supreme Being; they see no objection to the doctrine that the Maker of mankind took on Himself the humanity which He had created; they say that they always have believed that man lives after the death of the body; and apparently afford a good basis for instruction in the Christian religion. But, although the teachers can advance thus far, they are suddenly checked by the old objection that white and black men are totally different, and that, although the spirits of deceased

white men may go into a mysterious and incomprehensible heaven, the deceased Balonda prefer to remain near their villages which were familiar to them in life, and to assist those who have succeeded them in their duties. This idea may probably account for the habit of deserting their houses after the death of any of the family.

During the funeral ceremonies a perpetual and deafening clamor is kept up, the popular notion seeming to be, that the more noise they can make, the greater honor is due to the deceased. Wailing is carried on with loud piercing cries, drums are beaten, and, if fire-arms have been introduced among them, guns are fired. These drums are not beaten at random, but with regular measured beats. They are played all night long, and their sound has been compared to the regular beating of a paddle-wheel engine. Oxen are slaughtered and the flesh cooked for a feast, and great quantities of beer and mead are drunk. The cost of a funeral in these parts is therefore very great, and it is thought a point of honor to expend as much wealth as can be got together for the purpose.

The religious element is represented by a kind of idol or figure covered with feathers, which is carried about during some parts of the ceremony; and in some places a man, in a strange dress, covered with feathers, dances with the mourners all night, and retires to the feast in the early morning. He is supposed to be the representative of the Barimo, or spirits.

The position of the grave is usually marked with certain objects. One of these graves was covered with a huge cone of sticks laid together like the roof of a hut, and a paliade was erected round the cone. There was an opening on one side, in which was placed an ugly idol, and a number of bits of cloth and strings of beads were hung around.

THE ANGOLESE.

WESTWARD of the country which has just been described is a large district that embraces a considerable portion of the coast, and extends far inland. This country is well known under the name of Angola. As this country has been held for several centuries by the Portuguese, who have extended their settlements for six or seven hundred miles into the interior, but few of the original manners and customs have survived, and even those have been modified by the contact with white settlers. As, however, Angola is a very important, as well as large country, a short account will be given of the natives before we proceed more northward.

The chiefs of the Angolese are elected, and the choice must be made from certain

families. In one place there are three families from which the chief is chosen in rotation. The law of succession is rather remarkable, the eldest brother inheriting property in preference to the son; and if a married man dies, his children belong to his widow's eldest brother, who not unfrequently converts them into property by selling them to the slave dealers. It is in this manner, as has been well remarked, that the slave trade is supplied, rather than by war.

The inhabitants of this land, although dark, are seldom if ever black, their color being brownish red, with a tinge of yellow; and, although they are so close to the country inhabited by the true negroes, they have but few of the negro traits. Their features

are not those of the negro, the nose being rather aquiline, and broad at base, their hair woolly, but tolerably long and very abundant, and their lips moderately thick. The hands and feet are exquisitely small, and, as Mr. Reade observes, Angolese slaves afford a bold contrast with those who are brought from the Congo.

Of the women the same traveller writes in terms of considerable praise, as far as their personal appearance goes. There are girls in that country who have such soft dark eyes, such sweet smiles, and such graceful ways, that they involuntarily win a kind of love, only it is that sort of semi-love which is extended to a dog, a horse, or a bird, and has in it nothing of the intellect. They are gentle, and faithful, and loving in their own way; but, though they can inspire a passion, they cannot retain the love of an intellectual man.

As is the case with the Balonda, the Angolese live greatly on manioc roots, chiefly for the same reason as the Irish peasantry live so much on the potato, *i. e.* because its culture and cooking give very little trouble. The preparation of the soil and planting of the shrub are the work of slaves, the true Angolese having a very horror of hard work. Consequently the labor is very imperfectly performed, the ground being barely scratched by the double-handled hoe, which is used by dragging it along the ground rather than by striking it into the earth.

The manioc is, however, a far more useful plant than the potato, especially the "sweet" variety, which is free from the poisonous principle. It can be eaten raw, just as it comes out of the ground, or it can be roasted or boiled. Sometimes it is partially fermented, then dried and ground into meal, or reduced to powder by a rasp, mixed with sugar, and made into a sort of confectionery. The leaves can be boiled and eaten as a vegetable, or, if they be given to goats, the latter yield a bountiful supply of milk. The wood affords an excellent fuel, and, when burned, it furnishes a large quantity of potash. On the average, it takes about a year to come to perfection in Angola, and only requires to be weeded once during that time.

The meal or roots cannot be stored, as they are liable to the attacks of a weevil which quickly destroys them, and therefore another plan is followed. The root is scraped like horseradish, and laid on a cloth which is held over a vessel. Water is then poured on it, and the white shavings are well rubbed with the hands. All the starch-globules are thus washed out of their cells, and pass through the cloth into the vessel below together with the water. When this mixture has been allowed to stand for some time, the starchy matter collects in a sort of sediment, and the water is poured away.

The sediment is then scraped out, and placed on an iron plate which is held over a fire. The gelatinous mass is then continually stirred with a stick, and by degrees it forms itself into little translucent globules, which are almost exactly identical with the tapioca of commerce. The advantage of converting the manioc-root into tapioca is, that in the latter state it is impervious to the destructive weevil.

Some parts of Angola are low, marshy, and fever-breeding, and even the natives feel the effects of the damp, hot, malarious climate. Of medicine, however, they have but little idea, their two principal remedies being cupping and charms. The former is a remedy which is singularly popular, and is conducted in much the same way throughout the whole of Africa south of the equator. The operator has three implements, namely, a small horn, a knife, and a piece of wax. The horn is cut quite level at the base, and great care is taken that the edge be perfectly smooth. The smaller end is perforated with a very small hole. This horn is generally tied to a string and hung round the neck of the owner, who is usually a professional physician. The knife is small, and shaped exactly like the little Bechuana knife shown at the top of page 281.

When the cupping horn is to be used, the wide end is placed on the afflicted part, and pressed down tightly, while the mouth is applied to the small end, and the air exhausted. The operator continues to suck for some moments, and then removes the horn, and suddenly makes three or four gashes with the knife on the raised and reddened skin. The horn is again applied, and when the operator has sucked out the air as far as his lungs will allow him, he places with his tongue a small piece of wax on the end of the horn, introduces his finger into his mouth, presses the wax firmly on the little aperture so as to exclude the air, and then allows the horn to remain adherent by the pressure of the atmosphere. The blood of course runs into the horn, and in a short time coagulates into a flat circular cake. The wax is then removed from the end of the horn, the latter is taken off, the cake of blood put aside, and the process repeated until the operator and patient are satisfied.

Dr. Livingstone mentions a case in which this strange predilection for the cupping horn clearly hastened, even if it did not produce, the death of a child. The whole story is rather a singular one, and shows the state of religious, or rather superstitious, feeling among the native Angolese. It so happened that a Portuguese trader died in a village, and after his death the other traders met and disposed of his property among themselves, each man accounting for his portion to the relations of the deceased, who lived at Loanda, the principal town of Angola. The

generality of the natives, not understanding the nature of written obligations, thought that the traders had simply sold the goods and appropriated the money.

Some time afterward the child of a man who had bought some of this property fell ill, and the mother sent for the diviner in order to find out the cause of its ailment. After throwing his magic dice, and working himself up to the proper pitch of ecstatic fury, the prophet announced that the child was being killed by the spirit of the deceased trader in revenge for his stolen property. The mother was quite satisfied with the revelation, and wanted to give the prophet a slave by way of a fee. The father, however, was less amenable, and, on learning the result of the investigation, he took a friend with him to the place where the diviner was still in his state of trance, and by the application of two sticks to his back restored him to his senses. Even after this the ignorant mother would not allow the child to be treated with European medicines, but insisted on cupping it on the cheek; and the consequence was, that in a short time the child died.

The Angolese are a marvellously superstitious people, and, so far from having lost any of their superstitions by four centuries of connection with the Portuguese, they seem rather to have infected their white visitors with them. Ordeals of several kinds are in great use among them, especially the poison ordeal, which has extended itself through so large a portion of Africa, and slays its thousands annually. One curious point in the Angolese ordeal is, that it is administered in one particular spot on the banks of the river Dua, and that persons who are accused of crime, especially of witchcraft, will travel hundreds of miles to the sacred spot, strong in their belief that the poison tree will do them no harm. It is hardly necessary to state that the guilt or innocence of the person on trial depends wholly on the caprice of the medicine man who prepares the poisonous draught, and that he may either weaken it or substitute another material without being discovered by these credulous people.

As, according to Balaucia ideas, the spirits of the deceased are always with their friends on earth, partaking equally in their joys and sorrows, helping those whom they love, and thwarting those whom they hate, they are therefore supposed to share in an ethereal sort of way in the meals taken by their friends; and it follows that when a man denies himself food, he is not only starving himself, but afflicting the spirits of his ancestors. Sacrifices are a necessary result of this idea, as is the cooking and eating of the flesh by those who offer them.

Their theory of sickness is a very simple one. They fancy that if the spirits of the dead find that their living friends do not

treat them properly, and give them plenty to eat and drink, the best thing to do is to take out of the world such useless allies, in order to make room for others who will treat them better. The same idea also runs into their propitiatory sacrifices. If one man kills another, the murderer offers sacrifices to his victim, thinking that if when he first finds himself a spirit, instead of a man, he is treated to an abundant feast, he will not harbor feelings of revenge against the man who sent him out of the world, and deprived him of all its joys and pleasures. It is said that in some parts of the country human sacrifices are used, a certain sect existing who kill men in order to offer their hearts to the spirits.

Marriages among the Angolese still retain some remnant of their original ceremonies. The bride is taken to a hut, anointed with various charmed preparations, and then left alone while prayers are offered for a happy marriage and plenty of male children, a large family of sons being one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of an Angolese household. Daughters are comparatively despised, but a woman who has never presented her husband with children of either sex is looked upon with the greatest scorn and contempt. Her more fortunate companions are by no means slow in expressing their opinion of her, and in the wedding songs sung in honor of a bride are sure to introduce a line or two reflecting upon her uselessness, and hoping that the bride will not be so unprofitable a wife as to give neither sons nor daughters to her husband as a recompense for the money which he has paid for her. So bitter are these words, that the woman at whom they were aimed has been more than once known to rush off and destroy herself.

After several days of this performance, the bride is taken to another hut, clothed in all the finery that she possesses or can borrow for the occasion, led out in public, and acknowledged as a married woman. She then goes to her husband's dwelling, but always has a hut to herself.

Into their funeral ceremonies the Angolese contrive to introduce many of their superstitions. Just before death the friends set up their wailing cry (which must be very calamitous to the dying person), and continue this outcry for a day or two almost without cessation, accompanying themselves with a peculiar musical instrument which produces tones of a similar character. For a day or two the survivors are employed in gathering materials for a grand feast, in which they expend so much of their property that they are often impoverished for years. They even keep pigs and other animals in case some of their friends might die, when they would be useful at the funeral. True to the idea that the spirit of the dead partakes of the pleasures of the liv-

ing, they feast continually until all the food is expended, interposing their revelling with songs and dances. The usual drum beating goes on during the time, and scarcely one of the party is to be found sober. Indeed, a man who would voluntarily remain sober would be looked upon as despising the memory of the dead. Dr. Livingstone mentions that a native who appeared in a state of intoxication, and was blamed for it, remarked in a surprised tone, "Why, my mother is dead!"

They have a curious hankering after cross-roads as a place of interment, and although the Portuguese, the real masters of the land, have endeavored to abolish the custom, they have not yet succeeded in doing so, even though they inflict heavy fines on those who disobeyed them, and appointed places of public interment. Even when the interment of the body in the cross-road itself has been prevented, the natives have succeeded in digging the grave by the side of the path. On and around it they plant certain species of euphorbias, and on the grave they lay various articles, such as cooking vessels, water bottles, pipes, and arms. These, however, are all broken and useless, being thought equally serviceable to the dead as the perfect specimens, and affording no temptation to thieves.

A very remarkable and striking picture of the Angolose, their superstitions, and their country, is given by Dr. Livingstone in the following passage:—

"When the natives turn their eyes to the future world, they have a view cheerless enough of their own utter helplessness and hopelessness. They fancy themselves completely in the power of the disembodied spirits, and look upon the prospect of following them as the greatest of misfortunes. Hence they are constantly deprecating the wrath of departed souls, believing that, if

they are appeased, there is no other cause of death but witchcraft, which may be averted by charms.

"The whole of the colored population of Angola are sunk in these gross superstitions, but have the opinion, notwithstanding, that they are wiser in these matters than their white neighbors. Each tribe has a consciousness of following its own best interests in the best way. They are by no means destitute of that self-esteem which is so common in other nations; yet they fear all manner of phantom, and have half-developed ideas and traditions of something or other, they know not what. The pleasures of animal life are ever present to their minds as the supreme good; and, but for the innumerable invisibilities, they might enjoy their luxurious climate as much as it is possible for man to do.

"I have often thought, in travelling through their land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld in still mornings scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth! yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness, as of a fan. Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping; the groups of herdboys with miniature bows, arrows, and spears; the women wending their way to the river, with water-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shady banians; and old gray-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges; and all this, flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WAGOGO AND WANYAMUEZI.

THE MANY AND TRANSITORY TRIBES OF AFRICA—UGOGO AND THE PEOPLE—UNPLEASANT CHARACTER OF THE WAGOGO—THEFT AND EXTORTION—WAGOGO GREEDINESS—THE WANYAMUEZI OR WEEZEE TRIBE—THEIR VALUE AS GUIDES—DRESS OF THE MEN—"SAMBO" RINGS—WOMEN'S DRESS AND ORNAMENTS—HAIR-DRESSING—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE WOMEN—WEEZEE ARCHITECTURE—USE OF THE DRUM—SALUTATION—SULTAN, STRABOUT—THE HUSBAND'S WELCOME—GAMES AND DANCES—SHAM FIGHTS—PITCH AND TOSS—NIGHT IN A WEEZEE VILLAGE—BREWING AND DRINKING POMBE—HARVEST SCENE—SUPERSTITIONS—FUNERALS.

WE will now pass from the west to the east of Africa, and accompany Captains Speke and Grant in their journey through the extraordinary tribes that exist between Zanzibar and Northern Africa. It will be impossible to describe in detail the many tribes that inhabit this tract, or even to give the briefest account of them. We shall therefore select a few of the most important among them, and describe them as fully as our very limited space will permit.

Perhaps the reader may think it strange that we are lingering so long in this part of the world. The reason is, that Africa, southern and equatorial, is filled with a bewildering variety of singular tribes, each of which has manners and customs unique in themselves, and presents as great a contrast to its neighbors as if they were separated by seas or mountain ranges. Sometimes they merge into each other by indefinite gradations, but often the line of demarcation is boldly and sharply drawn, so that the tribe which inhabits one bank of a river is utterly unlike that which occupies the opposite bank, in appearance, in habits, and in language. In one case, for example, the people who live on one side of the river are remarkable for the scrupulous completeness with which both sexes are clad, while on the other side no clothing whatever is worn.

The same cause which has given us the knowledge of these remarkable tribes will inevitably be the precursor of their disappearance. The white man has set his foot on their soil, and from that moment may

be dated their gradual but certain decadence. They have learned the value of fire-arms, and covet them beyond everything. Their chiefs have already abandoned the use of their native weapons, having been wealthy enough to purchase muskets from the white men, or powerful enough to extort them as presents. The example which they have set is sure to extend to the people, and a few years will therefore witness the entire abandonment of native-made weapons. With the weapons their mode of warfare will be changed, and in course of time the whole people will undergo such modifications that they will be an essentially different race. It is the object of this work to bring together, as far as possible in a limited space, the most remarkable of these perishing usages, and it is therefore necessary to expend the most space on the country that affords most of them.

The line that we now have to follow can be seen by referring to a map of Africa. We shall start from Zanzibar on the east coast, go westward and northward, passing by the Unyamuezi and Wahuma to the great N'yanza lakes. Here we shall come upon the track of Sir Samuel Baker, and shall then accompany him northward among the tribes which he visited.

Passing by a number of tribes which we cannot stop to investigate, we come upon the Wagogo, who inhabit Ugogo, a district at lat. 4° S. and long. 36° E. Here I may mention that, although the language of

some of these tribes is so different that the people cannot understand each other, in most of them the prefix "Wa" indicates plurality, like the word "men" in English. Thus the people of Ugogo are the Wagogo, and the inhabitants of Unyamuezi are the Wanyamuezi, pronounced, for brevity's sake, Weeze. An individual of the Wagogo is called Mgogo.

The Wagogo are a wild set of people, such as might be expected from the country in which they live. Their color is reddish-brown, with a tinge of black; and when the skin happens to be clean, it is said to look like a very ripe plum. They are scanty dressers, wearing little except a cloth of some kind round the waist; but they are exceedingly fond of ornaments, by means of which they generally contrive to make themselves as ugly as possible. Their principal ornament is the tubular end of a gourd, which is thrust through the ear; but they also decorate their heads with hanks of bark fibre, which they twist among their thick woolly hair, and which have a most absurd appearance when the wearer is running or leaping. Sometimes they weave strings of beads into the hair in a similar manner, or fasten an ostrich feather upon their heads.

They are not a warlike people, but, like others who are not remarkable for courage, they always go armed; a Mgogo never walking without his spear and shield, and perhaps a short club, also to be used as a missile. The shield is oblong, and made of leather, and the spear has nothing remarkable about it; and, as Captain Speke remarks, these weapons are carried more for show than for use.

They are not a pleasant people, being avaricious, intrusive, and inquisitive, ingrained liars, and sure to bully if they think they can do so with safety. If travellers pass through their country, they are annoying beyond endurance, jeering at them with words and insolent gestures, intruding themselves among the party, and turning over everything that they can reach, and sometimes even forcing themselves into the tents. Consequently the travellers never enter the villages, but encamp at some distance from them, under the shelter of the wide-spreading "gouty-limbed trees" that are found in this country, and surround their camp with a strong hedge of thorns, which the naked Mgogo does not choose to encounter.

Covetous even beyond the ordinary avarice of African tribes, the Wagogo seize every opportunity of fleecing travellers who come into their territory. Beside the usual tax or "hongo," which is demanded for permission to pass through the country, they demand all sorts of presents, or rather bribes. When one of Captain Speke's porters happened to break a bow by accident,

the owner immediately claimed as compensation something of ten times its value.

Magomba, the chief, proved himself an adept at extortion. First he sent a very polite message, requesting Captain Speke to reside in his own house, but this flattering though treacherous proposal was at once declined. In the first place, the houses of this part of the country are small and inconvenient, being nothing more than mud huts with flat-topped roofs, this kind of architecture being called by the name of "tembe." In the next place, the chief's object was evidently to isolate the leader of the expedition from his companions, and so to have a hold upon him. This he could more easily do, as the villages are strongly walled, so that a traveller who is once decoyed inside them could not escape without submitting to the terms of the inhabitants. Unlike the villages of the Southern Africans, which are invariably circular, these are invariably oblong, and both the walls and the houses are made of mud.

Next day Magomba had drunk so much pombe that he was quite unfit for business, but on the following day the hongo was settled, through the chief's prime minister, who straightway did a little business on his own account by presenting a small quantity of food, and asking for an adequate return, which, of course, meant one of twenty times its value. Having secured this, he proceeded to further extortion by accusing Captain Grant of having shot a lizard on a stone which he was pleased to call sacred. So, too, none of them would give any information without being paid for it. And, because they thought that their extortion was not sufficiently successful, they revenged themselves by telling the native porters such horrifying tales of the cruelties which they were about to visit and the cruelty of the white men, that the porters were frightened, and ran away, some forgetting to put down their loads. These tactics were repeated at every village near which the party had to pass, and at one place the chief threatened to attack Captain Speke's party, and at the same time sent word to all the porters that they had better escape, or they would be killed. Half of them did escape, taking with them the goods which would have been due to them as payment; and, as appeared afterward, the rascally Wagogo had arranged that they should do so, and then they would go shares in the plunder.

They were so greedy, that they not only refused to sell provisions except at an exorbitant rate, but, when the leaders of the expedition shot game to supply food for their men, the Wagogo flocked to the spot in multitudes, each man with his arms, and did their best to carry off the meat before the rightful owners could reach it. Once, when they were sadly in want of food, Cap-

tain Speke went at night in search of game, and shot a rhinoceros. By earliest dawn he gave notice to his men that there was plenty of meat for them.

"We had all now to hurry back to the carcass before the Wagogo could find it; but, though this precaution was quickly taken, still, before the tough skin of the beast could be cut through, the Wagogo began assembling like vultures, and fighting with my men. A more savage, filthy, disgusting, but at the same time grotesque, scene than that which followed cannot be described. All fell to work with swords, spears, knives, and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, fighting and tearing, up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stronger neighbor would seize

and bear off the prize in triumph. All right was now a matter of pure might, and lucky it was that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might be afterward seen, covered with blood, scampering home each one with his spoil—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with." The artist has represented this scene on the next page.

It might be imagined that the travellers were only too glad to be fairly out of the dominions of this tribe, who had contrived to cheat and rob them in every way, and had moreover, through sheer spite and covetousness, frightened away more than a hundred porters who had been engaged to carry the vast quantities of goods with which the traveller must bribe the chiefs of the different places through which he passes.

THE WANYAMUEZI.

THE next tribe which we shall mention is that which is called Wanyamuezi. Fortunately the natives seldom use this word in full, and speak of themselves as Weezee, a word much easier to say, and certainly simpler to write. In the singular the name is Myamuezi. The country which they inhabit is called Unyamuezi, The Country of the Moon. Unyamuezi is a large district about the size of England, in lat. 5° S. and between long. 3° and 5° E. Formerly it must have been a great empire, but it has now suffered the fate of most African tribes, and is split into a number of petty tribes, each jealous of the other, and each liable to continual subdivision.

For many reasons this is a most remarkable tribe. They are almost the only people near Central Africa who will willingly leave their own country, and, for the sake of wages, will act as porters or guides to distant countries. It seems that this capability of travel is hereditary among them, and that they have been from time immemorial the greatest trading tribe in Africa. It was to this tribe that the porters belonged who were induced by the Wagogo to desert Captain Speke, and none knew better than themselves that in no other tribe could he find men to supply their places.

The Weezee are not a handsome race, being inferior in personal appearance to the Wagogo, though handsome individuals of both sexes may be found among them. Like the Wagogo, they are not a martial race, though they always travel with their weapons, such as they are, *i. e.* a very inefficient bow and a couple of arrows. Their dress is simple enough. They wear the ordinary cloth round the loins; but when they start on a journey they hang over their shoulders a dressed goatskin, which passes

over one shoulder and under the other. On account of its narrowness, it can hardly answer any purpose of warmth, and for the same reason can hardly be intended to serve as a covering. However, it seems to be the fashion, and they all wear it.

They decorate themselves with plenty of ornaments, some of which are used as amulets, and the others merely worn as decoration. They have one very curious mode of making their bracelets. They take a single hair of a giraffe's tail, wrap it round with wire, just like the bass string of a violin, and then twist this compound rope round their wrists or ankles. These rings are called by the name of "sambo," and, though they are mostly worn by women, the men will put them on when they have nothing better. Their usual bracelets are, however, heavy bars of copper or iron, beaten into the proper shape. Like other natives in the extreme South, they knock out the two central incisor teeth of the lower jaw, and chip a V-like space between the corresponding teeth of the upper jaw.

The women are far better dressed. They wear tolerably large cloths made by themselves of native cotton, and cover the whole body from under the arms to below the knees. They wear the sambo rings in vast profusion, winding them round and round their wrists and ankles until the limbs are sheathed in metallic armor for six or seven inches. If they can do so, they naturally prefer wearing calico and other materials brought from Europe, partly because it is a sign of wealth, and partly because it is much lighter than the native-made cotton cloths, though not so durable.

Their woolly hair is plentifully dressed with oil and twisted up, until at a little distance they look as if they had a headdress

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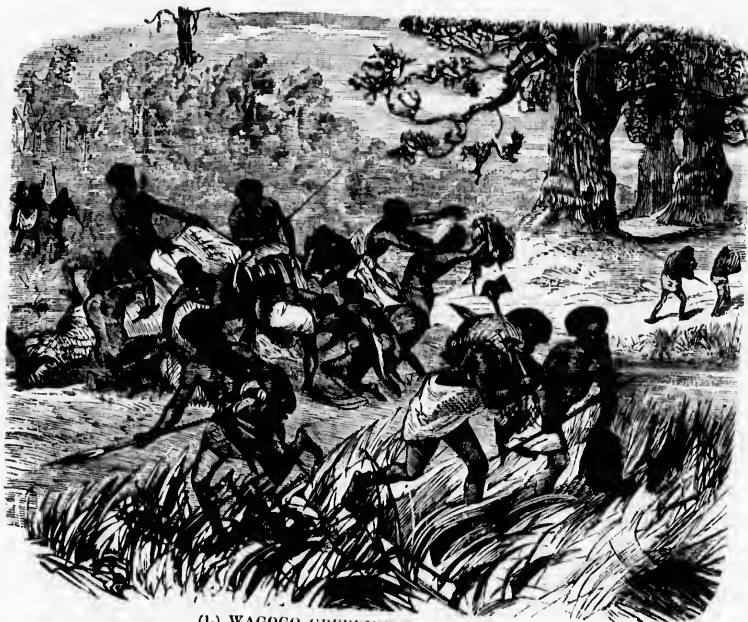
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(1.) WAGOGO GREEDINESS. (See page 386.)



(2.) ARCHITECTURE OF THE WEEZEE. (See page 386.)

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of black-beetle shards. Sometimes they screw it into tassels, and hang beads at the end of each tassel, or decorate them with little charms made of beads. The manner in which these "tags" are made is very simple. There is a kind of banian tree called the miambo, and from this are cut a quantity of slender twigs. These twigs are then split longitudinally, the outer and inner bark separated, and then well chewed until the fibres are properly arranged. At first they are much lighter in color than the black woolly hair to which they are fastened, but they soon become blackened by use and grease. They use a little tattooing, but not much, making three lines on each temple, and another down the middle of the nose. Lines of blue are often seen on the foreheads of both sexes, but these are the permanent remains of the peculiar treatment which they pursue for the headache, and which, with them, seems to be effectual.

The character of the women is, on the whole, good, as they are decent and well-conducted, and, for savages, tidy, though scarcely clean in their persons. They will sometimes accompany their husbands on the march, and have a weakness for smoking all the time that they walk. They carry their children on their backs, a stool or two and other implements on their heads, and yet contrive to act as cooks as soon as they halt, preparing some savory dish of herbs for their husbands. They have a really wonderful practical knowledge of botany, and a Weezee will live in comfort where a man from another tribe would starve. Besides cooking, they also contrive to run up little huts made of boughs, in shape like a reversed bell, and very tiny, but yet large enough to afford shelter during sleep.

The houses of the Weezee are mostly of that mud-walled, flat-topped kind which is called "tembe," though some are shaped like haystacks, and they are built with considerable care. Some of these have the roof extending beyond the walls, so as to form a verandah like that of a Bechuana house; and the villages are surrounded with a strong fence. The door is very small, and only allows one person to pass at a time. It is made of boards, and can be lifted to allow ingress and egress. Some of the stakes above and at the side of the door are decorated with blocks of wood on their tops; and some of the chiefs are in the habit of fixing on the posts the skulls of those whom they have put to death, just as in former years the heads of traitors were fixed over Temple Bar. The architecture of the Weezee is illustrated on page 387.

Some of the villages may lay claim to the title of fortified towns, so elaborately are they constructed. The palisading which surrounds them is very high and strong, and defended in a most artistic manner, first by a covered way, then a quickset hedge of

euphorbia, and, lastly, a broad dry ditch, or moat. Occasionally the wall is built out in bastion-fashion, so as to give a good flanking fire. Within the valleys the houses extend to the right and left of the entrances, and are carefully railed off, so that the whole structure is really a very strong one in a military point of view.

They are a tolerably polite race, and have a complete code of etiquette for receiving persons, whether friends or strangers. If a chief receives another chief, he gets up quite a ceremony, assembling all the people of the village with their drums and other musical instruments, and causing them to honor the coming guest with a dance, and as much noise as can be extracted out of their meagre band. If they have fire-arms, they will discharge them as long as their powder lasts; and, if not, they content themselves with their voices, which are naturally loud, the drums, and any other musical instrument that they may possess.

But, whatever may be used, the drum is a necessity in these parts, and is indispensable to a proper welcome. Even when the guest takes his leave, the drum is an essential accompaniment of his departure; and, accordingly, "beating the drum" is a phrase which is frequently used to signify departure from a place. For example, if a traveler is passing through a district, and is bargaining with the chief for the "hongo" which he has to pay, the latter will often threaten that, unless he is paid his demands in full, he will not "beat the drum," i. e. will not permit the traveler to pass on. So well is this known, that the porters do not take up their burdens until they hear the welcome sound of the drum. This instrument often calls to war, and, in fact, can be made to tell its story as completely as the bugle of European armies.

When ordinary men meet their chief, they bow themselves and clap their hands twice, and the women salute him by making a courtesy as well as any lady at court. This, however, is an obsequiousness which is only vouchsafed to very great chiefs, the petty chiefs, or headmen of villages, having to content themselves with the simple clapping of hands. If two women of unequal rank meet, the inferior drops on one knee, and bows her head; the superior lays one hand on the shoulder of the other; and they remain in this position for a few moments, while they mutter some words in an undertone. They then rise and talk freely.

To judge from Captain Grant's account of the great chief Ugalee (i. e. Stirabout), who was considered a singularly favorable specimen of the sultans, as these great chiefs are called, the deference paid to them is given to the office, and not to the individual who holds it. Ugalee, who was the finest specimen that had been seen, was supposed to be a clever man, though he did not know his

own age, nor could count above ten, nor had any names for the day of the week, the month, or the year.

"After we had been about a month in his district, Sultan Ugalee arrived at Mincenga on the 21st of April, and was saluted by the firing from our volunteers and shrill cries from the women. He visited us in the verandah the day following. He looks about twenty-two years of age; has three children and thirty wives; is six feet high, stout, with a stupid, heavy expression. His bare head is in tassels, hanks of fibre being mixed in with the hair. His body is loosely wrapped round with a blue and yellow cotton cloth, his loins are covered with a dirty bit of oily calico, and his feet are large and naked. A monster ivory ring is on his left wrist, while the right one bears a copper ring of rope pattern; several hundreds of wire rings are massed round his ankles.

"He was asked to be seated on one of our iron stools, but looked at first frightened, and did not open his mouth. An old man spoke for him, and a crowd of thirty followers squatted behind him. Speke, to amuse him, produced his six-barrelled revolver, but he merely eyed it intently. The book of birds and animals, on being shown to him upside down by Sirboko, the headman of the village, drew from him a sickly smile, and he was pleased to imply that he preferred the animals to the birds. He received some snuff in the palm of his hand, took a good pinch, and gave the rest to his spokesman.

"He wished to look at my mosquito-curtained bed, and in moving away was invited to dine with us. We sent him a message at seven o'clock that the feast was prepared, but a reply came that he was full, and could not be tempted even with a glass of rum. The following day he came to bid us goodbye, and left without any exchange of presents, being thus very different from the grasping race of Ugogo."

It has been mentioned that the Wanyamuezi act as traders, and go to great distances, and there is even a separate mode of greeting by which a wife welcomes her husband back from his travels. The engraving No. 1, on the next page, illustrates this wifely welcome. As soon as she hears that her husband is about to arrive home after his journey to the coast, she puts on all her ornaments, decorates herself with a feathered cap, gathers her friends round her, and proceeds to the hut of the chief's principal wife, before whose door they all dance and sing. Dancing and singing are with them, as with other tribes, their chief amusement. There was a blind man who was remarkable for his powers of song, being able to send his voice to a considerable distance with a sort of ventriloquial effect. He was extremely popular, and in the evenings the chief himself would form one of the

audience, and join in the chorons with which his song was accompanied. They have several national airs which, according to Captains Speke and Grant, are really fine.

Inside each village there is a club-house, or "Iwansa," as it is called. This is a structure much larger than those which are used for dwelling-houses, and is built in a different manner. One of these iwansas, which was visited by Captain Grant, "was a long, low room, twelve by eighteen feet, with one door, a low flat roof, well blackened with smoke, and no chimney. Along its length there ran a high inclined bench, on which cow-skins were spread for men to take their seats. Some huge drums were hung in one corner, and logs smouldered on the floor.

"Into this place strangers are ushered when they first enter the village, and here they reside until a house can be appropriated to them. Here the young men all gather at the close of day to hear the news, and join in that interminable talk which seems one of the chief joys of a native African. Here they perform kindly offices to each other, such as pulling out the hairs of the eyelashes and eyebrows with their curious little tweezers, chipping the teeth into the correct form, and marking on the cheeks and temples the peculiar marks which designate the clan to which they belong."

These tweezers are made of iron, most ingeniously flattened and bent so as to give the required elasticity.

Smoking and drinking also go on largely in the iwansa, and here the youths indulge in various games. One of these games is exactly similar to one which has been introduced into England. Each player has a stump of Indian corn, cut short, which he stands on the ground in front of him. A rude sort of tectotum is made of a gourd and a stick, and is spun among the corn-stumps, the object of the game being to knock down the stump belonging to the adversary. This is a favorite game, and elicits much noisy laughter and applause, not only from the actual players, but from the spectators who surround them.

In front of the iwansa the dances are conducted. They are similar in some respects to those of the Damaras, as mentioned on page 313, except that the performers stand in a line instead of in a circle. A long strip of bark or cow-skin is laid on the ground, and the Weezees arrange themselves along it, the tallest man always taking the place of honor in the middle. When they have arranged themselves, the drummers strike up their noisy instruments, and the dancers begin a strange chant, which is more like a howl than a song. They all bow their heads low, put their hands on their hips, stamp vigorously, and are pleased to think that they are dancing. The male spectators stand in front and encourage their friends by joining in the chorus, while the women stand

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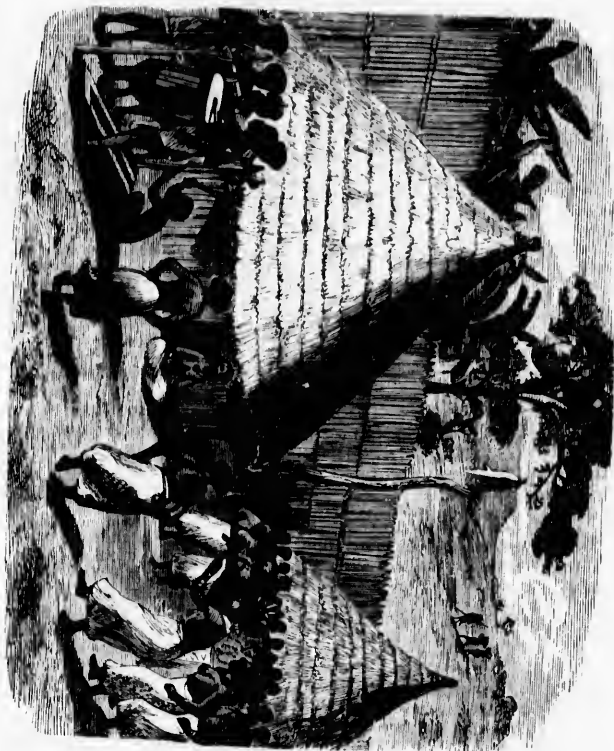
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(1) THE HUSBANDS' WELCOME.

(See page 390.)



(2) DRINKING POMBE.

(See page 394.)



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behind and look on silently. Each dance ends with a general shout of laughter or applause, and then a fresh set of dancers take their place on the strip of skin.

Sometimes a variety is introduced into their dances. On one occasion the chief had a number of bowls filled with pombé and set in a row. The people took their grass bowls and filled them again and again from the jars, the chief setting the example, and drinking more pombé than any of his subjects. When the bowls had circulated plentifully, a couple of lads leaped into the circle, presenting a most fantastic appearance. They had tied zebra manes over their heads, and had furnished themselves with two long bark tubes like huge bassoons, into which they blew with all their might, accompanying their shouts with extravagant contortions of the limbs. As soon as the pombé was all gone, five drums were hung in a line upon a horizontal bar, and the performer began to hammer them furiously. Inspired by the sounds, men, women, and children began to sing and clap their hands in time, and all danced for several hours.

"The Weezee boys are amusing little fellows, and have quite a talent for games. Of course they imitate the pursuits of their fathers, such as shooting with small bows and arrows, jumping over sticks at various heights, pretending to shoot game, and other amusements. Some of the elder lads converted their play into reality, by making their bows and arrows large enough to kill the pigeons and other birds which flew about them. They also make very creditable imitations of the white man's gun, tying two pieces of cane together for the barrels, modelling the stock, hammer, and trigger-guard out of clay, and imitating the smoke by tufts of cotton wool. That they were kind-hearted boys is evident from the fact that they had tame birds in cages, and spent much time in teaching them to sing."

From the above description it may be inferred that the Weezees are a lively race, and such indeed is the fact. To the traveller they are amusing companions, singing their "jolliest of songs, with deep-toned choruses, from their thick necks and throats." But they require to be very carefully managed, being independent as knowing their own value, and apt to go on, or halt, or encamp just when it happens to suit them. Moreover, as they are not a cleanly race, and are sociably fond of making their evening fire close by and to windward of the traveller's tent, they are often much too near to be agreeable, especially as they always decline to move from the spot on which they have established themselves.

Still they are simply invaluable on the march, for they are good porters, can always manage to make themselves happy, and do not become homesick, as is the case with men of other tribes. Moreover, from their

locomotive habits, they are excellent guides, and they are most useful assistants in hunting, detecting, and following up the spoor of an animal with unerring certainty. They are rather too apt to steal the flesh of the animal when it is killed, and quite sure to steal the fat, but, as in nine cases out of ten it would not have been killed at all without their help, they may be pardoned for these acts of petty larceny. They never seem at a loss for anything, but have a singular power of supplying themselves out of the most unexpected materials. For example, if a Wanyamuezi wants to smoke, and has no pipe, he makes a pipe in a minute or two from the nearest tree. All he has to do is to cut a green twig, strip the bark off it as boys do when they make willow whistles, push a plug of clay into it, and bore a hole through the clay with a smaller twig or a grass-blade.

Both sexes are inveterate smokers, and, as they grow their own tobacco, they can gratify this taste to their hearts' content. For smoking, they generally use their home-cured tobacco, which they twist up into a thick rope like a hayband, and then coil into a flattened spiral like a small target. Sometimes they make it into sugar-loaf shape. Imported tobacco they employ as snuff, grinding it to powder if it should be given to them in a solid form, or pushing it into their nostrils if it should be in a cut state, like "bird's-eye" or "returus."

The amusements of the Weezees are tolerably numerous. Besides those which have been mentioned, the lads are fond of a mimic fight, using the stalks of maize instead of spears, and making for themselves shields of bark. Except that the Weezee lads are on foot, instead of being mounted, this game is almost exactly like the "djerid" of the Turks, and is quite as likely to inflict painful, if not dangerous, injuries on the careless or unskillful.

Then, for more sedentary people, there are several games of chance and others of skill. The game of chance is the time-honored "pitch and toss," which is played as eagerly here as in England. It is true that the Weezee have no halfpence, but they can always cut discs out of bark, and bet upon the rough or smooth side turning uppermost. They are very fond of this game, and will stake their most valued possessions, such as "sambo," rings, bows, arrows, spear-heads, and the like.

The chief game of skill has probably reached them through the Mohammedan traders, as it is almost identical with a game long familiar to the Turks. It is called Bao, and is played with a board on which are thirty-two holes or cups, and with sixty-four seeds by way of counters. Should two players meet and neither possess a board, nor the proper seeds, nothing is easier than to sit down, scrape thirty-two

holes in the ground, select sixty-four stones, and then begin to play. The reader may perhaps call to mind the old English game of Merelles, or Nine-men's Morris, which can be played on an extemporized board cut in the turf, and with stones instead of counters.

The most inveterate gamblers were the lifeguards of the sultan, some twenty in number. They were not agreeable personages, being offensively supercilious in their manner, and flatly refusing to do a stroke of work. The extent of their duty lay in escorting their chief from one place to another, and conveying his orders from one village to another. The rest of their time was spent in gambling, drum-beating, and similar amusements; and, if they distinguished themselves in any other way, it was by the care which they bestowed on their dress. Some of these lifeguards were very skilful in beating the drum, and, when a number were performing on a row of suspended drums, the principal drummer always took the largest instrument, and was the conductor of the others, just as in a society of bellringers the chief of them takes the tenor bell. For any one, except a native, to sleep in a Weezee village while the drums are sounding is perfectly impossible, but when they have ceased the place is quiet enough, as may be seen by Captain Grant's description of a night scene in Wanyamuezi.

"In a Weezee village there are few sounds to disturb one's night's rest: the traveller's horn, and the reply to it from a neighboring village, are accidental alarms; the chirping of crickets, and the cry from a sick child, however, occasionally broke upon the stillness of one's night. Waking early, the first sounds we heard were the crowing of cocks, the impatient lowing of cows, the bleating of calves, and the chirping of sparrows and other unmusical birds. The pestle and mortar shelling corn would soon after be heard, or the cooing of wild pigeons in the grove of palms.

"The huts were shaped like corn-stacks, supported by bare poles, fifteen feet high, and fifteen to eighteen feet in diameter. Sometimes their grass roofs would be protected from sparks by 'miehans,' or frames of Indian corn-stalks. There were no carpets, and all was as dark as the hold of a ship. A few earthen jars, made like the Indian 'gurrals,' for boiling vegetables or stirabout, tattered skins, an old bow and arrow, some cups of grass, some gourds, perhaps a stool, constitute the whole of the furniture. Grain was housed in hard boxes of bark, and goats or calves had free access over the house."

Their customs in eating and drinking are rather remarkable. Perhaps we ought to transfer those terms, drinking holding the first place in the mind of a Weezee. The only drink which he cares about is the

native beer or "pombé," and many of the natives live almost entirely on pombé, taking scarcely any solid nourishment whatever. Pombé making is the work of the women, who brew large quantities at a time. Not being able to build a large tank in which the water can be heated to the boiling point, the pombé maker takes a number of earthen pots and places them in a double row, with an interval of eighteen inches or so between the rows. This intermediate space is filled with wood, which is lighted, and the fire tended until the beer is boiled simultaneously in both rows of pots. Five days are required for completing the brewing.

The Sultan Ukullma was very fond of pombé, and, indeed, lived principally upon it. He used to begin with a bowl of his favorite beverage, and continue drinking it at intervals until he went to his tiny sleeping-hut for the night. Though he was half stupefied during the day, he did not suffer in health, but was a fine, sturdy, hale old man, pleasant enough in manner, and rather amusing when his head happened to be clear. He was rather fond of a practical joke, and sometimes amused himself by begging some quinine, mixing it slyly with pombé, and then enjoying the consternation which appeared on the countenances of those who partook of the bitter draught.

Every morning he used to go round to the different houses, timing his visits so as to appear when the brewing was finished. He always partook of the first bowl of beer, and then went on to another house and drank more pombé, which he sometimes sucked through a reed in sherry-cobbler fashion. (See page 301.) Men and women seldom drink in company; the latter assembling together under the presidency of the sultana, or chief wife, and drinking in company.

As to food, regular meals seem to be almost unknown among the men, who "drop in" at their friends' houses, taking a small potato at one place, a bowl of pombé at another, and, on rare occasions, a little beef. Indeed, Captain Grant says that he seldom saw men at their meals, unless they were assembled for pombé drinking. Women, however, who eat, as they drink, by themselves, are more regular in their meals, and at stated times have their food prepared.

The grain from which the pombé is made is cultivated by the women, who undertake most, though not all, of its preparation. When it is green, they reap it by cutting off the ears with a knife, just as was done by the Egyptians of ancient times. They then carry the ears in baskets to the village, empty them out upon the ground, and spread them in the sunbeams until they are thoroughly dried. The men then thresh out the grain with curious flails, looking

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When threshed, it is stored away in various fashions. Sometimes it is made into a miniature corn-riek placed on legs, like the "staddles" of our own farmyards. Sometimes a pole is stuck into the earth, and the corn is bound round it at some distance from the ground, so that it resembles an angler's float of gigantic dimensions. The oddest, though perhaps the safest, way of packing grain is to tie it up in a bundle, and hang it to the branch of a tree. When wanted for use, it is pounded in a wooden mortar like those of the Ovambo tribe, in order to beat off the husk, and finally it is ground between two stones. A harvest scene, illustrating these various operations, is given on the 307th page.

The Wanyamezi are not a very superstitious people,—at all events they are not such slaves to superstition as many other tribes. As far as is known, they have no idols, but then they have no religious system, except perhaps a fear of evil spirits, and a belief that such spirits can be exorcised by qualified wizards. A good account of one of these exorcisms is given by Captain Grant.

"The sultan sits at the doorway of his hut, which is decorated with lion's paws.

"His daughter, the possessed, is opposite to him, completely hooded, and guarded by two Watusi women, one on each side, holding a naked spear erect. The sultana completes the circle. Pombé is spirited up in the air so as to fall upon them all. A cow is then brought in with its mouth tightly bound up, almost preventing the possibility of breathing, and it is evident that the poor cow is to be the sacrifice.

"One spear-bearer gives the animal two gentle taps with a hatchet between the horns, and she is followed by the woman with the evil spirit and by a second spear-bearer, who also tap the cow. A man now steps forward, and with the same hatchet kills the cow by a blow behind the horns. The blood is all caught in a tray (a Kaffir custom), and placed at the feet of the possessed, after which a spear-bearer puts spots of the blood on the woman's forehead, on the root of the neck, the palms of the hands, and the instep of the feet. He spots the other spear-bearers in the same manner, and the tray is then taken by another man, who spots the sultan, his kindred, and household.

"Again the tray is carried to the feet of the possessed, and she spots with the blood her little son and nephews, who kneel to receive it. Sisters and female relatives come next to be anointed by her, and it is pleasant to see those dearest to her pressing forward with congratulations and wishes. She then rises from her seat, uttering a sort of whining cry, and walks off to the house of

the sultana, preceded and followed by spear-bearers. During the day she walks about the village, still hooded, and attended by several followers shaking gourds containing grala, and singing 'Heigh-ho, massa-a-no,' or 'ma-sanga.' An old woman is appointed to wrestle with her for a broomstick which she carries, and finally the stick is left in her hand.

"Late in the afternoon a change is wrought; she appears as in ordinary, but with her face curiously painted in the same way. She sits without smiling to receive offerings of grain, with beads or anklets placed on twigs of the broomstick, which she holds upright; and, this over, she walks among the women, who shout out, 'Gnombe' (cow), or some other ridiculous expression to create a laugh. This winds up the ceremony on the first day, but two days afterward the now emancipated woman is seen parading about with the broomstick hung with beads and rags, and looking herself again, being completely cured. The vanquished spirit had been forced to fly!"

Like many other African tribes, the Weezes fully believe that when a person is ill witchcraft must have been the cause of the malady, and once, when Captain Grant was in their country, a man who used to sell fish to him died suddenly. His wife was at once accused of murdering him by poison (which is thought to be a branch of sorcery), was tried, convicted, and killed. The truth of the verdict was confirmed by the fact that the hyenas did not touch the body after death.

They have all kinds of odd superstitions about animals. Captain Grant had shot an antelope, which was quite new to him, and which was therefore a great prize. With the unwilling aid of his assistant he carried it as far as the village, but there the man laid it down, declining to carry it within the walls on the plea that it was a dangerous animal, and must not be brought to the houses. The Sultan Ukulina was then asked to have it brought in, but the man, usually so mild, flew at once into a towering rage, and would not even allow a piece of the skin to be brought within the village. He said that if its flesh were eaten it would cause the fingers and toes to fall off, and that if its saliva touched the skin an ulcer would be the result. Consequently, the skin was lost, and only a sketch preserved. These ideas about the "bawala," as this antelope was called, did not seem to have extended very far; for, while the body was still lying outside the walls, a party of another tribe came up, and were very glad to cook it and eat it on the spot.

All lions and lynxes are the property of the sultan. No one may wear the lion skin except himself, and he decorates his dwelling with the paws and other spoils. This may be expected, as the lion skin is consid-

ered as an emblem of royalty in other lands beside Africa. But there is a curious superstition about the lion, which prohibits any one from walking round its body, or even its skin. One day, when a lion had been killed, and its body brought into the village, Captain Grant measured it, and was straightway assailed by the chief priest of the place for breaking the law in walking round the animal while he was measuring it. He gave as his reason that there was a spell laid on the lions which kept them from entering the villages, and that the act of walking round the animal broke the spell. He said, however, that a payment of four cloths to him would restore the efficacy of the spell, and then he would not tell the sultan. Captain Grant contrived to extricate himself very ingeniously by arguing that the action which broke the spell was not walking round the body, but stepping over it, and that he had been careful to avoid. After sundry odd ceremonies have been performed over the dead body of the lion, the flesh, which is by that time half putrid, is boiled by the sultan in person, the fat is skimmed off, and preserved as a valued medicine, and the skin dressed for regal wear.

The Wanyamuezi have a way of "making brotherhood," similar to that which has already been described, except that instead of

drinking each other's blood, the newly-made brothers mix it with butter on a leaf and exchange leaves. The butter is then rubbed into the incisions, so that it acts as a healing ointment at the same time that the blood is exchanged. The ceremony is concluded by tearing the leaves to pieces and showering the fragments on the heads of the brothers.

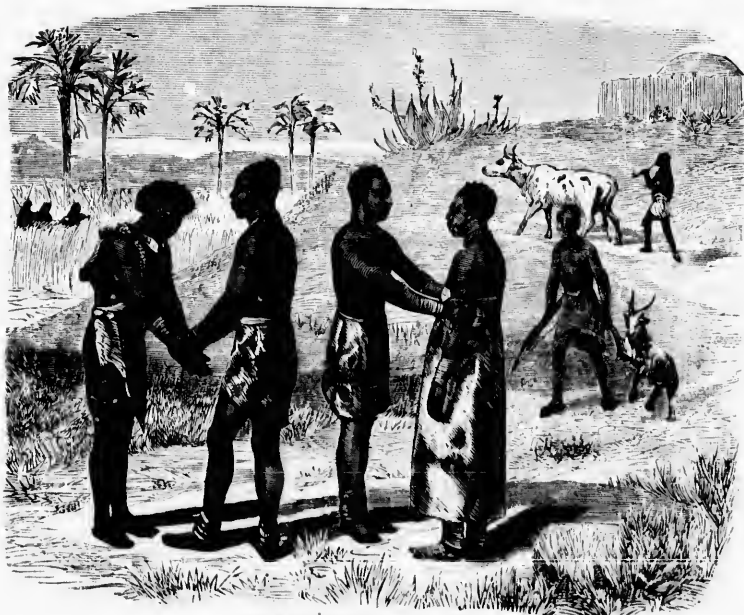
The travellers happened to be in the country just in time to see a curious mourning ceremony. There was a tremendous commotion in the chief's "tembe," and on inquiry it turned out that twins had been born to one of his wives, but that they were both dead. All the women belonging to his household marched about in procession, painted and adorned in a very grotesque manner, singing and dancing with strange gesticulations of arms and legs, and looking, indeed, as if they had been indulging in pombé rather than afflicted by grief. This went on all day, and in the evening they collected a great bundle of bulrushes, tied it up in a cloth, and carried it to the door of the mother's hut, just as if it had been the dead body of a man. They then set it down on the ground, stuck a quantity of the rushes into the earth, at each side of the door, knelt down, and began a long shrieking wail, which lasted for several hours together.

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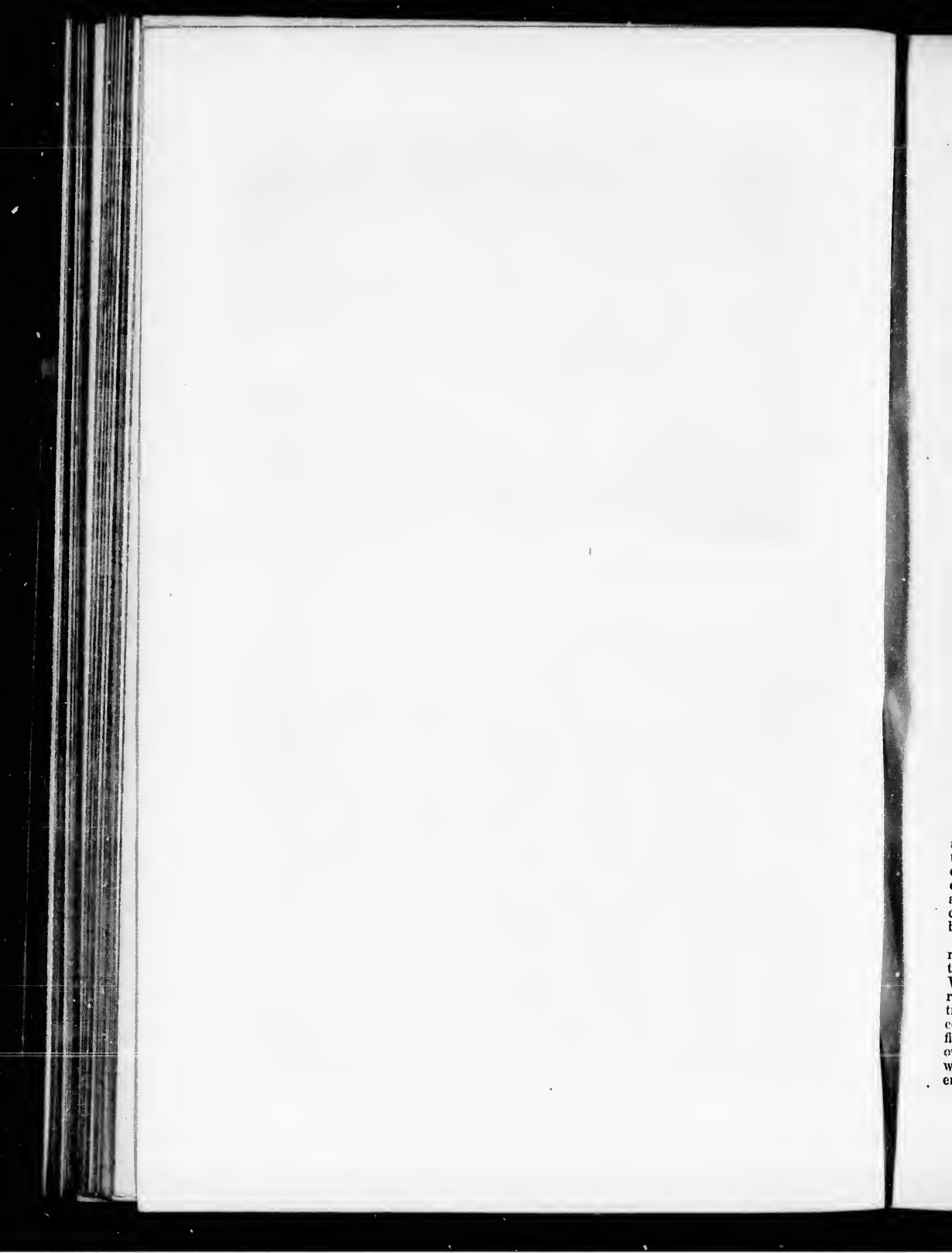
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(1.) HARVEST SCENE. (See page 395.)



(2.) SALUTATION. (See page 409.)



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

KARAGUE.

LOCALITY OF KARAGUE—THE DISTINCT CLASSES OF THE INHABITANTS—THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER—MODE OF SALUTATION—THE RULINO CASTE, OR WAHUMA, AND THE ROYAL CASTE, OR MOHEENDA—LAW OF SUCCESSION—THE SULTAN RUMANIKA AND HIS FAMILY—PLANTAIN WINE—HOW RUMANIKA OAINED THE THRONE—OBSEQUIES OF HIS FATHER—NEW-MOON CEREMONIES—TWO ROYAL PROPHETS—THE MAGIC HORNS—MARRIAGE—EASY LOT OF THE WAHUMA WOMEN—WIFE-FATTENING—AN ODD USE OF OBESITY—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—RUMANIKA'S PRIVATE HAND—FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

PASSING by a number of tribes of more or less importance, we come to the country called KARAGUE (pronounced Kah-rah-goo-eh), which occupies a district about lat. 3° S. and long. 31° E. The people of this district are divided into two distinct classes,—namely, the reigning race, or Wahuma, and the peasantry, or Wanyambo. These latter were the original inhabitants of the land, but were dispossessed by the Wahuma, who have turned them into slaves and tillers of the ground. Among the Wahuma there is another distinction,—namely, a royal caste, or Moheenda.

As to the Wanyambo, although they are reduced to the condition of peasants, and have been compared to the ryots of India, they seem to preserve their self-respect, and have a kind of government among themselves, the country being divided into districts, each of which has its own governor. These men are called Wakungo, and are distinguished by a sort of uniform, consisting of a sheet of calico or a scarlet blanket in addition to the ordinary dress.

They are an excitable and rather quarrelsome people, and are quite capable of taking their own parts, even against the Weezes, with whom they occasionally quarrel. They do not carry their weapons continually, like the Wagogo and the Weezes, contenting themselves with a stick about five feet long, with a knob at the end, without which they are seldom to be seen, and which is not only used as a weapon, but is employed in greeting a friend.

The mode of saluting another is to hold out the stick to the friend, who touches the knobbed end with his hand, and repeats a few words of salutation. Yet, although they do not habitually carry weapons, they are very well armed, their bows being exceedingly powerful and elastic, more than six feet in length, and projecting a spear-headed arrow to a great distance. Spears are also employed, but the familiar weapon is the bow. A bow belonging to M'nanagee, the brother of Rumanika, the then head chief or "sultan" of Karague, was a beautiful specimen of native workmanship. It was six feet three inches in length, i. e. exactly the height of the owner, and was so carefully made that there was not a curve in it that could offend the eye. The string was twisted from the sinews of a cow, and the owner could project an arrow some two hundred yards. The wood of which it was made looked very like our own ash.

The Wanyambo were very polite to Captain Grant, taking great care of him, and advising him how to preserve his health, thus affording a practical refutation of the alarming stories respecting their treachery and ferocity of which he had been told when determining to pass through their country. The Wanyambo are obliged to furnish provisions to travellers free of charge, but, although they obey the letter of the law, they always expect a present of brass wire in lieu of payment. They are slenderly built, very dark in complexion, and greaso themselves abundantly. They do not, however, possess such an evil odor as other

grease-using tribes, as, after they have anointed themselves, they light a fire of aromatic wood, and stand to leeward of it, so as to allow the perfumed smoke to pass over them.

The Wahuma are of much lighter complexion, and the royal caste, or Moheenda, are remarkable for their bronze-like complexions, their well-cut features, and their curiously long heads. The members of this caste are further marked by some scars under the eyes, and their teeth are neither filed nor chipped. There is rather a curious law about the succession to the throne. As with us, the king's eldest son is the acknowledged heir, but then he must have been born when his father was actually king. Consequently, the youngest of a family of brothers is sometimes the heir to the throne, his elder brothers, having been born before their father was king, being ineligible to the crown.

According to Captain Speke, the Wahuma, the Gallas, and the Abyssinians are but different branches of the same people, having fought and been beaten, and retired, and so made their way westward and southward, until they settled down in the country which was then inhabited by the Wanyambo. Still, although he thinks them to have derived their source from Abyssinia, and to have spread themselves over the whole of the country on which we are now engaged, he mentions that they always accommodated themselves to the manners and customs of the natives whom they supplanted, and that the Gallas or Wahuma of Karague have different customs from the Wahuma of Unyoro.

The king or sultan of Karague, at the time when our travellers passed through the country, was Rumanika. He was the handsomest and most intelligent ruler that they met in Africa, and had nothing of the African in his appearance except that his hair was short and woolly. He was six feet two inches in height, and had a peculiarly mild and open expression of countenance. He wore a robe made of small antelope skins, and another of bark cloth, so that he was completely covered. He never wore any headdress, but had the usual metallic armlets and anklets, and always carried a long staff in his hand. His four sons appear to have been worthy of their father. The oldest and youngest seem to have been peculiarly favorable specimens of their race. The eldest, named Chunderah, was twenty-five years old, and very fair, so that, but for his woolly hair and his rather thick lips, he might have been taken for a sepo. He affected the dandy, being more neat about his lion-skin covers and ornaments than the other brothers. He led a gay life, was always ready to lead a war party, and to preside at a dance, or wherever there was wine and women.

"From the tuft of wool left unshaven on

the crown of his head to his waist he was bare, except when decorated round the musclee of the arms and neck with charmed horns, strips of otter skin, shells, and bands of wood. The skin covering, which in the Karague people is peculiar in shape, reaches below the knee behind, and is cut away in front. From below the calf to the ankle was a mass of iron wire, and, when visiting from neighbor to neighbor, he always, like every Karague, carried in his hand a five-foot staff with a knob at the end. He constantly came to ask after me, bringing flowers in his hand, as he knew my fondness for them, and at night he would take Frij, my headman, into the palace, along with his 'zeze,' or guitar, to amuse his sisters with Zanzibar music. In turn, the sisters, brothers, and followers would sing Karague music, and early in the morning Master Frij and Chunderah would return rather jolly to their huts outside the palace enclosure. This shows the kindly feeling existing between us and the family of the sultan; and, although this young prince had showed me many attentions, he never once asked me for a present."

The second son, who was by a different mother, was not so agreeable. His disposition was not bad, but he was stupid and slow, and anything but handsome. The youngest of the four, named Kukoko, seemed to have become a general favorite, and was clearly the pet of his father, who never went anywhere without him. He was so mild and pleasant in his manner, that the travellers presented him with a pair of white kid gloves, and, after much trouble in coaxing them on his unaccustomed fingers, were much amused by the young man's added dignity with which he walked away.

Contrary to the usual African custom, Rumanika was singularly abstemious, living almost entirely upon milk, and merely sucking the juice of boiled beef, without eating the meat itself. He scarcely ever touched the plantain wine or beer, that is in such general use throughout the country, and never had been known to be intoxicated. This wine or beer is made in a very ingenious manner. A large log of wood is hollowed out so as to form a tub, and it seems essential that it should be of considerable size. One end of it is raised upon a support, and a sort of barrier or dam of dried grass is fixed across the centre. Ripe plantains are then placed in the upper division of the tub, and mashed by the women's feet and hands until they are reduced to a pulp. The juice flows down the inclined tub, straining itself by passing through the grass barrier. When a sufficient quantity has been pressed, it is strained several times backward and forward, and is then passed into a clean tub for fermentation. Some burnt sorghum is then bruised and thrown into the juice to help fermentation, and the

tub is then covered up and placed in the sun's rays, or kept warm by a fire. In the course of three days the brewing process is supposed to be completed, and the beer or wine is poured off into calabashes.

The amount of this wine that is drunk by the natives is really amazing, every one carrying about with him a calabash full of it, and even the youngest children of the peasants drinking it freely. It is never bottled for preservation, and, in fact, it is in such request that scarcely a calabash full can be found within two or three days after the brewing is completed. This inordinate fondness for plantain wine makes Rumanika's abstinence the more remarkable.

But Rumanika was really a wonderful man in his way, and was not only king, but priest and prophet also. His very elevation to the throne was, according to the account given by him and his friends, entirely due to supernatural aid. When his father, Dagara, died, he and two brothers claimed the throne. In order to settle their pretensions a small magic drum was laid before them, and he who could lift it was to take the crown. The drum was a very small one, and of scarcely any weight, but upon it were laid certain potent charms. The consequence was, that although his brothers put all their strength to the task, they could not stir the drum, while Rumanika raised it easily with his little finger. Ever afterward he carried this drum with him on occasions of ceremony, swinging it about to show how easy it was for the rightful sovereign to wield it. Being dissatisfied with such a test, one of the chiefs insisted on Rumanika's trial by another ordeal. He was then brought into a sacred spot, where he was required to seat himself on the ground, and await the result of the charms. If he were really the appointed king, the portion of the ground on which he was seated would rise up in the air until it reached the sky; but if he were the wrong man, it would collapse, and dash him to pieces. According to all accounts, his own included, Rumanika took his seat, was raised up into the sky, and his legitimacy acknowledged.

Altogether, his family seem to have been noted for their supernatural qualities. When his father, Dagara, died, his body was sewed up in a cow-hide, put into a canoe, and set floating on the lake, where it was allowed to decompose. Three maggots were then taken from the canoe and given in charge of Rumanika, but as soon as they came into his house one of them became a lion, another a leopard, and the third was transformed into a stick. The body was then laid on the top of a hill, a hut built over it, five girls and fifty cows put into it, and the door blocked up and watched, so that the inmates gradually died of starvation. The lion which issued from the corpse was supposed to be an emblem of the pe-

culiar character of the Karague country, which is supposed to be guarded by lions from the attack of other tribes. It was said that whenever Dagara heard that the enemy was marching into his country, he used to call the lions together, send them against the advancing force, and so defeat them by deputy.

In his character of high-priest, Rumanika was very imposing, especially in his new-moon levee, which took place every month, for the purpose of ascertaining the loyalty of his subjects. On the evening of the new moon he clothes himself in his priestly garb, i. e. a quantity of feathers nodding over his forehead, and fastened with a kind of strap of beads. A huge white beard covers his chin and descends to his breast, and is fastened to his face by a belt of beads. Having thus prepared himself, he sits behind a screen, and waits for the ceremony to begin.

This is a very curious one. Thirty or forty long drums are ranged on the ground, just like a battery of so many mortars; on their heads a white cross is painted. The drummers stand behind them, each with a pair of sticks, and in front is their leader, who has a pair of small drums slung to his neck. The leader first raises his right arm, and then his left, the performers imitating him with exact precision. He then brings down both sticks on the drums with a rapid roll, which becomes louder and louder, until the noise is scarcely endurable. This is continued at intervals for several hours, interspersed with performances on smaller drums, and other musical instruments. The various chiefs and officers next advance, in succession, leaping and gesticulating, shouting expressions of devotion to their sovereign, and invoking his vengeance on them should they ever fail in their loyalty. As they finish their salutation they kneel successively before the king, and hold out their knobbed sticks that he may touch them, and then retire to make room for their successors in the ceremony. In order to give added force to the whole proceeding, a horn is stuffed full of magic powder, and placed in the centre, with its opening directed toward the quarter from which danger is to be feared.

A younger brother of Rumanika, named M'nanagee, was even a greater prophet and diviner than his royal brother, and was greatly respected by the Wahuma in consequence of his supernatural powers. He had a sacred stone on a hill, and might be seen daily walking to the spot for the purpose of divination. He had also a number of elephant tusks which he had stuffed with magic powder and placed in the enclosure, for the purpose of a kind of religious worship.

M'nanagee was a tall and stately personage, skilled in the knowledge of plants, and,

strange to say, ready to impart his knowledge. As insignia of his priestly office, he wore an abundance of charms. One charm was fastened to the back of his shaven head, others hung from his neck and arms, while some were tied to his knees, and even the end of his walking stick contained a charm. He was always attended by his page, a little fat boy, who carried his fly-flapper, and his master's pipe, the latter being of considerable length, and having a bowl of enormous size. He had a full belief in the power of his magic horns, and consulted them on almost every occasion of life. If any one were ill, he asked their opinion as to the nature of the malady and the best remedy for it. If he felt curious about a friend at a distance, the magic horns gave him tidings of the absent one. If an attack were intended on the country, the horns gave him warning of it, and, when rightly invoked, they either averted the threatened attack, or gave victory over their enemies.

The people have an implicit faith in the power of their charms, and believe that they not only inspire courage, but render the person invulnerable. Rumanika's head magician, K'yengo, told Captain Speke that the Watuta tribes had invested his village for six months; and, when all the cattle and other provisions were eaten, they took the village and killed all the inhabitants except himself. If they could not kill on account of the power of his charms, and, although they struck at him with their spears as he lay on the ground, they could not even wound him.

The Wahuma believe in the constant presence of departed souls, and that they can exercise an influence for good or evil over those whom they had known in life. So, if a field happens to be blighted, or the crop does not look favorable, a gourd is laid on the path. All passengers who see the gourd know its meaning, and set up a wailing cry to the spirits to give a good crop to their surviving friends. In order to propitiate the spirit of his father, Dagara, Rumanika used annually to sacrifice a cow on his tomb, and was accustomed to lay corn and beer near the grave, as offerings to his father's spirit.

In Karague, marriage is little more than a species of barter, the father receiving cows, sheep, slaves, and other property for his daughter. But the transaction is not a final one, for if the bride does not happen to approve of her husband, she can return the marriage gifts and return to her father. There is but little ceremony in their marriages, the principal one seeming to consist of tying up the bride in a blackened skin, and carrying her in noisy procession to her husband.

The Wahuma women lead an easy life compared with that of the South African women, and indeed their chief object in life seems to be the attainment of corpulence.

Either the Wahuma women are specially constituted, or the food which they eat is exceptionally nutritious, for they attain dimensions that are almost incredible. For example, Rumanika, though himself a slight and well-shaped man, had five wives of enormous fatness. Three of them were unable to enter the door of an ordinary hut, or to move about without being supported by a person on either side. They are fed on boiled plantains and milk, and consume vast quantities of the latter article, eating it all day long. Indeed, they are fattened as systematically as turkeys, and are "crammed" with an equal disregard of their feelings.

Captain Speke gives a very humorous account of his interview with one of the women of rank, together with the measurements which she permitted him to take:—

"After a long and amusing conversation with Rumanika in the morning, I called on one of his sisters-in-law, married to an elder brother, who was born before Dagara ascended the throne. She was another of these victims of obesity, unable to stand except on all fours. I was desirous to obtain a good view of her, and actually to measure her, and induced her to give me facilities for doing so by offering in return to show her a bit of my naked legs and arms. The bait took as I wished it, and, after getting her to sidle and wriggle into the middle of the hut, I did as I had promised, and then took her dimensions as noted.

"Round arm, one foot eleven inches. Chest, four feet four inches. Thigh, two feet seven inches. Calf, one foot eight inches. Height, five feet eight inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could have obtained this more accurately if I could have had her laid on the floor. But, knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for the blood had rushed into her head.

"Meanwhile the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat stark naked before us, sucking at a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced with the rod if necessary. I got up a bit of a flirtation with missy, and induced her to rise and shake hands with me. Her features were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball."

In one part of the country, the women turned their obesity to good account. In exchanging food for beads, the usual bargain was that a certain quantity of food should be paid for by a belt of beads that would go round the waist. But the women of Karague were, on an average, twice as large round the waist as those of other dis-

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RUMANIKA'S PRIVATE BAND.

(See page 403.)

tricts, and the natural consequence was, that food practically rose one hundred per cent in price.

Despite their exceeding fatness, their features retain much beauty, the face being oval, and the eyes peculiarly fine and intelligent. The higher class of women are very modest, not only wearing the cow-skin petticoat, but also a large wrapper of black cloth, with which they envelope their whole bodies, merely allowing one eye to be seen. Yet up to the marriageable age no clothing of any kind is worn by either sex, and both boys and girls will come up to the traveller and talk familiarly with him, as unconcerned of nudity as their first parents. Until they are married they allow their hair to grow, and then shave it off, sometimes entirely, and sometimes partially. They have an odd habit of making caps of cane, which they cover on the outside with the woolly hair shaved off their own heads.

Mention has been made of various musical instruments used in Karague. The most important are the drums, which vary in size as much as they do in England. That which corresponds to our side-drum is about four feet in length and one in width, and is covered at the wide end with an ichneumon skin. This instrument is slung from the shoulder, and is played with the fingers like the Indian "tom-tom." The large drums used at the new-moon levee are of similar structure, but very much larger. The war drum is beaten by the women, and at its sound the men rush to arms and repair to the several quarters.

There are also several stringed instruments employed in Karague. The principal of these is the nanga, a kind of guitar, which, according to Captain Grant, may be called the national instrument. There are several varieties of the nanga. "In one of these, played by an old woman, six of the seven notes were a perfect scale, the seventh being the only faulty string. In another, played by a man, three strings were a full harmonious chord. These facts show that the people are capable of cultivation. The nanga was formed of heavy dark wood, the shape of a tray, twenty-two by nine inches, or thirty by eight, with three crosses in the bottom, and laced with one string seven or eight times over bridges at either end. Sometimes a gourd or sounding-board was tied to the back.

"Prince M'nanagee, at my request, sent the best player he knew. The man boldly entered without introduction, dressed in the usual Wanyambo costume, and looked a wild, excited creature. After resting his spear against the roof of the hut, he took a nanga from under his arm, and commenced. As he sat upon a mat with his head averted, he sang something of his having been sent to me, and of the favorite dog Keeronba. The wild yet gentle music and words at-

tracted a crowd of admirers, who sang the dog-song for days afterward, as we had it encored several times.

"Another player was an old woman, calling herself Keeloenyagga. As she played while standing in front of me, all the song she could produce was 'sh! sh!' screwing her mouth, rolling her body, and raising her feet from the ground. It was a miserable performance, and not repeated."

There is another stringed instrument called the "zeze." It differs from the nanga in having only one string, and, like the nanga, is used to accompany the voice in singing. Their wind instruments may be called the flageolet and the bugle. The former has six finger holes; and as the people walk along with a load on their heads, they play the flageolet to lighten their journey, and really contrive to produce sweet and musical tones from it. The so-called "bugle" is made of several pieces of gourd, fitting into one another in telescope fashion, and is covered with cow-skin. The notes of a common chord can be produced on the bugle, the thumb acting as a key. It is about one foot in length.

Rumanika had a special military band comprised of sixteen men, fourteen of whom had bugles and the other two carried hand drums. They formed in three ranks, the drummers being in the rear, and played on the march, swaying their bodies in time to the music, and the leader advancing with a curiously active step, in which he touched the ground with each knee alternately. The illustration opposite will give the reader a good idea of Rumanika's private band.

The code of laws in Karague is rather severe in some cases, and strangely mild in others. For example, theft is punished with the stocks, in which the offender is sometimes kept for many months. Assault with a stick entails a fine of ten goats, but if with a deadly weapon, the whole of the property is forfeited, the injured party taking one half, and the sultan the other. In cases of actual murder, the culprit is executed, and his entire property goes to the relations of the murdered man. The most curious law is that against adultery. Should the offender be an ordinary wife, the loss of an ear is thought to be sufficient penalty; but if she be a slave, or the daughter of the sultan, both parties are liable to capital punishment.

When an inhabitant of Karague dies, his body is disposed of according to his rank. Should he be one of the peasants, or Wanyambo, the body is sunk in the water; but if he should belong to the higher caste, or Wahuma, the corpse is buried on an island in the lake, all such islands being considered as sacred ground. Near the spot whereon one of the Wahuma has died, the relations place a symbolical mark, consisting of two sticks tied to a stone, and laid



across the pathway. The symbol informs the passenger that the pathway is for the present sacred, and in consequence he turns

aside, and makes a *détour* before he resumes the pathway. The singular funeral of the sultan has already been mentioned.

THE WAZARAMO AND WASAGARA.

BEFORE proceeding to other African countries, it will be as well to give a few lines to two other tribes, namely, — the Wazaramo and the Wasagara. The country in which the former people live is called Uzaramo, and is situated immediately southward of Zanzibar, being the first district through which Captains Speke and Grant passed. It is covered with villages, the houses of which are partly conical after the ordinary African fashion, and partly gable-ended, according to the architecture of the coast, the latter form being probably due to the many traders who have come from different parts of the world. The walls of the houses are "wattle and daub," i. e. hurdle-work plastered with clay, and the roofs are thatched with grass or reeds. Over these villages are set headmen, called phanxes, who ordinarily call themselves subjects of Said Majid, the Sultan of Zanzibar. But as soon as a caravan passes through their country, each headman considers himself as a sultan in his own right, and levies tolls from the travellers. They never allow strangers to come into their villages, differing in this respect from other tribes, who use their towns as traps, into which the unwary traveller is induced to come, and from which he does not escape without suffering severely in purse.

The people, although rather short and thick-set, are good-looking, and very fond of dress, although their costume is but limited, consisting only of a cloth tied round the waist. They are very fond of ornaments, such as shells, pieces of tin, and beads, and rub their bodies with red clay and oil until they look as if they were new cast in copper. Their hair is woolly, and twisted into numerous tufts, each of which is elongated by bark fibres. The men are very attentive to the women, dressing their hair for them, or escorting them to the water, lest any harm should befall them.

A wise traveller passes through Uzaramo as fast as he can, the natives never furnishing guides, nor giving the least assistance, but being always ready to pounce on him should he be weak, and to rob him by open violence, instead of employing the more refined "hongo" system. They seem to be a boisterous race, but are manageable by mixed gentleness and determination. Even when they had drawn out their warriors in battle array, and demanded in a menacing manner a larger hongo than they ought to expect, Captain Speke found that gentle words would always cause them to with-

draw, and leave the matter to peaceful arbitration. Should they come to blows, they are rather formidable enemies, being well armed with spears and bows and arrows, the latter being poisoned, and their weapons being always kept in the same state of polish and neatness as their owners.

Some of these Phanxes are apt to be very troublesome to the traveller, almost always demanding more than they expect to get, and generally using threats as the simplest means of extortion. One of them, named Khombé la Simba, or Lion's-claw, was very troublesome, sending back contemptuously the present that had been given him, and threatening the direst vengeance if his demands were not complied with. Five miles further inland, another Phanxe, named Mukia ya Nyani, or Monkey's-tail, demanded another hongo; but, as the stores of the expedition would have been soon exhausted at this rate, Captain Speke put an abrupt stop to this extortion, giving the chiefs the option of taking what he chose to give them, or fighting for it; and, as he took care to display his armory and the marksmanship of his men, they thought it better to comply rather than fight and get nothing.

Owing to the rapidity with which the travellers passed through this inhospitable land, and the necessity for avoiding the natives as much as possible, very little was learned of their manners and customs. The Wazaramo would flock round the caravan for the purpose of barter, and to inspect the strangers, but their ordinary life was spent in their villages, which, as has been already mentioned, are never entered by travellers. Nothing is known of their religion, though it is possible that the many Mahometans who pass through their land may have introduced some traces of their own religion, just as is the case in Londa, where the religion is an odd mixture of idolatrous, Mahometan, and Christian rites, with the meaning ingeniously excluded. In fact they do not want to know the meaning of the rites, leaving that to the priests, and being perfectly contented so long as the witch-doctor performs his part. That the Wazaramo have at all events a certain amount of superstition, is evident from the fact that they erect little model huts as temples to the Spirit of Rain. Such a hut or temple is called M'ganga. They also lay broken articles on graves, and occasionally carve rude wooden dolls and fix them in the ground at the end of the grave; but, as far as is known, they have no separate burying-place.

THE WASAGARA TRIBE.

THE second of these tribes, the WASAGARA, inhabits a large tract of country, full a hundred miles in length, and is composed of a great number of inferior or sub-tribes. Like other African nations, who at one time were evidently great and powerful, the Wasagara have become feeble and comparatively insignificant, though still numerous. Being much persecuted by armed parties from the coast, who attack and carry them off for slaves, besides stealing what property they have, the Wasagara have mostly taken to the lofty conical mountains that form such conspicuous objects in their country, and there are tolerably safe. But, as they are thus obliged to reside in such limited districts, they can do but little in agriculture, and they are afraid to descend to the level ground in order to take part in the system of commerce, which is so largely developed in this country. Their villages are mostly built on the hill spurs, and they cultivate, as far as they can, the fertile lands which lie between them. But the continual

inroads of inimical tribes, as well as those of the slave-dealers, prevent the inhabitants from tilling more land than can just supply their wants.

So utterly dispirited are they, that as soon as a caravan is seen by a sentry, warning is given, and all the population flock to the hill-top, where they scatter and hide themselves so completely that no slaving party would waste its time by trying to catch them. Resistance is never even thought of, and it is hardly possible to induce the Wasagara to descend the hills until the caravan has passed. Consequently it is scarcely possible to obtain a Wasagara as a guide through his country. If, however, the traveller does succeed in so doing, he finds that the man is trustworthy, lively, active, and altogether an amusing companion. The men seem to be good hunters, displaying great skill in discovering and tracking game. Owing to the precarious nature of their lives, the Wasagara have but little dress, a small strip of cloth round the waist being the ordinary costume.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WATUSI AND WAGANDA.

LOCALITY OF THE WATUSI TRIBE—MODE OF DRESS—A WATUSI WOMAN—THEIR VALUE AS HERDS-
MEN—SALUTATION—WATUSI DANCING—THE WAGANDA—ROAD SYSTEM OF UGANDA—CODE OF
ETIQUETTE—DISREGARD OF HUMAN LIFE—CRUELTY—THE WIFE-WHIP—AN AFRICAN BLUE-
BEARD—LIFE IN THE PALACE—REVIEWING THE TROOPS—ORIGIN OF THE WAGANDA TRIBE—
KIMERA, AND HIS MODE OF GOVERNMENT—SYSTEM OF ORGANIZATION—THE LAW OF SUCCESSION
—M'TESA, THE PRESENT KING, AND HIS COURT—THE ROYAL PALACE—GENERAL ARCHITECTURE
OF THE WAGANDA—RECEPTION OF A GUEST—THE ROYAL WALK—A COUNCIL—SUPERSTITIONS
—THE WATER-SPIRIT AND HIS HIGH PRIEST—RELIGION OF THE WAGANDA—HUMAN SACRIFICES
—THE SLAVE-TRADE—BURYING GROUNDS OF THE WAGANDA.

THERE is one tribe which, though small, has sufficient individuality to deserve a brief notice. The WATUSI are a race of herds-men, who live on either side of the equator, and, according to Captain Grant, resemble the Somalis in general appearance. They generally take service in the households of wealthy persons, and devote themselves almost entirely to the care of the cattle. They have plentiful and woolly hair, and the men shave their beards with the exception of a crescent-shaped patch. They have an odd fashion of staining their gums black, using for the purpose a mixture of the tamarind seed calcined and powdered, and then mixed with a salt of copper. The men carry their weapons when walking, and seldom appear without a bow and arrows, a five-foot-long stick with a knob at one end, and a pipe.

When they meet a friend, they hold out the knobbed end of the stick to him; he touches it, and the demands of etiquette are supposed to be fulfilled. This knobbed stick is quite an institution among the tribes that have recently been mentioned, and a man seems to be quite unhappy unless he has in his hand one of these curious implements. They are fond of ornament, and wear multitudinous rings upon their wrists and ankles, the latter being generally of iron and the former of brass.

They are a fine-looking race, and the women are equally remarkable in this respect with the men,—a phenomenon rarely seen in this part of the world. They are

tall, erect, and well-featured, and, as a rule, are decently clad in dressed cow-skins. The general appearance of the Watusi women can be gathered from Captain Grant's description.

"One morning, to my surprise, in a wild jungle we came upon cattle, then upon a 'bomah' or ring fence, concealed by beautiful umbrageous large trees, quite the place for a gipsy camp. At the entry two strapping fellows met me and invited my approach. I mingled with the people, got water from them, and was asked, 'Would I prefer some milk?' This sounded to me more civilized than I expected from Africans, so I followed the men, who led me up to a beautiful lady-like creature, a Watusi woman, sitting alone under a tree.

"She received me without any expression of surprise, in the most dignified manner; and, after talking with the men, rose smiling, showing great gentleness in her manner, and led me to her hut. I had time to scrutinize the interesting stranger: she wore the usual Watusi costume of a cow's skin reversed, teased into a fringe with a needle, colored brown, and wrapped round her body from below the chest to the ankles. Lappets, showing zebra-like stripes of many colors, she wore as a 'turn-over' round the waist, and, except where ornamented on one arm with a highly polished coil of thick brass wire, two equally bright and massive rings on the right wrist, and a neck pendant of brass wire,—except these, and her becoming wrapper, she was *au naturel*.

"I was struck with her peculiarly-formed head and graceful long neck; the beauty of her fine eyes, mouth, and nose; the smallness of her hands and naked feet—all were faultless; the only bad feature, which is considered one of beauty with them, was her large ears. The arms and elbows were rounded off like an egg, the shoulders were sloping, and her small breasts were those of a crouching Venus—a perfect beauty, though darker than a brunette.

"Her temporary residence was peculiar; it was formed of grass, was flat-roofed, and so low that I could not stand upright in it. The fireplace consisted of three stones; milk vessels of wood, shining white from scouring, were ranged on one side of the abode. A good-looking woman sat rocking a gourd between her knees in the process of churning butter. After the fair one had examined my skin and my clothes, I expressed great regret that I had no beads to present to her. 'They are not wanted,' she said; 'sit down, drink this buttermilk, and here is also some butter for you.' It was placed on a clean leaf. I shook hands, patted her cheek, and took my leave; but some beads were sent her, and she paid me a visit, bringing butter and buttermilk, and asking for more presents, which she of course got, and I had the gratification to see her eyes sparkle at the sight of them.

"This was one of the few women I met during our whole journey that I admired. None of the belles in Usui could approach her; but they were of a different caste, though dressing much in the same style. When cow's skins were not worn these Usui women dressed very tidily in bark cloths, and had no marks or cuttings observable on their bodies. Circles of hair were often shaved off the crowns of their heads, and their neck ornaments showed considerable taste in the selection of the beads. The most becoming were a string of the Mzizama spheres of marble-sized white porcelain, and triangular pieces of shell rounded at the corners.

"An erect fair girl, daughter of a chief, paid us a visit, accompanied by six maids, and sat silently for half an hour. She had a spiral circle of wool shaved off the crown of her head; her only ornament was a necklace of green beads; she wore the usual wrapper, and across her shoulders a strip of scarlet cloth was thrown; her other fineries were probably left at home. The women of the district generally had grace and gentleness in their manner."

Some of the women tattoo themselves on the shoulders and breasts in rather a curious fashion, producing a pattern that looks in front like point lace, and which then passes over the shoulders and comes on the back down to the waist, like a pair of braces. A band of similar markings runs round the waist.

The wages of the Watusi tribe for the management of the cattle are simple enough. Half the milk is theirs, and as a cow in these regions is singularly deficient in milk, producing a bare pint per diem, the herdsmen have but small reward for their labor. They are very clever at managing the animals placed under their control. If they have to drive an unruly cow, they simply tie a cord to the hock of one of the hind legs, and walk behind it holding the end of the cord. This very simple process has the effect of subduing the cow, who yields as if to a charm, and walks quietly in whatever direction she is told to go. Goats are led by taking up one of the fore legs in the hand, when it is found that the animal walks along quietly on three legs; the temporary deprivation of the fourth limb being no particular impediment. Perhaps on account of this mastery over the cattle, even the Wanyamwezi look upon the Watusi with great respect. Should members of those tribes meet, the Weezee presses the palms of his hands together, and the Watusi gently clasps them in his own, muttering at the same time a few words in a low tone of voice. If a Watusi man meets a woman of the same tribe, she allows her arms to fall by her side, and he gently presses her arms below the shoulders. For an illustration of this mode of salutation, see the engraving No. 2 on page 397.

They are an industrious people, and make baskets with considerable skill, using a *sharp-pointed spout*, and doing nearly as much of the work with their feet as with their hands. They also work in metals, and have a kind of bellows made of wood, with cane handles,—very small, but efficient enough for the purpose. The dances with which the Watusi amuse themselves in the evening are as simple and peaceful as the dancers, and women take equal part with the men in them. They array themselves in a circle, singing, and clapping hands in time. Presently a woman passes into the ring, dances alone, and then, making a graceful obeisance to some favorite in the ring, she retires backward to her place. A young man then comes forward, goes through a number of evolutions, bows to one of the girls, and then makes way for a successor.

Captain Grant always speaks in the highest terms of the Watusi, whom he designates as his favorite race. He states that they never will permit themselves to be sold into slavery, but prefer death to such dishonor. This people are always distinguishable by their intelligence and the easy politeness of their manners. They are also remarkable for their neatness and personal cleanliness, in which they present a strong contrast to the neighboring tribes.

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THE WAGANDA TRIBE.

PASSING still northward, and keeping to the westward of the Victoria N'yanza, we come to the UGANDA district, the inhabitants of which are named WAGANDA.

This country is situated on the equator, and is a much more pleasant land than might be supposed from its geographical position, being fertile, and covered with vegetation. It is a peculiarly pleasant land for a traveller, as it is covered with roads, which are not only broad and firm, but are cut almost in a straight line from one point to another. Uganda seems to be unique in the matter of roads, the like of which are not to be found in any part of Africa, except those districts which are held by Europeans. The roads are wide enough for carriages, but far too steep in places for any wheeled conveyance; but as the Waganda do not use carriages of any kind, the roads are amply sufficient for their purposes. The Waganda have even built bridges across swamps and rivers, but their knowledge of engineering has not enabled them to build a bridge that would not decay in a few years.

Like many other tribes which bear, but do not deserve, the name of savages, the Waganda possess a curiously strict code of etiquette, which is so stringent on some points that an offender against it is likely to lose his life, and is sure to incur a severe penalty. If, for example, a man appears before the king with his dress tied carelessly, or if he makes a mistake in the mode of saluting, or if, in squatting before his sovereign, he allows the least portion of his limbs to be visible, he is led off to instant execution. As the fatal sign is given, the victim is seized by the royal pages, who wear a rope turban round their heads, and at the same moment all the drums and other instruments strike up, to drown his cries for mercy. He is rapidly bound with the ropes snatched hastily from the heads of the pages, dragged off, and put to death, no one daring to take the least notice while the tragedy is being enacted.

They have also a code of sumptuary laws which is enforced with the greatest severity. The skin of the serval, a kind of leopard cat, for example, may only be worn by those of royal descent. Once Captain Speke was visited by a very agreeable young man, who evidently intended to strike awe into the white man, and wore round his neck the serval-skin emblem of royal birth. The attempted deception, however, recoiled upon its author, who suffered the fate of the daw with the borrowed plumes. An officer of rank detected the imposture, had the young man seized, and challenged him to show proofs of his right to wear the emblem of royalty. As he failed to do so, he was threatened with being brought before the

king, and so compounded with the chief for a fine of a hundred cows.

Heavy as the penalty was, the young man showed his wisdom by acceding to it; for if he had been brought before the king, he would assuredly have lost his life, and probably have been slowly tortured to death. One punishment to which M'tesa, the king of Uganda, seems to have been rather partial, was the gradual dismemberment of the criminal for the sake of feeding his pet vultures; and although on some occasions he orders them to be killed before they are dismembered, he sometimes omits that precaution, and the wretched beings are slowly cut to pieces with grass blades, as it is against etiquette to use knives for this purpose.

The king alone has the privilege of wearing a cock's-comb of hair on the top of his head, the remainder being shaved off. This privilege is sometimes extended to a favorite queen or two, so that actual royalty may be at once recognized. Even the mode of sitting is carefully regulated. Only the king is allowed to sit on a chair, all his subjects being forced to place themselves on the ground. When Captains Speke and Grant visited Uganda, there was a constant struggle on this point, the travellers insisting on sitting in their arm-chairs, and the king wanting them to sit on the ground. On one occasion, when walking with M'tesa and his suite, a halt was ordered, and Captain Speke looked about for something to sit upon. The king, seeing this, and being determined not to be outdone, called a page, made him kneel on all fours, and then sat on his back. The controversy at last ended in a compromise, the travellers abandoning their chairs in the king's presence, but sitting on bundles of grass which were quite as high.

When an inferior presents any article to his superior, he always pats and rubs it with his hands, and then strokes with it each side of his face. This is done in order to show that no witchcraft has been practised with it, as in such a case the intended evil would recoil on the donor. This ceremony is well enough when employed with articles of use or apparel; but when meat, plantains, or other articles of food are rubbed with the dirty hands and well-greased face of the donor, the recipient, if he should happen to be a white man, would be only too happy to dispense with the ceremony, and run his risk of witchcraft.

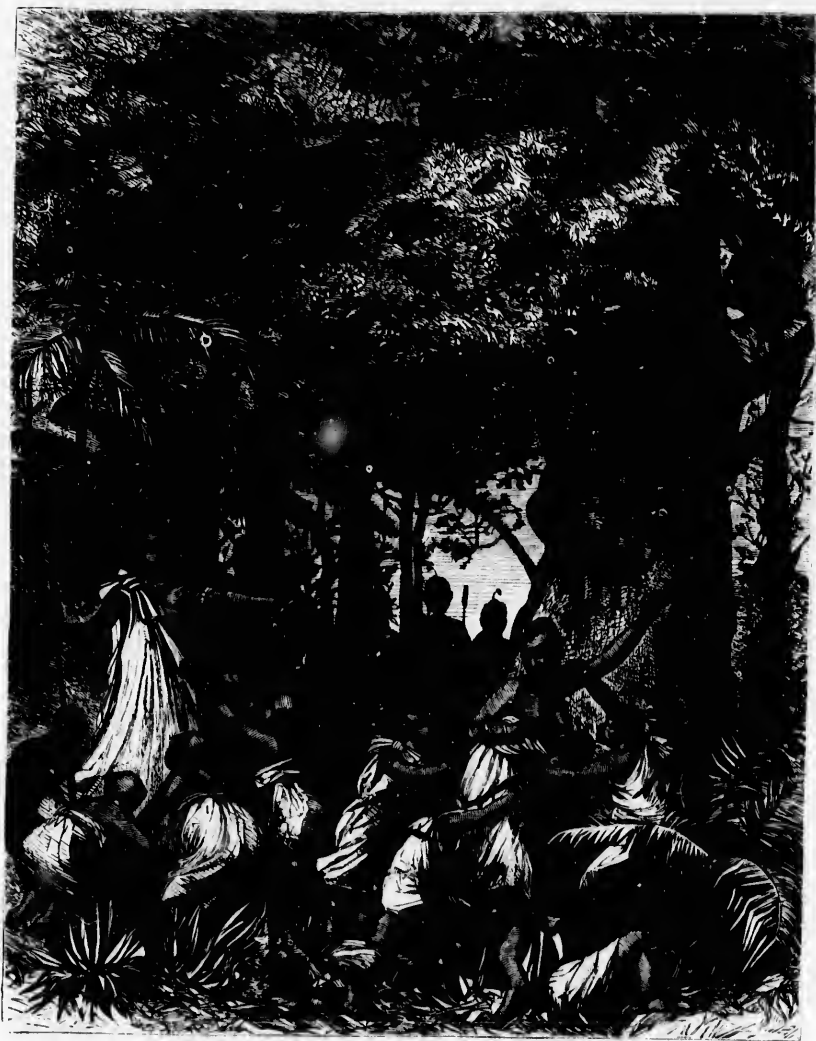
The officers of the court are required to shave off all their hair except a single cockade at the back of the head, while the pages are distinguished by two cockades, one over each temple, so that, even if they happen to be without their rope turbans, their rank and authority are at once indicated. When

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ARREST OF THE QUEEN.

(See page 413.)

the king sends the pages on a message, a most picturesque sight is presented. All the commands of the king have to be done at full speed, and when ten or a dozen pages start off in a body, their dresses streaming in the air behind them, each striving to outrun the other, they look at a distance like a flight of birds rather than human beings.

Here, as in many other countries, human life, that of the king excepted, is not of the least value. On one occasion Captain Speke had given M'tesa a new rifle, with which he was much pleased. After examining it for some time, he loaded it, handed it to one of his pages, and told him to go and shoot somebody in the outer court. The page, a mere boy, took the rifle, went into the court, and in a moment the report of the rifle showed that the king's orders had been obeyed. The urchin came back grinning with delight at the feat which he had achieved, just like a schoolboy who has shot his first sparrow, and handed back the rifle to his master. As to the unfortunate man who was fated to be the target, nothing was heard about him, the murder of a man being far too common an incident to attract notice.

On one occasion, when M'tesa and his wives were on a pleasure excursion, one of the favorites, a singularly good-looking woman, plucked a fruit, and offered it to the king, evidently intending to please him. Instead of taking it as intended, he flew into a violent passion, declared that it was the first time that a woman had ever dared to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to lead her off to execution. "These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of Cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying in the names of the Kamravia and M'zungu (myself [i. e. Captain Speke]) for help and protection, whilst Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head. The artist has represented this scene in the engraving on previous page.

"Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference at an early stage would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, M'zungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own

in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant, but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

On another occasion, when M'tesa had been out shooting, Captain Grant asked what sport he had enjoyed. The unexpected answer was that game had been very scarce, but that he had shot a good many men instead. Beside the pages who have been mentioned, there were several executioners, who were pleasant and agreeable men in private life, and held in great respect by the people. They were supposed to be in command of the pages who bound with their rope turbans the unfortunates who were to suffer, and mostly inflicted the punishment itself.

This particular king seems to have been rather exceptionally cruel, his very wives being subject to the same capriciousness of temper as the rest of his subjects. Of course he beat them occasionally, but as wife beating is the ordinary custom in Uganda, he was only following the ordinary habits of the people.

There is a peculiar whip made for the special purpose of beating wives. It is formed of a long strip of hippotamus hide, split down the middle to within three or four inches of the end. The entire end is beaten and scraped until it is reduced in size to the proper dimensions of a handle. The two remaining thongs are suffered to remain square, but are twisted in a screw-like fashion, so as to present sharp edges throughout their whole length. When dry, this whip is nearly as hard as iron, and scarcely less heavy, so that at every blow the sharp edges cut deeply into the flesh. Wife flogging, however, was not all; he was in the habit of killing his wives and their attendants without the least remorse. While Captain Speke was residing within the limits of the palace, there was scarcely a day when some woman was not led to execution, and some days three or four were murdered. Mostly they were female attendants of the queens, but frequently the royal pages dragged out a woman whose single cockade on the top of her head announced her as one of the king's wives.

M'tesa, in fact, was a complete African Bluebeard, continually marrying and killing, the brides, however, exceeding the victims in number. Royal marriage is a very simple business in Uganda. Parents who have offended their king and want to pacify him, or who desire to be looked on favorably by him, bring their daughters and offer them as he sits at the door of his house. As is the case with all his female attendants, they are totally unclothed, and stand before the king in ignorance of their future. If he accept them, he makes them sit down, seats himself on their knees, and embraces them. This is the whole of the ceremony,

and as each girl is thus accepted, the happy parents perform the curious salutation called "n'yanzigging," i. e. prostrating themselves on the ground, floundering about, clapping their hands, and ejaculating the word "n'yans," or thanks, as fast as they can say it.

Twenty or thirty brides will sometime be presented to him in a single morning, and he will accept more than half of them, some of them being afterward raised to the rank of wives, while the others are relegated to the position of attendants. It was rather remarkable, that although the principal queen was most liberal with these attendants, offering plenty of them to Captain Speke and his companions, not one of them would have been permitted to marry a native, as she might have betrayed the secrets of the palace.

Life in the palace may be honorable enough, but seems to be anything but agreeable, except to the king. The whole of the court are abject slaves, and at the mercy of any momentary caprice of the merciless, thoughtless, irresponsible despot. Whatever wish may happen to enter the king's head must be executed at once, or woe to the delinquent who fails to carry it out. Restless and capacious as a spoiled child, he never seemed to know exactly what he wanted, and would issue simultaneously the most contradictory orders, and then expect them to be obeyed.

As for the men who held the honorable post of his guards, they were treated something worse than dogs—far worse, indeed, than M'tesa treated his own dog. They might lodge themselves as they could, and were simply fed by throwing great lumps of beef and plantains among them. For this they scramble just like so many dogs, scratching and tearing the morsels from each other, and trying to devour as much as possible within a given number of seconds.

The soldiers of M'tesa were much better off than his guards, although their position was not so honorable. They are well dressed, and their rank is distinguished by a sort of uniform, the officers of royal birth wearing the leopard-skin tippet, while those of inferior rank are distinguished by colored cloths, and skin cloaks made of the hide of oxen or antelopes. Each carries two spears, and an odd-shaped shield, originally oval, but cut into deep scallops, and having at every point a pendent tuft of hair. Their heads are decorated in a most curious manner, some of the men wearing a crescent-like ornament, and some tying round their heads wreaths made of different materials, to which a horn, a bunch of beads, a dried lizard, or some such ornament, is appended.

Not deficient in personal courage, their spirits were cheered in combat by the certainty of reward or punishment. Should they behave themselves bravely, treasures

would be heaped upon them, and they would receive from their royal master plenty of cattle and wives. But if they behaved badly, the punishment was equally certain and most terrible. A recreant soldier was not only put to death, but holes bored in his body with red-hot irons until he died from sheer pain and exhaustion.

Now and then the king held a review, in which the valiant and the cowards obtained their fitting rewards. These reviews offered most picturesque scenes. "Before us was a large open sward, with the lints of the queen's Kamraviona or commander-in-chief beyond. The battalion, consisting of what might be termed three companies, each containing two hundred men, being drawn up on the left extremity of the parade ground, received orders to march past in single file from the right of companies at a long trot, and re-form again at the end of the square.

"Nothing conceivable could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued; the men all nearly naked, with goat or cat skins depending from their girdles, and smeared with war colors, according to the taste of the individual; one half of the body red or black, the other blue, not in regular order; as, for instance, one stocking would be red, and the other black, whilst the breeches above would be the opposite colors, and so with the sleeves and waistcoat. Every man carried the same arms, two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy, and they thus moved in three lines of single rank and file, at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent, to give their strides the greater force.

"After the men had all started, the captains of companies followed, even more fantastically dressed; and last of all came the great Colonel Congow, a perfect Robinson Crusoe, with his long white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and a magnificent helmet covered with rich beads of every color in excellent taste, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, in the centre of which rose a bent stem tufted with goat's-hair. Next, they charged in companies to and fro, and finally the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent professions of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded. The parade then broke up, and all went home."

At these reviews, the king distributes rewards and metes out his punishments. The scene is equally stirring and terrible. As the various officers come before the king, they prostrate themselves on the ground, and, after going through their elaborate salutation, they deliver their reports as to the conduct of the men under their command. To some are given various presents, with

which they go off rejoicing, after floundering about on the ground in the extremity of their gratitude; while others are seized by the ever-officious pages, bound, and dragged off to execution, the unfortunate men struggling with their captors, fighting, and denying the accusation, until they are out of hearing. As soon as the king thinks that he has had enough of the business, he rises abruptly, picks up his spears, and goes off, leading his dog with him.

The native account of the origin of the Waganda kingdom is very curious. According to them, the country which is now called Uganda was previously united with Unyoro, a more northerly kingdom, of which we shall presently treat. Eight generations back there came from Unyoro a hunter named Uganda, bringing with him a spear, a shield, a woman, and a pack of dogs. He began to hunt on the shores of the lake, and was so successful that he was joined by vast numbers of the people, to whom he became a chief.

Under his sway, the hitherto scattered people assumed the character of a nation, and began to feel their strength. Their leading men then held a council on their government, and determined on making Uganda their king. "For," said they, "what avail to us is the king of Unyoro? He is so far distant that, when we sent him a cow as a present, the cow had a calf, and that calf became a cow and gave birth to another calf, and yet the present has not reached the king. Let us have a king of our own." So they induced Uganda to be their king, changed his name to Kimera, and assigned his former name to the country.

Kimera, thus made king, took his station on a stone and showed himself to his new subjects, having in his hand his spears and shield, and being accompanied by a woman and a dog; and in this way all succeeding kings have presented themselves to their subjects. All the Waganda are, in consequence, expected to keep at least two spears, a shield and a dog, and the officers are also entitled to have drums. The king of Unyoro heard of the new monarch, but did not trouble himself about a movement at such a distance, and so the kingdom of Uganda became an acknowledged reality.

However, Kimera organized his people in so admirable a manner, that he became a perfect terror to the king of Unyoro, and caused him to regret that, when Kimera's power was not yet consolidated, he had not crushed him. Kimera formed his men into soldiers, drafted them into different regiments, drilled and organized them thoroughly. He cut roads through his kingdom, traversing it in all directions. He had whole fleets of boats built, and threw bridges over rivers wherever they interrupted his line of road. He descended into the minutest

particulars of domestic polity, and enforced the strictest sanitary system throughout his country, not even suffering a house to be built unless it possessed the means of cleanliness.

Organization, indeed, seems now to be implanted in the Waganda mind. Even the mere business of taking bundles of wood into the palace must be done in military style. "After the logs are carried a certain distance, the men charge up hill with walking sticks at the slope, to the sound of the drum, shouting and chorusing. On reaching their officer, they drop on their knees to salute, by saying repeatedly in one voice the word 'n'yans' (thanks). Then they go back, charging down hill, stooping, simultaneously to pick up the wood, till step by step, it taking several hours, the neatly cut logs are regularly stacked in the palace yards."

Each officer of a district would seem to have a different mode of drill. The Wazee-wah, with long sticks, were remarkably well-disciplined, shouting and marching all in regular time, every club going through the same movement; the most attractive part of the drill being when all crouched simultaneously, and then advanced in open ranks, swinging their bodies to the roll of their drums.

By such means Kimera soon contrived to make himself so powerful that his very name was dreaded throughout Unyoro, into which country he was continually making raids. If, for example, at one of his councils he found that one part of his dominions was deficient in cattle or women, he ordered one or two of his generals to take their troops into Unyoro, and procure the necessary number. In order that he might always have the means of carrying his ideas into effect, the officers of the army are expected to present themselves at the palace as often as they possibly can, and, if they fail to do so, they are severely punished; their rank is taken from them; their property confiscated, and their goods, their wives, and their children are given to others.

In fact, Kimera proceeded on a system of reward and punishment: the former he meted out with a liberal hand; the latter was certain, swift, and terrible. In process of time Kimera died, and his body was dried by being placed over an oven. When it was quite dry, the lower jaw was removed and covered with beads; and this, together with the body, were placed in tombs, and guarded by the deceased monarch's favorite women, who were prohibited even from seeing his successor.

After Kimera's death, the people proceeded to choose a king from among his many children, called "Warangira," or princes. The king elect was very young, and was separated from the others, who were placed in a suite of huts under charge

of a keeper. As soon as the young prince reached years of discretion, he was publicly made king, and at the same time all his brothers except two were burned to death. The two were allowed to live in case the new king should die before he had any sons, and also as companions for him. As soon as the line of direct succession was secured, one of the brothers was banished into Unyoro, and the other allowed to live in Uganda.

When Captains Speke and Grant arrived in Uganda, the reigning sovereign was M'tesa, the seventh in succession from Kimera. He was about twenty-five years of age, and, although he had not been formally received, he wielded a power as supreme as if he had passed through this ceremony. He was wise enough to keep up the system which had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors, and the Uganda kingdom was even more powerful in his time than it had been in the days of Kimera. A close acquaintance proved that his personal character was not a pleasant one, as indeed was likely when it is remembered that he had possessed illimitable power ever since he was quite a boy, and in consequence had never known contradiction.

He was a very fine-looking young man, and possessed in perfection the love of dress, which is so notable a feature in the character of the Waganda. They are so fastidious in this respect, that for a man to appear untidily dressed before his superiors would entail severe punishment, while, if he dared to present himself before the king with the least disorder of apparel, immediate death would be the result. Even the royal pages, who rush about at full speed when performing their commissions, are obliged to hold their skin cloaks tightly round them, lest any portion of a naked limb should present itself to the royal glance.

The appearance of M'tesa is well described by Captain Speke:—"A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-formed young man of twenty-five, was sitting upon a red blanket, spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously dressed in a new 'mbugu' (or grass-cloth). The hair of his head was cut short, except upon the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern, like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised, and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with a snake skin. On every finger and toe he had alternate brass and copper rings, and above the ankles, half-way up the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads.

"Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief, he had a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to wipe his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from little gourd cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and his wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a host of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, on one side; and on the other was a band of 'Wichwézi,' or lady sorcerers."

These women are indispensable appendages to the court, and attend the king wherever he goes, their office being to avert the evil eye from their monarch, and to pour the plantain wine into the royal cups. They are distinguished by wearing dried lizards on their heads, and on their belts are fastened goat-skin aprons, edged with little bells. As emblems of their office, they also carry very small shields and spears, ornamented with cock-hackles.

M'tesa's palace is of enormous dimensions, and almost deserves the name of a village or town. It occupies the whole side of a hill, and consists of streets of huts arranged as methodically as the houses of an European town, the line being preserved by fences of the tall yellow tiger-grass of Uganda. There are also squares and open spaces, and the whole is kept in perfect order and neatness. The inner courts are entered by means of gates, each gate being kept by an officer, who permits no one to pass who has not the king's permission. In case his vigilance should be evaded, each gate has a bell fastened to it on the inside, just as they are hung on shop-doors in England.

In the illustration No. 1, opposite, the artist has selected the moment when the visitor is introduced to the immediate presence of the king. Under the shade of the hut the monarch is seated on his throne, having on one side the spears, shield, and dog, and on the other the woman, these being the accompaniments of royalty. Some of his pages are seated near him, with their cord turbans bound on their tufted heads, ready to obey his slightest word. Immediately in front are some soldiers saluting him, and one of them, to whom he has granted some favor, is floundering on the ground, thanking, or "n'yanzigging," according to the custom of the place. On the other side is the guest, a man of rank, who is introduced by the officer of the gate. The door itself, with its bells, is drawn aside, and over the doorway is a rope, on which are hung a row of charms. The

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(1.) RECEPTION OF A VISITOR. (See page 136.)



(2.) THE MAGICIAN AT WORK (See page 137.)

king's private band is seen in the distance, performing with its customary vigor.

The architecture of the huts within these enclosures is wonderfully good, the Waganda having great natural advantages, and making full use of them. The principal material in their edifices is reed, which in Uganda grows to a very great height, and is thick and strong in the stem. Grass for thatching is also found in vast quantities, and there is plenty of straight timber for the rafters. The roof is double, in order to exclude the sunbeams, and the outer roof comes nearly to the ground on all sides. The fabric is upheld by a number of poles, from which are hung corn-sacks, meat, and other necessaries.

The interior is separated into two compartments by a high screen made of plantain leaf, and within the inner apartment the cane bodstod of the owner is placed. Yet, with all this care in building, there is only one door, and no window or chimney; and although the Waganda keep their houses tolerably clean, the number of dogs which they keep fill their huts with fleas, so that when a traveller takes possession of a house, he generally has the plantain screen removed, and makes on the floor as large a fire as possible, so as to exterminate the insect inhabitants.

The ceremonies of receiving a royal guest are as elaborate as the architecture. Officers of rank step forward to greet him, while musicians are in attendance, playing on the various instruments of Uganda, most of them being similar to those which have already been described. Even the height of the seat on which the visitor is to place himself is rigorously determined, the chief object seeming to be to force him to take a seat lower than that to which he is entitled. In presence of the king, who sits on a chair or throne, no subject is allowed to be seated on anything higher than the ground; and if he can be induced to sit in the blazing sunbeams, and wait until the king is pleased to see him, a triumph of diplomacy has been secured.

When the king has satisfied himself with his guest, or thinks that he is tired, he rises without any warning, and marches off to his room, using the peculiar gait affected by the kings of Uganda, and supposed to be imitated from the walk of the lion. To the eyes of the Waganda, the "lion's step," as the peculiar walk is termed, is very majestic, but to the eyes of an European it is simply ludicrous, the feet being planted widely apart, and the body swung from side to side at each step. If any of my readers should have known Christ's Hospital, they may remember the peculiar style of walking which was termed "spadging," and which used to be, and may be now, an equivalent to the "lion-step" of the Uganda king.

After M'tesa had received his white visi-

tor, he suddenly rose and retired after the royal custom, and, as etiquette did not permit him to eat until he had seen his visitors, he took the opportunity of breaking his fast.

Round the king, as he sits on his grass-covered throne, are his councillors and officers, squatted on the ground, with their dresses drawn tightly around them, and partly seated on the royal leopard skins which are strewn on the ground. There is also a large drum, decorated with little bells strung on wire arches, and some smaller drums, covered with beads and cowrie shells, worked into various patterns. Outside the inner circle sit the ordinary officers, and while the king is present not a word is spoken, lest he should take offence at it; and not an eye is lifted, lest a casual glance might fall on one of the king's women, and be the precursor of a cruel death.

The Waganda are much given to superstition, and have a most implicit faith in charms. The king is very rich in charms, and, whenever he holds his court, has vast numbers of them suspended behind him, besides those which he carries on his person. These charms are made of almost anything that the magician chooses to select. Horns, filled with magic powder, are perhaps the most common, and these are slung on the neck or tied on the head if small, and kept in the huts if large.

Their great object of superstitious dread is a sort of water-spirit, which is supposed to inhabit the lake, and to wreak his vengeance upon those who disturb him. Like the water-spirits of the Rhine, this goblin has supreme jurisdiction, not only on the lake itself, but in all rivers that communicate with it; and the people are so afraid of this aquatic demon, that they would not allow a sounding-line to be thrown into the water, lest perchance the weight should happen to hit the water-spirit and enrage him. The name of this spirit is M'gussa, and he communicates with the people by means of his own special minister or priest, who lives on an island, and is held in nearly as much awe as his master.

M'tesa once took Captain Speke with him to see the magician. He took also a number of his wives and attendants, and it was very amusing, when they reached the boats, to see all the occupants jump into the water, ducking their heads so as to avoid seeing the royal women, a stray glance being sure to incur immediate death. They proceeded to the island on which the wizard lived.

"Proceeding now through the trees of this beautiful island, we next turned into the hut of the M'gussa's familiar, which at the further end was decorated with many mystic symbols, among them a paddle, the badge of high office; and for some time we sat chatting, when pombe was brought, and the spiritual medium arrived. He was

dressed Wichwézi fashion, with a little white goatskin apron, adorned with various charms, and used a paddle for a walking-stick. He was not an old man, though he affected to be so, walking very slowly and deliberately, coughing asthmatically, glimmering with his eyes, and mumbling like a witch. With much affected difficulty he sat at the end of the hut, beside the symbols alluded to, and continued his coughing full half an hour, when his wife came in in the same manner, without saying a word, and assumed the same affected style.

"The king jokingly looked at me and laughed, and then at these strange creatures by turns, as much as to say, 'What do you think of them?' but no voice was heard, save that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for water, and, when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce—had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she had come."

On their pathways and roads, which are very numerous and well kept, they occasionally place a long stick in the ground, with a shell or other charm on the top, or suspend the shell on the overhanging branch of a tree. Similar wands, on a smaller scale, are kept in the houses, and bits of feathers, rushes, and other articles are tied behind the door. Snake-skin is of course much used in making these charms, and a square piece of this article is hung round the neck of almost every man of this country.

The religion of the Waganda is of course one inspired by terror, and not by love, the object of all their religious rites being to avert the anger of malignant spirits. Every new moon has its own peculiar worship, which is conducted by banging drums, replenishing the magic horns, and other ceremonies too long to describe. The most terrible of their rites is that of human sacrifice, which is usually employed when the king desires to look into the future.

The victim is always a child, and the sacrifice is conducted in a most cruel manner. Having discovered by his incantations that a neighbor is projecting war, the magician slays a young child, and lays the bleeding body in the path on which the soldiers pass to battle. Each warrior steps over the bleeding body, and thereby is supposed to procure immunity for himself in the approaching battle. When the king makes war, his chief magician uses a still more cruel mode of divination. He takes a large earthen pot, half fills it with water, and then places it over the fireplace. On the mouth of the pot he lays a small platform of crossed sticks, and having bound a young child and a fowl, he lays them on the platform, covering them with another pot, which he inverts over them. The fire is

then lighted, and suffered to burn for a given time, when the upper pot is removed, and the victims inspected. If they should both be dead, it is taken as a sign that the war must be deferred for the present; but if either should be alive, war may be made at once.

Speaking of these and other black tribes, Captain Speke very rightly observes: "How the negro has lived so many ages without advancing seems marvellous, when all the countries surrounding Africa are so forward in comparison. And, judging from the progressive state of the world, one is led to suppose that the African must soon either step out from his darkness, or be superseded by a being superior to himself. Could a government be formed for them like ours in India, they would be saved, but without it I fear there is very little chance. For at present the African neither can help himself nor be helped by others, because his country is in such a constant state of turmoil that he has too much anxiety on hand looking out for his food to think of anything else."

"As his fathers did, so does he. He works his wife, sells his children, enslaves all he can lay hands on, and, unless when fighting for the property of others, contents himself with drinking, singing, and dancing like a baboon, to drive dull care away. A few only make cotton cloth, or work in wool, iron, copper, or salt, their rule being to do as little as possible, and to store up nothing beyond the necessities of the next season, lest their chiefs or neighbors should covet and take it from them."

The same experienced traveller then proceeds to enumerate the many kinds of food which the climate affords to any one of ordinary industry, such as horned cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, ducks, and pigeons, not to mention the plantain and other vegetable products, and expresses a feeling of surprise that, with such stores of food at his command, the black man should be so often driven to feed on wild herbs and roots, dogs, cats, rats, snakes, lizards, insects, and other similar animals, and should be frequently found on the point of starvation, and be compelled to sell his own children to procure food. Moreover, there are elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, buffaloes, giraffes, antelopes, guinea-fowls, and a host of other animals, which can be easily captured in traps or pitfalls, so that the native African lives in the midst of a country which produces food in boundless variety. The reasons for such a phenomenon are simple enough, and may be reduced to two,—namely, utter want of foresight and constitutional indolence.

As to the question of slavery, it may perhaps be as well to remark that slaves are not exclusively sold to white men. On the contrary, there is no slave-holder so tenacious of his acquired rights as the black man,

and, for every slave sold to a white man, ten are bought by the dark races, whether on the east or west of Africa. And, when a slave begins to raise himself above a mere menial rank, his first idea is to buy slaves for himself, because they are the articles of merchandise which is most easily to be procured, and so, as Captain Speke well observes, slavery begets slavery *ad infinitum*. The summary of Captain Speke's experience is valuable. "Possessed of a wonderful amount of loquacity, great risibility, but no stability—a creature of impulse—a grown child in short—at first sight it seems wonderful how he can be trained to work, for there is no law, no home to bind him. He would run away at any moment, and, presuming on this, he sins, expecting to be forgiven. Great forbearance, occasionally tinged with a little fatherly severity, is, I believe, the best dose for him. For he says to his master, after sinning, 'You ought to forgive and to forget, for are you not a big man who would be above harboring spite, though for a moment you may be angry? Flog me if you like, but do not keep count

against me, or else I shall run away, and what will you do then?"

The burying-places of the Waganda are rather elaborate. Captain Grant had the curiosity to enter one of them, and describes it as follows: "Two huts on a height appeared devoted to the remains of the dead. On getting over the fence surrounding them, a lawn having straight walks led up to the doors, where a screen of bark cloth shut out the view of the interior. Conquering a feeling of delicacy, I entered one of the huts. I found a fixed bedstead of cane, curtained as if to shade its bed of grass from the mosquito, spears, charms, sticks with strange crooks, tree-creepers, miniature idol-huts of grass, &c. These were laid in order in the interior, but no one was there, and we were told that it was a mausoleum."

Many of such houses were seen on the hill-sides, but few so elaborately built. Usually they were little more than square patches of ground enclosed with a reed fence. These were called by the name of "Looalch," or sacred ground.

CHAPTER XL.

THE WANYORO.

CHARACTER OF THE WANYORO TRIBE—DIRTY HABITS—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—KING KAMRASI—HIS DESPOTIC CHARACTER—HIS BODY-GUARD AND THEIR PRIVILEGES—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE—HIS GRASPING SELFISHNESS—A ROYAL VISIT—KAMRASI'S COWARDICE—EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS—CRUSHING A REBELLION—LAWS OF SUCCESSION—THE KING'S SISTERS—WANYORO SINGING—CONDITION OF WOMEN—FOOD OF THE WANYORO—CARRYING PROVISIONS ON THE MARCH—USES OF THE PLANTAIN TREE—FRAUDS IN TRADE—SUPERSTITIONS—THE MAGICIAN AT WORK—THE HORNED DOG—SPADE-MONEY.

PROCEEDING still northward, we come to the land of Unyoro, from which, as the reader will remember, the country of Uganda was separated. The inhabitants of Unyoro form a very unpleasant contrast to those of Uganda, being dirty, mean-looking, and badly dressed. The country, too, is far inferior to Uganda, which might be made into a perpetually blooming garden; for, as the traveller leaves the equator and passes to the north, he finds that the rains gradually decrease, and that vegetation first becomes thin, then stunted, and lastly disappears altogether. The same structure of language prevails here as in Uganda, so that the people of Unyoro are called Wanyoro, and a single person is a M'yoro.

The character of the Wanyoro is quite on a par with their appearance, for they are a mean, selfish, grasping set of people, sadly lacking the savage virtue of hospitality, and always on the lookout for opportunities to procure by unfair means the property of others. They seem, indeed, to be about as unpleasant a nation as can well be imagined, and in almost every point afford a strong contrast to others which have already been described.

They are singularly dirty in their domestic habits, their huts being occupied equally by men, goats, and fowls, and the floor, which is thickly covered with straw, is consequently in a most abominable condition. It is so bad, indeed, that even the natives are obliged to make a raised bedstead on which to sleep. Even the king's palace is no exception to the general rule; the cattle are kept within the enclosure, and even his very sleeping-hut is freely entered by calves. To visit

the "palace" without stilts and a respirator was too severe a task even to so hardened a traveller as Captain Speke, but the king walked about among the cows, ankle-deep in all sorts of horrors, and yet perfectly at his ease.

The government of this country is pure despotism, the king possessing irresponsible and unquestioned power. The subject can really possess property, but only holds it by the king's pleasure. This theory is continually reduced to practice, the king taking from one person, and giving, or rather lending, to another, anything that he chooses,—land, cattle, slaves, wives, and children being equally ranked in the category of property.

The king who reigned over Unyoro at the time when Captain Speke visited it was named Kamrasi. He was a man who united in himself a singular variety of characters. Merciless, even beyond the ordinary type of African cruelty; capricious as a spoiled child, and scattering death and torture around for the mere whim of the moment; inhospitable and repellant according to the usual Wanyoro character; covetous and grasping to the last degree; ambitious of regaining the lost portion of his kingdom, and yet too cowardly to declare war, he was a man who scarcely seemed likely to retain his hold on the sceptre.

Yet, although contemptible as he was in many things, he was not to be despised, and, although no one cared to meet him as a friend, all knew that he could be a most dangerous enemy. For he possessed a large share of cunning, which stood him in stead of the nobler virtues which ought to adorn

a throne, and ruled his subjects by a mixture of craft and force. His system of espionage would have done honor to M. de Sartines, and there was nothing that happened in his country that he did not know.

The whole land was divided into districts, and over each district was set an officer who was responsible for everything which occurred in it, and was bound to give information to the king. The least failure in this respect entailed death or the "shoe," which was nearly as bad, and often terminated in death. The "shoe" is simply a large and heavy log of wood with an oblong slit cut through it. Into this slit the feet are passed,

extraordinary manner, their chief object seeming to be to render themselves as unlike men and as like demons as possible. They wear leopard or monkey skins by way of tunic, strap cows' tails to the snail of their backs, and tie a couple of antelope's horns on their heads, while their chins are decorated with long false beards, made of the bushy ends of cows' tails.

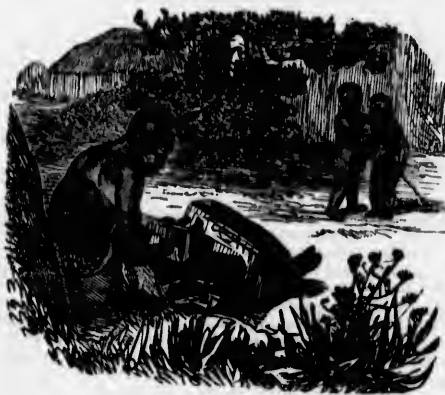
When Sir S. Baker visited Kamrasi, this body-guard rushed out of the palace to meet him, dancing, yelling, screaming, brandishing their spears, pretending to fight among themselves, and, when they reached their visitors, flourishing their spears in the faces of

the strangers, and making feints of attack. So sudden was their charge, and so menacing their aspect, that several of his men thought that they were charging in real earnest, and begged him to fire at them. Being, however, convinced that their object was not to kill, but to do him honor, he declined to fire, and found that the threatening body of men were simply sent by Kamrasi as his escort. Had his armed Turks been with him, they would certainly have received these seeming demons with a volley.

A curious instance of his craft was given by his reception of Sir S. Baker. When the traveller was first promised an interview, Kamrasi ordered his brother, M'Gambi, to personate him, while he himself, disguised as one of the escort, secretly watched the travellers. M'Gambi executed his office admirably, and personated his royal brother to perfec-

tion, asking for everything which he saw—guns, watches, beads, and clothes being equally acceptable,—and finished by asking for Lady Baker. In case the article should be thought more valuable than the others, he offered to give one of his own wives in exchange. This proposal nearly cost M'Gambi his life, and it may be that the wily king had foreseen the possibility of some such result when he ordered his brother to personate him, and permitted him to take his place on the copper stool of royalty. In fact, M'Gambi did admit that the king was afraid that his visitors might be in league with an adverse power.

In order to attach his guards to his person, Kamrasi allowed them all kinds of license, permitting them to rob and plunder as much as they liked; his theory being that, as everything within his reach belonged to him, he in reality did no harm to his subjects, the loss eventually falling on himself. Thus it will be seen that the king was a far-sighted man in some things, and that he knew how to rule by fear, if not by love.



CULPRIT IN THE SHOE.

and a stout wooden peg is then driven through the log and between the ankles, so as to hold the feet tightly imprisoned. As to the exact position of the peg, the executioner is in no way particular; and if he should happen to drive it against, instead of between, the ankles, he cares nothing about it. Consequently, the torture is often so great, that those who have been so imprisoned have died of sheer exhaustion.

In order to be able to carry out his orders without having a chance of disobedience, he kept a guard of armed soldiers, some five hundred in number. These men always carried their shields and spears; the latter have hard blades, kept very sharp, and their edges defended by a sheath, neatly made of antelope skin, sewed together with thongs. The ordinary spears are not nearly so good, because the Wanyoro are not remarkable for excellence in smith's work, and the better kind of spear heads which are hawked through the country are bought by the Waganda, who are a richer people.

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He was tall and slender, and scarcely looked his age, which was about forty, and his features on the whole were good, as were his eyes, which were soft and gentle, sadly belying his character. His face was, however, disfigured by the national custom of removing the lower incisor and eye-teeth, and he said that the dentist who performed the operation had been rewarded with a fee of a hundred cows. His color was dark brown, and, but for the sinister expression of his countenance, he would really be a handsome man. His features were, however, rather disfigured by the scars which covered his forehead, and which still remained as vestiges of sundry cauterizations. In Unyoro, the actual cautery, *i. e.* a red-hot iron, is in great favor as a means of cure; and whenever a man chooses to intoxicate himself with native beer or imported rum, and to suffer the usual penalty of a headache on the following morning, he immediately thinks that he is bewitched, and proceeds to drive out the demon by burning his forehead in a multitude of spots. Kamrasi had gone a little beyond the ordinary custom, and had applied the hot iron to his nose, causing such a scar that he was anxious to have it removed, and his nose restored to its ordinary color.

He did not take to European clothing, preferring the manufactures of his own country. His ordinary dress was a mantle tied round his waist and descending to his feet. Sometimes it was made of cloth, and at others of skins; but it was always of a light red color, and was decorated with little patches of black cloth, with which it was covered. He had his head shaved at intervals, but between the times of shaving his hair grew in little knobby tufts, like those of the Bosjesman. He wore but few ornaments, the chief being a necklace of beads, which hung to his waist.

Kamrasi had a very tolerable idea of effect, as was seen from the manner in which he received his guests. A hut was built for the express purpose, and within it was the royal throne, *i. e.* a stool — to sit on which is the special privilege of royalty. A quantity of grass was formed into a rather high platform, which was covered first with cow-hides and then with leopard skins, the latter being the royal fur. Over this throne was hung a canopy of cow-skin, stretched on every side and suspended from the roof, in order to keep dust off the royal head. On the throne sat Kamrasi, enveloped in fine grass cloth, his left wrist adorned with a bracelet, and his hair carefully dressed. He sat calm, motionless, and silent, like an Egyptian statue, and with unchanged countenance contemplated the wonderful white men of whom he had heard so much.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more unpleasant person than Kamrasi, putting aside the total want of cleanliness which he

exhibited, and which may be considered as a national and not as an individual characteristic. His avarice induced him to wish for the presence of travellers who would create a new line of trade, while his intense cowardice made him fear a foe in every stranger. He was horribly afraid of M'tesa, and when he found that white travellers had been hospitably received by that potentate, he thought that they must come with sinister intentions, and therefore was on his guard against his fancied foes. When he got over his fears, he was as provoking in the character of mendicant as he had been in that of a terrified despot. When Sir S. Baker was in his dominions, Kamrasi insisted on paying him a visit, although he knew well that his guest was only just recovering from fever, and therefore had not been able to attend at the palace.

"Although I had but little remaining from my stock of luggage except the guns, ammunition, and astronomical instruments, I was obliged to hide everything underneath the beds, lest the avaricious eyes of Kamrasi should detect a 'want.' True to his appointment, he appeared with numerous attendants, and was ushered into my little hut. I had a very rude but serviceable arm-chair that one of my men had constructed — in this the king was invited to sit. Hardly was he seated, when he leant back, stretched out his legs, and, making some remark to his attendants concerning his personal comfort, he asked for the chair as a present. I promised to have one made for him immediately. This being arranged, he surveyed the barren little hut, vainly endeavoring to fix his eyes upon something that he could demand. But, so fruitless was his search, that he laughingly turned to his people and said, 'How was it that they wanted so many porters if they have nothing to carry?' My interpreter explained that many things had been spoiled during the storms on the lake, and had been left behind; that our provisions had long since been consumed, and that our clothes were worn out — that we had nothing left but a few beads.

"'New varieties, no doubt,' he replied; give me all that you have of the small blue and the large red.'

"We had carefully hidden the main stock, and a few had been arranged in bags to be produced as the occasion might require. These were now unpacked by the boy Saat, and laid before the king. I told him to make his choice, which he did, precisely as I had anticipated, by making presents to his surrounding friends out of my stock, and monopolizing the remainder for his share. The division of the portions among his people was a modest way of taking the whole, as he would immediately demand their return on quitting my hut.

"No sooner were the beads secured than

he repeated the original demand for my watch and the No. 24 double rifle; these I resolutely refused. He then requested permission to see the contents of a few of the baskets and bags that formed our worn-out luggage. There was nothing that took his fancy except needles, thread, lancets, medicines, and a small tooth comb. The latter interested him exceedingly, as I explained that the object of the Turks in collecting ivory was to sell it to Europeans, who manufactured it into many articles, among which were small tooth combs, such as he then examined. He could not understand how the teeth could be so finely cut.

"Upon the use of the comb being explained, he immediately attempted to practise upon his woolly head. Failing in the operation, he adapted the instrument to a different purpose, and commenced scratching beneath the wool most vigorously. The effect being satisfactory, he at once demanded the comb, which was handed to each of the surrounding chiefs, all of whom had a trial of its properties. Every head having been scratched, it was returned to the king, who handed it to Quonga, the headman that received his presents. So complete was the success of the comb, that he proposed to send me one of the largest tusks, which I was to take to England and cut into as many small tooth combs as it would produce for himself and his chiefs."

During this interview, Kamrasi discovered a case of lancets, and begged for them, as they were so well adapted for paring his nails. Also, he opened the medicine chest, and was so determined to take a dose at once that Sir S. Baker took a little revenge, and administered three grains of tartar emetic, not to be taken until he reached his own hut. As to the No. 24 rifle, which has already been mentioned, Kamrasi was always hankering after it, at one time openly begging for it, and at another asking to borrow it just for a day or two, when, of course, it never would have escaped the grasp of the royal clutches.

This provoking man evidently considered his guests to be sent especially for his own aggrandizement, and his only idea was, how to use them best for his service. Having once got them safely into his domains, he had no intention of letting them go again until he had squeezed them quite dry. First, he wanted to make them pay for the privilege of entering his dominions; and, when they had once entered, he was sure to make them pay before they got out again. His first ruse was, to pretend that they were weak and insignificant, whereas he was great and strong, and that, if they wanted his protection, they must pay for it. When once they had entered his district, and had shown themselves to be more formidable than he had chosen to admit, he asked them to aid him against his enemies,

and to lead his army against the adverse tribe.

This stratagem failing, even though he was good enough to offer half his kingdom for the privilege of alliance, he had still one resource,—namely, forbidding them to leave his kingdom until he gave permission, *i. e.* until he had extracted from them everything of value. To leave the country without his permission was simply impossible, on account of the system of espionage which has already been mentioned, and, although it might have been possible to force a way by dint of superior arms, such a struggle would have neutralized the very object of the expedition.

Bully though he was where he could tyrannize with safety, he was a most contemptible coward when he thought himself in the least danger. A very amusing example was shown during the visit of Sir S. Baker. One morning, just at sunrise, Kamrasi came hastily into his hut shorn of all regal dignity. In his hands he grasped two spears and a rifle, and wanted to bring them into the hut, contrary to all etiquette. This could not be allowed, and he reluctantly left them outside. He had laid aside his usual cold and repellent manner, and was full of eagerness. He had also thrown off his ordinary apparel of beautifully-dressed skins, and only wore a kind of short kilt and a scarf across his shoulders. Knowing that an attack was meditated by a neighboring chief, and having seen the people all in war costume—horned, bearded, and tailed—Sir S. Baker naturally thought that Kamrasi was in fighting costume, and congratulated him on its appropriate lightness.

"I fight!" exclaimed the king. "I am not going to fight; I am going to run away, and put on this dress to be able to run faster."

He then explained in great trepidation that the enemy were approaching with a hundred and fifty muskets, and that, as it was useless to fight against such odds, he meant to run away and hide himself in the long grass, and his guest had better follow his example. From the anticipated attack he was saved by the timely intervention of his guest, and the only mark of gratitude which he showed was to ask again for the double-barrelled rifle.

Still, in spite of these unamiable characteristics, the man had his redeeming points; and although he was, on occasions and on a large scale, almost as cruel as a man could be, he did not commit those continual murders of his subjects which disgraced the reign of M'tesa. Personal chastisement was used in many cases in which M'tesa would have inflicted death, and probably a lengthened torture besides.

The mode of passing sentence on a prisoner was very remarkable. Should the king

or his brother M'Gamli touch him with the point of a spear, the executioners immediately fall upon him with their clubs, and beat him to death. But, if he should touch the prisoner with his stick, the executioners instantly pierce him with their spears; so that the instrument used in killing the man is always the opposite to that with which the king touches him.

Even in cases where death was inflicted, the criminal was generally killed by a blow with a club on the back of the neck. There were of course exceptions to this rule. For example, a hostile chief, named Rionga, one of his thirty brothers, had been taken prisoner by a treacherous act on the part of Kamrasi, who first pretended to make peace, then invited him to a banquet, and seized upon him while he was off his guard. Kamrasi then ordered him to die by a cruel death. There was a hut with high mud walls and no doorway. Into this hut Rionga was hoisted, and the king gave orders that on the following morning the hut should be fired, and its inmate burned to death.

Another chief, however, named Sali, ingeniously brought out great quantities of beer, knowing that the guards would be sure to assemble in any spot where beer was to be found. This they did; and while they were engaged at one side of the prison drinking, dancing, and singing, Sali's men were engaged on the other side in digging a hole through the mud wall of the hut, and soon succeeded in making an aperture large enough to allow the prisoner to make his escape.

After this feat, Sali, having seen how treacherous Kamrasi could be, ought to have secured his own safety by flight, but chose to remain, thinking that his share in the rescue would not be discovered. Kamrasi, however, suspected his complicity, and had him arrested at once. He was sentenced to the cruel death of being dismembered while alive, and the sentence was carried out by cutting off his hands at the wrists, his arms at the elbows, and so on until every joint was severed. While undergoing this torture, he proved himself a brave man by trying to help his friends, calling aloud from the stake that they had better escape while they could, lest they should suffer the same penalty.

A curious custom prevails in Wanyoro with regard to the king's sisters. Like other women of rank, they are fattened on curdled milk, and attain such a size that they are not able to walk, and, whenever they leave the hut, each has to be borne on a litter by eight men. Each woman consumes daily the milk of fifteen or twenty cows, a cow producing barely one quart of milk. Yet, though this fattening process is an ordinary preliminary to marriage, the king's sisters are forbidden to marry, and

are kept in strict seclusion in his palace. So are his brothers; but, unlike the king of Uganda, he does not think it necessary to kill them when he reaches the throne.

During the short interval of peace which followed upon Sir S. Baker's intervention, the people gave themselves up to debauchery, the men drinking and dancing and yelling, blowing horns and beating drums all through the night. The women took no part in this amusement, inasmuch as they had been hard at work in the fields all day, while their husbands had been sleeping at home. Consequently they were much too tired to dance, and tried to snatch what rest they could in the midst of the night-long din.

"The usual style of singing was a rapid chant, delivered as a solo, while at intervals the crowd burst out in a deafening chorus, together with the drums and horns. The latter were formed of immense gourds, which, growing in a peculiar shape, with long, bottle necks, were easily converted into musical instruments. Every now and then a cry of 'Fire!' in the middle of the night enlivened the *ennui* of our existence. The huts were littered deep with straw, and the inmates, intoxicated, frequently fell asleep with their huge pipes lighted, which, falling in the dry straw, at once occasioned a conflagration. In such cases the flames spread from hut to hut with immense rapidity, and frequently four or five hundred huts in Kamrasi's large camp were destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a few days. I was anxious concerning my powder, as, in the event of fire, the blaze of the straw hut was so instantaneous that nothing could be saved; should my powder explode, I should be entirely defenceless. Accordingly, after a conflagration in my neighborhood, I insisted on removing all huts within a circuit of thirty yards of my dwelling. The natives demurring, I at once ordered my men to pull down the houses, and thereby relieved myself from drunken and dangerous neighbors."

The condition of the women in Wanyoro is not at all agreeable, as indeed may be inferred from the brief mention of the hard work which they have to perform. They are watched very carefully by their husbands, and beaten severely if they ever venture outside the palisades after sunset. For unfaithfulness, the punishment seems to be left to the aggrieved husband, who sometimes demands a heavy fine, sometimes cuts off a foot or a hand, and sometimes inflicts the punishment of death.

Dirty as are the Wanyoro in some things, in others they are very neat and clean. They are admirable packers, and make up the neatest imaginable parcels. Some of these parcels are surrounded with the bark of the plantain, and some with the pith or interior of a reed, from which the outside

has been carefully stripped, so as to leave a number of snow-white cylinders. These are laid side by side, and bound round the object, producing a singularly pretty effect. Little mats, formed of shreds of these reeds, are very much used, especially as covers to beer jars. When a Wanyoro is on the march, he always carries with him a gourd full of plantain wine. The mouth of the gourd is stopped with a bundle of these reed-shreds, through which passes a tube, so that the traveller can always drink without checking his pace, and without any danger of spilling the liquid as he walks.

In their diet the Wanyoro make great use of the plantain, and it is rather remarkable that, in a land which abounds with this fruit, it is hardly possible to procure one in a ripe state, the natives always eating them while still green. The plantain tree is to the Wanyoro the chief necessity of existence, as it affords them means for supplying all the real wants of life. Sometimes the plantain is boiled and eaten as a vegetable, and sometimes it is dried and ground into meal, which is used in making porridge. The fruit is also peeled, cut into slices, and dried in the sun, so as to be stowed away for future consumption, and from this dried plantain the Wanyoro make a palatable and nutritious soup. Wine, or rather beer, is made from the same fruit, which thus supplies both food and drink.

The tree itself is most useful, the leaves being split into shreds, and woven into cloth of remarkable elegance, and the bark is stripped off, and employed like paper in wrapping up parcels of the meal. Strong ropes and the finest thread are twisted from the plantain fibre, and the natives are clever at weaving ornamental articles, which look so like hair, that a very close inspection is needful to detect the difference. In all these manufactures the Wanyoro show a neatness of hand and delicacy of taste that contrast strangely with the slovenly, careless, and repulsive habits of their daily life.

Curdled milk is much used by the natives, who employ it in fattening their wives and daughters, but, unlike the Arabs, they will not mix red pepper with it, believing that those who eat the capsicum will never be blessed with children. Butter is used as an unguent, and not for food, and the natives are very much scandalized at seeing the white visitors eat it. According to the custom of their nation, they once played a clever trick. Butter is packed most carefully in leaves, a little bit being allowed to project as a sample. One day the natives brought some butter to their white visitors, but as it was quite rancid it was rejected. They took it away, and then brought a fresh supply, which was approved and purchased. But, when the wrapper was taken off, it was found that the butter was the same that had been refused, the natives having put a little

piece of fresh butter at the top. Itinerant cheesemongers play very similar tricks at the present day, plugging a totally unentable cheese with bits of best Cheshire, and scooping out the plugs by way of sample.

As to religion, the Wanyoro have none at all. They are full of superstition, but, as far as is known, they have not the least idea of a religion which can exercise any influence on the actions. In common with most uncivilized people, they make much of each new moon, this being the unit by which they reckon their epochs, and salute the slender crescent by profuse dancing and gesticulation.

They have a wonderful faith in demons, with whom the prophets or wizards aver that they hold communication. Some of their guesses at the future occasionally come true. For example, one of the men of the expedition was said to be possessed by a demon, who told him that the expedition would succeed, but that the demon required one man's life and another man's illness. This prediction was literally accomplished, one of the escort being murdered, and Captain Grant falling seriously ill. Again the same man saw the demon, who said that in Uganda one man's life would be required, and accordingly Kari, a man belonging to the expedition, was murdered. A third time, when in Unyoro, he saw the demon, who said that no more lives were needed, but that the expedition would succeed, though it would be protracted. And such eventually proved to be the case.

The magicians lay claim to one most valuable power, namely, that of finding lost articles. On one occasion Captain Speke saw the whole process. A rain-gauge and its bottle had been stolen, and every one disclaimed knowledge of it. A soothsayer was therefore summoned to find the missing article. The following account of the proceeding is given by Captain Speke:—

"At 9 A.M., the time for measuring the fall of rain for the last twenty-four hours, we found the rain-gauge and bottle had been removed, so we sent to Kidgwig to inform the king we wished his magicians to come at once and institute a search for it. Kidgwig immediately returned with the necessary adept, an old man, nearly blind, dressed in strips of old leather fastened to the waist, and carrying in one hand a cow's horn primed with magic powder, carefully covered on the mouth with leather, from which dangled an iron bell."

The curious scene now to be described the artist has reproduced in the engraving No. 2 on page 417.

"The old creature jingled the bell, entered our hut, squatted on his hams, looked first at one, then at the other—inquired what the missing things were like, grunted, moved his skinny arm round his head, as if desirous of catching air from all four sides

of the hut, then dashed the accumulated air on the head of his horn, smelt it to see if all was going right, jingled the bell again close to his ear, and granted his satisfaction; the missing articles must be found. To carry out the incantation more effectually, however, all my men were sent for to sit in the open air before the hut, but the old doctor rose, shaking the horn and tinkling the bell close to his ear. He then, confronting one of the men, dashed the horn forward as if intending to strike him on the face, then smelt the head, then dashed at another, and so on, till he became satisfied that my men were not the thieves.

"He then walked into Grant's hut, inspected that, and finally went to the place where the bottle had been kept. Then he walked about the grass with his arm up, and jingling the bell to his ear, first on one side, then on the other, till the track of a hyena gave him the clue and in two or three more steps he found it. A hyena had carried it into the grass and dropped it. Bravo, for the infallible horn! and well done the king for his honesty in sending it! so I gave the king the bottle and gauge, which delighted him amazingly; and the old doctor, who begged for pombé, got a goat for his trouble."

As in Uganda, the sorcerers are distinguished by the odd ornaments which they wear; dried roots, lizards, lions' claws, crocodiles' teeth, little tortoise shells, and other objects being strung together and tied on their heads. There is also an order of religious mendicants called "Bandwa," both sexes being eligible to the office. They are distinguished by an abundance of ornaments, such as bits of shining metal, and little tinkling bells, and one man had distinguished himself greatly by wearing the skin of a long-haired monkey down his back from the top of his head, to which he had attached a couple of antelope horns. The women when dressed in the full robes of office look very handsome, being clothed in colored skins, and wearing turbans made of the plain bark. They walk about from house to house singing their peculiar songs, and always expecting a present. The office of a Bandwa is not hereditary, for any one may join them by undergoing certain ceremonies, and the children of a Bandwa are at liberty to follow any business that they may happen to like. Although they are mendicants, they do not wholly depend on their profession, having cattle and other property of their own.

In many countries where superstition takes the place of religion, the birth of twins is looked upon as a bad omen, which must be averted by the sacrifice of one or both of the children. In Unyoro the case is different. Captain Speke had been annoyed by certain drums and other musical

instruments which were played day and night without cessation, and, when he inquired as to their object, was told that they were in honor of twins that had been born to Kamrasi, and that they would be played in the same manner for four months.

The use of the cow's horn in magic is explained by a tradition that once upon a time there was a dog with a horn. When the dog died, the horn was studded with magic powder, and was a powerful charm in war, soldiers who stepped over it when on the march being thereby rendered victorious. Kamrasi possessed several magic horns, and when he sent an ambassador to a neighboring potentate, one of these horns was hung round the man's neck as his credentials; and when he returned, he brought with him another magic horn as a proof that his message had been delivered. No one dared to touch a man who bore so potent an emblem, and this was peculiarly fortunate, as on one occasion Kamrasi had sent an expedition which took with them six hundred majembé or iron spades, which form a sort of currency, the expenditure of two majembé per diem being sufficient to buy food for the whole party. Laden with wealth therefore as they were, the magic horn protected the party, and they performed their journey in safety.

War charms are in great request, and while Captain Speke was in Unyoro he saw the preliminary act in charm making. A feud was in action between Kamrasi and the Chopi tribe. Kamrasi therefore sent spies into the Chopi district, with orders to bring some grass from the hut of a chief. This they did, with the addition of a spear, much to Kamrasi's delight, who thought that the possession of this weapon would enable him to bewitch the spears as well as the courage of his enemies, and so prevent the weapons from hurting his tribe.

In order to ensure prosperity to their family, or to cure a sick relative, the Wanyoro kill some animal, split it open, and lay it at the intersection of two cross roads, such spot being held by them, as by the Balonda, in great reverence. If the man is rich enough, he sacrifices a goat, but, if not, a fowl will answer; and if a man is very poor indeed, he makes a frog serve his purpose.

These people seem to have kept their burial ceremonies very secret, as a funeral was never seen in Central Africa, but it is said that the dead are buried near the house or in the cattle-fold, wrapped in bark cloth or a cow-skin. When the king dies his body is first dried, and then the lower jaw-bone is removed and buried by itself. Officers of the palace are privileged to have their heads and hands treated in the same manner.

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CHAPTER XLI.

GANI, MADI, OBBO, AND KYTCH.

POSITION OF THE GANI TRIBE—THEIR HOSPITABLE CHARACTER—GANI ARCHITECTURE—SINOULAR
MODE OF DRESS—THE GANI QUEUE—TOILET MAKING IN PUBLIC—THE MADI TRIBE—CARE OF
CHILDREN—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—VARIOUS DANCES—MADI VILLAGES—ILL TREATMENT OF
THE NATIVES—POSITION OF THE OBBO TRIBE—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—SIN-
OULAR MODE OF DRESS—KATCHIHA, THE OBBO CHIEF—HIS LARGE FAMILY—HIS REPUTATION AS
A SORCERER—INGENIOUS ESCAPE FROM A DILEMMA—KATCHIHA'S PALACE—A VISIT TO THE
CHIEF—HIS HOSPITALITY AND GENEROUS CONDUCT—CHARACTER OF KATCHIHA.

WE now come to a large district about lat.
3° N. and long. 32° E. This country is
inhabited by a group of tribes, who are per-
haps more remarkable for their style of dress
than any which we have yet noticed. We
will first take the GANI.

The Gani are a hospitable people, and,
when Captains Speko and Grant passed
through their country, received them with
great kindness, even though they had never
seen white men before, and might be ex-
pected to take alarm at an armed party pe-
netrating into their land.

One day, when Captain Grant was walking
in search of plants, he was hailed by a native,
who contrived to make him understand that
he wished to conduct the white man. He
was very polite to his guest, acting as pio-
neer, beating down the thorny branches that
obstructed the path, and pointing out the
best places for crossing rocks. He evidently
thought that Captain Grant had lost his way,
and so guided him back to the camp, previ-
ously leaving his spear in a hut, because to
appear armed in the presence of a superior
is contrary to their system of etiquette.

The mode of welcome was rather remark-
able. The old chief of the village advanced
to meet the strangers, accompanied by his
councillors and a number of women, one
of whom carried a white chicken, and the
others beer and a bunch of a flowering plant.
When the two parties met, the chief, whose
name was Chongi, took the fowl by one leg,
stooped, and swung it backward and forward
close to the ground, and then passed it to his

male attendants, who did the same thing.
He then took a gourd full of beer, dipped the
plant in it, and sprinkled the liquid over his
guests, and then spread cow-skins under a
tree by way of couches, on which his guests
might repose. They were next presented
with a supply of beer, which was politely
called water.

The villages of the Gani are extremely neat,
and consist of a quantity of huts built round
a flat cleared space which is kept exceed-
ingly smooth and neat. In the middle of
this space are one or two miniature huts
made of grass, and containing idols, and a
few horns are laid near them. When the
Gani lay out plans for a new village, they
mostly allow one large tree to remain in the
centre of the cleared space, and under its
shade the inhabitants assemble and receive
their guests. The houses are shaped like
beehives, are very low, and composed simply
of a mud wall, and a roof made of bamboo
thatched with grass. The doors are barely
two feet high, but the supple-bodied Gani,
who have never been encumbered with
clothes, can walk through the aperture with
perfect ease. The floor is made of clay
beaten hard, and is swept with great care.
Cow-skins are spread on the floor by way of
beds, and upon these the Gani sleep without
any covering.

Close to the huts are placed the grain
stores, which are very ingeniously made.
First, a number of rude stone pillars are set
in a circle, having flat stones laid on their
tops, much resembling the remains of Stone-

henge. Upon these is secured an enormous cylinder of basket work plastered with clay, the top of which is covered with a conical roof of bamboo and grass. When a woman wishes to take grain out of the storehouse, she places against it a large branch from which the smaller boughs have been cut, leaving stumps of a foot or ten inches in length, and by means of this rude ladder she easily ascends to the roof.

The appearance of this tribe is most remarkable, as they use less clothing and more ornament than any people at present known. We will begin with the men. Their dress is absolutely nothing at all as far as covering the body is concerned, but, as if to compensate for this nudity, there is scarcely a square inch of the person without its adornment. In the first place, they use paint as a succedaneum for dress, and cover themselves entirely with colors, not merely rubbing themselves over with one tint, but using several colors, and painting themselves in a wonderful variety of patterns, many of them showing real artistic power, while others are simply grotesque.

Two young men who came as messengers from Chongl had used three colors. They had painted their faces white, the pigment being wood ashes, and their bodies were covered with two coats of paint, the first purple, and the second ashen gray. This latter coat they had scraped off in irregular patterns, just as a painter uses his steel comb when graining wood, so that the purple appeared through the gray, and looked much like the grain of mahogany. Some of the men cover their bodies with horizontal stripes, like those of the zebra, or with vertical stripes running along the curve of the spine and limbs, or with zigzag markings of light colors. Some very great dandies go still further, and paint their bodies chequer fashion, exactly like that of a harlequin. White always plays a large part in their decorations, and is often applied in broad bands round the waist and neck.

The head is not less gorgeously decorated. First the hair is teased out with a pin, and is then dressed with clay so as to form it into a thick felt-like mass. This is often further decorated with pipe-clay laid on in patterns, and at the back of the neck is inserted a piece of shew about a foot in length. This odd-looking queue is turned up, and finished off at the tip with a tuft of fur, the end of a leopard's tail being the favorite

ornament. Shells, beads, and other ornaments are also woven into the hair, and in most cases a feather is added by way of a finishing touch. The whole contour of the headdress is exactly like that of the pantaloons of the stage, and the sight of a man with the body of a harlequin and the head of a pantaloons is too much for European gravity to withstand.

Besides all this elaborate decoration, the men wear a quantity of bracelets, anklets, and earrings. The daily toilet of a Gani dandy occupies a very long time, and in the morning the men may be seen in numbers sitting under the shade of trees, employed in painting their own bodies or dressing the hair of a friend, and applying paint where he would not be able to guide the brush. As may be inferred, they are exceedingly vain of their personal appearance; and when their toilet is completed, they strut about in order to show themselves, and continually *pose* themselves in attitudes which they think graceful, but which might be characterized as conceited.

Each man usually carries with him an odd little stool with one leg, and instead of sitting on the ground, as is done by most savages, the Gani make a point of seating themselves on these little stools, which look very like those which are used by Swiss herdsmen when they milk the cows, and only differ from them in not being tied to the body. The engraving No. 1 on page 431 will help the reader to understand this description.

The women are not nearly such votaries of fashion as their husbands, principally because they have to work and to nurse the children, who would make short work of any paint that they might use. Like the parents, the children have no clothes, and are merely suspended in a rather wide strap passing over one shoulder of the mother and under the other. As, however, the rays of the sun might be injurious to them, a large gourd is cut in two pieces, hollowed out, and one of the pieces inverted over the child's head and shoulders.

The Gani have cattle, but are very poor herdsmen, and have suffered the herd to deteriorate in size and quality. They cannot even drive their cattle properly, each cow recognizing a special driver, who grasps the tail in one hand and a horn in the other, and thus drags and pushes the animal along.

THE MADI TRIBE.

NOT very far from the Gani are situated the MADI tribe. They are dressed, or rather undressed, in a somewhat similar fashion. (See engraving on page 000.) The women are very industrious, and are re-

markable for the scrupulously neat and clean state in which they keep their huts. Every morning the women may be seen sweeping out their houses, or kneeling in front of the aperture which serves as a door,

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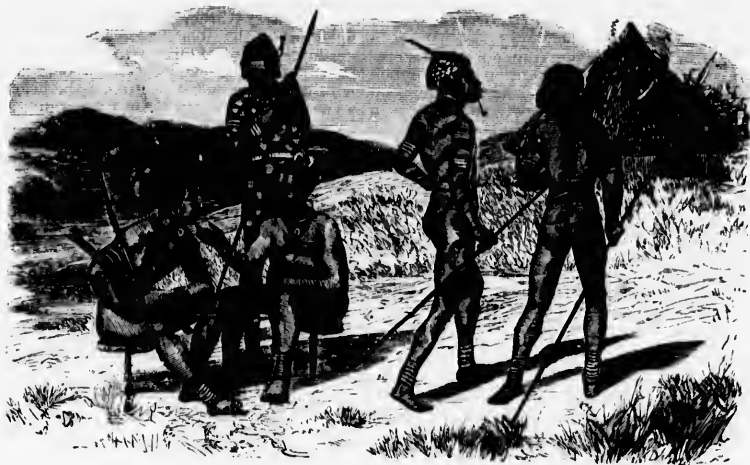
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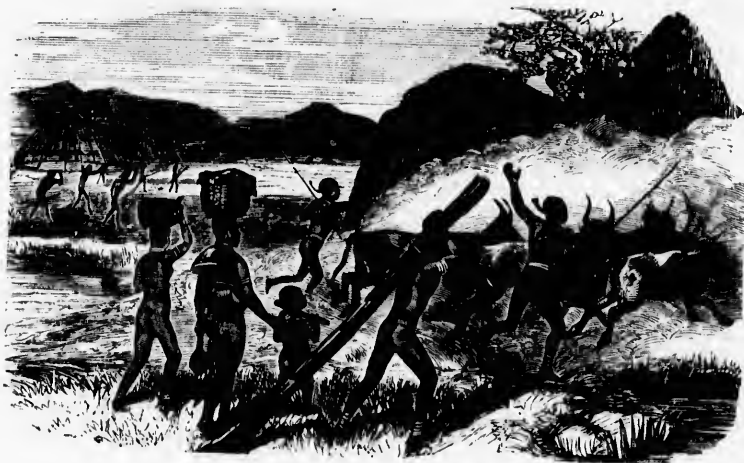
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(1.) GROUP OF GANI AND MADL.

(See page 430.)



(2.) REMOVAL OF A VILLAGE.

(See page 431.)

and patting and smoothing the space in front of the doorway. They are also constantly employed in brewing beer, grinding corn, and baking bread.

They take great care of their children, washing them daily with warm water, and then, as they have no towels, licking them dry as a cat does with her kittens. When the child is washed and dried, the mother produces some fat with which vermillion has been mixed, and rubs it over the child's body until it is all red and shining. The next process is to lay the child on its back upon a goatskin, the corners of which are then gathered up and tied together so as to form a cradle. Should the mother be exceedingly busy, she hangs the cradle on a peg or the branch of a tree, the child offering no objection to this treatment.

The dress of the women consists of a petticoat reaching a little below the knees, but they often dispense with this article of dress, and content themselves with a few leathern thongs in front, and another cluster of thongs behind. In default of leathern thongs, a bunch of chickweed answers every purpose of dress. They wear iron rings round their arms above the elbow, and generally have a small knife stuck between the rings and the arm.

They are fond of wearing little circular disks cut from a univalve shell. These shells are laid out to bleach on the tops of the huts, and, when whitened, are cut into circles about as large as fourpenny pieces, each having a hole bored through the middle. They are then strung together and worn as belts, and have also the advantage of being used as coin with which small articles of food, as fruit or beer, could be purchased. The men are in the habit of wearing ornaments made of the tusks of the wild boar. The tusks are tied on the arm above the elbow, and contrast well with the naturally dark hue of the skin and the brilliant colors with which it is mostly painted.

Whenever a child is born, the other women assemble round the hut of the mother, and make a hideous noise by way of congratulation. Drums are beaten violently, songs are sung, hands are clapped, gratulatory sentences are yelled out at the full stretch of the voice, while a wild and furious dance acts as an accompaniment to the noise. As soon as the mother has recovered, a goat is killed, and she steps backward and forward over its body. One of the women, the wife of the commandant, went through a very curious ceremony when she had recovered her health after her child was born. She took a bunch of dry grass, and lighted it, and then passed it from hand to hand three times round her body while she walked to the left of the door. Another grass tuft was then lighted, and she went through a similar perform-

ance as she walked to the front of the door, and the process was again repeated as she walked to the right.

The dances of the Madi are rather variable. The congratulatory dance is performed by jumping up and down without any order, flinging the legs and arms about, and flapping the ribs with the elbows. The young men have a dance of their own, which is far more pleasing than that of the women. Each takes a stick and a drum, and they arrange themselves in a circle, beating the drums, singing, and converging to the centre, and then retiring again in exact time with the rhythm of the drum-beats.

Sometimes there is a grand general dance, in which several hundred performers take part. "Six drums of different sizes, slung upon poles, were in the centre; around these was a moving mass of people, elbowing and pushing one another as at a fair; and outside them a ring of girls, women, and infants faced an outer circle of men sounding horns and armed with spears and clubs, their heads ornamented with ostrich feathers, helmets of the cowrie shell, &c. Never had I seen such a scene of animated savage life, nor heard a more savage noise. As the two large circles of both sexes jumped simultaneously to the music, and moved round at every leap, the women sang and jingled their masses of bracelets, challenging and exciting the men, forcing them to various acts of gallantry, while our Seedees joined in the dance, and no doubt touched many a fair breast."

The weapons of the Madi are spears and bows and arrows. The spears are about six feet long, with bamboo shafts, and with an iron spike at the butt for the purpose of sticking it in the ground. They are better archers than the generality of African tribes, and amuse themselves by setting up marks, and shooting at them from a distance of forty or fifty yards. The arrows are mostly poisoned, and always so when used for war.

The villages of the Madi are constructed in a very neat manner, the floors being made of a kind of red clay beaten hard and smoothed. The thresholds of the doors are of the same material, but are paved with pieces of broken earthenware pressed into the clay, and ingeniously joined so as to form a kind of pattern. In order to prevent cattle from entering the huts, movable bars of bamboo are generally set across the entrance. The villages are enclosed with a fence, and the inhabitants never allow the sick to reside within the enclosure. They do not merely eject them, as they do in some parts of Africa, but build a number of huts outside the walls by way of a hospital.

The roofs of the huts are cleverly made of bamboo and grass, and upon them is lavished the greater part of the labor of house-building. If therefore the Madi are

dissatisfied with the position of a village, or find that neighboring tribes are becoming troublesome, they quietly move off to another spot, carrying with them the most important part of their houses, namely, the roofs, which are so light that a few men can carry them. A village on the march presents a most curious and picturesque spectacle, the roofs of the huts carried on the heads of four or five men, the bamboo stakes borne by others, while some are driving the cattle, and the women are carrying their children and their simple household furniture. The engraving No. 2 on page 431 represents such a removal.

The Turkish caravans that occasionally

pass through the country are the chief cause of these migrations, as they treat the Madi very roughly. When they come to a village, they will not take up their abode inside it, but carry off the roofs of the huts and form a camp with them outside the enclosure. They also rob the corn-stores, and, if the aggrieved owner ventures to remonstrate, he is knocked down by the butt of a musket, or threatened with its contents. In some parts of the country these men had behaved so cruelly to the natives that, as soon as the inhabitants of a village saw a caravan approaching, all the women and children forsook their dwellings, and hid themselves in the bush and grass.

THE OBBO.

WE now come to OBBO, a district situated in lat. $4^{\circ} 55' N.$ and long. $31^{\circ} 45' E.$ Sir S. Baker spent a considerable time in Obbo, — much more, indeed, than was desirable, — and in consequence learned much of the peculiarities of the inhabitants.

In some respects the natives look something like the Gani and Madi, especially in their fondness for paint, their disregard of clothing, and the mode in which they dress their heads. In this last respect they are even more fastidious than the tribes which have been just mentioned, some of them having snowy white wigs descending over their shoulders, and finished off with the curved and tufted pigtail. The shape of the Obbo headdress has been happily compared to that of a beaver's tail, it being wide and flat, and thicker in the middle than at the edges. The length of this headdress is not owing to the wearer's own hair, but is produced by the interweaving of hair from other sources. If, for example, a man dies, his hair is removed by his relations, and woven with their headdresses as a souvenir of the departed, and an addition to their ornaments. They also make caps of shells, strung together and decorated with feathers; and instead of clothing they wear a small skin slung over one shoulder.

The men have an odd fashion of wearing round their necks several thick iron rings, sometimes as many as six or eight, all brightly polished, and looking like a row of dog collars. Should the wearer happen to become stont, these rings press so tightly on his throat that he is nearly choked. They also are fond of making tufts of cow's tails, which they suspend from their arms just above the elbows. The most fashionable ornaments, however, are made of horse tails, the hairs of which are also highly prized for stringing beads. Consequently, a horse's tail is an article of considerable value, and in Obbo-land a cow can be purchased for a horse's tail in good condition.

Paint is chiefly used as a kind of war uniform. The colors which the natives use are vermilion, yellow, and white, but the particular pattern is left much to their own invention. Stripes of alternate scarlet and yellow, or scarlet and white, seem, however, to form the ordinary pattern, probably because they are easily drawn, and present a bold contrast of color. The head is decorated with a kind of cap made of cowrie shells, to which are fixed several long ostrich plumes that droop over the shoulders.

Contrary to usual custom, the women are less clad than the men, and, until they are married, wear either no clothing whatever, or only three or four strings of white beads, some three inches in length. Some of the prudes, however, tie a piece of string round their waists, and stick in it a little leafy branch, with the stalk uppermost. "One great advantage was possessed by this costume. It was always clean and fresh, and the nearest bush (if not thorny) provided a clean petticoat. When in the society of these very simple, and, in demeanor, always modest Eves, I could not help reflecting upon the Mosaic description of our first parents." Married women generally wear a fringe of leathern thongs, about four inches long and two wide. Old women mostly prefer the leaf branch to the leathern fringe. When young they are usually pretty, having well-formed noses, and lips but slightly partaking of the negro character. Some of the men remind the spectators of the Somauli.

Kateliba, the chief of Obbo, was rather a fine-looking man, about sixty years of age, and was a truly remarkable man, making up by craft the lack of force, and ruling his little kingdom with a really firm, though apparently lax, grasp. In the first place, having a goodly supply of sons, he made them all into sub-chiefs of the many different districts into which he divided his domains. Owing to the great estimation in

which he was held by his people, fresh wives were continually being presented to him, and at first he was rather perplexed by the difficulty of accommodating so many in his palace. At last he hit on the expedient of distributing them in the various villages through which he was accustomed to make his tour, so that wherever he was he found himself at home.

It so happened that when Sir S. Baker visited Katchiba he had one hundred and sixteen children living. This may not seem to be a very wonderful fact when the number of his wives is considered. But, in Africa, plurality of wives does not necessarily imply a corresponding number of children, several of these many-wived chiefs having only one child to every ten or twelve wives. Therefore the fact that Katchiba's family was so very large raised him greatly in the minds of his people, who looked upon him as a great sorcerer, and had the most profound respect for his supernatural power.

Katchiba laid claim to intercourse with the unseen world, and to authority over the elements; rain and drought, calm and tempest, being supposed by his subjects to be equally under his command. Sometimes, if the country had been afflicted with drought beyond the usual time of rain, Katchiba would assemble his people, and deliver a long harangue, inveighing against their evil doings, which had kept off the rain. These evil doings, on being analyzed, generally proved to be little more than a want of liberality toward himself. He explained to them that he sincerely regretted their conduct, which "has compelled him to afflict them with unfavorable weather, but that it is their own fault. If they are so greedy and so stingy that they will not supply him properly, how can they expect him to think of their interests? No goats, no rain; that's our contract, my friends," says Katchiba. "Do as you like: I can wait; I hope you can." Should his people complain of too much rain, he threatens to pour storms and lightning upon them forever, unless they bring him so many hundred baskets of corn, &c., &c. Thus he holds his sway.

"No man would think of starting on a journey without the blessing of the old chief, and a peculiar 'hoems-poems' is considered necessary from the magic hands of Katchiba, that shall charm the traveller, and preserve him from all danger of wild animals upon the road. In case of sickness he is called in, not as M. D. in our acceptation, but as Doctor of Magic, and he charms both the hut and patient against death, with the fluctuating results that must attend professionals, even in sorcery. His subjects have the most thorough confidence in his power; and so great is his reputation, that distant tribes frequently consult him, and beg his assistance as a magician. In this manner

does old Katchiba hold his sway over his savage but credulous people; and so long has he imposed upon the public, that I believe he has at length imposed upon himself, and that he really believes that he has the power of sorcery, notwithstanding repeated failures."

Once, while Sir S. Baker was in the country, Katchiba, like other rain-makers, fell into a dilemma. There had been no rain for a long time, and the people had become so angry at the continued drought, that they assembled round his house, blowing horns, and shouting execrations against their chief, because he had not sent them a shower which would allow them to sow their seed. True to his policy, the crafty old man made light of their threats, telling them that they might kill him if they liked, but that, if they did so, no more rain would ever fall. Rain in the country was the necessary result of goats and provisions given to the chief, and, as soon as he got the proper fees, the rain should come. The rest of the story is so good, that it must be told in the author's own words.

"With all this bluster, I saw that old Katchiba was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower, but that he did not know how to get out of the scrape. It was a common freak of the tribes to sacrifice their rain-maker, should he be unsuccessful. He suddenly altered his tone, and asked, 'Have you any rain in your country?' I replied that we had every now and then. 'How do you bring it? Are you a rain-maker?' I told him that no one believed in rain-makers in our country, but that we knew how to bottle lightning (meaning electricity). 'I don't keep mine in bottles, but I have a house full of thunder and lightning,' he most coolly replied; but if you can bottle lightning, you must understand rain-making. What do you think of the weather to-day?"

"I immediately saw the drift of the cunning old Katchiba; he wanted professional advice. I replied that he must know all about it, as he was a regular rain-maker. 'Of course I do,' he answered; 'but I want to know what you think of it.' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't think we shall have any steady rain, but I think we may have a heavy shower in about four days' (I said this, as I had observed fleecy clouds gathering daily in the afternoon). 'Just my opinion,' said Katchiba, delighted. 'In four, or perhaps in five, days I intend to give them one shower—just one shower; yes, I'll just step down to them, and tell the rascals that if they will give me some goats by this evening, and some corn by to-morrow morning, I will give them in four or five days just one shower.'

"To give effect to his declaration, he gave several toots on his magic whistle. 'Do you use whistles in your country?' inquired

Katchiba. I only replied by giving so shrill and deafening a whistle on my fingers, that Katchiba stopped his ears, and, relapsing into a smile of admiration, he took a glance at the sky from the doorway, to see if any effect had been produced. "Whistle again," he said; and once more I performed like the whistle of a locomotive. "That will do; we shall have it," said the cunning old rain-maker; and, proud of having so knowingly obtained 'counsel's opinion' in his case, he toddled off to his impatient subjects. In a few days a sudden storm of rain and violent thunder added to Katchiba's renown, and after the shower horns were blowing and nogaras beating in honor of their chief. *Entre nous*, my whistle was considered infallible."

When his guests were lying ill in their huts, struck down with the fever which is prevalent in hot and moist climates such as that of Obbo, Katchiba came to visit them in his character of magician, and performed a curious ceremony. He took a small lenty branch, filled his mouth with water, and squirted it on the branch, which was then waved about the hut, and lastly stuck over the door. He assured his sick guests that their recovery was now certain; and, as they did recover, his opinion of his magical powers was doubtless confirmed.

After their recovery they paid a visit to the chief, by his special desire. His palace consisted of an enclosure about a hundred yards in diameter, within which were a number of huts, all circular, but of different sizes; the largest, which was about twenty-five feet in diameter, belonging to the chief himself. The whole of the courtyard was paved with beaten clay, and was beautifully clean, and the palisades were covered with gourds and a species of climbing yam. Katchiba had but little furniture, the chief

articles being a few cow-hides, which were spread on the floor and used as couches. On these primitive sofas he placed his guests, and took his place between them. The rest of his furniture consisted of earthen jars, holding about thirty gallons each, and intended for containing or brewing beer.

After offering a huge gourdful of that beverage to his guests, and having done ample justice to it himself, he politely asked whether he should sing them a song. Now Katchiba, in spite of his gray hairs, his rank as chief, and his dignity as a sorcerer, was a notable buffoon, a savage Grimaldi, full of inborn and grotesque fun, and so they naturally expected that the performances would be, like his other exhibitions, extremely ludicrous. They were agreeably disappointed. Taking from the hand of one of his wives a "rababa," or rude harp with eight strings, he spent some time in tuning it, and then sang the promised song. The air was strange and wild, but plaintive and remarkably pleasing, with accompaniment very appropriate, so that this "delightful old sorcerer" proved himself to be a man of genius in music as well as in policy.

When his guests rose to depart, he brought them a sheep as a present; and when they refused it, he said no more, but waited on them through the doorway of his hut, and then conducted them by the hand for about a hundred yards, gracefully expressing a hope that they would repeat their visit. When they reached their hut, they found the sheep there, Katchiba having sent it on before them. In time, this chief, who at first appeared to be little more than a jovial sort of buffoon, who by accident happened to hold the chief's place, turned out unexpectedly to be a wise and respected ruler, a polished and accomplished gentleman.

THE KYTCH.

NOT far from Obbo-land there is a district inhabited by the Kytch tribe. In 1825 there was exhibited in the principal cities of Europe a Frenchman, named Claude Ambroise Seurat, who was popularly called the "Living Skeleton," on account of his extraordinary leanness, his body and limbs looking just as if a skeleton had been clothed with skin, and endowed with life. Among the Kytch tribe he would have been nothing remarkable, almost every man being formed after much the same model. In fact, as Sir S. Baker remarked of them, they look at a distance like animated slate-pencils with heads to them. The men of the Kytch tribe are tall, and, but for their extreme emaciation, would be fine figures; and the same may be said of the women. These

physical peculiarities are shown in the engraving No. 1 on the next page.

Almost the only specimens of the Kytch tribe who had any claim to rounded forms were the chief and his daughter, the latter of whom was about sixteen, and really good-looking. In common with the rest of the tribe she wore nothing except a little piece of dressed hide about a foot square, which was hung over one shoulder and fell upon the arm, the only attempt at clothing being a belt of jingling iron circles, and some beads on the head.

Her father wore more clothing than his inferiors, though his raiment was more for show than for use, being merely a piece of dressed leopard skin hung over his shoulders as an emblem of his rank. He had on

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(1.) GROUP OF THE KYTCH TRIBE.

(See page 466.)



(2.) NEAM-NAM FIGHTING.

(See page 463.)

his head a sort of skull-cap made of white beads, from which drooped a crest of white ostrich feathers. He always carried with him a curious instrument,—namely, an iron spike about two feet in length, with a hollow socket at the butt, the centre being bound with snake skin. In the hollow butt he kept his tobacco, so that this instrument served at once the offices of a tobacco box, a dagger, and a club.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more miserable and degraded set of people than the Kytch tribe, and, were it not for two circumstances, they might be considered as the very lowest examples of humanity.

For their food they depend entirely upon the natural productions of the earth, and pass a life which is scarcely superior to that of a baboon, almost all their ideas being limited to the discovery of their daily food. From the time when they wake to the hour when they sleep, they are incessantly looking for food. Their country is not a productive one; they never till the ground, and never sow seed; so that they are always taking from the ground, and never putting anything into it. They eat almost every imaginable substance, animal and vegetable, thinking themselves very fortunate if they ever find the hole of a field-mouse, which they will painfully dig out with the aid of a stick, and then feed luxuriously upon it.

So ravenous are they, that they eat bones and skin as well as flesh; and if by chance they should procure the body of an animal so large that its bones cannot be eaten whole, the Kytch break the bones to fragments between two stones, then pound them to powder, and make the pulverized bones into a sort of porridge. In fact, as has been forcibly remarked, if an animal is killed, or dies a natural death, the Kytch tribe do not leave enough for a fly to feed upon.

The two facts that elevate the Kytch

tribe above the level of the beasts are, that they keep cattle, and that they have a law regarding marriage, which, although repugnant to European ideas, is still a law, and has its parallel in many countries which are far more advanced in civilization.

The cattle of the Kytch tribe are kept more for show than for use, and, unless they die, they are never used as food. A Kytch cattle-owner would nearly as soon kill himself, and quite as soon murder his nearest relation, as he would slaughter one of his beloved cattle. The milk of the one is, of course, a singular luxury in so half-starved a country, and none but the wealthiest men are likely ever to taste it. The animals are divided into little herds, and to each herd there is attached a favorite bull, which seems to be considered as possessing an almost sacred character. Every morning, as the cattle are led out to pasture, the sacred bull is decorated with bunches of feathers tied to his horns, and, if possible, with little bells also. He is solemnly adjured to take great care of the cows, to keep them from straying, and to lead them to the best pastures, so that they may give abundance of milk.

The law of marriage is a very peculiar one. Polygamy is, of course, the custom in Kytch-land, as in other parts of Africa, the husband providing himself with a succession of young wives as the others become old and feeble, and therefore unable to perform the hard work which falls to the lot of African wives. Consequently, it mostly happens that when a man is quite old and infirm he has a number of wives much younger than himself, and several who might be his grandchildren. Under these circumstances, the latter are transferred to his eldest son, and the whole family live together harmoniously, until the death of the father renders the son absolute master of all the property.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE NEAM-NAM, DÔR, AND DJOUR TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE NEAM-NAM TRIBE—THEIR WARLIKE NATURE—A SINGULAR RECEPTION—EFFECT OF FIRE-ARMS—DRESS AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NEAM-NAM TRIBE—MODE OF HUNTING ELEPHANTS—REMARKABLE WEAPONS—THE DÔR TRIBE AND ITS SUBDIVISIONS—WEAPONS OF THE DÔR—A REMARKABLE POUCH OR QUIVER—THE ARROWS AND THEIR TERRIBLE BARBS—A DÔR BATTLE—TREATMENT OF DEAD ENEMIES—"DROPPING DOWN" UPON THE ELEPHANT—DRESS OF THE DÔR—THE LIP-ORNAMENT—THEIR ARCHITECTURE—CURIOUS APPROACH TO THE VILLAGE—THE WOODEN CHIEFS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—THE DJOUR TRIBE—ABSENCE OF CATTLE—THE TSETSE-FLY—METALLURGY—INGENIOUS SMELTING FURNACE—WOMEN'S KNIVES—EXTENSIVE TRAFFIC—SMOKING—THE BARK "QUIDS."

JUST over the Equator, and in the Nile district, is a very remarkable tribe called the NEAM-NAM. They are a fierce and warlike people, and aggressive toward all the surrounding tribes, making incursions into their territories, and carrying off their children into slavery. Consequently they are held in the utmost dread, and the lands that surround the Neam-Nam borders are left uncultivated, no one daring to occupy them for fear of their terrible neighbors. The Neam-Nam seem not only to have firmly established themselves, but even to have gradually extended their boundaries, their neighbors falling farther and farther back at each successive raid.

When Mr. Petherick passed through their country, many of his porters could not be induced to enter the territory of such a terrible tribe, even though protected by the white man's weapons. Several of them deserted on the way, and at last, when they were come in sight of the first village, the rest flung down their loads and ran away, only the interpreter being secured.

As they neared the village, the menacing sound of the alarm drum was heard, and out came the Neam-Nams in full battle array, their lances in their right hands and their large shields covering their bodies. They drew up in line, and seemed disposed to dispute the passage; but as the party marched quietly and unconcernedly onward, they opened their ranks and allowed them to enter the village, from which the women

and children had already been removed. They then seated themselves under the shade of a large sycamore tree, deposited the baggage, and sat in a circle round it, keeping on all sides a front to the armed natives, who now began to come rather nearer than was agreeable, some actually seating themselves on the traveller's feet. They were all very merry and jocose, pointing at their visitors continually, and then bursting into shouts of approving laughter. There was evidently some joke which tickled their fancy, and by means of the interpreter it was soon discovered.

The fact was, that the Neam-Nam were cannibals, and meant to eat the strangers who had so foolishly trusted themselves in the country without either spears, swords, or shields, but they did not like to kill them before their chief arrived. When this pleasant joke was explained, the astonished visitors were nearly as amused as the Neam-Nam, knowing perfectly well that their weapons were sufficient to drive off ten times the number of such foes.

Presently the chief arrived—an old, gray-headed man, who, by his sagacity, certainly showed himself worthy of the post which he held. After a colloquy with the interpreter, he turned to his people, and the following extraordinary discourse took place:—

"Neam-Nam, do not insult these strange men. Do you know whence they come?"

"No; but we will feast on them," was the rejoinder. Then the old man, holding up

his spear, and commanding silence, proceeded thus:

"Do you know of any tribe that would dare to approach our village in such small numbers as these men have done?"

"No!" was again vociferated.

"Very well; you know not whence they come, nor do I, who am greatly your senior, and whose voice you ought to respect. Their country must indeed be distant, and to traverse the many tribes between their country and ours ought to be a proof to you of their valor. Look at the things they hold in their hands: they are neither spears, clubs, nor bows and arrows, but inexplicable bits of iron mounted on wood. Neither have they shields to defend their bodies from our weapons. Therefore, to have travelled thus far, depend on it their means of resistance must be as puzzling to us, and far superior to any arms that any tribe, ay, even our own, can oppose to them. Therefore, Neam-Nam, I, who have led you to many a fight, and whose counsels you have often followed, say, shed not your blood in vain, nor bring disgrace upon your fathers, who have never been vanquished. Touch them not, but prove yourselves to be worthy of the friendship of such a handful of brave men, and do yourselves honor by entertaining them, rather than degrade them by the continuance of your insults."

It is impossible not to admire the penetration of this chief, who was wise enough to deduce the strength of his visitors from their apparent weakness, and to fear them for those very reasons that caused his more ignorant and impetuous people to despise them.

Having thus calmed the excitement, he asked to inspect the strange weapons of his guests. A gun was handed to him—the cap having been removed—and very much it puzzled him. From the mode in which it was held, it was evidently not a club; and yet it could not be a knife, as it had no edge; nor a spear, as it had no point. Indeed, the fact of the barrel being hollow puzzled him exceedingly. At last he poked his finger down the muzzle, and looked inquiringly at his guest, as if to ask what could be the use of such an article. By way of answer, Mr. Petherick took a gun, and, pointing to a vulture that was hovering over their heads, fired, and brought it down.

"But before the bird touched the ground, the crowd were prostrate, and grovelling in the dust, as if every man of them had been shot. The old man's head, with his hands on his ears, was at my feet; and when I raised him, his appearance was ghastly, and his eyes were fixed on me with a meaningless expression. I thought that he had lost his senses."

"After shaking him several times, I at length succeeded in attracting his attention to the fallen bird, quivering in its last agonies between two of his men. The first sign of returning animation he gave was putting his hand to his head, and examining himself as if in search of a wound. He gradually recovered, and, as soon as he could regain his voice, called to the crowd, who one after the other first raised their heads, and then again dropped them at the sight of their apparently lifeless comrades. After the repeated call of the old man, they ventured to rise, and a general inspection of imaginary wounds commenced."

This man, Mur-mangae by name, was only a sub-chief, and was inferior to a very great chief, whose name was Dimoo. There is one single king among the Neam-Nam, who are divided into a number of independent sub-tribes, each ruled by its own chief, and deriving its importance from its numbers. While they were recovering from the effect of the shot, Dimoo himself appeared, and, after hearing the wonderful tale, seemed inclined to discredit it, and drew up his men as if to attack. Just then an elephant appeared in the distance, and he determined to use the animal as a test, asking whether the white men's thunder could kill an elephant as well as a vulture, and that, if it could do so, he would respect them. A party was at once despatched, accompanied by the chief and all the savages. At the first volley down went most of the Neam-Nam, including the chief, the rest running away as fast as their legs could carry them.

After this event the whole demeanor of the people was changed from aggressive insolence to humble respect, and they immediately showed their altered feelings by sending large quantities of milk and porridge for the party, and half a fat dog for Mr. Petherick's own dinner. They also began to open a trade, and were equally astonished and amused that such common and useless things as elephants' tusks could be exchanged for such priceless valuables as beads, and were put in high good-humor accordingly. Up to that time trade had been entirely unknown among the Neam-Nam, and, though the people made great use of ivory in fashioning ornaments for themselves, they never had thought of peaceful barter with their neighbors, thinking that to rob was better than to exchange.

Dimoo, however, still retained some of his suspicious nature, which showed itself in various little ways. At last Mr. Petherick invented on the spur of the moment a plan by which he completely conquered his host. Dimoo had taken an inordinate fancy for the tobacco of his guests, and was always asking for some. As the supply was small, Mr. Petherick did not like to make it still smaller, while, at the same time, a refusal would have been impolitic. So, one day, when the usual request was made, he acceded to it, at the same time telling Dimoo that the tobacco was unsafe to smoke, be-

cause it always broke the pipes of those who meditated treachery toward him.

Meanwhile, a servant, who had been previously instructed, filled Dimoo's pipe, at the same time inserting a small charge of gunpowder, for which there was plenty of room, in consequence of the inordinate size of the bowl. Dimoo took the pipe and began to smoke it defiantly, when all at once an explosion took place, the bowl was shattered to pieces, and Dimoo and his councillors tumbled over each other in terror. Quite conquered by this last proof of the white man's omniscience, he humbly acknowledged that he did meditate treachery—not against his person, but against his goods—and that his intention was to detain the whole party until he had got possession of all their property.

The appearance of the Neam-Nam tribe is very striking. They are not quite black, but have a brown and olive tint of skin. The men are better clothed than is usually the case in Central Africa, and wear a home-made cloth woven from bark fibres. A tolerably large piece of this cloth is slung round the body in such a way as to leave the arms at liberty. The hair is plaited in thick masses, extending from the neck to the shoulders.

In the operation of hair dressing they use long ivory pins, varying from six to twelve or fourteen inches in length, and very slightly curved. One end is smoothly pointed, and the other is much thicker, and for some four inches is carved into various patterns, mostly of the zigzag character which is so prevalent throughout Africa. When the hair is fully combed out and arranged, two of the largest pins are stuck through it horizontally, and a number of shorter pins are arranged in a radiating form, so that they form a semi-circle, something like the large comb of a Spanish lady.

One of these pins is now before me. It is just a foot in length, and at the thick end is almost as large as a black-lead pencil, tapering gradually to the other end. The butt, or base, is covered with a multitude of scratches, which are thought to be ornamental, but which look exactly as if they had been cut by a child who for the first time had got hold of a knife, and they are stained black with a decoction of some root.

The dress of the women consists partly of a piece of cloth such as has been described, but of smaller dimensions, and, besides this, they wear a rather curious apron made of leather. The one in my collection somewhat resembles that of the Zulu apron, shown in "Articles of Costume," at page 33, fig. 3, but is not nearly so thick nor so heavy, and indeed is made on a different plan. The top is a solid square of thick leather doubled in the middle and then beaten flat. To both of the edges has been firmly sewed a triple row of flat leathern

thongs, almost the eighth of an inch in width, and scarcely thicker than brown paper. Six rows of these flat thongs are therefore attached to the upper leather. All the ornament, simple as it is, is confined to the front layer of thongs, and consists entirely of iron. Flat strips of iron, evidently made by beating wire flat, are twisted round the thongs and then hammered down upon them, while the end of each thong is further decorated with a ring or loop of iron wire.

The centre of the solid leather is ornamented with a circular piece of iron, boss-shaped, scratched round the edges, and having an iron ring in its centre. The strap which supports the apron is fastened to a couple of iron rings at the upper corners. In some aprons bead ornaments take the place of the iron boss, but in almost every instance there is an ornament of some kind. The women have also an ornament made by cutting little flat pieces of ivory, and placing them on a strip of leather, one over the other, like fish scales. This ornament is worn as a necklace. They also carve pieces of ivory into a tolerable imitation of cowrie-shells, and string them together as if they were the veritable shells.

There is another ornament that exhibits a type of decoration which is prevalent throughout the whole of Central Africa. It is composed of a belt of stout leather—that of the hippopotamus being preferred, on account of its strength and thickness—to which are attached a quantity of empty nutshells. Through the upper end of the nut a hole is bored with a red-hot iron, and an iron ring passes through this hole and another which has been punched through the leather. The shell is very hard and thick, and, when the wearer dances with the energetic gestures which accompany such performances, the nuts keep up a continual and rather loud clatter.

The Neam-Nam all wear leathern sandals, and although their clothing is so scanty, they are remarkable for their personal cleanliness, a virtue which is so rare in Africa that it deserves commemoration whenever it does occur.

As may already have been seen, the Neam-Nam are a cannibal race, and always devour the bodies of slain enemies. This repulsive custom is not restricted to enemies, but is extended to nearly all human beings with whom they come in contact, their own tribe not proving any exception. Mr. Peiherick was told by themselves that when a Neam-Nam became old and feeble, he was always killed and eaten, and that when any were at the point of death, the same fate befell them.

Should one of their slaves run away and be captured, he is always slain and eaten as a warning to other slaves. Such an event, however, is of very rare occurrence, the

slaves being treated with singular kindness, and master and slave being mutually proud of each other. Indeed, in many families the slaves are more valued than the children. Indeed, much of the wealth of the Neam-Nam consists of slaves, and a man measures his importance by the number of slaves whom he maintains. All these slaves belong to some other tribe, and were captured by their owners, so that they are living witnesses of prowess as well as signs of wealth. They are never sold or bartered, and therefore a slave dealer is not known among them, and they are spared one of the chief curses of Africa. As a general rule, the slaves are so faithful, and are so completely incorporated with the household to which they belong, that in case of war they are armed, and accompany their masters to battle.

The Neam-Nam are skilful hunters, and make great use of fire when chasing the elephant. As they were desirous of procuring tusks to exchange for Mr. Petherick's beads, they anxiously awaited the first rains, which would bring the elephants into their country.

"Successive showers followed, and, after a fortnight's sojourn, a herd of eighteen elephants was announced by beat of tom-tom, as being in the vicinity. Old men, boys, women, and children, collected with most sanguine expectations; and, anxious to witness the scene, I accompanied the hunters. A finer body of well-grown and active men I never beheld. The slaves, many of them from the Baer, but most of them appertaining to unknown tribes from the west, were nearly black, and followed their more noble-looking and olive-colored masters. Two hours' march—the first part through cultivated grounds and the latter through magnificent bush—brought us to the open plain, covered hip-deep with dry grass, and there were the elephants marching leisurely toward us.

"The negroes, about five hundred, swift as antelopes, formed a vast circle round them, and by their yells brought the huge game to a standstill. As if by magic, the plain was on fire, and the elephants, in the midst of the roar and crackling of the flames, were obscured from our view by the smoke. Where I stood, and along the line, as far as I could see, the grass was beaten down to prevent the outside of the circle from being seized in the conflagration; and, in a short time—not more than half an hour—the fire having exhausted itself, the cloud of smoke, gradually rising, again displayed the group of elephants standing as if petrified. As soon as the burning embers had become sufficiently extinct, the negroes with a whoop closed from all sides upon their prey. The fire and smoke had blinded them, and, unable to defend themselves, they successively fell by the lances of their

assailants. The sight was grand, and, although their tusks proved a rich prize, I was touched at the massacre."

When the Neam-Nam warrior goes out to battle, he takes with him a curious series of weapons. He has, of course, his lance, which is well and strongly put together, the blade being leaf-shaped, like that of a hog spear, only very much longer. On his left arm he bears his shield, which is made of bark fibre, woven very closely together, and very thick. The maker displays his taste in the patterns of the work, and in those which he traces upon it with variously colored dyes. Within the shield he has a sort of wooden handle, to which are attached one or two most remarkable weapons.

One of these is wholly flat, the handle included, and is about the thickness of an ordinary sword-blade. The projecting portions are all edged, and kept extremely sharp, while the handle is rather thicker than the blade, and is rounded and roughened, so as to afford a firm grip to the hand. (See the "Neam-Nam Fight" on p. 437.)

When the Neam-Nam comes near his enemy, and before he is within range of a spear thrust, he snatches one of these strange weapons from his shield, and hurls it at the foe, much as an Australian flings his boomerang, an American Indian his tomahawk, and a Sikh his chakra, giving it a revolving motion as he throws it. Owing to this mode of flinging, the weapon covers a considerable space, and if the projecting blades come in contact with the enemy's person, they are sure to disable, if not to kill, him on the spot.

And as several of these are hurled in rapid succession, it is evident that the Neam-Nam warrior is no ordinary foe, and that even the possessor of fire-arms might in reality be overcome if taken by surprise, for, as the "boomerangs" are concealed within the shield, the first intimation of their existence would be given by their sharp blades whirling successively through the air with deadly aim.

Besides the lance and the "boomerangs," each Neam-Nam carries a strangely-shaped knife in a leathern sheath, and oddly enough the hilt is always downward. It is sharp at both edges, and is used as a hand-to-hand weapon after the boomerangs have been thrown, and the parties have come too close to use the spear effectually. From the projection at the base of the blade a cord is tied loosely to the handle, and the loop passed over the wrist, so as to prevent the warrior from being disarmed.

Some of the Neam-Nam tribes use a very remarkable shield. It is spindle-shaped, very long and very narrow, measuring only four or five inches in breadth in the middle, and tapering to a point at either end. In the middle a hole is scooped, large enough

to contain the hand, and a bar of wood is left so as to form a handle. This curious shield is carried in the left hand, and is used to ward off the lances or arrows of the enemy, which is done by giving it a smart twist.

In principle and appearance it resembles so closely the shield of the native Australian, that it might easily be mistaken for one of those weapons. Sometimes a warrior decorates his shield by covering it with the skin of an antelope, wrapped round it while still wet, and then sewed together in a line with the handle. The Shillock and Dinka tribes use similar weapons, but their shields are without the hollow guard for the hand, and look exactly like bows without the strings.

Each warrior has also a whistle, or call,

made of ivory or antelope's horn, which is used for conveying signals; and some of the officers, or leaders, have large war trumpets, made of elephants' tusks. One form of these trumpets is seen in the illustration "Cabocceer and soldiers," on page 564. The reader will observe that, as is usual throughout Africa, they are sounded from the side, like a flute, and not from the end, like ordinary trumpets.

Altogether Mr. Petherick passed a considerable time among this justly dreaded tribe, and was so popular among them, that when he left the country he was accompanied by crowds of natives, and the great chief Dimoo not only begged him to return, but generously offered his daughter as a wife in case the invitation were accepted, and promised to keep her until wanted.

THE DÖR.

PASSING by a number of small and comparatively insignificant tribes, we come to the large and important tribe of the Dör. Like all African tribes of any pretence, it includes a great number of smaller or sub-tribes, which are only too glad to be ranked among so important and powerful a tribe, and, for the sake of belonging to it, they forego their own individuality.

Like the Neam-Nam, the Dör acknowledged no paramount chief, the innumerable sub-tribes of which it is composed being each independent, and nearly all at feud with one another. Indeed the whole political condition of the Dör is wonderfully similar to that of Scotland, when clan was set against clan, and a continual state of feud prevailed among them, though they all gloried in the name of Scotchman.

As in the old days of Chevy Chase, a hunt is almost a sure precursor of a fight. The Dör are much given to hunting, and organize battues on a grand scale. They weave strong nets of bark fibre, and fasten them between trunks of trees, so as to cover a space of several miles. Antelopes and other game are driven from considerable distances into these nets; and as the hunters have to pass over a large space of country, some of which is sure to be claimed by inimical tribes, a skirmish, if not a regular battle, is sure to take place.

The weapons carried by the Dör are of rather a formidable description. One of the most curious is the club. It is about two feet six inches in length, and is remarkable for the shape of the head, which is formed like a mushroom, but has sharp edges. As it is made of very hard wood, it is a most effective weapon, and not even the stone-like skull of a Dör warrior can resist a blow from it. The bow exhibits a mode of construction which is very common in this part

of Africa, and which must interfere greatly with the power of the weapon. The string does not extend to the tips of the bow, so that eighteen inches or so of the weapon are wasted, and the elasticity impaired. The reader will see that, if the ends of the bow were cut off immediately above the string, the strength and elasticity would suffer no diminution, and that, in fact, the extra weight at each end of the bow only gives the weapon more work to do.

The Africans have a strange habit of making a weapon in such a way that its efficiency shall be weakened as much as possible. Not content with leaving a foot or so of useless wood at each end of the bow, some tribes ornament the weapon with large tufts of loose strings or fibres, about half way between the handle and the tip, as if to cause as much disturbance to the aim as possible. Spears again are decorated with tufts to such an extent that they are rendered quite unmanageable.

Much more care is taken with the arrows than with the bows. There is a great variety in the shape of the arrows, as also in their length. They are all iron-headed, and every man seems to make his arrows after his own peculiar fashion; sometimes large and broad-headed, sometimes slightly barbed, though more commonly slender and sharply pointed.

In my collection there is a most remarkable quiver, once belonging to a warrior of one of the Dör sub-tribes. It was brought from Central Africa by Mr. Petherick. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this quiver. The maker has cut a strip of antelope hide rather more than three feet in length and fourteen inches in width. He has then poked his knife through the edges at moderately regular intervals, so as to make a series of holes. A thong about

half an inch wide has next been cut from the same hide, and passed through the topmost hole or slit, a large knot preventing it from slipping through. It has then been passed through the remaining slits, so as to lace the edges together like the sides of a boot. The bottom is closed by the simple plan of turning it up and lacing it by the same thong to the side of the quiver.

It is hardly possible to conceive any rougher work. The maker has cut the slits quite at random, so that he has occasionally missed one or two, and he has not taken the least pains to bring the sides of the quiver together throughout their length. So stupid or careless has he been, that he has begun by cutting the strip of skin much too narrow, and then has widened it, never taking the pains to sew up the cut, which extends two-thirds down the quiver.

Four or five of the arrows have the leaf-shaped head and need not be particularly described. The largest of the arrows, being a "cloth-yard shaft," but for the absence of feathers, might vie with the weapons of the old English archers. The head is remarkable for a heavy ridge which runs along the centre on both sides. There is another not so boldly barbed as that which has just been mentioned, but which is quite as formidable a weapon, on account of a thick layer of poison that begins just behind the head, and extends nearly as far as the shaft.

The most characteristic forms, however, are these two. The first is an arrow which is barbed with a wonderful ingenuity, the barbs not being mere projections, but actual spikes, more than an inch in length, and at the base nearly as thick as a crow quill. They have been separated from the iron head by the blow of a chisel, or some such implement, and have then been bent outward, and sharpened until the points are like those of needles. Besides these long barbs, the whole of the square neck of the iron is jagged exactly like the Bechuana assagai which has been figured on page 281.

Such an arrow cannot be extracted, and the only mode of removing it is to push it through the wound. But the Central Africans have evidently thought that their enemy was let off too cheaply by being allowed to rid himself of the arrow by so simple a process, and accordingly they have invented a kind of arrow which can neither be drawn out nor pushed through. In the second of these arrows there is a pair of reversed barbs just at the junction of the shaft and the iron head, so that when the arrow has once penetrated, it must either be cut out or allowed to remain where it is. Such an arrow is not poisoned, nor does it need any such addition to its terrors. Both these arrows are remarkable for having the heads fastened to the shaft, first in the ordinary way, by raw hide, and then by a band of iron, about the

sixth of an inch in width. Though shorter than some of the other arrows, they are on that account much heavier.

One of the fights consequent on a hunt is well described by Mr. Petherick. He was sitting in the shade at noon-day, when he perceived several boys running in haste to the village for an additional supply of weapons for their fathers. "The alarm spread instantly that a fight was taking place, and the women *en masse* proceeded to the scene with yellings and shrieks indescribable. Seizing my rifle, and accompanied by four of my followers, curiosity to see a negro fight tempted me to accompany them. After a stiff march of a couple of hours through bush and glade, covered with waving grass reaching nearly to our waists, the return of several boys warned us of the proximity of the fight, and of their fear of its turning against them, the opposing party being the most numerous. Many of the women hurried back to their homes, to prepare, in case of emergency, for flight and safety in the bush. For such an occurrence, to a certain extent, they are always prepared; several parcels of grain and provisions, neatly packed up in spherical forms in leaves surrounded by network, being generally kept ready in every hut for a sudden start.

"Accelerating our pace, and climbing up a steep hill, as we reached the summit, and were proceeding down a gentle slope, I came in contact with Djan and his party in full retreat, and leaping like greyhounds over the low underwood and high grass. On perceiving me, they halted, and rent the air with wild shouts of 'The White Chief! the White Chief!' and I was almost suffocated by the embraces of the chief. My presence gave them courage to face the enemy again; a loud peculiar shrill whoop from the gray-headed but still robust chief was the signal for attack, and, bounding forward, they were soon out of sight. To keep up with them would have been an impossibility; but, marching at the top of our pace, we followed them as best we could. After a long march down a gentle declivity, at the bottom of which was a beautiful glade, we again came up with them drawn up in line, in pairs, some yards apart from each other, within the confines of the bush, not a sound indicating their presence.

"Joining them, and inquiring what had become of the enemy, the man whom I addressed silently pointed to the bush on the opposite side of the glade, some three hundred yards across. Notwithstanding my intention of being a mere spectator, I now felt myself compromised in the fight; and, although unwilling to shed blood, I could not resist my aid to the friends who afforded me an asylum amongst them. Marching, accordingly, into the open space with my force of four men, I resolved that we should act as skirmishers on the side of

our hosts, who retained their position in the bush. We had proceeded about a third of the way across the glade, when the enemy advanced out of the wood and formed, in a long line of two or three deep, on its confines opposite to us. I also drew up my force, and for an instant we stood looking at each other. Although within range, at about two hundred yards' distance, I did not like to fire upon them; but in preference continued advancing, thinking the prestige of my fire-arms would be sufficient.

"I was right. We had scarcely marched fifty yards when a general flight took place, and in an instant Djau and his host, amounting to some three or four hundred men, passed in hot pursuit. After reflection on the rashness of exposing myself with so few men to the hostility of some six hundred negroes, and in self-congratulation on the effect my appearance in the fight had produced, I waited the return of my hosts. In the course of an hour this took place; and, as they advanced, I shall never forget the impression they made upon me. A more complete picture of savage life I could not have imagined. A large host of naked negroes came trooping on, grasping in their hands bow and arrow, lances and elubs, with wild gesticulations and frightful yells proclaiming their victory, whilst one displayed the reeking head of a victim. I refused to join them in following up the defeat of their enemies by a descent on their villages.

"With some difficulty they were persuaded to be content with the success already achieved—that of having beaten off a numerically superior force—and return to their homes. Their compliance was only obtained by an actual refusal of further co-operation; but in the event of a renewed attack upon their villages, the probability of which was suggested, I promised them my willing support."

The death of an enemy and the capture of his body are always causes of great rejoicing among the Dör tribes, because they gain trophies whereby they show their skill in warfare. In the centre of every village there is a large open space, or circus, in the middle of which is the venerated war tree. Beneath this tree are placed the great war drums, whose deep booming notes can be heard for miles. On the branches are hung the whitened skulls of slain warriors, and the war drums only sound when a new head is added to the trophy, or when the warriors are called to arms.

Four of the enemy were killed in this skirmish, and their bodies were thrown into the bush, their heads being reserved for the trophy. On the same evening they were brought into the village circus, and dances performed in honor of the victors. The great drums were beaten in rhythmic measure, and the women advanced in pairs, dancing to the sound of the drum and chant-

ing a war-song. As they approached the heads of the victims, they halted, and addressed various insulting epithets to them, clanking their iron anklets and yelling with excitement. On the following day the heads were taken into the bush to be bleached, and, after they were completely whitened, they were hung on the trophy with the accompaniment of more shouts and dances.

All their hunting parties, however, are not conducted in this manner, nor do they all lead to bloodshed. When they hunt the elephant, for example, the animal is attacked by a small party, and for the sufficient reason, namely, that he who first wounds the elephant takes the tusks, and therefore every additional man only decreases the chance.

They have one singularly ingenious mode of hunting the elephant, which is conducted by one man alone. The hunter takes with him a remarkable spear made for the express purpose. One of these spears, which was brought from Central Africa by Mr. Petherick, is in my collection, and a representation of it may be seen on page 103, fig. 2. They vary slightly in size, but my specimen is a very fair example of the average dimensions. It is rather more than six feet in length, three feet of which are due to the iron head and the socket into which the shaft passes. As may be seen, the shaft tapers gradually, so as to permit it to pass into the socket. To the butt is fastened a heavy piece of wood, rather more than four inches in diameter. It is a heavy weapon, its whole weight being a little more than seven pounds, and is so ill-balanced and so unwieldy, that, unless its use were known, it would seem to be about the most clumsy weapon that ever was invented. This, however, is the spear by which the Dör and Bacr tribes kill the elephant, and very ingeniously they do it.

Knowing the spots where the elephant loves to hide itself in the noon-tide, and which are always in the depths of the forest, the hunter proceeds thither in the early morning, and carries with him his heavy spear and some rope. When he approaches the place, he proceeds to take some large stones, and binds them to the butt of the spear, plastering them over thickly with lumps of clay, so as to make his heavy weapon still heavier. He then ties one end of the rope to the spear, and after selecting a suitable tree, climbs it, and works his way out upon one of the horizontal branches, hauling up his weapon when he has settled himself.

He now awaits the coming of the herd, and, when they are close to the tree, unties the spear, and holds it in readiness. When an elephant with good tusks passes under him, he drops the spear upon the animal's back, the weight of the weapon causing it to penetrate deeply into the body. Startled at the sudden pang, the elephant rushes

through the trees, trying to shake off the terrible spear, which sways about from side to side, occasionally striking against the trunks or branches of the trees, and so cutting its way deeper among the vital organs, until the unfortunate animal falls from loss of blood. The hunter does not trouble himself about chasing his victim at once. He can always track it by its bloody traces, and knows full well that within a moderate distance the unfortunate animal will halt, and there die, unless it is disturbed by the presence of man, and urged to further exertions.

The reader will note the curious similarity between this mode of elephant hunting and the Banyai method of trapping the hippopotamus, as described on page 342. The Dör also use lances, at least eleven feet long, for elephant hunting, the blades measuring between two and three feet in length. These, however, are not dropped from a tree, but wielded by hand, the hunters surrounding the animal, and each watching his opportunity, and driving his spear into its side when its attention is directed toward some on the other side.

The Dör hold in great contempt the perfect nudity which distinguishes the Kitch and several other tribes, but no one on first entering their villages would suppose such to be the case. The dress which the men wear is simply a little flap of leather hanging behind them. This, however, in their ideas constitutes dress; and when some of the Djour people entered a Dör village, the latter, as a mark of respect to the visitors, turned their little aprons to the front, and so were considered as having put on full dress.

The women use a still simpler dress. Until they are married, they wear no dress at all; but when that event takes place, they clothe themselves in a very simple manner. In their country is an abundance of evergreens and creepers, and with these they form their dress, a branch tucked into the girdle in front, and another behind, answering all purposes of clothing. They use these leafy dresses of such a length that they fall nearly to the ground. Ornaments, however, they admire exceedingly, and the weight of a Dör woman's decorations is more than an ordinary man would like to carry about with him for a whole day. Heavy strings of beads are hung on their necks and tied round their waists, the most valued beads being as large as pigeon's eggs, and consequently very heavy. Strings of beads also fall from their ears. On their wrists they wear bracelets, made simply of iron bars cut to the proper length, and bent round the wrist. Others, but of greater dimensions, encircle the ankles; and as some of them are fully an inch thick, and quite solid, their united weight is very considerable.

Like most African tribes, the Dör are

fond of wearing amulets, though they do not seem to have any particular idea of their meaning, and certainly do not attach any sanctity to them. They have a hazy idea that the possession of a certain amulet is a safeguard against certain dangers, but they do not trouble themselves about the *modus operandi*.

In this tribe we may notice the re-appearance of the lip ornament. In the manner in which it is worn it resembles the "pelele" described on page 356, but it is worn in the under instead of the upper lip. One of these ornaments is now before me. It is cylindrical, with a conical top, and measures three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and exactly an inch in length. The base, which comes against the lower teeth and gum, is nearly flat, and well polished, while the conical top, which projects in front of the mouth, is carved very neatly with a "cross-hatching" sort of a pattern, the effect of which is heightened by the charring of a certain portion of it, the blackened and polished surfaces contrasting well with the deep-red color of the wood. In order to keep it in its place, a shallow groove runs round it. This is one of the smaller specimens, but it is the custom of the owner to wear larger and larger lip ornaments, until some of them contrive to force into their lips pieces of wood three inches in circumference. Before taking leave of the Dör costume, it may be as well to observe that in the Botocudo tribe of Tropical America both sexes wear a similar ornament in their lips, and in most instances have these strange decorations twice as large as those of the Dör women.

The villages of the Dör tribes are really remarkable. The houses are neatly constructed of canes woven into a sort of basket work. The perpendicular walls are about six feet high, and are covered by a conical roof, the whole shape of the hut being almost exactly like that of the lip ornament which has just been described. The reed roof is ornamented on the exterior with pieces of wood carved into the rude semblance of birds.

In the middle of each hut is the bedstead, and, as no cooking is done within it, the interior of the hut is very clean, and in that respect entirely unlike the sooty homes of the Kafir tribes. All the cooking is performed in a separate hut, or kitchen, and is of a rather simple character, the chief food being a kind of porridge. The doorway is very small, and is barricaded at night by several logs of wood laid horizontally upon each other, and supported at each end by two posts driven into the ground. The whole village is kept as clean as the individual houses, and the central circus is not only swept, but kept well watered, so as to lay the dust.

The most singular point in the Dör vil-

lage lies in the approaches to it, which are narrow footpaths, marked out on each side by wooden posts roughly carved into the human form. They are placed about four feet apart, and are different in size. The one nearest the village is the largest, while the others are much smaller, and are represented as carrying bowls on their heads. The natives say that the first is the chief going to a feast, and that the others are his attendants carrying food on their heads.

Several of these wooden figures were brought to England by Mr. Petherick, and two of the chiefs are represented on the next page. They are about four feet in length. It may be imagined that a double row of such figures must give a most curious aspect to the road.

"The village," writes Mr. Petherick, "was prettily situated at the foot of a hill, around which were two or three other villages, this forming the entire community of a large district. From its summit a beautiful view of the surrounding country was obtained. Surrounding the village at a moderate distance were the unfenced gardens of the villagers, in which cucurbits, vegetables, and seeds were grown; and beyond, to the eastward, was a large plain of cultivated dourra fields; and southward, at about a mile distant, a winding brook was to be seen, bordered with superb trees and flourishing canes. The bush supplied a variety of game, consisting of partridges, guinea-fowl, a large white boar, gazelles, antelopes, and giraffes. Elephants and buffaloes I did not encounter, and I was told that they only frequented the locality in the rainy season."

There are three forms of the guitar, or rababa, yet in neither instrument is the neck rigid, as in the guitars and violins with which we are all familiar. This is, however, intentional on the part of the maker, its object being to keep the strings at a proper tension. The mode in which it is tuned is equally simple and effective. A ring, mostly made of the same fibre as the strings, is passed over each neck, so that, as it is slipped up or down, the sound becomes

proportionately grave or acute. It can be thus tuned with reasonable accuracy, as I can testify by experience, the only drawback being that the notes cannot be altered by pressure of the fingers upon the strings, on account of the angle which they make with the neck. Five sounds only can be produced by this instrument, but it is worthy of notice that one string is very much longer than the others, so that it produces a deep tone, analogous to the "drone" in the bagpipes.

Although tolerably well-mannered to travellers with whom they were acquainted, the Dör are very apt to behave badly to those whom they do not know. Mr. Petherick nearly lost his life by a sudden and treacherous attack that was made on him by some of this tribe. Accompanied by the friendly chief, Djau, he went to a village, and began to purchase ivory. In spite of Djau's presence the people were suspicious, and became more and more insolent, asking higher prices for every tusk, and at last trying to run off with a tusk and the beads that had been offered in payment for it. The tusk was regained, whereupon a sudden attack was made, and a lance hurled at Mr. Petherick, whom it missed, but struck one of his men in the shoulder. Three more were wounded by a volley of spears, and there was nothing for it but to fire. One of the assailants having been wounded in the leg, firing was stopped. On going for their donkey, who had been brought to carry back the tusks, he was found lying dead, having been killed by the vengeful Dör.

Herenpon Djan recommended that the village should be sacked as a warning, which was done, and the spoil carried home. Next day the chief of the village came very humbly to apologize, bringing some tusks as an equivalent for the donkey, and as a proof of good-will for the future. So the tusks were accepted, the plunder of the village restored, and harmony was thus established, a supplementary present of beads being added as a seal to the bargain.

THE DJOUR.

THE Djour tribe afford a remarkable instance of the influence which is exercised over man by the peculiarities of the country in which he is placed. Surrounded by pastoral tribes, which breed cattle and trouble themselves but little about the cultivation of the ground, the Djour are agriculturists, and have no cattle except goats. The sole reason for this fact is, that the dread tsetse-fly is abundant in the land of Djour, and consequently neither horse nor ox has a chance of life. This terrible insect, harm-

less to man and to most animals, is certain death to the horse, dog, and ox tribe.

It is very little larger than the horse-fly, and its only weapons are a kind of lancet, which projects from its mouth, as one may see in the gad-fly. Like the gad-fly, the tsetse only causes a temporary irritation when it bites a human being, and the strangest thing is that it does no harm to calves until they are weaned. It does not sting, but, like the goat, inserts its sharp proboscis into the skin for the purpose of sucking

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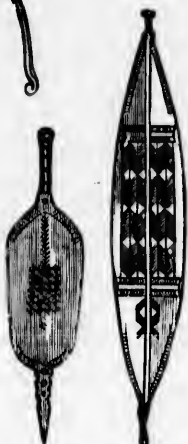
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ORNAMENT.
(See page 451.)



WOMEN'S KNIVES.
(See page 451.)



BRACELETS.
(See page 467.)



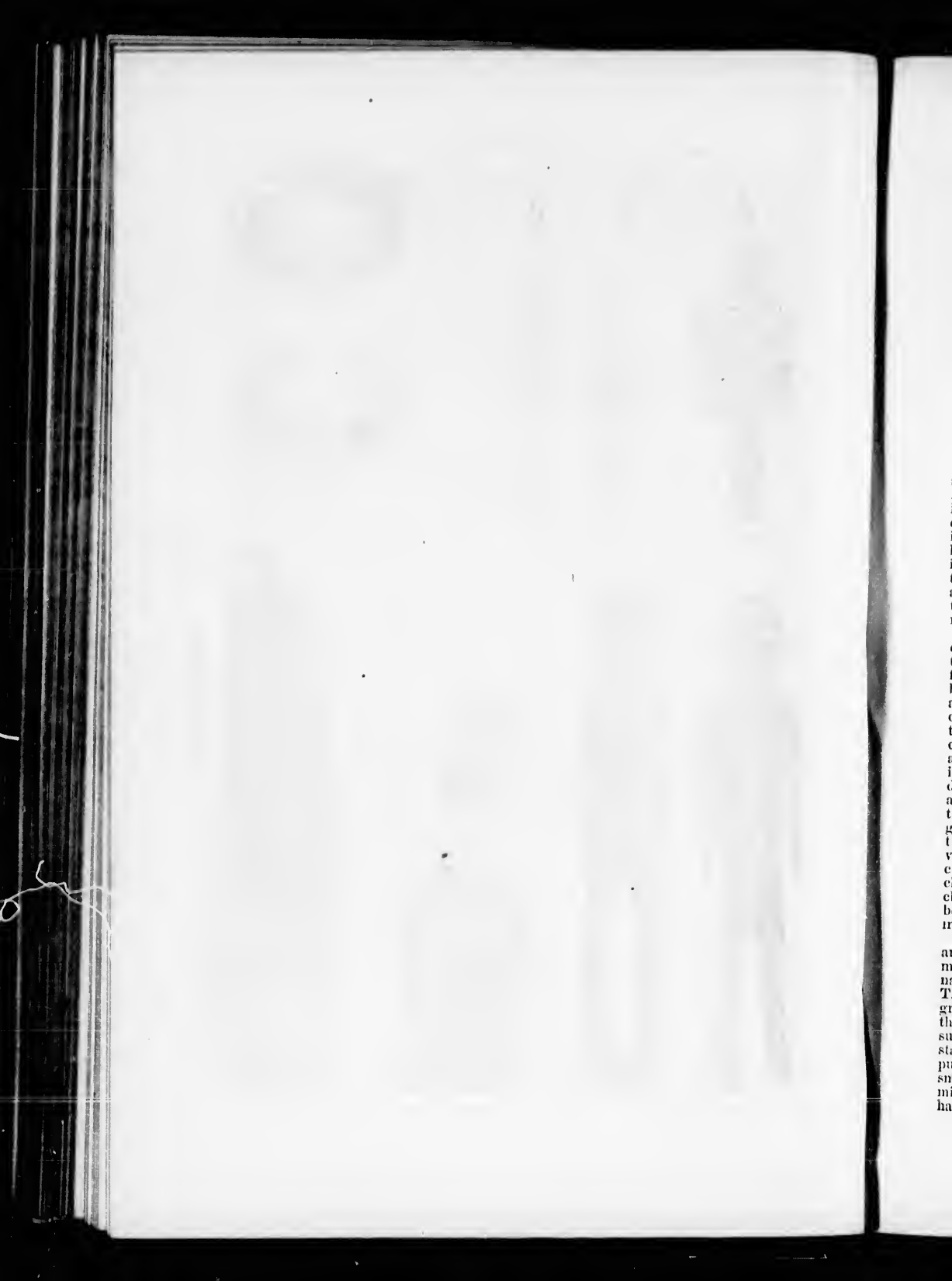
WOODEN CHIEFS.
(See page 448.)



NEUHR HELMET
(See page 468.)



SCALP LOCKS
(See page 467.)



the blood. After an ox has been bitten, it loses condition, the coat starts, the muscles become flaccid, and in a short time the animal dies, even the muscle of the heart having become so soft that, when pinched, the fingers can be made to meet through it.

Yet the mule, ass, and goat enjoy a perfect immunity from this pest, and consequently the only domesticated animal among the Djour is the goat. The tsetse is a singularly local insect. It will swarm along one bank of a river, and the other bank be free; or it will inhabit little hills, or perhaps a patch of soil on level ground. Tsetse-haunted places are well known to the natives, and it has often happened that, when a herd of oxen has been driven through one of these dreaded spots, not a single animal has escaped.

Being deprived of cattle, the Djour do not depend wholly upon agriculture, but are admirable workers in iron, and by them are made many of the weapons and polished iron ornaments which are so much in request throughout Central Africa. Iron ore is abundant in their country, and, after they have finished getting in their crops, the industrious Djour set to work at their metallurgy, at which every man is more or less an adept. After procuring a sufficient quantity of ore, they proceed to smelt it in furnaces very ingeniously built.

"The cupolas are constructed of stiff clay, one foot thick, increasing toward the bottom to about fourteen inches in diameter, and four feet in height. Underneath is a small basin for the reception of the metal, and on a level with the surface are four apertures, opposite each other, for the reception of the blast pipes. These are made of burnt clay, and are attached to earthen vessels about eighteen inches in diameter and six inches in height, covered with a loose dressed goat-skin tied tightly over them, and perforated with a few small holes. In the centre there is a loop to contain the fingers of the operator. A lad, sitting between two of these vessels, by a rapid alternate vertical motion with each hand drives a current of air into the furnace, which, charged with alternate layers of ore and charcoal, nourished by eight of these rude bellows, emits a flame some eighteen inches in height at the top.

"Relays of boys keep up a continual blast, and, when the basin for the reception of the metal is nearly full, the charging of the furnace is discontinued, and it is blown out. Through an aperture at the bottom the greater part of the slag is withdrawn, and the temperature of the furnace not being sufficient to reduce the metal to the fluid state, it is mixed up with a quantity of impurities, and broken, when still warm, into small pieces. These are subsequently submitted to the heat of a smith's hearth, and hammered with a huge granite boulder on a

small anvil, presenting a surface of one and a half inches square, stuck into an immense block of wood. By this method the metal is freed from its impurities, and converted into malleable iron of the best quality. The slag undergoes the operations of crushing and washing, and the small globules of iron contained in it are obtained. A crucible charged with them is exposed to welding heat on the hearth, and its contents are welded and purified as above.

"The iron being reduced to small malleable ingots, the manufacture of lances, hoes, hatchets, &c., is proceeded with. These are bent into shape by the boulder welded by a powerful man; and the master smith with a hammer, handleless, like the pestle of a mortar, finishes them. With these rude implements, the proficiency they have attained is truly astonishing, many lances and other articles of their manufacture which I now possess having been pronounced good specimens of workmanship for an ordinary English smith."

In an illustration on page 449 may be seen an example of the workmanship of the Djour tribe. The remarkable ornament with a long hook is an armlet, the hooked portion being passed over the arm, and then bent, so as to retain its hold. The singular objects entitled "Women's knives" are good examples of the patient skill displayed by the Djour tribe with such very imperfect tools.

These and other products of their ingenuity are dispersed throughout several of the tribes of Central Africa, many of them being recognized as currency, just as is the English sovereign on the Continent. As if to illustrate the truth of the proverb, that men are always longing for that which they do not possess, the Djours are always hankering after beef, and in consequence buy cattle largely from their warlike neighbors, the Dinka tribe. The tsetse prevents the Djour from keeping the cattle just purchased, and so they only buy them in order to kill and eat them at once.

Owing to this traffic, the Djour are recognized as the chief smiths of Central Africa, and they can always find a market for their wares. Consequently, they are a very prosperous tribe, as even the Dinkas would not wish to destroy a people from whom they procure the very weapons with which they fight; and there is not a Djour man who cannot with ordinary industry earn enough for the purchase and maintenance of a wife as soon as he is old enough to take one. Among themselves they do not care particularly about wearing as ornaments the products of their own skill, but prize beads above every other personal decoration; and so far do they carry this predilection, that their wives are purchased with beads, and not with goats—the only cattle which they can breed. There is scarcely a Djour of full age who has not a wife, if not in fact, yet in

view; and so brisk is the matrimonial market, that there is not a girl in the country above eight years of age who has not been purchased by some one as a wife.

Tobacco is as dear to the Djour as to other African tribes, and they are fond of smoking it in pipes of very great capacity. They have a rather odd mode of managing their pipes. The bowl is of reddish clay, worked on the outside into a kind of pattern like that in frosted glass. The stem is of bamboo, and is very thick, and the junction between the stem and the bowl is made tolerably airtight by binding a piece of raw hide round it. A long and narrow gourd forms the mouthpiece, and round it is wrapped a piece of leather like that which fastens the bowl to the stem. Lest the mouthpiece should fall off, a string is passed round it, and the other end fastened to the lower end of the stem.

When the pipe is used, a quantity of fine bark fibres are rolled up into little balls, and, the gourd mouthpiece being removed, they are thrust into it and into the stem, so that, when the pipe is lighted, they may become saturated with tobacco oil. This fibre is not

inserted for the purpose of purifying the smoke, for the tobacco oil is thought to be much too valuable an article to be wasted, and the fibre balls, when thoroughly saturated, are taken out and chewed as if they were the best pigtail tobacco.

It is thought to be a delicate attention for two friends to exchange "quids" from each other's pipe, and, when one person has obtained as much tobacco oil as he cares for, he passes the quid to another, and so on, until the flavor has all been extracted. I have in my collection one of these pipes. It is two feet in length, and the bowl is capable of holding a large handful of tobacco. Pipes of this description, though differing slightly in details, prevail through the whole of Central Africa, and especially along the east bank of the Nile. In the splendid collection gathered by Mr. Petherick, and exhibited in London in 1864, more than twenty such pipes were exhibited, several with horn stems, some mounted with iron, and in one or two the bark "quids" were still in their places. The specimen described above belonged to the collection.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LATOOKA TRIBE.

THEIR LIVELY AND PLEASANT DISPOSITION—SINGULAR HEADDRESS—WEAPONS—THE ARMED BRACE-
LET AND ITS USE—LATOOKA WOMEN AND THEIR DRESS—THE CURIOUS LIP ORNAMENT—BOKKÉ
AND HER DAUGHTER—WEALTH OF THE LATOOKAS—INGENIOUS STRUCTURE OF THE VILLAGES—
TARRANGOLLÉ, THE CAPITAL OF LATOOKA—CONDITION OF THE WOMEN—BOKKÉ AND THE SOL-
DIER—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—ABSENCE OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS—SKILL AT THE FORGE—THE
MOLOTE, OR IRON HOE—FONDNESS FOR CATTLE—REPULSE OF A RAID, AND A LATOOKA VIC-
TORY—THE DRUM SIGNAL—FUNERAL CEREMONIES—THE STRANGE DANCES—LATOOKA BELLS.

THE Latooka tribe inhabit a tract of country on the east of the Nile, lat. 40° N. Equally warlike when war is needed, they are not the morose, inhospitable set of savages we have seen some of their neighbors to be, but are merry, jocular, and always ready either for fighting, laughing, or playing.

The dress of the Latookas is at once simple and complicated. The men wear but little dress upon their bodies, but bestow a wonderful amount of attention upon their heads, the proper tiring of which is so long a process, that a man cannot hope to dress his head perfectly until he has arrived at full age. Indeed, from the time that a Latooka begins to dress his head at least seven or eight years must elapse before his toilet is completed. The following account, given by Sir S. Baker, affords an excellent idea of the Latooka headdress.

"However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary. The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets: all of them are formed of their own hair, and are of course fixtures. At first sight it appears incredible, but a minute examination shows the wonderful perseverance of years in producing what must be highly inconvenient. The thick, crisp wool is woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick net-work of felt. As the hair grows through this matted substance, it is subjected to the same process, until, in the course of years, a compact substance is formed, like a strong felt, about an inch and a half thick, that has been trained into the shape of a helmet. A strong rim, of about two inches deep, is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of

the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a plate of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about a foot in length, forms the crest.

"The framework of the helmet being at length completed, it must be perfected by an arrangement of beads, should the owner be sufficiently rich to indulge in the coveted distinction. The beads most in fashion are the red and the blue porcelain, about the size of small peas. These are sewed on the nape of the felt, and so beautifully arranged in sections of blue and red, that the entire helmet appears to be formed of beads; and the handsome crest of polished copper, surmounted by ostrich plumes, gives a most dignified and martial appearance to this elaborate head-gear. No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie-shells stitched round the rim, so as to form a solid edge."

Necklaces of metal are also worn by the men, and also bracelets of the same material. Each warrior carries in addition a most remarkable bracelet on his right wrist. This is a ring of iron, round which are set four or five knife-blades with points and edges scrupulously kept sharp. With this instrument they can strike terrible blows, and, if in action the spear is dropped, the wearer instantly closes with his enemy, and strikes at him with his armed bracelet. The other weapons of the Latooka tribe are a strong lance, or a short mace, mostly made of iron, and a shield about four feet long by two wide. The shields are generally made of buffalo hide, but the best are formed from the skin of the giraffe, this combining the

two qualities of lightness and toughness. Bows and arrows are not used by the Latookas.

The women take comparatively little pains with their toilet. Instead of spending their time in working up their woolly hair into the felt-like mass which decorates the men, they shave their heads entirely, and trust for their ornaments to beads, paint, and tattooing. Like the belles of more Southern tribes, the Latooka women extract the four incisor teeth of the lower jaw; and the favorite wife of the king told Lady Baker that she would really not be bad-looking if she would only remove those teeth, and give herself a coat of grease and vermilion.

Bokkè, the queen in question, with her daughter, were the only good-looking women that were seen in that country; the females being strangely large, coarse, and powerful. On bodily strength they pride themselves, and each woman makes it a daily task to carry on her head a ten-gallon jar to the water, fill it, and bring it back again, the distance being seldom less than a mile. Their dress is rather remarkable. It consists of a leathern belt, to which is attached a large flap of tanned leather in front, while to the back are tied a number of thongs, two feet or more in length, which look at a distance exactly like a horse's tail.

The most fashionable feminine ornament in the Latooka country is a long piece of polished crystal, about as thick as a drawing pencil. A hole is bored in the under lip, and the ornament hung from it. Sir S. Baker commended himself greatly to Bokkè and her daughter by presenting them with the glass stem of a thermometer that had been accidentally broken, and his gift was valued much as a necklace of brilliants would be by European ladies. In order to prevent this ornament from falling, a piece of twine is knotted upon the end that passes through the lip. As the lower teeth are removed, the tongue of course acts upon it, and when a lady is speaking the movements of the tongue cause the crystal pendant to move about in a very ludicrous manner. Tattooing is mostly confined to the cheeks and forehead, and consists chiefly of lines.

The men are also fond of decorating their heads with the feathers of various birds, and the favorite ornament is the head of the crested crane, its black, velvet-like plumage, tipped with the gold-colored crest, having a very handsome appearance when fixed on the top of the head.

When Sir S. Baker was encamping among the Latookas, he could not purchase either goats or cows, though large herds were being driven before him, and he was therefore forced to depend much on his gun for subsistence. The feathers of the cranes, ducks, geese, and other birds were thrown over the palisade of his encampment, and, during the whole time of his visit, the boys

were to be seen with their heads comically dressed with white feathers, until they looked like huge cauliflowers. The longest feathers were in greatest request, and were taken as perquisites by the boys who volunteered to accompany the sportsman, to carry home the game which he shot, and then to pluck the birds.

In general appearance, the Latookas are a singularly fine race of men. They are, on an average, all but six feet in height, and, although they are exceedingly muscular and powerful, they do not degenerate into corpulency nor unwieldiness. The expression of the countenance is pleasing, and the lips, although large, are not of the negro type. The forehead is high, the cheekbones rather prominent, and the eyes large. It is thought that their origin must have been derived from some of the Galla tribes.

The Latookas are rich as well as powerful, and have great herds of cattle, which they keep in stockades, constructed after a most ingenious fashion; as many as ten or twelve thousand head of cattle being often herded in one town. Knowing that there are plenty of hostile tribes, who would seize every opportunity of stealing their cows, the Latookas always pen them in very strong stockades, the entrance to which is only a yard or thereabouts in width. These entrances are arch-shaped, and only just wide enough to allow an ox to pass through, and from the top of each arch is hung a rude kind of cattle bell, formed from the shell of the *dolapè* palm nut, against which the animal must strike as it passes in or out of the stockade.

The path which leads from the entrances is no wider than the door itself, and is flanked at either side by a high and strong palisade, so that, if an enemy were to attack the place, they could hardly force their way along passages which a few men could guard as effectually as a multitude. Through the village runs a tolerably wide street, and into the street open the larger entrances into the cattle enclosures, so that, if the inhabitants desired, they could either remove their oxen singly by the small doors, or drive them out in herds through the gates that open into the central street.

Thus it will be seen that the aspect of a Latooka town is very remarkable. It is surrounded by a very strong palisade, in which are several doorways. Through the centre of the village runs the main street, upon which all the cattle-pens open, and the rest of the interior is traversed by lanes, so narrow that only one cow can pass at a time. The various gates and doors of the village are closed at night, and carefully barred with branches of the thorny *minosa*. Sometimes these villages are so large as to deserve the name of towns. Tarrangollè, the capital of the Latookas, comprised at least three thousand homesteads; and not

only was the whole town surrounded by a strong iron-wood palisading, but each homestead was fortified in like manner.

The wives of the Latookas seem tolerably well off in comparison with their married sisters of other tribes. They certainly work hard, and carry ponderous weights, but then they are so tall and strong, that such labor is no very great hardship to them. That they are not down-trodden, as women are in too many parts of Africa, is evident from the way in which they comport themselves. On one occasion one of the armed soldiers belonging to the Turkish caravan met a woman, who was returning from the water with her heavy jar on her head. He demanded the water, and, when she refused to give it him, threatened her with his stick. Bokkè, the pretty wife of Commoro, seeing this proceeding, went to the rescue, seized the soldier by the throat, and wrested his stick from him, while another woman twisted his gun out of his hand. Several other women came running to the spot, threw the man down, and administered a sound pommelling, while others poured water down the muzzle of his gun, and plastered great lumps of wet mud over the lock and trigger.

Wives are purchased in Latooka-land for cows, and therefore a large family is a sure step to prosperity: the boys becoming warriors, who will fight for their tribe; and the girls being always saleable for cows, should they live to womanhood. Every girl is sure of being married, because, when a man begins to procure wealth, the first thing that he does is to buy a wife, and he adds to the number of his wives as fast as he can muster cows enough to pay for them.

When Sir S. Baker passed through the country, the great chief of the Latookas was named Moy. He had a brother, named Commoro, and, although in actual rank Moy took precedence of his brother, Commoro was virtually the king, having far more influence over the people than his brother. Commoro was really deserving of this influence, and was remarkable for his acuteness and strong common sense. Without his exertions the Latookas would certainly have assaulted the caravan, and great slaughter must have ensued, the natives having learned to despise guns on account of a victory which they had lately gained over a party of slave-stealers. He had a long argument with his visitor respecting the immortality of the soul, and resurrection after death, but could in no way be convinced that a man could live after death. Had he had even any superstitious feelings, something might have been done with him, but, like many other sceptics, he flatly refused to believe anything which is without the range of his senses.

The familiar illustration of the grain of corn planted in the earth was used, but

without effect. He was quite willing that the grain in question should represent himself, but controverted the conclusion which was drawn from the premises. The ears of corn filled with grains, which would spring up after the decay of the original seed, were not, he said, representatives of himself, but were his children, who lived after he was dead. The ingenuity with which he slipped out of the argument was very considerable, and, as Sir S. Baker remarks, "it was extraordinary to see so much clearness of perception combined with such complete obtuseness to anything ideal."

The Latookas are very good blacksmiths, and excel in the manufacture of iron hoe-blades, or "molotes" as they are called. This instrument is also used as money. The bellows are made on the same principle as those used by the Kaffir tribes, but, instead of using merely a couple of leather bags, the Latooka blacksmith employs two earthenware pots, and over the mouth of each pot is loosely tied a large piece of soft, pliable leather, kept well greased to insure its softness. A perpendicular stick about four feet in length is fastened to the centre of each skin, and, when these are worked rapidly up and down, the wind is forced through earthenware tubes which communicate with the bottom of the pots.

The tools are very simple, a large stone doing duty for an anvil, and a smaller for a hammer, while a cleft stick of green wood is used by way of pincers. Great care is taken in shaping the molotes, which are always carefully tested by balancing them on their heads, and making them ring by a blow of the finger. When used for agriculture, the molotes are fastened to the end of wooden shafts, seldom less than seven, and often ten, feet in length, and thus a powerful leverage is gained.

Although the Latooka is generally ready for war, he is not a born warrior, as is the case with many tribes. The Zulu, for example, lives chiefly for war; he thinks of it day and night, and his great ambition is to distinguish himself in battle. The Latooka, on the other hand, seldom wages war without a cause which he is pleased to think a good one; but, when he does, he fights well. The chief cause for which a Latooka will fight to the death is his cattle. He will sometimes run away when a powerful party makes a raid on his village, and carries off his wives and children for slaves; but if they attempt to drive off his cattle, the spirit of the noble savage is set a-blaze, and he is at once up in arms.

A curious example of this trait of character occurred during Sir S. Baker's residence in Latooka-land. One of the Mahometan traders (who, it will be remembered, are the very pest and scourge of the country) gathered together a band of three hundred na-

tives, and more than a hundred of his own countrymen, for the purpose of making a raid upon a certain village among the mountains. The men ran away, and the invaders captured a great number of women and children, with whom they might have escaped unmolested. Unfortunately for them, they were told of a large herd of cattle which they had missed, and accordingly returned, and began to drive off their spoil.

The Latookas had witnessed the capture of their wives and children without attempting a rescue, but the attack on their beloved cattle was too much for them, and they poured out of their hiding places like a swarm of angry wasps. Maddened with the idea of losing their cattle, they bravely faced the muskets with their spears and shields, and clustered round the invaders in resistless numbers. Each man, as he advanced, leaped behind some cover, from which he could hurl a lance, while others climbed up the rocks, and rolled great stones on their enemies. The attack was so sudden and simultaneous, that the Turks found themselves beset on all sides, and yet could hardly see a man at whom they could aim.

They fled in terror down the path, and, mistaking in their haste the right road, they turned aside to one which led to a precipice five hundred feet in depth. Seeing their danger, they tried to retreat, but the ever-increasing multitudes pressed closer and closer upon them, forced them nearer to the precipice, and at last drove them all over it. Not a man escaped, and although a few turned and fought with the courage of despair, they were hurled over the precipice after their comrades. The artist has represented this victory on the next page.

This was the victory over fire-arms which had inspired the Latookas with such contempt for these weapons, and had it not been for Commoro's mediation, they would have attacked the English party. That subtle chief, however, well knew the difference between assaulting an assemblage of Turks and Africans among the rocky passes and attacking in the open country a well-armed party commanded by Europeans. Such an attack was once meditated, and Sir Samuel Baker's account of it gives an excellent idea of the Latooka mode of warfare. The reader must remember that the war drum is an institution throughout the greater part of Central Africa.

"It was about five P.M., one hour before sunset. The woman who usually brought us water delivered her jar, but disappeared immediately after, without sweeping the courtyard, as was her custom. Her children, who usually played in this enclosure, vanished. On searching her hut, which was in one corner of the yard, no one was to be found, and even the grinding-stone was gone. Suspecting that something was in

the wind, I sent Karka and Gaddum-Her, the two black servants, to search in various huts in the neighborhood to observe whether the owners were present, and whether the women were in their houses. Not a woman could be found. Neither woman nor child remained in the large town of Tarrangollé. There was an extraordinary stillness, where usually all was noise and chattering. All the women and children had been removed to the mountains, about two miles distant, and this so quickly and noiselessly that it appeared incredible."

Commoro and Moy were then sent for, and said that the Turks had behaved so badly, by robbing and beating the women, that the people were much excited, and would endure it no longer; and, not being accustomed to any travellers except slave-dealers, they naturally included Sir S. Baker's party in that category. Commoro, however, took his leave, saying that he would do his best to quiet the people.

"The sun set, and, as is usual in tropical climates, darkness set in within half an hour. Not a woman had returned to the town, nor was the voice of a man to be heard. The natives had entirely forsaken the portion of the town that both I and the Turks occupied. There was a death-like stillness in the air. Even the Turks, who were usually uproarious, were perfectly quiet; and, although my men made no remark, it was plain that we were all occupied by the same thoughts, and that an attack was expected.

"It was about nine o'clock, and the stillness had become almost painful. There was no cry of a bird; not even the howl of a hyena: the camels were sleeping; but every man was wide awake, and the sentries well on the alert. We were almost listening to the supernatural stillness, if I may so describe the perfect calm, when suddenly every one startled at the deep and solemn boom of the great war drum, or *nogara*! Three distinct beats, at slow intervals, rang through the apparently deserted town, and echoed loudly from the neighboring mountain. It was the signal! A few minutes elapsed, and, like a distant echo from the north, the three mournful notes again distinctly sounded. Was it an echo? Impossible!

"Now from the south, far distant, but unmistakable, the same three regular beats came booming through the still night air. Again and again from every quarter, spreading far and wide, the signal was responded to, and the whole country echoed these three solemn notes so full of warning. Once more the great *nogara* of Tarrangollé sounded the original alarm within a few hundred paces of our quarters. The whole country was up. There was no doubt about the matter. The Turks well knew those three notes to be the war signal of the Latookas. . . .

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(1) THE LATOOKA VICTORY.
 (See page 146.)



(2) GORILLA HUNTING.
 (See page 147.)



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"The patrols shortly reported that large bodies of men were collecting outside the town. The great nogara again beat, and was answered, as before, from the neighboring villages; but the Turk's drum kept up an uninterrupted roll, as a challenge, whenever the nogara sounded. Instead of the intense stillness, that had formerly been almost painful, a distinct hum of voices betokened the gathering of large bodies of men. However, we were well fortified, and the Latookas knew it. We occupied the very stronghold which they themselves had constructed for the defence of their town; and the square, being surrounded with strong iron-wood palisades, with only a narrow entrance, would be impregnable when held, as now, by fifty men well armed against a mob whose best weapons were only lances.

"I sent men up the watchmen's stations. These were about twenty-five feet high; and the night being clear, they could distinctly report the movements of a large mass of natives that were ever increasing on the outside of the town, at about two hundred yards distance. The rattle of the Turk's drum repeatedly sounded in reply to the nogara, and the intended attack seemed destined to relapse into a noisy but empty battle of the drums."

Toward midnight Commoro came in person, and said that the nogara had been beaten without his orders, and that he would try to quiet the people. He admitted, however, that, if the exploring party had not been on their guard, an attack would really have been made. After this business, Sir Samuel very wisely determined to separate entirely from the Turks, and therefore built himself a camp about a quarter of a mile from the town, so that the Latookas might not again think that the two parties had a common interest.

On the following morning the women appeared with their water jars as usual, and the men, though still excited, and under arms, returned to their homes. By degrees the excitement died away, and then they talked over the affair with perfect frankness, admitting that an attack was meditated, and rather amused that the intended victims should have been aware of their plans.

The Latookas are not free from the vice of thieving, and, when employed as porters, have exercised their craft with so little attempt at concealment, that they have deliberately broken open the parcels which they carried, not taking any notice of the fact that a sentry was watching them within a few yards. Also they would occasionally watch an opportunity, slip aside from the caravan, and sneak away with their loads.

Funeral ceremonies differ among the Latookas according to the mode of death. If a man is killed in battle, the body is not touched, but is allowed to remain on the spot where it fell, to be eaten by the hyenas

and the vultures. But should a Latooka, whether man, woman, or child, die a natural death, the body is disposed of in a rather singular manner. Immediately after death, a shallow grave is dug in the enclosure that surrounds each house, and within a few feet of the door. It is allowed to remain here for several weeks, when decomposition is usually completed. It is then dug up, the bones are cleaned and washed, and are then placed in an earthenware jar, and carried about a quarter of a mile outside the village.

No particular sanctity attaches itself either to the bones or the spot on which they are deposited. The earthen jars are broken in course of time, and the bones scattered about, but no one takes any notice of them. In consequence of this custom the neighborhood of a large town presents a most singular and rather dismal aspect, the ground being covered with bones, skulls, and earthenware jars in various states of preservation; and, indeed, the traveller always knows when he is approaching a Latooka town by coming across a quantity of neglected human remains.

The Latookas have not the least idea why they treat their dead in this singular manner, nor why they make so strange a distinction between the bodies of warriors who have died the death of the brave and those who have simply died from disease, accident, or decay. Perhaps there is no other country where the body of the dead warrior is left to the beasts and birds, while those who die natural deaths are so elaborately buried, exhumed, and placed in the public cemetery. Why they do so they do not seem either to know or to care, and, as far as has been ascertained, this is one of the many customs which has survived long after those who practise it have forgotten its signification.

During the three or four weeks that elapse between the interment and exhumation of the body funeral dances are performed. Great numbers of both sexes take part in these dances, for which they decorate themselves in a very singular manner. Their hair helmets are supplemented by great plumes of ostrich feathers, each man wearing as many as he can manage to fasten on his head, and skins of the leopard or monkey are hung from their shoulders. The chief adornment, however, is a large iron bell, which is fastened to the small of the back, and which is sounded by wriggling the body after a very ludicrous fashion. A faithful representation of one of these dances is given the reader on page 465.

"A large crowd got up in this style erected an indescribable hubbub, heightened by the blowing of horns and the beating of seven nogaras of various notes. Every dancer wore an antelope's horn suspended round the neck, which he blew occasionally

in the height of his excitement. These instruments produced a sound partaking of the baying of a donkey and the screech of an owl. Crowds of men rushed round and round in a sort of *galop infernel*, brandishing their arms and iron-headed maces, and keeping tolerably in line five or six deep, following the leader, who headed them, dancing backward.

"The women kept outside the line, dancing a slow, stupid step, while a long string of young girls and small children, their heads and necks rubbed with red ochre and grease, and prettily ornamented with strings of beads round their loins, kept a very good line, beating time with their feet, and jingling the numerous iron rings which adorned their ankies to keep time to the drums.

"One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd with a gourdful of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering them like millers: the object of the operation I could not understand. The *première danseuse* was immensely fat; she had passed the bloom of youth, but, *malgré* her unwieldy state, she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance, and absorbed with the excitement of the dance."

These strange dances form a part of every funeral, and so, when several persons have died successively, the funeral dances go on for several months together. The chief

Commoro was remarkable for his agility in the funeral dances, and took his part in every such ceremony, no matter whether it were for a wealthy or a poor man, every one who dies being equally entitled to the funeral dance without any distinction of rank or wealth.

The bells which are so often mentioned in those tribes inhabiting Central Africa are mostly made on one principle, though not on precisely the same pattern. These simple bells evidently derive their origin from the shells of certain nuts, or other hard fruits, which, when suspended, and a wooden clapper hung within them, can produce a sound of some resonance.

The next advance is evidently the carving the bell out of some hard wood, so as to increase its size and add to the power of its sound. Next, the superior resonance of iron became apparent, and little bells were made, shaped exactly like the before-mentioned nuts. This point once obtained, the variety in the shape of the bells is evidently a mere matter of caprice on the part of the maker.

One form approaches nearer to our familiar type of bell than any other, and really bears a very close resemblance to the strangely-shaped bells of Siam or Burmah. Instead of being flattened, as are the others, it is tolerably wide, and is so formed that a transverse section of it would give the figure of a quatrefoil.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

THE SHIR, BARI, DJIBBA, NUEHR, DINKA, AND SHILLOOK TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE SHIR TRIBE—THEIR PORTABLE PROPERTY—DRESS AND GENERAL APPEARANCE—
A STRANGE STORY—BASKET MAKING—THE BARI TRIBE AND THEIR CHARACTER—SLAVE DEAL-
ING—BARI ARCHERS—A DARING SHARPSHOOTER—THE BOY'S STRATAGEM—ARCHITECTURE OF THE
BARI—THE DJIBBA TRIBE—THEIR NATIONAL PRIDE—DJIBBA WEAPONS—THE AXE, CLUB, AND
KNIFE—BRACELET—THE SCALP-LOCKS ORNAMENT—A PROUD WARRIOR—THE NOUAER OR NUEHR
TRIBE—THE CLAY WIG AND BEAD HELMET—THE CHIEF, JOCTIAN, AND HIS IMPORTUNITY—
NUEHR SALUTATION—THE DINKA TRIBE AND ITS WARLIKE CHARACTER—ZENED TO THE RESCUE
—FEUD WITH THE SHILLOOKS AND BAGARAS—DRESS OF THE DINKA—TREACHERY, AND THE
TABLES TURNED—THE DINKA MARKET—AN EMBASSY OF PEACE—THE SHILLOOKS, THEIR LO-
CALITY, DRESS, AND APPEARANCE—THEIR PREDATORY HABITS—SKILL IN BOATING—A PAS-
TORAL COLONY AND ITS MANAGEMENT—FISH-SPEARING—A SHILLOOK FAMILY—GOVERNMENT
AMONG THE SHILLOOKS—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

As the Shir tribe are frequently mentioned by those travellers who have passed through Central Africa, a brief mention of them will be necessary. The Shir country extends on either side of the Nile, in lat. 6° N., and long. 30° E.

The men are remarkable for never stirring out of their villages without all their personal property about them. Clothes, in our sense of the word, are not considered as property, the principal article of costume being a tuft or two of cock's-feathers on the top of the head. But they always carry their little stools slung on their backs, and no one ever moves without his loved pipe. Upon their pipe they lavish all their artistic powers, which, however, are not very considerable. Precious as is iron in this country, being used, like gold in Europe, as a medium of currency, the pipes are all mounted with this costly metal. The bowls are made of clay, conical in shape, and having a couple of prongs on which to rest. They are very large, holding quite a handful of tobacco, and their mouthpieces are almost invariably made of iron.

Besides the implements of peace, the Shir always carry with them their weapons of war. These consist of clubs, made of a kind of ebony, black, solid, and heavy, a couple of lances, a bow, and a bundle of arrows, so that their hands are quite full of weapons. The bows are always kept strung, and the arrows are pointed with some hard wood, iron being too costly a metal for such a pur-

pose. They are about three feet in length, and without feathers, so that they can only be used at a short distance.

The women, however, have some pretensions to dress. To a belt which goes round the waist is attached a small lappet of leather, which hangs in front. This is balanced behind by a sort of tail or long tassel of very thin leather thongs, which reach nearly down to the knees. Captain Speke remarks that this article of dress is probably the foundation of the reports that in Central Africa there is a race of men who have tails like horses. Such reports are rife, not only among Europeans, but among the Central Africans themselves, each tribe seeming to think that they are the only perfect race of men, and that all others have some physical defect.

A very amusing instance of such a belief is narrated by Mr. Petherick, a native having given him a most circumstantial account of tribes among which he had been, and where he had seen some very singular people. In one tribe, for example, he had seen people who, like the white man, could kill at a great distance. But instead of having odd-shaped pieces of wood and iron, which made a noise, they had bows and arrows, which latter could not be extracted. Had he stopped here he might have been believed, the only exaggeration being in the range of the weapon. Unfortunately for his own character, he must needs add a number of other circumstances, and proceeded to tell of a

people who had four eyes, two in the usual places and two behind, and who could therefore walk backward as well as forward—like the decapitated lady in the fairy tale, whose head was replaced wrong side forward, “which was very useful in dressing her back hair.”

The next tribe through which he passed frightened him exceedingly. They had the usual number of eyes, but one eye was under each arm, so that, when they wanted to look about them, they were obliged to lift up their arms. Not liking these strange companions, he went still farther southward, and there he saw people with tails a yard in length, and with faces like monkeys. But the most horrible people among whom he travelled were dwarfs, who had such enormous ears that, when they wished to rest for the night, they spread one ear beneath them for a mattress, and the other above them by way of covering.

The strange part in connection with these wild tales is, that none of them are new. To the lovers of old legends all these monstrous races of men are perfectly familiar. Moreover, in that wonderful old book, the “Nuremberg Chronicle,” there are woodcuts of all the strange people. There are the Acephali; whose eyes are in their breasts; there are the tailed men, the ape-faced men, the dwarfs, and the large-eared men. The origin of several of these wild notions is evident enough, and it seems probable that the idea of the large-eared race arose from the enormous ears of the African elephant, one of which is large enough to shelter a man beneath its covert.

To return to the Shir women. They are very fond of ornament, and nearly all the iron in the country which is not used in the decoration of pipes, or for the “spade-money,” is worn upon the legs of the women. Rings of considerable thickness are fastened round the ankles, and a woman of consideration will often have so many of these rings that they extend far up the leg. As the women walk, these rings make a clanking

sound, as if they wore iron fetters; but among the Shir belles this sound is thought to be very fashionable, and they cultivate the art of walking so as to make the anklets clank as much as possible. There is another ornament of which they are very fond. They take the shells of the river mussel, and cut it into small circular pieces, about the size of ordinary pearl buttons. These are strung together with the hair of the giraffe's tail, which is nearly as strong as iron wire, and are rather effective when contrasted with the black skins of the wearers. Like the Wanyoro and other tribes, the Shir of both sexes knock out the incisor teeth of the lower jaw.

These women are skilful as basket makers, the principal material being the leaf of the dome or doom palm. I have a mat of their manufacture, which is woven so neatly and closely, and with so tasteful an arrangement of colors, that it might easily be taken for the work of a European. It is oval, and about eighteen inches in diameter. The centre is deep-red, surrounded by alternate rings of red and black, which have a very admirable effect upon the pale-yellow of the mat itself.

The food of the Shir tribe consists largely of the lotus-seed, the white species being that which is commonly used. Just before the seed is ripe it is gathered in the pod, which looks something like an artichoke, and contains a vast quantity of little grains, rather like those of the poppy both in size and flavor. When gathered, the pods are bored and strung upon reeds about four feet in length. They are then taken into the village, dried in the sun, and stored away for food. The fruit of the doom palm is also ground and used as flour.

There is one very strange kind of diet which prevails along the upper part of the White Nile. The people have large herds of cattle, and they not only live on the milk, but bleed them monthly, and cook the blood with their flour and meal.

THE BARI.

BETWEEN lat. 4° and 8° N. and long. 31° 53' E. there are several tribes so peculiar as to deserve a brief notice before we pass westward to the land of the negroes. The first of these is the Bari tribe, which is situated on the eastern bank of the Nile.

They are a warlike and dangerous tribe, being well armed, and capable of using their weapons, so that a traveller who wishes to pass safely through their land must be able to show an armed front. When Captains Speke and Grant passed through their country, an umbrella was accidentally left behind, and some of the men sent to fetch it. The

Bari, however, drew up in battle array, evidently knowing that without their leaders the men might be safely bullied, so that the umbrella was left to the mercies of the Bari chief.

Owing to their position on the Nile, they do a great business in the slave trade, for as far as Gondokoro, the capital of the Bari country, steamers have been able to ascend the river. Consequently, every party of strangers is supposed—and mostly with truth—to be a slaving expedition, and is dreaded by one part of the population, while it is courted by the other. The quarrelsome

disposition of the Bari has often brought them into collision with the traders, and, as might be imagined, the superior arms and discipline of the latter have given them such a superiority, that the Bari, are not as troublesome as they used to be. Still, they are always on the watch for an opportunity of extortion, and, if a traveller even sits under a tree, they will demand payment for its shade.

When Sir S. Baker was at Gondokoro, he was looked upon as a spy and opposer of the slave-trade, and consequently ran much greater risk of being killed than among the acknowledged savage tribes of the interior. And as the slave dealers had further complicated matters by stealing cattle from one sub-tribe, with which they bought slaves from another, the journey through Bari-land was certain to be most perilous, and probably would be rendered impossible.

Once they organized a regular attack upon the party, stationing themselves on either side of a rocky gorge through which the road ran, and keeping up a continual discharge of their poisoned arrows. Fortunately, some of the natives, brilliant in their scarlet war paint, had been seen ahead of the gorge, and preparations had been made for receiving the attack. They ran along the rocks like monkeys, every now and then halting to discharge a poisoned arrow, and then running on in readiness for another shot. They showed much courage on the occasion, coming within fifty or sixty yards of the armed escort, in spite of their fire-arms, which they seemed justifiably to despise, as the men who carried them had no idea of aim, and, provided that they pointed a musket somewhere toward the enemy, and fired it, thought that they had done all that was required.

However, the Bari were quite as bad as archers, and not a single arrow took effect. Many were diverted from their line by the branches of trees and the clusters of bamboo, while those that flew straight were easily avoided, on account of the weakness and stiffness of the bow, which would only project them feebly and slowly. The end of the skirmish was that, although the leader of the expedition did not think it worth while to fire at so insignificant an enemy, one of the Bari was somehow shot through the body, probably by a bullet aimed at somebody else, and a few were thought to be wounded. They then took to their heels and ran off.

During the march the Bari still hung about the caravan, and at night completely surrounded it, their forms being quite invisible unless the sentinel lay on the ground, and contrived to see the outline of their forms above the horizon. They even were audacious enough to creep close to the camp, and discharge their arrows at random into it, in the hope of hitting some one; but this

mode of assault was effectually checked by a volley of buckshot, which killed one of the most daring of them. When his body was found next morning, lying about thirty yards from the camp, the bow was in his hand, and a supply of poisoned arrows by his side. Four of his arrows were afterward found in the camp, and their ingeniously barbed heads charged with deadly poison showed that the death of the former owner was well deserved.

It was fortunate for the travellers that the Bari are such wretched archers, as the arrows, when they do strike a man, are tolerably sure to kill him. The poison with which they are imbued has not the rapidity of action which distinguishes that of the Bojesman, but it is scarcely less formidable, though less swift. The effect of the poison is to destroy the life of the surrounding flesh, so that a limb which has been pierced by one of the arrows is attacked by a slow kind of mortification, and thus the wound ensures death, which is far more painful, because so much slower, than that which is caused by the poison-grub, the euphorbia juice, or the venom of the serpent.

Unpleasant as these Bari are in their ordinary state, they can be trained into good and faithful attendants, and are excellent material for soldiers. On one occasion, when a large party of the Madi had attacked a body of traders, killed the standard-bearer, and nearly carried off the standard itself, a young Bari boy came to the rescue, shot with his pistol the man who was carrying off the standard, snatched it from him, and took it safely to his master.

One of these Bari lads, a drummer named Arnout, saved the life of his master by a stratagem. While the latter was reloading his gun, he was attacked by several natives, when young Arnout ran up, and, though weaponless, presented his drumstick at the enemy. Thinking it to be some novel kind of fire-arm, the assailants ran away, leaving Arnout master of the field.

The appearance of the Bari is rather remarkable. Their heads are round and bullet-shaped, with low foreheads, and much development behind the ears and at the nape of the neck, so that the general conformation of the head is anything but pleasing, and is a good index to the character of the people. As they shave their heads, the formation of the skull is easily seen. They are a tall, well-grown, and well-fed people, thus being a great contrast to the Kytch and several other tribes; and, although they wear but little clothing, they contrive to spend much time on personal adornment. The men shave the whole of their heads, with the exception of a little tuft of hair on the top, which is preserved as an attachment for a few feathers from a cock's tail. When they go to war, and even in their own villages, they rub themselves with a kind of vermilion mixed with grease, and cover the



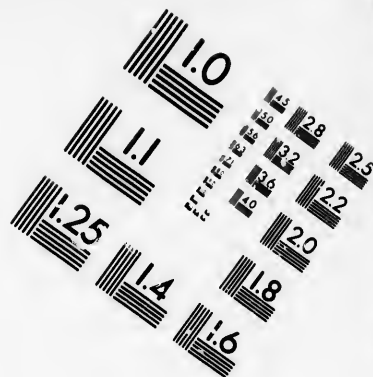
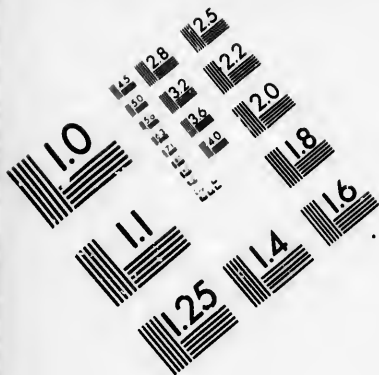
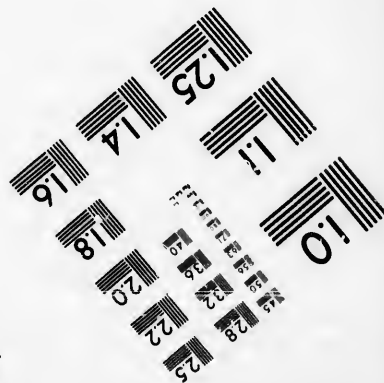
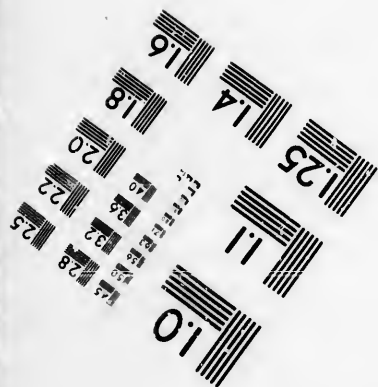
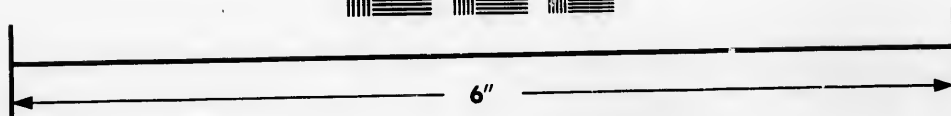
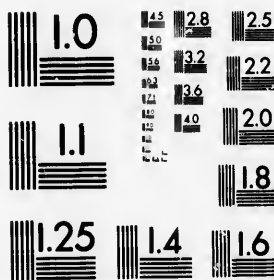


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whole of their persons with this pigment. The men never stir without their weapons, which consist of a bow, arrows, and a spear.

The bow is fully six feet in length, and looks a very formidable weapon; but it is so stiff and inelastic that, as has been already mentioned, it cannot propel the heavy arrows with much force. The arrows are cruelly barbed, and the butt of the shaft is spread out so as to allow a wide notch to be cut in it. This widened butt is seen in arrows throughout a large part of Africa; and there is now before me a Zanzibar quiver, full of arrows, kindly presented by J. A. Wood, Esq., R.N. These arrows are made with wonderful neatness, but are spoiled in appearance by the width of the butt. How the natives can use these arrows without having their left hand cut to pieces by the butt is really wonderful; and as it must strike against the bow, and deflect the arrow from its intended course, the wretched archery of the natives is accounted for.

Besides his weapon, the Bari man always carries his stool, slinging the latter behind him. When he stands, he has an odd mode of reposing himself, which reminds the observer of the stork, flamingo, and other long-shanked birds. One foot rests on the ground, while the other is pressed against the leg just below the knee, and the man steadies himself by resting the butt of the spear on the ground. Generally, the bow, arrows, and pipe are tucked between the legs while the owner is standing.

The women shave the whole of their heads, and, by way of dress, wear a little apron about six inches square, sometimes made of beads strung together, and sometimes of iron rings linked in each other like chain mail. These last aprons are much

valued. They also adorn themselves by making a vast quantity of semi-circular scars on the body, from the breast down to the waist, so that at a little distance they look as if they wore a cuirass of scales. They are as fond of the vermilion and grease as their husbands, and the effect of this pigment on the scars is to increase the resemblance to scale armor.

The houses are neatly built. Each family resides within a considerable space surrounded by a hedge of euphorbia, and the whole of the interior is levelled, and carefully laid down with a sort of cement, composed of wood-ashes, cow-dung, and clay. This mixture soon dries in the sun, and forms a kind of asphalt, so that it can be swept easily. The huts are floored with the same material, and both they and the enclosure are kept scrupulously clean. The homestead (see engraving) consists of a number of huts, according to the size of the family; and near them are placed the granaries, which are carefully raised on posts.

As is the case in so many parts of Africa, the roof of the circular hut projects for some distance beyond the low walls, so as to form a sort of shady veranda. The door of the hut is not more than two feet high. This form of hut reminds the traveller of the Bechuana houses, while another custom is almost exactly identical with one which is practised among the Damaras. If the reader will refer to page 302, he will see a representation of a Damara tomb. The Bari bury their dead within the enclosure of the homestead, and in like manner fix a pole in the ground, and tie to it the horns and skulls of oxen. In order to show that it is the tomb of a Bari, a tuft of cock's feathers is fastened to the top of the pole, in imitation of that which the deceased once bore on his head.

THE DJIBBA.

PROCEEDING still northward, and diverging a little to the east, we come to a large and formidable tribe called the Djibba. Their territory is situated about lat. 7° N. and long. 34° E., and occupies a large tract of country almost encircled by the Sobat River, one of the many tributaries of the Nile.

The Djibba are a bold and warlike tribe. They are not negroes, neither are they black, their color being a dark brown. Their stature is tall, and, except in color, they bear much resemblance to the Shillooks, who will be presently described. It has been thought that they may be an offshoot of that tribe, but they indignantly deny any relationship either to the Shillook or any other tribe; and even hold themselves aloof from the warlike Dinkas, with whom so many inferior tribes are only too glad to claim relationship.

These people are essentially warriors, and have a most remarkable set of weapons. Spears of course they possess, and he is a happy man who has a weapon with an iron head. Iron is scarce in the Djibba country, and, in consequence, many of the warriors are obliged to content themselves with fastening the sharp horns of antelopes to their spear shaft, until they can manage to procure the coveted iron head. When a Djibba warrior does possess so valuable a weapon, he takes very great care of it, keeping the edges as sharp as a razor, and covering the head with a hide sheath. The sheath is attached to the shaft by a thong, so that there shall be no danger of losing it, and it is never uncovered except when the spear is to be used. They also have clubs and axes of different shapes. The most common club is formed from a dark, hard, and heavy

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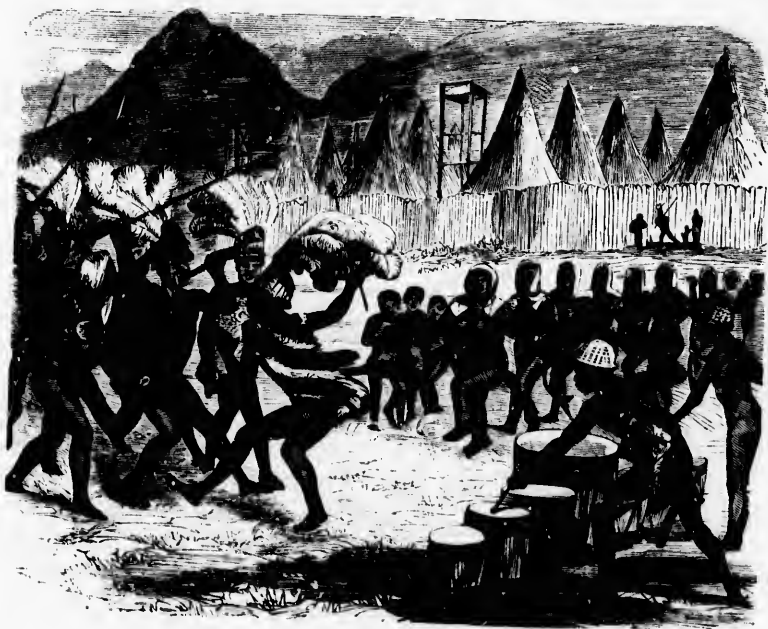
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(1.) A BARI HOMESTEAD

(See page 464)



(2.) FUNERAL DANCE.

(See page 450.)

wood, and is remarkable for the mushroom-like shape of the head. This shape is particularly mentioned, because it is a favorite one in Central Africa, and among the Dér tribe expands until it is exactly like a large flat-headed mushroom, with sharp edges. The most characteristic form of axe resembles the battle-axe of the Middle Ages, which was equally adapted for thrusting or striking.

If the reader will refer to p. 449, he will see, over the title "Bracelets," two objects which serve the double purpose of ornaments and weapons. As is evident from their shape, they are worn on the wrist, so that the wearer is never entirely unarmed. The Djibba workman takes a thin plate of iron, sharpens the edges, and cuts a row of deep notches along them; he then rolls it longitudinally, so as to form half a cylinder; and, lastly, beuds it round into the form of a bracelet. When it is placed on the wrist, the two ends are pressed or hammered together, until the bracelet is held firmly in its place.

Another far more formidable weapon, fig. 2, is a bracelet made of a flat plate of iron, about an inch and a half in width. On the inside it is very thick, a quarter of an inch at least, and it is thinned gradually to the edge, which is kept exceedingly sharp. In order to prevent it from injuring the wearer, a sort of sheath of stout leather runs round the edge, and is held in its place by its own elasticity, so that it can be pulled off in a moment, and replaced almost as quickly. Whenever the warrior comes to close quarters, he strips off the leathern sheath, and, rushing in upon his adversary, strikes at the face with the sharp edge, or, flinging the left arm round him, cuts his naked body almost into pieces with rapid strokes of this terrible weapon.

A well-armed Djibba warrior also carries a club made on exactly the same principle. It is about the size of an ordinary racket, and very nearly the same shape, except that the flattened portion is not so regular. Indeed, if an ordinary golf-club had a head which could be flattened out until it was about a foot long, and seven or eight inches wide, it would almost exactly resemble the "assaya," as this club is called. The edge of the weapon is kept very sharp, and is guarded by a sheath of hide exactly like that of the knife-bracelet. The New Zealanders formerly used an axe-club of similar construction, though very much larger.

In the illustration on page 449, entitled "Scalp-locks," is shown another proof of the essentially warlike nature of the Djibba tribe. When a Djibba warrior kills a foe in battle, he cuts off his head, and takes it home with

him; he then cuts a number of leathern thongs, removes all the hair from the head of the enemy, and hands them both to a friend, who undertakes the office of decorating the victor with the proofs of valor.

First the thongs are plaited into sixteen or seventeen bands, a part of one being shown of its original size at fig. 2. One end of the bands is then woven firmly into the back of the head, and is so managed, that as the hair grows it renders the fastening more and more secure. The hair of the dead man is then matted together into a sort of felt, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and sewed firmly to the under side of the leathern bands. This process being accomplished, the Djibba warrior stalks proudly forth, feeling himself every inch a man, and enjoying the envy and admiration of those who have not as yet been fortunate enough to attain such an honorable trophy.

Whenever he kills another enemy, he adds to the length, but not to the width, of this singular ornament; and as he despoils the slain man of all his ornaments, he is able to buy cowries with which to enhance the beauty of his scalp-locks, fastening them in rows along the leathern bands. A warrior of eminence will sometimes have this trophy of inordinate length. I have seen one that was brought over by Mr. Petherick, which was so long that, when a man of ordinary height placed it on his head, the end trailed on the ground. It was so thickly covered with cowries, that the leathern bands and hair could not be seen until it was lifted up, and the proud owner had also extended the cowries over the top of his head nearly to the eyes in front, and over the ears on either side. The weight of this ornament was enormous, and it is really wonderful that any amount of pride could have induced any man to subject himself to such discomfort. The celebrated pearl suit of Prince Esterhazy must have been singularly uncomfortable, but then it was only worn on special occasions, whereas the Djibba warrior cannot relieve himself of his honorable but weighty decoration.

The existence of such an ornament shows that the Djibba are fond of decoration. They are moderately well clothed, wearing goat-skin dresses, with the hairy side outward. The dress passes over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm free, and then goes round the waist, descending to mid-thigh. Ivory armlets of good workmanship are worn on the upper arm, heavy belts of cowries are tied round the waist, and both the ankles and waist are ornamented with polished iron rings.

THE NUEHR.

WE now come to another of those remarkable tribes which inhabit Central Africa.

About lat. 9° N. and long. 25° E. there is a large district inhabited by a tribe called the Nuehr or Nouaer. Contrary to the usual custom, this tribe possesses land on both sides of the Nile, which in the midst of their territory spreads itself into a lake. The Nuehr are a fine-looking race of savages, and very like savages they look. The men are tall, powerful, and well-formed, but their features approach the negro type, and are heavier and coarser than those of the tribes which have been previously mentioned. The women are not nearly so good-looking as the men, and are rather clumsily built.

Neither sex is much troubled with clothes. The males never wear any clothes at all; nor do the females, until they are married, when they tie a fringe of grass round their waists, some of the wealthier women being able to use a leathern fringe, of which they are very proud. Their ornaments really seem to serve no other purpose but to disfigure the wearers as much as possible. Beginning with the head, the men stain their woolly hair of a dusty red by a mixture of which ashes form the chief part. They then take a sort of pipe-clay, and plaster it thickly into the hair at the back part of the head, dressing it up and shaping it until it is formed into a cone, the shape of the ornament varying according to the caprice of the individual. By means of this clay head-dress the hair is thrown back from the face, the expression of which is not improved by the horizontal lines that are tattooed across it.

A headdress of remarkable beauty was brought from this tribe by Mr. Petherick, and is now in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox. It is white, in imitation of the white clay with which the head is usually decorated, and is made of cylindrical beads shaped as if they were pieces of tobacco pipe. These beads, or bugles, as they ought perhaps to be called, are threaded on string, and fastened together in a very ingenious manner. The singular point in this head-dress is the exact resemblance to the soldier's casque of ancient Egypt, and to the helmets now in use in India, and other parts of the world. (See "Helmet," page 440.)

The natural glossy black of the skin, which has so pleasing an appearance, is utterly destroyed by a coating of wood ashes, which gives to the surface a kind of grayish look. On the upper arm they generally wear a large armband of ivory, and have heavy coils of beads round their necks. The wrists are adorned with rings of copper and other ornaments, and on the right wrist they carry an iron ring armed with project-

ing blades, very similar to that which is worn by the Latookas.

Joctian, the chief of the Nuehr tribe, was asked by Sir S. Baker what was the use of this weapon, and by way of answer he simply pointed to his wife's arms and back, which were covered with scars produced by this primitive wife-tamer. He seemed quite proud of these marks, and evidently considered them merely as ocular proofs that his wife was properly subservient to her husband. In common with the rest of his tribe, he had a small bag slung round his neck by way of a pocket, which held bits of wood, beads, and all kinds of trifles. He asked for everything he saw, and, when anything of small size was given him, it straightway went into the bag.

Still, putting aside these two traits of cruelty and covetousness, Joctian seems to have been a tolerably agreeable savage, and went away delighted with the presents he had received, instead of grumbling that he could not get more, as is the usual way among savage chiefs. It was rather strange that, although he was so charmed with beads and bracelets, he declined to accept a knife, saying that it was useless to him. He had in his hands a huge pipe, holding nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco. Every Nuehr man has one of these pipes, which he always carries with him, and, should his supply of tobacco be exhausted, he lights a piece of charcoal, puts it into his pipe, and inhales the vapor that it draws from the tobacco-saturated bowl.

The women are not so much adorned as the men, probably because the stronger sex prefer to use the ornaments themselves. At a little distance the women all look as if they were smoking cigarettes. This odd appearance is caused by a strange ornament which they wear in their upper lip. They take a piece of iron wire, about four inches in length, and cover it with small beads. A hole is then pierced in the upper lip, and the ornament inserted, so as to project forward and rather upward.

The Nuehr are very fond of beads, and are glad to exchange articles of food for them. One kind of bead, about the size and shape of a pigeon's egg, is greatly valued by them; and, when Mr. Petherick was travelling through their country, he purchased an ox for eight such beads. The chief came on board the boat, and, as usual, asked for everything he saw. Among other odd things, he set his affections on Mr. Petherick's shoes, which, as they were nearly worn out, were presented to him. Of course they were much too small for him, and the attempts which he made to put them on were very amusing. After many failures, he determined on taking them home, where

he thought he might be able to get them on by greasing his feet well.

When the chief entered the cabin, and saw the wonders of civilized life, he was quite overcome with the novel grandeur, and proceeded to kneel on one knee, in order to give the salutation due to a great chief. "Grasping my right hand, and turning up the palm, he quietly spat into it, and then, looking into my face, he deliberately repeated the process. Staggered at the man's audacity, my first impulse was to knock him down, but, his features express-

ing kindness only, I vented my rage by returning the compliment with all possible interest. His delight seemed excessive, and, resuming his seat, he expressed his conviction that I must be a great chief. Similar salutes followed with each of his attendants, and friendship was established." This strange salutation extends through many of the tribes that surround the Nuehr; but in some, as for example the Kyitch, the saluter merely pretends to spit in the hand of his friend, and does not really do so.

THE DINKA.

STILL south of the Nuehr tribe we come to a singular district extending on either side of the Nile. This country is inhabited by two tribes, who are both warlike, both at deadly feud with each other, and both fond of making unexpected raids into the enemy's country. The tribe that inhabits the left or west bank is called the Shillook, and that which occupies the eastern bank is the Dinka or Denka tribe. We will take the Dinkas first.

They have more of the negro in their aspect than the tribe which has just been described. They include many smaller or sub-tribes, all of which speak the same language, or at least a dialect of it. Without going into any minute details as to the peculiarity of each division, we will simply take the leading characteristics of the great and formidable Dinka tribe. That they are exceedingly warlike has already been stated. Indeed, had they not been so, they would long ago have been exterminated; for, what with the incessant inroads of the Shillooks and Bagaras from the west, and various Arab tribes from the north and east, they could not have held their own had they not been brave men, and trained to arms.

The martial spirit extends even to the women, and was once of very great service to Sir Samuel Baker, while on his travels. A dangerous quarrel had suddenly arisen, and a number of Arabs were attacking the white leaders, some being armed with swords and the others with spears. One of the latter had got behind Sir Samuel's headman, and was about to make a thrust with his lance. There happened to be with the exploring party a Dinka woman, named Zenob, and, as soon as she saw the *émoué*, she snatched up the heavy handle of an axe, rushed into the thickest of the fray, knocked down the Arab with a blow on his head, and instantly twisted his spear out of his hand, while he was stunned with the unexpected blow. This timely aid was the turning point in the skirmish, and in a minute or two the Arabs were conquered and disarmed. Zenob had afterward the satisfac-

tion of smashing the lances of the vanquished Arabs, and boiling the coffee with the fragments.

The principal weapon of the Dinkas is the lance, but they also use clubs of various shapes. In form they strongly remind the observer of certain clubs in use among the Polynesians, and indeed might easily be mistaken for such weapons. The club is employed for a double purpose. It is held in the left hand, and used as a shield, with which to turn aside the lance thrust of the enemy, and, when the enemy has been wounded, the club is ready for the operation of knocking out his brains.

Warlike as they may be, the Dinkas are not so actively aggressive as their neighbors, the Shillooks, and never frequent the banks of the Nile unless compelled to do so by drought. They are agriculturists after a fashion, and keep vast herds of cattle, and it is chiefly on account of their cattle that they are sometimes forced to approach the river bank, and so to expose themselves to the attacks of their inveterate foes, the Shillooks and Bagaras, who not only steal their cattle, but carry off their women and children. The Bagaras are excellent horsemen, and swim their steeds across the river, placing one hand on the animal's quarters, and swimming alongside. They are also great elephant hunters, pursuing their mighty game on horseback, armed only with a spear, leaping from the horse and inflicting a mortal wound, and springing on their steeds again before the elephant has had time to turn himself.

The dress of both sexes is simple enough. The men wear a piece of skin attached to a girdle, but it hangs behind and not before, except on occasions of ceremony, when it is carefully brought round to the front. Beads are of course worn, the quantity varying according to the means of the possessor. The married women wear small aprons, and the girls and children nothing at all, with the exception of beads and other ornaments. Like those of the Nuehr tribe, the Dinka women perforate the upper lip, and

place in it a little bit of stick covered with beads. The women are not at all pretty, whatever good looks they may have had being completely neutralized by the habit of shaving the head. The girls are very fond of an ornament, which is a series of hollow iron cones, about half an inch or so in diameter at the bottom, and tapering to a point above. Through the upper part a hole is bored, so that the cones can be strung on a leathern thong. They are of very different lengths; those which come in front being about four inches long, while those at the back measure barely two inches. As the girl walks about, this waist-band gives forth a pleasant tinkling, of which the wearer is extremely proud. Such an ornament is extremely prized, and, as it is almost indestructible, it is handed down from mother to child, and so there is scarcely a Dinka maiden who does not possess one.

The pursuits of the Dinkas in time of peace are mostly limited to hunting and tending cattle. Agriculture is rather despised, and left to the women, and the consequence is, that the capabilities of the soil are never fairly developed. Indeed, they only till small patches of ground near their huts, and there cultivate maize, millet, gourds, yams, nuts, cotton, capsicum, and similar plants. They seldom eat the flesh of their cattle, unless a cow happens to die a natural death, in which case a great feast is held: for their supplies of meat they trust almost entirely to their skill in hunting. The rich live principally on the milk of their cattle, and, should they have more milk than they can consume, they barter it with other tribes for grain. They are clever fishermen, and those who are not well off are accustomed to frequent the banks of rivers or lakes, trying to kill the hippopotamus, and in the mean time subsisting on fish. They have an ingenious method of transporting fish to a distance by wrapping them in thick clay, and, as this covering can be made air-tight, the fish can be kept for several days even in so hot a country.

Agriculture being thus neglected, it naturally follows that great distress is occasionally felt in the country, great numbers being reduced to spend the whole of their time in searching for grains and berries. Sometimes they hire themselves as servants, and take care of the herds; and in bad years it is not uncommon to find in the bush the bodies of men, women, and children, who have died from hunger in a country which is capable of supplying both the necessaries and luxuries of life.

With one branch of the Dinka tribe, Mr. Petherick remained for some time, and had a good opportunity for studying their manners. His first reception was not a promising one, as the chief fully intended to take by force all the beads that had been brought

for the purchase of ivory, and threatened destruction to the whole party if this modest notion were not at once carried out. However, the discharge of a gun, and its effects at a distance, terrified the chief to such an extent, that he was very glad to assume a more humble tone. The next stratagem was to frighten away all the porters, so that the merchandise could not be carried out of the country, and to cut off the supply of water and provisions, in order to force Mr. Petherick and his party to leave the district. Indeed, the chief stated plainly that, as they could not remove their goods out of his country, the best plan would be to hand them over at once, and proceed on their journey.

Previous to these events, the life of the same traveller had been endangered by an alliance of six Dinka tribes against him, they having imbibed the usual notion that the only object of a white man in coming into their territory was to destroy the slave-trade, and bring white enemies among them. This was while he was among the Dör tribe, with some of whom the Dinkas had already contrived to pick a quarrel. He therefore fenced in his camp very strongly, and, by erecting a kind of bastion at each angle, made it so formidable a fortress that the Dinkas were afraid to attack it. They hung about the place for six weeks, and at last Mr. Petherick determined on striking a bold stroke, and turning the tables upon them. Knowing the exceeding value which they placed on cattle, he thought that if he could carry off one of their herds they would be brought to their senses. He sent off a detachment of his party, who seized six hundred head of cattle, besides sheep and goats innumerable. As had been anticipated, the Dinkas, who really value their cattle much more than human life, were terror-stricken, and came humbly suing for peace. This was granted, on their giving in their submission, and the cattle were handed over to a Dör chief, in order to provide food for his village. However, the Dinkas kept bad faith, for they continually hung upon Mr. Petherick's line of march; and once a sub-tribe, called Ajack, had the temerity to make an open charge. Of course they were at once repulsed, with a loss of several dead and wounded; but in consequence of these repeated attacks it was found necessary to halt for the night in some cattle-shed, and to loop-hole the walls for musketry.

A considerable trade in beads and tusks was done among the Dinka tribe, who at last became rather sharp dealers. Mr. Petherick gives an amusing account of one of their markets:—"After fifteen days' tedious tracking, we made fast under some Dinka villages situated on its southern bank, where we succeeded in bartering numerous tusks from the natives, who received us with open arms, in the hope that we would de-

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"I proceeded on shore to meet them, accompanied by an interpreter, a man bearing a bag of various kinds of beads, and half a dozen armed men, to guard against treachery, which, considering the negroes were armed with clubs and lances, was a necessary precaution. My interpreter and myself seated ourselves opposite to the owner of the tusk, who obstinately retained his seat, refusing us an inspection of it. Placing a hide on the ground, a variety of beads, cowrie-shells, and copper bracelets were displayed thereon. The beauty of these provoked striking signs of approbation, the vendor and bystanders grinning and rubbing their stomachs with both hands. A consultation then took place between the party and his friends as to the relative merits of the beads, which resulted in the following dialogue:—

"Vendor.—'Ah! your beads are beautiful, but the bride (tusk) I offer is lovely: like yourself, she is white and tall, and worthy of great price.'

"Self.—'Truly the beauty of the bride is undeniable; but, from what I can see of her, she is cracked, whilst my beads are perfect.'

"Vendor.—'The beads you offer are truly beautiful, but I think they must have been gathered before they were ripe.'

"Self.—'Oh, no! they were gathered when mature, and their color is peculiar to them, and you will find that they will wear as well as the best red; they came from a different country.'

"Vendor.—'Well, let me have some more of them.'

"His request being complied with, rising from the tusk and throwing himself upon the beads, he collected them greedily; at the same time the possession of the tusk was disputed by half a dozen negroes, who, stating they had assisted to carry it on their shoulders, claimed a recompense. On this being complied with by a donation to each man, another set of men came forward under the same pretence, and the tusk was seized by my men at one extremity, whilst they had hold of the other, and in perfect good humor struggled for its possession: at last, to cut the matter short, I threw handfuls of beads among the crowd, which resulted in the immediate abandonment of the tusk for a scramble after them. In the meantime the purchase was carried off and safely lodged on board."

When Mr. Petherick passed through the same country in 1850, the Ajack sub-tribe

thought that they had better make peace with so formidable a visitor, and accordingly the chief Anoin begged him to rest for the night at one of their villages, and favorably concluded a treaty of amity. As soon as the camp had been made, and the sentries set, a number of young girls—some of them really good-looking, for Africans—arrived with milk and flour, and were delighted with some beads, which they added to their attire; this consisting of bead strings round their necks, waists, and ankles. Encouraged by their reception, others arrived in succession, and set to work at grinding corn and boiling porridge as if they had belonged to the expedition all their lives.

Suddenly a whistle was heard in the distance, and scarcely had the sound died away, when all the women had vanished, and a dead silence succeeded to the merry chatter which had filled the place. After a while a strange voice was heard in the surrounding darkness, asking for permission to approach, and, when an assuring answer was returned, Anoin and his brother stepped into the light of the watch-fires, followed by a number of men leading an ox. They were fully armed; but their dress consisted merely of a piece of leopard skin slung over Anoin's shoulder as a mark of rank. Anoin wore bracelets of copper, while those of his companions were of iron. Both he and his brother wore caps made of white beads sewed tightly on soft hide. The beads were strung on cotton threads, spun by themselves with a distaff and spindle, and a thorn had served the purpose of a needle.

After seating themselves, Anoin began a speech, offering peace, and presenting the bullock as a proof of sincerity. The animal was accepted, and in less than an hour the only relics of the ox were the white and polished bones scattered on the ground. A number of smaller chiefs then assembled, and all proceeded to greet Mr. Petherick by the usual, though scarcely agreeable, custom of spitting in his face, and they then proceeded to business.

First, the Dinka chiefs laid their spears and clubs in the middle of the circle, and then Mr. Petherick laid upon them his rifle and pistols. The chief next stepped over the heap several times, and vowed that neither he nor any of his tribe would ever use the weapons against the white man, and wishing that, if the oath were broken, he should be the first to perish by the weapons of the aggrieved party. Mr. Petherick went through the same ceremony himself, and a copious indulgence in beer and pipes cemented the alliance.

THE SHILLOOKS.

EXACTLY on the opposite bank of the White Nile is found the great Shillook tribe, with which the Dinka is always at feud. The Shillooks are a tall and finely-made race of men, approaching very closely to the negro, being black, with woolly hair. The flat nose and enormous lips of the true negro are, however, absent, and only in a few cases is there an approach toward that structure.

The Shillook men are very fond of ornament, though dress is not considered necessary. Their ornaments are similar to those which have already been described, and consist chiefly of iron bracelets, anklets, and bead necklaces. They have also one rather singular decoration. This is an enormous ivory ring, which is worn above the elbow of the right arm. It is concave on the inside, and is so large that it is used as a pocket for holding small objects. Small caps of black ostrich plumes decorate their heads, and many of these caps are ornamented with a circle of cowrie shells in the middle. Their weapons are clubs and lances, the latter being very long, and having iron wire twisted round the butt, so as to counterbalance the head. They also carry the remarkable bow-like shield which has been already mentioned.

The women wear no clothing until marriage, and then assume a couple of pieces of dressed hide, one in front and the other behind. These hides reach nearly to the ankles, and are decorated round the lower edge with iron rings and belts. The heads are shaved, and the ears are bored all round their edges with a number of holes, from which hang small clusters of beads.

The villages of the Shillooks are built very regularly, and in fact are so regular as to be stiff and formal in appearance. The houses are made of reeds, tall, of nearly the same height, and placed close to each other in regular rows or streets, and when seen from a distance are compared by Sir S. Baker to rows of button mushrooms.

The Shillooks are quite an accomplished people, being warlike, pastoral, agricultural, piscatorial, and having a well-defined government. Not only do they keep up the continual feud with their powerful neighbors, the Dinkas, but they take advantage of the overflowing of the Nile to launch their canoes, drop quietly down the river, and attack the Arab population on either bank. So bold are they, that on several occasions they descended the river nearly half way to Khartoum, hid their canoes in the reeds, and crossed the country to Sennar or the Blue Nile. Taking the inhabitants by surprise, they carried off numbers of women and children as slaves, drove away large herds of cattle, re-embarked, and got safely home with their spoil. At length the Egyptian

Government was obliged to interfere, and had to place troops between the White and Blue Nile. Besides their canoes, the Shillooks make most ingenious vessels, which are a sort of compromise between a raft and a canoe.

In this part of Africa there is a tree called the ambatch, or ambadj (*Azemon mirabilis*). This tree grows tolerably straight, and tapers gradually from the ground to the top. It never grows to any great size, and the wood is almost as light as cork. To make a raft, the Shillook cuts a sufficient number of ambadj trees, lays them side by side, and lashes them firmly to each other. The tapering ends are then drawn together with cords, and also lashed firmly, and the result is a singularly effective and buoyant raft, easily guided from its shape, and so light that a man can carry it on his shoulders. When these rafts are taken out of the water, they are placed upright on their bases, and two or three are supported against each other, just as soldiers pile their arms. One of these rafts, nine feet in length, and only four feet wide at the stern, can carry two men.

The Shillooks are very clever in the management of their rafts, which they propel with small paddles; and even the little boys may be seen paddling about, not in the least afraid of the swarming crocodiles, but always carrying a lance with which to drive off the horrid reptiles if they attempt an attack.

When Mr. Petherick was passing through this country, the daring Shillooks had established a small colony on the eastern or Dinka bank of the river, on account of the good pasturage. As soon as the Dinka had withdrawn toward the interior, the Shillooks crossed over, built a number of reed huts, ran an extemporized fence round them, and then brought over their cattle. They had plenty of outposts inland, and as soon as the enemy were reported the Shillooks embarked in their rafts, and paddled over to their own side of the river, the cattle plunging into the water in obedience to a well-known call, and following the canoes and rafts of their masters. Strange to say, the crocodiles do not meddle with cattle under such circumstances.

Aided by their rafts, the Shillooks employ much of their time in fishing. They do not use either net or hook, but employ the more sportsmanlike spear. This weapon is about ten feet in length, and has a barbed iron head loosely stuck into the end of the shaft, both being connected by a slack cord. As soon as the fish is struck, the shaft is disengaged from the bend, and being of light wood floats to the surface, and so "plays" the fish until it is exhausted, and can be drawn ashore by a hooked stick. The Shil-

looks often catch fish at random, wading through the river against the stream, and striking their spears right and left into the water.

Polygamy is of course practised among the people. Mr. Petherick gives a very amusing description of an interview with a chief and his family.

"At one of these villages, Gosa, with a view to establishing a trade in hides, or if possible in ivory, I made the acquaintance of its chief, Dood, who, with several of the village elders, entered my boat, the bank being crowded with every man, woman, and child of the village. The chief, a man past middle age, struck me by his intelligent remarks, and a bearing as straightforward as it was dignified and superior to that of his companions. A few presents of beads were greedily clutched by his attendants, he, however, receiving them as if they were his due; and, passing an order to one of his men, the trifle I had given him was returned by a counter-present of a sheep. On his leaving I requested he would call before sunrise, attended by his sons only, when I would make him and them suitable presents.

"Long before the appointed time Dood and a crowd of men and striplings, with their inseparable accompaniments of clubs and lances, on the shore, woke me from my slumbers; and, as I appeared on deck, a rush took place toward me, with cries of 'The Benji! the Benji!' (the chief), followed by salutations innumerable. As soon as these shouts subsided, Dood, disembarassing his mouth with some difficulty of a quid of tobacco the size of a small orange, sat down by my side.

"My first remark was astonishment at the number of his followers, having expected none but his sons. 'Oh, 'tis all right: you don't know my family yet; but, owing to your kind promises, I sent to the cattle-knals for the boys,' and with the pride of a father he said, 'These are my fighting sons, who many a time have stuck to me against the Diuka, whose cattle have enabled them to wed.'

"Notwithstanding a slight knowledge of negro families, I was still not a little surprised to find his valiant progeny amount to forty grown-up men and hearty lads. 'Yes,' he said, 'I did not like to bring the girls and little boys, as it would look as if I wished to impose upon your generosity.'

"What! more little boys and girls! What may be their number, and how many wives have you?"

"Well, I have divorced a good many wives; they get old, you know; and now I have only ten and five.' But when he began to count his children, he was obliged to have recourse to a reel, and, breaking it up into small pieces, said, 'I take no notice of babies, as they often die, you know; women are so foolish about children that I

never care for them until they are able to lay a snare.'

"Like all negroes, not being able to count beyond ten, he called over as many names, which he marked by pinning a piece of reed on the deck before him; a similar mark denoted another ten, and so on until he had named and marked the number of his children. The sum total, with the exception, as he had explained, of babies and children unable to protect themselves, was fifty-three boys and twenty girls — viz. seventy-three!

"After the above explanation I could no longer withhold presents to the host on the shore; and, pleased with my donations, he invited me to his house, where I partook of merissa and broiled fowl, in which, as a substitute for fat, the entrails had been left. Expressing a desire to see his wives, he willingly conducted me from hut to hut, where my skin, hair, and clothes underwent a most scrutinizing examination. Each wife was located in a separate batch of huts; and, after having distributed my pocketfuls of loose beads to the lady chieftains and their young families, in whose good graces I had installed myself, I took leave of the still sturdy village chief."

The code of government among the Shillocks is simple enough. There is a sultan or superior officer, who is called the "Meek," and who possesses and exercises powers that are almost irresponsible. The Meek seems to appreciate the proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt," and keeps himself aloof from his own subjects, seldom venturing beyond the limits of his own homestead. He will not even address his subjects directly, but forces them to communicate with him through the medium of an official. Any one who approaches him must do so on his knees, and no one may either stand erect or carry arms in his presence. He executes justice firmly and severely, and especially punishes murder and theft among his subjects, the culprit being sentenced to death, and his family sold as slaves.

Theft and murder, however, when committed against other tribes, are considered meritorious, and, when a marauding party returns, the Meek takes one-third of the plunder. He also has a right to the tusks of all elephants killed by them, and he also expects a present from every trader who passes through his territory. The Meek will not allow strangers to settle within the Shillock territories, but permits them to reside at Kaka, a large town on their extreme north. Here many trading Arabs live while they are making their fortune in exchanging beads, cattle bells, and other articles for cattle, slaves, and ivory. The trade in the latter article is entirely carried on by the Meek, who has the monopoly of it, and makes the most of his privilege. The traffic at Kaka is by no means a free trade, for the Meek not only takes all the

ivory, but his officials watch the proceedings in the market, and exercise a supervision over every bargain.

Probably on account of the presence of strangers, the Meek does not live at Kaka, but takes up his residence out in a village some ten miles up the river.

I have in my collection a curious musical instrument, which we may call a flute, in lieu of a better word. It is made of some hard wood, and is rudely covered with a spiral belt of iron and leather. An iron ring is also fastened through it, through which passes the leathern strap by which it is carried. The top hole is very small,

and the sound produced by the instrument is of a wailing and lugubrious character. Inside the flute is fitted an odd implement which we may call the cleaner. It is composed of an ostrich feather with the vanes cut short, and in order to render it long enough to reach to the bottom of the flute, it is lengthened by a wooden handle, to the end of which is attached a tuft of hairs from a cow's tail, by way of ornament. In length the flute measures rather more than eighteen inches, and, in consequence of the amount of iron upon it, the weight is more than might be supposed.

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CHAPTER XLV.

THE ISHOGO, ASHANGO, AND OBONGO TRIBES.

WESTERN AFRICA—THE ISHOGO TRIBE AND ITS LOCALITY—DRESS AND ASPECT OF THE PEOPLE—
THE SINGULAR HEADDRESS OF THE WOMEN—THEIR SKILL IN WEAVING—THE OUANDJAS, OR
NATIVE FACTORIES—THE LOOM AND SHUTTLE—ARCHITECTURE OF THE ISHOGOS—CURIOUS DOORS
—THE VILLAGE TREE—THE M'PAZA OR TWIN CEREMONY—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE ISHOGOS
—THE ASHANGO TRIBE—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—AN UNLUCKY SHOT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES
—WAR CEREMONIES—THE TEMPLE, OR M'BUTTI HOUSE, AND THE RELIGIOUS RITES PERFORMED
IN IT—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ASHANGOS—THE KENDO, OR BELL OF ROYALTY—RECEPTION OF
A VISITOR—THE OBONGO TRIBE, OR BUSHMEN OF WEST AFRICA—THEIR SHORT AND STUNTED
LOOK—KINDNESS OF THE ASHANGOS TOWARD THEM—THE OBONGO MARKET—DOMESTIC CUS-
TOMS AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

WE are now coming among some of the negro tribes, and shall see them as they are in their normal state before their customs and mode of life have been altered by the influence of Europeans.

A little below the equator, and between 10° and 12° E. longitude, is a district inhabited by the Ishogo, a very large and remarkable tribe. The Ishogo live along a rather narrow tract of country that extends diagonally southwestward, parallel with the Rembo N'gonvai River, but divided from it by a range of hills.

The Ishogo are a fine race of men, black, with woolly hair, but not exhibiting the extreme negro development which characterizes the aborigines of the west coast. They decorate themselves in rather a singular manner. Both sexes add a ruddy tinge to their native black by rubbing themselves with a red powder obtained by scraping two pieces of bar-wood together, and they also disfigure themselves by removing the two middle teeth of the upper jaw.

Like other woolly-haired races, the Ishogo are very proud of their heads, and diminish the already scanty supply of hair with which Nature has supplied them. Eyelashes and eyebrows are unfashionable among them, and are carefully erased, while the hair of the head is dressed in the most extraordinary style. The men shave a circle round their heads, only allowing a round patch to remain on the crown. This is separated into three divisions, each of which is plaited into a

lappet-like form, coming to a point at the end, and being finished off with a large bead, or perhaps a piece of polished wire. On account of the slow growth of the hair, an Ishogo cannot complete his headdress under several years.

The women begin by making a sort of frame of grass cloth, and fixing it to the head, at the top or at the back, as their taste may direct. They then work the woolly hair into it, and, when that part of the process is completed, shave away all the hair that is not required for the purpose. When the headdress is complete, it stands some eight or ten inches from the head, and consequently a term of years elapses before this odd ornament reaches perfection. In fact, a complete headdress is never seen on any one under five-and-twenty.

The "chignon," if we may apply such a term to the headdress, has four partings, one in front, one behind, and one at each side. Of course this elaborate ornament cannot be dressed by the owners, and, as a general rule, it is intrusted to professional hands, several women in every town making hair-dressing a regular business. After being arranged, the head is not touched for several months, when the structure is taken to pieces, and elaborately rebuilt, the fresh growth of hair being woven into it. The operation of taking down and rebuilding one of these towers is a very long and tedious one, and occupies a full day.

Four modes of arranging the tower, if it may be called so, prevail among the Ishogo. The ordinary plan is to raise it perpendicularly from the top of the head, so that at a distance it looks exactly as if the woman were carrying a cylindrical basket on her head. Sometimes, when the base of the tower is placed half way between the top of the head and the neck, the direction is diagonal, and, when the hair at the back of the head is retained, the tower projects backward and horizontally. These are the usual fashions; but some of the women wear, in addition to the tower, a tuft of hair, which is allowed to remain at each side of the head, and is trained into a ball just above the ear.

The dress of the Ishogo is "grass cloth" of their own manufacture. They are celebrated for the soft and close texture of this cloth, which is, however, not made from grass, but from the cuticle of young palm leaves, stripped off dexterously by the fingers. M. du Chailu gives the following account of the weavers:—

"In walking down the main street of Mokenza a number of ouandjas, or houses without walls, are seen, each containing four or five looms, with the weavers seated before them, weaving the cloth. In the middle of the ouandja a wood fire is seen burning, and the weavers, as you pass by, are sure to be seen smoking their pipes, and chattering to one another whilst going on with their work. The weavers are all men, and it is men also who stitch the 'bongos' together to make 'denguis' or robes of them. The stitches are not very close together, nor is the thread very fine, but the work is very neat and regular, and the needles are of their own manufacture. The bongos are very often striped, and sometimes made even in check patterns. This is done by their dyeing some of the threads of the warp, or of the warp and woof, with various simple colors. The dyes are all made of decoctions of different kinds of wood, except for black, when a kind of iron ore is used. The bongos are employed as money in this part of Africa."

Two of the words in this passage need explanation. The loom of the Ishogo is made as follows:—A bar of wood, about two feet in length, is suspended horizontally from the roof of the weaving hut, and over this bar are passed the threads which constitute the warp, their other ends being fastened to a corresponding bar below, which is fixed tightly down by a couple of forked sticks thrust into the ground. The alternate threads of the warp are divided by two slight rods, the ends of which are held in the fingers of the left hand, which cross them alternately, while the woof is interlaced by means of a sword-shaped shuttle, which also serves to strike it down and lay it regularly.

In consequence of this form of loom it is only possible to weave pieces of cloth of a limited length, and, as these cloths are used as currency, they are all made of the same length. Each of these pieces is called a "bongo," and when two are sewed together they become "denguis."

The women are only allowed to wear two of these pieces of cloth, the size of the wearer not being taken into consideration. One is hung at each side, and the edges are joined before and behind, so that a large and fat woman presents a very absurd appearance, the pieces of cloth being too short to meet properly.

The Ishogos seldom go armed, and although they have spears, and bows and arrows, they do not carry them except when actually required. It is thought etiquette, however, for them to take their swords with them when they go to visit another village. They are a quiet and peaceable people, and although they have at hand the means of intoxicating themselves, they are remarkable for their sobriety, in which virtue they present a pleasing contrast to their noisy, quarrelsome, and intemperate neighbors, the Apono tribe.

The villages of the Ishogo tribe are often very large, containing two hundred or more huts. Each hut is, on an average, twenty-two feet in length, and ten or twelve feet in width, and is divided by partitions into three compartments. The mud walls are not quite five feet in height, and the top of the roof is about one foot from the ground. The doors are placed in the middle of the central compartment, and are very small, only a little more than two feet and a half in height, and are not hung on hinges, but turn in the middle on a couple of pivots, one at the top and the other at the bottom. Perhaps one reason for this diminutive size is, that the natives have no saws, and their only method of making a door is by felling the trunk of a tree, cutting it into the proper length, and laboriously chipping away the wood at each side. The doors are decorated with various devices, complicated and even elegant patterns being painted on them in red, black, and white, &c. Most of the houses have the outer surface of the walls covered with the bark of trees.

The furniture of these huts is scarcely equal to the excellence of the architecture. Hanging from the roof are a quantity of calabashes, which contain water, palm wine, and oil, and are accompanied by plenty of cotton bags and cooking vessels. A well-furnished hut has also a number of plates and dishes, made either from reeds or from the rind of a plant called "astang," divided into strips, and against the walls are stored the bundles of palm fibres from which the bongos are woven. Tobacco is also stored within the hut, and is completely enveloped in leaves.

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(1.) THE CEREMONY OF M'PAZA. (See page 479.)



(2.) OBONGO MARKET. (See page 484.)

The usual form of a village is a single street, of great length, and sometimes exceedingly wide. The street of one village was fully a hundred yards in width, and was kept so neatly that not a single weed was to be seen in it,—a really remarkable fact when we remember the exceeding rapidity with which vegetation grows in this country. Each village has at least one "palaver-house," while many have several. The "palaver-house" is more of a shed than a house, and consists chiefly of a roof and the posts which support it. In this house the men meet daily, to smoke, to hold trials, to receive strangers, and to indulge in that interminable gossip of which a relic still exists in the "discoursing" of Ireland.

There is also a temple, or M'buiti house, in which a kind of religious service is held, and which always contains a large wooden idol, which the people hold in great reverence. The proceedings within this edifice will be presently described.

In the middle of every Ishogo and Ashango village there is a single large tree, belonging to the genus *Ficus*. When the site of a village is first laid out, a sapling of this tree is planted, the prosperity of the future village being connected with it. If it should live and flourish, the new village will be prosperous; but, if it should die, the place is abandoned and a new site chosen. Some of the villages are distinguished by having two heads of the gorilla, one male and the other female, stuck on poles under the sacred tree, and M. du Chaillu learned afterward that certain charms were buried at the root of the same tree.

Among the Ishogos there is a very remarkable custom connected with the birth of twins. In many parts of the world twins are destroyed as soon as born, but in this country they are permitted to live, though under restrictions which tell much more severely on the mother than on her offspring. The Ishogo have a vague kind of notion that no woman ought to produce more than a single infant at a time, and that nature desires to correct the mistake by killing one of the children before it is able to take care of itself. After that time—i. e. when the children are about six years old—the balance of the births and deaths is supposed to be equalized, and no further precautions need be taken.

Therefore, as soon as twins are born, the house is marked off in some way so as to distinguish it. In one instance, mentioned by M. du Chaillu, two long poles were planted at each side of the door, a piece of cloth was hung over the entrance, and a row of white pegs driven into the ground just in front of the threshold. These marks are intended to warn strangers from entering the hut, as, if any one except the children and their parents do so, the delinquent is seized and sold into slavery. The twins

themselves are not allowed to play with the other children, and even the very utensils and cooking pots of the hut cannot be used.

In consequence of this curious law, there is nothing, next to being childless, which the women dread so much as having twins born to them, and nothing annoys an Ishogo woman so much as telling her that she is sure to have twins. Perhaps the most irritating restriction is that which forbids the woman to talk. She is allowed to go into the forest for firewood, and to perform such necessary household tasks, as otherwise she and her children must starve. But she is strictly forbidden to speak a word to any one who does not belong to her own family—a prohibition annoying enough to any one, but doubly so in Africa, where perpetual talk is almost one of the necessities of life.

At the expiration of the sixth year, a ceremony takes place by which all parties are released from their long confinement, and allowed to enter the society of their fellows. At daybreak proclamation is made in the street, and two women, namely, the mother and a friend, take their stand at the door of the hut, having previously whitened their legs and faces. They next march slowly down the village, beating a drum in time to the step, and singing an appropriate song. A general dance and feast then takes place, and lasts throughout the night, and, after the ceremony is over, all restrictions are removed. This rite is called "M'paza," a word which both signifies twins and the ceremony by which they and their mother are set free from their imprisonment. It is illustrated on the 478th page.

As in other parts of Africa, the natives have a way of keeping up their dancing and drumming and singing all night, partly on account of the coolness, and partly because they are horribly superstitious, and have an idea that evil spirits might hurt them under cover of the night, if they were not frightened away by the fires and noise.

One of these dances is called M'muirri, on account of the loud reverberating sound produced by their lips. It is properly a war-dance, and is performed by men alone. They form in line, and advance and retreat simultaneously, stamping so as to mark the time, beating their breasts, yelling, and making the reverberating sound which has been already mentioned. Their throats being apparently of brass and their lungs of leather, the Ishogo villagers keep up this horrid uproar throughout the night, without a moment's cessation, and those who are for the moment tired of singing, and do not own a drum, contribute their share to the general noise by clapping two pieces of wood together.

With all their faults, the Ishogos are a pleasant set of people, and M. du Chaillu, who lived with them, and was accompanied by Ishogos in his expedition, says that they

are the gentlest and kindest-hearted negroes that he ever met. After his retreat from Ashango-land, which will next be mentioned, the Ishogos received him with even more than usual hospitality, arranged his

journey westward, and the whole population of the villages turned out of their houses and accompanied him a little distance on his way.

ASHANGO.

EASTWARD of the Ishogos is a people called the Ashango. They speak a different dialect from the Ishogo, and call themselves a different race, but their manners and customs are so similar to those of the Ishogos that a very brief account of them is all that is needed.

Ashango-land was the limit of M. du Chaillu's second expedition, which was suddenly brought to a close by a sad accident. The people had been rather suspicious of his motives, and harassed him in his camp, so that a few shots were fired in the air by way of warning. Unfortunately, one of the guns was discharged before it was raised, and the bullet struck an unfortunate man in the head, killing him instantly. The whole village flew to arms, the war-drum sounded, and the warriors crowded to the spot, with their barbed spears, and bows and poisoned arrows.

For a moment there was a lull: the interpreter, whose hand fired the unlucky shot, explained that it was an accident, and that the price of twenty men should be paid as compensation. Beads and cloth were produced, and one of the headmen had just assented to the proposal, when a loud wailing was heard, and a woman rushed out of a hut, announcing that the favorite wife of the friendly headman had been killed by the same fatal bullet, which, after scattering the brains of the man, had passed through the thin walls of the hut, and killed the poor woman within.

After this announcement all hopes of peace were at an end; the husband naturally cried for vengeance; and, amid a shower of arrows, one of which struck the interpreter, and another nearly severed M. du Chaillu's finger, the party retreated as they best could, refraining from firing as long as they could, but at last being forced to fire in self-defence. In order to escape as fast as they could, the porters were obliged to throw away the instruments, specimens of natural history, and photographs, so that the labor of months was lost, and scarcely anything except the journal was saved. Each village to which they came sent out its warriors against them. M. du Chaillu was dangerously wounded in the side, and had at last to throw away his best but heaviest rifle. It was only after the death of several of their number that the Ashangos perceived that they had to contend with a foe who was more than a match for them, and at last gave up the pursuit.

It was necessary, however, to conceal the fact of being wounded, for several of the tribes had an idea that their white visitor was invulnerable to spears and arrows, and it was a matter of great consequence that such a notion should be encouraged. All kinds of wild rumors circulated about him: some saying that the Ashango arrows glanced off his body without hurting him, just as the Scotch believed that the bullets were seen hopping like hail off the body of Clavichouse; while others improved on the tale, and avowed that he had changed himself into a leopard, a gorilla, or an elephant, as the case might be, and under this strange form had attacked the enemies and driven them away.

The Ashangos are even better clothed than the Ishogos, wearing denguils of considerable size, and even clothing their children, a most unusual circumstance in Central Africa. The women wear hair-towers like those of the Ishogos, but do not seem to expend so much trouble upon them. They seem to lead tolerably happy lives, and indeed to have their own way in most things.

The Ashango warriors are well armed, carrying swords, spears, and poisoned arrows. The spear and arrow-heads and swords are not made by themselves, but by the Shimba and Ashangui tribes, who seem to be the acknowledged smiths in this part of the country. The sword is carried by almost every Ashango, and when one of these weapons is bought or sold, the transaction is always carried on in private.

Before the Ashangos go out to war, they have a sort of magical ceremony, called "Cooking the War-dish." The witch-doctor is summoned, and sets to work preparing a kind of porridge of all sorts of herbs and fetiches in an enormous pot. None but the warriors are allowed to see the preparation, and, when the mess is cooked, each warrior eats a portion. None of it is allowed to be left, and after they have all eaten, the remainder is rubbed over their bodies, until they have excited themselves to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm, when they rush out and at once proceed to the attack.

There are a number of minor ceremonies connected with food; one of which is, that the women are not allowed to eat goat flesh or fowls, the probable reason being, according to M. du Chaillu, that the men want to eat these articles themselves.

In Ashango-land, as well as among the Ishagos, the temple, or idol hut, is one of the most conspicuous buildings. Generally, the people did not like strangers to enter their temples, but in one village he succeeded in entering a temple, or M'buiti house, and seeing the strange worship which was conducted.

"This idol was kept at the end of a long, narrow, and low hut, forty or fifty feet long, and ten feet broad, and was painted in red, white, and black colors. When I entered the hut, it was full of Ashango people, ranged in order on each side, with lighted torches stuck in the ground before them. Among them were conspicuous two M'buiti men, or, as they might be called, priests, dressed in cloth of vegetable fibre, with their skins painted grotesquely in various colors, one side of the face red, the other white, and in the middle of the breast a broad, yellow stripe; the circuit of the eyes was also daubed with paint. These colors are made by boiling various kinds of wood and mixing the decoction with clay.

"The rest of 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 in the lower regions to celebrate some diabolical rite; around their legs were bound white leaves from the heart of the palm tree; some wore feathers, others had leaves twisted in the shape of horns behind their ears, and all had a bundle of palm leaves in their hands.

"Soon after I entered, the rites began: all the men squatted down on their haunches, and set up a deafening kind of wild song. There was an orchestra of instrumental performers near the idol, consisting of three drummers with two drumsticks each, one harper, and a performer on the sounding-stick, which latter did not touch the ground, but rested on two other sticks, so that the noise was made the more resonant. The two M'buiti men, in the mean time, were dancing in a fantastical manner in the middle of the temple, putting their bodies into all sorts of strange contortions. Every time the M'buiti men opened their mouths to speak, a dead silence ensued.

"As the ceremony continued, the crowd rose and surrounded the dancing men, redoubling at the same time the volume of their songs, and, after this went on for some time, returning to their former positions. This was repeated several times. It seemed to me to be a kind of village feast.

"The M'buiti men, I ought to mention, had been sent for from a distance to officiate on the occasion, and the whole affair was similar to a rude sort of theatrical representation. The M'buiti men, like the witch-doctors, are important persons among these inland tribes; some have more reputation than others, but in general those who live furthest off are much esteemed. At

length, wearied out with the noise, and being unable to see any meaning or any change in the performances, I returned to my hut at half past ten."

Being exceedingly superstitious, the Ashangos generally thought that their white visitor was not a man, but a spirit, as he could perform such wonders. He had a musical box, and set it playing, to the great consternation of the people. Their awe was increased by his leaving the box where it stood, and going away into the forest. The fact that the instrument should continue to play with no one near it was still more terrible, and a crowd of people stood round in dead silence—a very convincing proof of their awe-stricken state. An accordion produced even a greater sensation, and none but the chief dared to utter a sound. Even he was very much frightened, and continued beating his "kendo," or magic bell of office, and invoking help from the spirits of his ancestors.

This chief was a very pious man in his own fashion. He had a little temple or oratory of his own, and every morning and evening he repaired to the oratory, shut himself up, beat his bell, and invoked the spirits, and at night he always lighted a fire before beating the bell.

The "kendo" is a very remarkable badge of office. It is bell-shaped, but has a long iron handle bent in a hook-like shape, so that the "kendo" can be carried on the shoulder. Leopard's fur is fastened to it, much to the deadening of the sound, and the whole instrument forms an emblem which is respected as much as the sceptre among ourselves. As the chief walks along, he rings the bell, which announces his presence by a sound like that of a common sheep or cow bell.

When M. du Chailly was among the Ashango, scarcely any articles of civilized manufacture had penetrated into the country. The universal bead had reached them, and so had a few ornaments of brass. There was an article, however, which was sometimes found among them, and which was about the last that could be expected. It was the common black beer-bottle of England. These bottles have penetrated almost as far as the beads, and are exceedingly prized by the chiefs, who value no article of property more than a black bottle, which they sling to their belts, and in which they keep their plantain wine. Calabashes would, of course, answer their purpose better, being less fragile, but the black bottle is a chief's great ambition. Mostly, the wives do as they like; but, if a wife should happen to break a bottle, she has committed an offence for which no pardon is expected.

The Ashangos have an odd custom of receiving a visitor. When they desire to do him particular honor, they meet him with some dishes of their red paint, with which

he is expected to besmear himself. If a stranger approach a house, and the owner asks him to make himself red, he is quite happy, and, if the pigment should not be offered, he will go off in dudgeon at the slightest.

OBONGOS, OR BUSHMEN OF ASHANGO-LAND.

SOMEWHERE near the equatorial line, and between long. 11° and 12° E., there is a tribe of dwarfed negroes, called the Obongos, who seem to be among the very lowest of the human race, not only in stature, but in civilization.

The Obongos have no settled place of residence, their houses being simply huts made of branches, and constructed so slightly that no home interests can possibly attach to them. They are merely made of leafy boughs stuck in the ground, and are so slight that a whole village of Obongos will change its residence with scarcely a warning. The principal cause of abandonment seems to be summed up in the single word "vermin," with which the huts swarm to such an extent that, long after they have been abandoned, no one can enter without being covered with swarms of these offensive little insects. The huts are merely made of green boughs, and the hole which serves as a door is closed with a smaller bough. They are scattered about without any order in the open space left among the trees.

The resemblance between the Obongos and the Bosjesmans of Southern Africa is really wonderful. Like them, the Obongos are short, though not ill-shaped, much lighter in hue than their neighbors, and have short hair growing in tufts, while the Ashangos are tall, dark, and have rather long bushy hair.

Their color is pale yellow-brown, their foreheads narrow, and their cheek-bones high. The average height is about four feet seven inches, according to M. du Chaillu's measurements, though he found one woman who was considered very tall, and who was five feet and a quarter of an inch high. The men are remarkable for having their breasts and legs covered with hair, which grows in tufts like that of the head.

This diminutive stature is not entirely owing to the small size of the whole figure, but to the shortness of the legs, which, unlike those of African races in general, are very short in proportion to the size of the body. Thus, instead of looking like ordinary but well-shaped men seen through a diminishing glass, as is the case with the Bosjesman of Southern Africa, they have a dwarfish and stunted appearance, which, added to the hairy limbs of the men, gives them a weird and elfish appearance.

The dress of the Obongos—when they have any dress at all, which is seldom the case—consists entirely of old and worn out

denguis, which are given to them by the Ashangos. Indeed, the Ashangos behave very kindly to these wretched little beings, and encourage them to take up their residence near villages, so that a kind of traffic can be carried on. Degraded as these little beings seem to be, they are skillful trappers, and take great quantities of game, the supplies of which they sell to the Ashangos for plantains, iron cooking pots, and other implements. (See illustration No. 2, on p. 478.) On one occasion M. du Chaillu saw a dozen Ashango women going to the huts of the Obongos, carrying on their heads plantains which they were about to exchange for game. The men had not returned from hunting, but, on seeing that the Obongo women were suffering from hunger, and forced to live on some very unwholesome-looking nuts, they left nearly all the plantains, and came away without the game.

The woods in which they live are so filled with their traps that a stranger dares not walk in them, lest he should tumble into a pitfall which was constructed to catch the leopard, wild boar, or antelope, or have his legs caught in a trap which was laid for monkeys. There is not a path through the trees which does not contain a pitfall or two, and outside the path the monkey traps are so numerous that even by daylight it is difficult to avoid them. Being a wandering race, the Obongos never cultivate the ground, but depend for their food on the game which they take, and on the roots, berries, and nuts which they find in the woods. Animal food is coveted by them with astonishing eagerness, and a promise of goat's flesh will bribe an Obongo when even beads fail to touch him.

The origin of the Obongos is a mystery, and no one knows whether they are the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, or whether they came from a distance. The probability is, that they were the original inhabitants, and that the Ashangos, being a larger and more powerful race, have gradually possessed themselves of that fertile land, whose capabilities were wasted by the nomad and non-laboring Obongos.

It is strange that they should have retained their individuality throughout so long a period, in which phenomenon they present a curious resemblance to the gipsies of Europe, who have for centuries been among us, though not of us. The Obongos never marry out of their own tribe, and as they live in little communities of ten or twelve huts, it is evident that they can have but little matri-

monial choice. Indeed, the Ashangos say that the ties of kinship are totally neglected, and that the Obongos permit marriages to take place between brothers and sisters. This circumstance may perhaps account for their dwarfed stature.

They are a timid people, and when M. du Chaillu visited them he could hardly catch a sight of them, as they all dashed into the wood as soon as they saw the stranger. It was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in intercepting several women and some children, and by presents of beads and promises of meat conciliating some of them, and inducing them to inspire confidence in their comrades. One little old woman named Misounda, who was at first very shy, became quite confident, and began to laugh at the men for running away. She said that they were as timid as the squirrel, which cried "Qué, Qué," and squeaked in imitation

of the animal, at the same time twisting her odd little body into all sorts of droll contortions, intended to represent the terror of her frightened companions.

When an Obongo dies, it is usual to take the body to a hollow tree in the forest, and drop it into the hollow, which is afterward filled to the top with earth, leaves, and branches. Sometimes, however, they employ a more careful mode of burial. They take the body to some running stream, the course of which has been previously diverted. A deep grave is dug in the bed of the stream, the body placed in it, and covered over carefully. Lastly, the stream is restored to its original course, so that all traces of the grave are soon lost. This remarkable custom is not peculiar to the Obongos, but has existed in various parts of the world from the earliest known time.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE APONO AND APINGI TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE APONO TRIBE—THEIR LIVELY CHARACTER—DRESS AND ORNAMENT—THE GIANT DANCE—WEAPONS—APONO ARCHITECTURE—RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION—SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL—AN APONO LEGEND—THE APINGI TRIBE—THEIR GENERAL APPEARANCE AND MODE OF DRESS—SKILL IN WEAVING—DEXTERITY AS BOATMEN—A SCENE ON THE REMBO—CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENT—SLAVERY AMONG THE APINGI—A HUNTER'S LEOPARD-CHARM—FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

PROCEEDING toward the western coast of Africa, we now come to the Apono tribe, which inhabit a district just below the Equator, and between long. 11° and 12° E.

They are a merry race, and carry to excess the African custom of drumming, dancing, and singing throughout the entire night. Drinking, of course, forms a chief part of the amusements of the night, the liquid used being the palm wine, which is made in great quantities in many parts of tropical Africa. Perhaps the innate good nature of the Apono people was never shown to greater advantage than on one occasion when M. du Chaillu determined to stop the revelry that cost him his repose at night, and the services of his intoxicated porters by day. He did so by the very summary process of going to the hut where the feast was held, kicking over the vessels of palm wine, and driving the chiefs and their attendants out of the hut. They were certainly vexed at the loss of so much good liquor, but contented themselves with a grumble, and then obeyed orders.

The Aponos proved to be very honest men, according to the African ideas of honesty; and, from M. du Chaillu's account, did not steal his property, and always took his part in the numberless squabbles with different chiefs. They are not pleasing in appearance, not so much from actual ugliness of feature, but from their custom of disfiguring themselves artificially. In the first place, they knock out the two middle teeth

of the upper jaw, and file all the rest to sharp points. Tattooing is carried on to a considerable extent, especially by the women, who have a habit of raising little elevated scars in their foreheads, sometimes arranged in the form of a diamond, and situated between the eyes. Several marks are made on the cheeks, and a few on the chest and abdomen.

The dress of the Aponos resembles that of the Ishogo tribe, and is made of grass cloth. The men wear the denguis or mantles, composed of several grass cloths sewed together, while the women are restricted to two, one of which is attached on either side, and made to meet in the back and front if they can. While the women are young, the dress is amply sufficient, but when they become old and fat, the cloths, which are always of uniform size, cannot be made to meet by several inches. However, the dress in question is that which is sanctioned by ordinary custom, and the Aponos are perfectly satisfied with it.

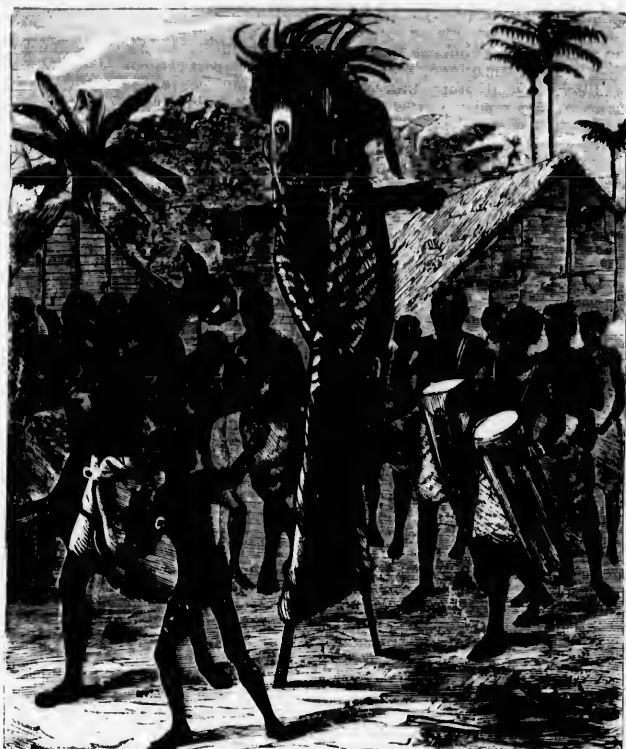
The palm wine which has just been mentioned is made by the Aponos in a very simple manner. When the fruit is nearly ripe, the natives climb the trees and hang hollowed gourds under the fruits for the purpose of receiving the precious liquor. They are so fond of this drink, that even in the early morning they may be seen climbing the trees and drinking from the suspended calabashes. During the season the Apono people are constantly intoxicated, and, in consequence, are apt to be quarrel-

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(1.) THE GIANT DANCE. (See page 487.)



(2.) FISHING SCENE. (See page 492.)
(486)

some and lazy, willing to take offence at any slight, whether real or imagined, and to neglect the duties which at other times of the year they are always ready to perform.

Fortunately for themselves, the palm wine season lasts only a few months, and during the remainder of the year the Aponos are perforce obliged to be sober. While it lasts, the country is most unpleasant to a stranger, the sound of the drum, the dance, and the song scarcely ever ceasing night or day, while the people are so tetchy and quarrelsome that a day never passes without a fight, which often leaves considerable scars behind it.

One of their dances is very peculiar, and is called by the name of Oeuya, or Giant Dance. The reader will find it illustrated on the previous page.

This curious dance is performed by a man who enacts the part of the giant, and raises himself to the necessary height by means of stilts. He then endues a wicker-work frame, shaped like the body of a man, and dressed like one of the natives, in large grass cloths. The dress reaches to the ground, so as to conceal the stilts, and, in spite of this drawback, the performer walks and dances as if he were using his unaided feet. Of course he wears a mask, and this mask is mostly of a white color. It has large, thick lips, and a mouth partly open, showing the gap in which the upper incisor teeth had once existed. The headdress is much like a lady's bonnet of 1864 or 1865. The material of which it is made is monkey skin, and it is ornamented with feathers.

The Aponos are not distinguished as warriors, their weapons being very formidable in appearance, and very inefficient in practice. Each Apono has his bow and arrows. The former is a stiff, cumbrous kind of weapon. It is bent nearly in a semi-circle, the string being nearly two feet from the centre of the bow. The string is of vegetable fibre. The arrows are ingeniously armed with triangular iron heads, each being attached to a hollow neck, through which the shaft passes loosely. The head is poisoned, and when it penetrates the flesh it remains fixed in the wound, while the shaft falls to the ground, just as is the case with the Bosjesman arrows already described.

Their spears are also rather clumsy, and are too heavy to be thrown. They are, however, rather formidable in close combat. The weapon which is most coveted by the Apono tribe is a sort of sword, or rather scimitar, with a wooden handle and a boldly curved blade. An ambitious young Apono is never happy until he has obtained one of these scimitars, and such a weapon, together with a handsome cap and a well-made "dengui," will give a man a most distinguished appearance among his fellows. Although the curved form is most common, some of these swords are straight, and are not made by

themselves, but by the Abomhos and Iljavis, who live to the east of them. The blade of this weapon is four feet in length, and the handle is shaped like a dice-box, the "tang" of the blade running through it and being clenched on the end of the hilt. From the same tribes they procure their anvils, which are too large for their resources; their only melting pots being scarcely able to hold more than a pint of iron ore. The shields of the Apono are circular and made of basket work.

The villages of the Apono are well and neatly built. One of them, belonging to Nehiengain, the principal chief of the Apono tribe, was measured by M. du Chailly, and found to consist of one long street, nearly four hundred and fifty yards long, and eighteen yards wide. The houses were all separated by an interval, and each house was furnished with a little veranda in front, under which the inhabitants sit and smoke their pipes, eat their meals, and enjoy a chat with their neighbors. The material of the houses is chiefly bamboo, and strips of the leaf-stalks of palm trees, and the average height of a hut is about seven feet.

One of the villages, named Mokaba, deserved the name of a town, and was arranged in a somewhat different manner. The houses were arranged in three parallel rows, forming one wide principal street in the middle, and a narrow street on either side. The houses are arranged in hollow squares, each square belonging to one family. As often as a man marries a fresh wife, he builds a separate house for her, and all these new houses are arranged in the form of a quadrangle, the empty space being planted with palm trees, which are the property of the headman of each group, and which pass at his death to his heir. These palm trees are valuable property, and are especially prized as furnishing material for the palm wine which the Apono tribe drink to such an extent.

Superstition is as rife among the Aponos as among other tribes which have been mentioned, and preserves its one invariable characteristic, *i. e.* an ever-present fear of evil. When M. du Chailly visited them, they were horribly afraid of such a monster as a white man, and jumped to the conclusion that any one who was unlike themselves must be both evil and supernatural.

It was with some difficulty that the chief Nehiengain was induced to allow the travellers to pass through his territories; and even after permission had been granted, it was thought better to send a man who was the personal friend of the chief, and who would serve to calm the fears with which he regarded the approach of his visitors. There was certainly some reason for his fear, for, by some unfortunate mischance, the small-pox swept through the country during the time of

M. du Chaillu's travels, and it was very natural that the people should think that the white stranger was connected with the disease.

When, at last, the traveller entered the Apono village, there was a general consternation, the men running away as fast as their legs could carry them, and the women fleeing to their huts, clasping their children in their arms, and shrieking with terror. The village was, in fact, deserted, in spite of the example set by the chief, who, although as much frightened as any of his subjects, bore in mind the responsibilities of his office, and stood in front of his house to receive his visitor. In order to neutralize as much as possible the effects of the white man's witchery, he had hung on his neck, body, and limbs all the fetiches which he possessed, and had besides covered his body with mysterious lines of alumbi chalk. Thus fortified, he stood in front of his hut, accompanied by two men, who bravely determined to take part with their chief in his perilous adventure.

At first Nchilengain was in too great a fright to look at his visitor, but before very long he ventured to do so, and accept some presents. Afterward, when he had got over the fear with which he regarded the white man, he acted after the fashion of all African chiefs, *i. e.* he found all sorts of excuses for not furnishing his guests with guides and porters; the real object being to keep in his hands the wonderful white man who had such inexhaustible treasures at command, and who might make him the richest and most powerful chief in the country.

The idols of the Apono tribe are hideously ugly. When M. du Chaillu was in Apono-land, he naturally wished to bring home a specimen of a native idol, and after some trouble induced Nchilengain to present him with a specimen. The chief obligingly sent his wife to the temple to fetch an idol, which he generously presented to his guest. It was a wooden image, so large that the woman could scarcely carry it, and was of such a character that it could not possibly be exhibited in Europe.

These people seem to possess inventive faculties of no small extent, if we may judge from a strange legend that was told by one of them. According to this tale, in former times there was a great chief called Redjiona, the father of a beautiful girl called Arondo. He was very fond of this daughter, and would not allow any one to marry her,

unless he promised that, if his daughter died before her husband, he should die with her and be buried in the same grave. In consequence of this announcement, no one dared to ask for Arondo's hand, and she remained unmarried for several years.

At last a suitor showed himself, in the person of a man named Akenda Mbani. This name signifies "he who never goes twice to the same place," and he had taken it in consequence of a law or command of his father, that he must never go twice to the same place. He married Arondo, and, being a mighty hunter, he brought home plenty of game; but if he had by chance killed two large animals, such as antelopes or boars, together, he brought home one, and made his father-in-law fetch the other, on the plea that he could not go twice to the same place.

After some years Arondo was taken ill with a headache, which became worse and worse until she died, and, according to agreement, Akenda Mbani died with her. As soon as she was dead, her father gave orders to prepare a large grave for the husband and wife. In the grave was placed the bed of the married pair, on which their bodies were laid, and they were accompanied by a slave killed to wait on them in the land of spirits, and by much wealth in the shape of ivory, plates, mats, and ornaments. Akenda Mbani was also furnished with his sword, spear, and hunting bag. The grave was then filled up, and a mound of sand heaped upon it.

When Agambouai, the village orator, saw these arrangements, he disapproved of them, and told Redjiona that the hyenas would scratch up the mound of sand, and devour the bodies of his daughter and her husband. So Redjiona ordered the grave to be made so deep that the hyenas could not get at the bodies. Accordingly, the sand was removed, and the bodies of Akenda Mbani and his wife were seated on stools while the grave was deepened. When it was deep enough, the people replaced the bed, and lowered the slave and Arondo into the grave. They then proceeded to place Akenda Mbani by her, but he suddenly revived, and declined to take his place in the grave a second time, on the ground that he never went twice to the same place. Redjiona was very angry at this, but admitted the validity of the excuse, and consoled himself by cutting off the head of Agambouai.

THE APINGI

PASSING westward toward the coast, we come to the APINGI tribe. These people inhabit a tolerably large tract of country, and extend along the west side of a range of hills which separates them from the Ishogo.

The Apingi are not a handsome race. Their skin is black, with a decided tinge of yellow, but this lightness of hue may probably be owing to the mountainous regions which they inhabit. They wear the usual

grass cloth round the waist, and the women are restricted to two of the squares, each twenty-four inches long by eighteen wide, as is the custom throughout a large portion of West Africa. They do not, however, look on clothing in the same light as we do, and so the scantiness of their apparel is of no consequence to them.

This was oddly shown by the conduct of the head wife of Remandji, an Apingi chief. She came with her husband to visit M. du Chaillu, who presented her with a piece of light-colored cotton cloth. She was delighted with the present, and, much to her host's dismay, proceeded to disrobe herself of her ordinary dress, in order to induce the new garment. But, when she had laid aside the grass-cloth petticoat, some object attracted her attention, and she began to inspect it, forgetting all about her dress, chattering and looking about her for some time before she bethought herself of her cotton robe, which she put on quite leisurely.

This woman was rather good-looking, but, as a rule, the Apingi women are exceedingly ugly, and do not improve their beauty by the custom of filing the teeth, and covering themselves with tattooing. This practice is common to both sexes, but the women are fond of one pattern, which makes them look much as if they wore braces, a broad band of tattooed lines passing over each shoulder, and meeting in a V-shape on the breast. From the point of the V, other lines are drawn in a curved form upon the abdomen, and a similar series is carried over the back. The more of these lines a woman can show, the better dressed she is supposed to be.

The grass cloths above-mentioned are all woven by the men, who can make them either plain or colored. A square of the former kind is a day's work to an Apingi, and a colored cloth requires from two to three days' labor. But the Apingi, like other savages, is a very slow workman, and has no idea of the determined industry with which an European pursues his daily labor. Time is nothing to him, and whether a grass cloth takes one or two days' labor is a matter of perfect indifference. He will not dream of setting to work without his pipe, and always has his friends about him, so that he may lighten the labors of the loom by social converse. Generally, a number of looms are set up under the projecting eaves of the houses, so that the weavers can talk as much as they like with each other.

The Apingi are celebrated as weavers, and are said to produce the best cloths in the country. These are held in such estimation that they are sold even on the coast, and are much used as mosquito curtains. The men generally wear a robe made of eight or nine squares. Barter, and not personal use, is the chief object in making

these cloths, the Apingi thinking that their tattooing is quite enough clothing for all social purposes. Indeed, they openly say that the tattooing is their mode of dress, and that it is quite as reasonable as covering up the body and limbs with a number of absurd garments, which can have no object but to restrain the movements. Sometimes the Apingi wear a cloth over one shoulder, but this is used as a sign of wealth, and not intended as dress.

Like most tribes which live on the banks of rivers, the Apingi, who inhabit the district watered by the Rembo River, are clever boatmen, and excellent swimmers. The latter accomplishment is a necessity, as the canoes are generally very small and frail, flat-bottomed, and are easily capized. They draw scarcely any water, this structure being needful on account of the powerful stream of the Rembo, which runs so swiftly that even these practised paddlers can scarcely make more than three or four miles an hour against the stream.

When M. du Chaillu was passing up the Rembo, he met with an accident that showed the strength of the current. An old woman was paddling her boat across the stream, but the light bark was swept down by the stream, and dashed against that of Du Chaillu, so that both upset. As for the old woman, who had a bunch of plantains in her boat, she thought of nothing but her fruit, and swam down the stream bawling out lustily, "Where are my plantains? Give me my plantains!" She soon captured her canoe, took it ashore, emptied out the water, and paddled off again, never ceasing her lamentations about her lost bunch of plantains.

There is a curious matrimonial law among the Apingi, which was accidentally discovered by M. du Chaillu. A young man, who had just married the handsomest woman in the country, showed all the marks of poverty, even his grass cloth dress being ragged and worn out. On being asked the reason of his shabby appearance, he pointed to his young wife, and said that she had quite ruined him. On further interrogation, it was shown that among the Apingi, if a man fell in love with the wife of a neighbor, and she reciprocated the affection, the lover might purchase her from the husband, who was bound to sell her for the same price that he originally paid for her. In the present instance, so large a sum had been paid for the acknowledged belle of the country that the lover had been obliged to part with all his property before he could secure her.

As is often the case in Africa, the slaves are treated very well by their masters. Should a slave be treated harshly, he can at any time escape by means of a curious and most humane law. He finds an opportunity of slipping away, and goes to another vil-

lage, where he chooses for himself a new master. This is done by "beating bongo," i. e. by laying the hands on the head and saying, "Father, I wish to serve you. I choose you for my master, and will never go back to my old master." Such an offer may not be refused, neither can the fugitive slave be reclaimed, unless he should return to the village which he left.

The Apingi are very fond of palm wine, and, like other neighboring tribes, hang calabashes in the trees for the purpose of receiving the juice. Being also rather selfish, they mostly visit their palm trees in the early morning, empty the calabashes into a vessel, and then go off into the woods and drink the wine alone, lest some acquaintance should happen to see them, and ask for a share.

Hospitality is certainly one of the virtues of the Apingi tribe. When M. du Chaillu visited them, the chief Remandji presented him with food, the gift consisting of fowls, cassava, plantains, and a young slave. The latter article was given in accordance with the ordinary negro's idea, that the white men are cannibals, and purchase black men for the purpose of eating them. "Kill him for your evening meal," said the hospitable chief; "he is tender and fat, and you must be hungry." And so deeply was the idea of cannibalism implanted in his mind, that nothing would make this really estimable gentleman comprehend that men could possibly be wanted as laborers, and not as articles of food.

However, a very fair meal (*minus* the slave) was prepared, and when it was served up, Remandji appeared, and tasted every dish that was placed before his guests. He even drank a little of the water as it was poured out, this custom being followed throughout the tribe, the wives tasting the food set before their husbands, and the men that which they offer to their guests. It is singular to see how ancient and universal is the office of "taster," and how a custom which still survives in European courts as a piece of state ceremonial is in active operation among the savage tribes of Western Africa.

The religious, or rather the superstitious, system of the Apingi differs little from that which we have seen in other districts, and seems to consist chiefly in a belief in fetiches, and charms of various kinds. For example, when M. du Chaillu told Remandji that he would like to go on a leopard hunt, the chief sent for a sorcerer, or "ounganga," who knew a charm which enabled him to kill any number of leopards without danger to himself. The wizard came, and went through his ceremonies, remarking that the white man might laugh as much as he please, but that on the next day he would see that his charm (*monda*) would bring a leopard.

On the following morning he started into the woods, and in the afternoon returned

with a fine leopard which he had killed. He asked such an exorbitant price for the skin that the purchase was declined, and the skin was therefore put to its principal use, namely, making fetish belts for warriors. A strip of skin is cut from the head to the tail, and is then charmed by the ounganga, whose incantations are so powerful that neither bullet, arrow, nor spear, can wound the man who wears the belt. Of course such a belt commands a very high price, which accounts for the unwillingness of the sorcerer to part with the skin.

As is usual in many parts of the world, when twins are born, one of them is killed, as an idea prevails that, if both are allowed to live, the mother will die. Only one case was known where twins, boys seven years of age, were allowed to survive, and, as their mother did not die, she was respected as a very remarkable woman.

Seeing the treasures which their white visitor brought among them, the Apingi could not be disabused of the notion that he made, or rather created, them all himself, and that he was able, by his bare word, to make unlimited quantities of the same articles. One day a great consultation was held, and about thirty chiefs, with Remandji at their head, came and preferred the modest request that the white man would make a pile of beads as high as the tallest tree, and another of guns, powder, cloth, brass kettles, and copper rods. Nothing could persuade them that such a feat was impossible, and the refusal to perform the expected miracle was a severe disappointment to the Apingi chiefs, who had come from great distances, each bringing with him a large band of followers. There was even an Ashango chief, who had come from his own country, more than a hundred miles to the eastward, bringing with him a strong party of men to carry away his share of the goods.

This scene appears to have made a great impression on the natives, for when Remandji and his son died, an event which happened not long after Du Chaillu had left the country, the people firmly believed that the latter had killed him on account of his friendship for him, desiring that they should be companions in the spirit land, which they believed was the ordinary habitation of white men.

Their burial customs are rather curious, and not at all agreeable. The body is left in the house where the sick person has died, and is allowed to remain there as long as it can hold together. At last, the nearest relation of the deceased comes and carries off the body on his shoulders, bearing it to some convenient spot at a little distance from the village. No grave is dug, but the corpse is laid on the ground, some pieces of ivory or a few personal ornaments are laid by it, and the funeral ceremony is at an end.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BAKALAI.

DISTRICTS INHABITED BY THE BAKALAI—THEIR ROVING AND UNSETTLED HABITS—SKILL IN HUNTING—DIET AND MODE OF COOKING—A FISH BATTUE—CLEANLY HABITS OF THE BAKALAI—FORBIDDEN MEATS—CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE SICK, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BAKALAI—THEIR IDOLS—THE WOMEN AND THEIR RELIGIOUS RITES—AN INTRUSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—THE "KEEN" CATER A DEAD PERSON.

THE large and important tribe of the Bakalai inhabit a considerable tract of country between the Equator and 2° S., and long. 10° to 13° E. The land in which they dwell is not tenanted by themselves alone, but they occupy so much space in it that it may fairly be called by their name. They have a peculiar faculty for colonization, and have extended their settlements in all directions, some being close to the western coast, and others far to the east of the Ashangos. Of course, their habits differ according to the kind of country in which they are placed, but in all situations they are bold and enterprising, and never fail to become masters of the district.

One clan or branch of this tribe, however, has abandoned these roving habits, and has settled permanently at a place called Obindji, after the chief of the clan. Being conveniently situated at the junction of the Onenga and Ofouboa rivers, Obindji has a commanding position for trade, and, having contracted an alliance with the great chief Quengueza, carries on a prosperous commerce, ebony being their special commodity. In concluding his alliance with them, Quengueza showed his wisdom by insisting upon their maintaining peace with all their neighbors, this indeed having been his policy throughout his life.

When Du Chaillu was passing along the Rembo River, Quengueza addressed the porters who carried the goods, and gave them excellent advice, which, if they would only have followed it, would have kept them clear of many subsequent quarrels and misfortunes. He advised them never to pick up bunches of plantain or nuts that might be

lying on the road, because those were only placed as a bait. Also, if told to catch and kill goats or fowls, or to pluck fruit, they were to refuse, saying that it was the duty of the host to supply the food, and not to set his guests to fetch it for themselves. They were specially enjoined not to enter other houses but those allotted to them, not to sit on strange seats, and to keep clear of the women.

Obindji's town showed clearly the character of the inhabitants. Bound to keep the peace by the treaty with Quengueza, they were still prepared against the incursions of inimical tribes. Usually, the houses are made of bamboo, but those of Obindji had regular walls, made of broad strips of bark lashed firmly to the bamboo uprights. When the house is made of bamboo alone, the inhabitants can be seen nearly as well as if they were birds in cages, and consequently the enemy can shoot at them between the bars. In Obindji, however, the houses were not only defended by the bark walls, but were further guarded by being separated into two rooms, the inner chamber being that in which the family sleep. So suspicious are they, that they never spread the couch on the same spot for two successive nights.

Their great ambition seems to be the possession of the rivers, by means of which they can traverse the country, make raids, or plant new settlements in any promising spot. Thus all along the great river Rembo are found districts inhabited by Bakalai, and each of the settlements is sure to be the parent of other colonies on either bank. Moreover, they are of strangely nomad hab-

its, settling down for a time, and then suddenly breaking up their village, taking away what portable stores they can carry, abandoning the rest, and settling down like a flight of locusts in some fresh spot. The causes for this curious habit are several, but superstition is at the bottom of them all, as will be seen when we come to that branch of the subject.

The complexion of the Bakalai is dark, but not black, and, as a rule, they are of fair height and well made. They wear the usual grass cloth as long as they cannot procure American or European goods, but, whenever they can purchase a piece of cotton print, they will wear it as long as it will hang together. Of washing it they seem to have no conception, and to rage they have no objection. Neither do the Bakalai wash themselves. Those who live on the banks of the river swim like ducks, and, as their aquatic excursions often end in a capsize, they are perforce washed in the stream. But washing in the light of ablution is never performed by them, and those who live inland, and have no river, never know the feeling of water on their oily bodies.

On account of their migratory habits, they have but little personal property, concentrating all their wealth in the one article of wives. A Bakalai will go to hunt, an art in which he is very expert, and will sell the tusks, skins, and horns for European goods. As soon as he has procured this wealth, he sets off to buy a new wife with it, and is not very particular about her age, so that she be young. A girl is often married when quite a child, and in that case she lives with her parents until she has reached the marriageable age, which in that country is attained at a very early period.

In consequence of this arrangement, children are eagerly expected, and joyfully welcomed when they make their appearance. As a rule, African women are not prolific mothers, so that a wife who has several children is held in the highest estimation as the producer of valuable property, and carries things with a high hand over her husband and his other wives. The ideas of consanguinity are very curious among the Bakalai. A man will not marry a wife who belongs to the same village or clan as himself, and yet, if a man dies, his son takes his wives as a matter of course, and, if he has no son old enough to do so, they pass to his brother. Slaves also constitute part of a Bakalai's property, and are kept, not so much for the purpose of doing their master's work, which is little enough, but as live stock, to be sold to the regular slave-dealers whenever a convenient opportunity may occur.

The principal food of the Bakalai is the cassava or manioc, which is prepared so that it passes into the acid state of fermentation, and becomes a sour, but otherwise flavorless mess. The chief advantage of this mode of

preparation is, that it will keep from six weeks or two months, and at the end of that time is no nastier than it was when comparatively fresh. They have also a singularly unpleasant article of diet called njavi oil. It is made from the seeds of the njavi, one of the large forest trees of the country, and is prepared by first boiling the seed, then crushing it on a board, and lastly squeezing out the oil in the hand. Much oil is wasted by this primitive process, and that which is obtained is very distasteful to European palates, the flavor resembling that of scorched lard. It is chiefly used in cooking vegetables, and is also employed for the hair, being mixed with an odoriferous powder, and plastered liberally on their woolly heads. It is principally with this oil that the skin is anointed, a process which is really needful for those who wear no clothing in such a climate. Palm oil is sometimes employed for the same purpose, but it is too dear to be in general use. Even the natives cannot endure a very long course of this manioc, and, when they have been condemned to eat nothing but vegetable food for several weeks, have a positive craving for meat, and will do anything to procure it.

This craving after animal food sometimes becomes almost a disease. It is known by the name of gouamba, and attacks both white and black men alike. Quengueza himself was occasionally subject to it, and was actually found weeping with the agony of gouamba, a proceeding which seems absurd and puerile to those who have never been subjected to the same affliction. Those who suffer from it become positive wild beasts at the sight of meat, which they devour with an eagerness that is horrible to witness. Even M. du Chailu, with all his guns and other means of destroying game, occasionally suffered from gouamba, which he describes as "real and frightful torture."

The Bakalai do not think of breeding their goats and chickens for food, their wandering habits precluding them from either agriculture or pastoral pursuits, and they are obliged, therefore, to look to fishing and hunting for a supply of animal food. The former of these pursuits is principally carried on during the dry season, when the waters of the river have receded, and pools have been left on the plains. To those pools the Bakalai proceed in numbers, men, women, and children taking part in the work. Each is furnished with a pot or bowl, with which they bail out the water until the fish are left struggling in the mud. The whole party then rush in, secure the fish, and take them home, when a large portion is consumed on the spot, but the greater quantity dried in the smoke and laid up for future stores. (See illustration p. 486.)

Savages as they are, the Bakalai are very cleanly in their cooking, as is mentioned by

M. du Chaillu. "The Bakalai were cooking a meal before setting out on their travels. It is astonishing to see the neatness with which these savages prepare their food. I watched some women engaged in boiling plantains, which form the bread of all this region. One built a bright fire between two stones. The others peeled the plantains, then carefully washed them—just as a clean white cook would—and, cutting them in several pieces, put them in the earthen pot. This was then filled with water, covered over with leaves, over which were placed the banana peelings, and then the pot was put on the stones to boil. Meat they had not, but roasted a few ground-nuts instead; but the boiled plantains they ate with great quantities of Cayenne pepper." From this last circumstance, it is evident that the Bakalai do not share in the superstitious notion about red pepper which has been lately mentioned.

With all this cleanliness in cooking, they are so fond of animal food that they will eat it when almost falling to pieces with decomposition. And, in spite of their love for it, there is scarcely any kind of meat which is not prohibited to one family or another, or at all events to some single individual. For example, when one of the party has shot a wild bull (*Bos brachyceros*), their principal chief or king refused to touch the flesh, saying that it was "roonda," or prohibited to himself and his family, because, many generations back, a woman of his family had given birth to a calf. Another family was prohibited from eating the flesh of the crocodile, for similar reasons. So careful are the Bakalai on this subject that even their love for meat fails before their dread of the "roonda," and a man will sooner die of starvation than eat the prohibited food. Of course, this state of things is singularly inconvenient. The kindred prohibitions of Judaism and Mahometanism are trying enough, especially to travellers, who cannot expect any great choice of food. But, as in the latter cases, the prohibited articles are invariably the same, there is little difficulty about the commissariat.

Among the Bakalai, however, if the traveller should happen to employ a party of twenty men, he may find that each man has some "roonda" which will not permit him to join his comrades at their repast. One man, for example, may not eat monkey's flesh, while another is prohibited to eat pork, and a third is forbidden to touch the hippopotamus, or some other animal. So strict is the law of "roonda," that a man will often refuse to eat anything that has been cooked in a kettle which may once have held the forbidden food.

This brings us naturally to other superstitions, in which the Bakalai seem to be either peculiarly rich, or to have betrayed more of their religious system than strangers can

generally learn from savages. The usual amount of inconsistency is found in their religion, if we may dignify with such a name a mere string of incongruous superstitions. In the first place, there is nothing which they dread so much as death, which they believe to be the end of all life; and yet they have a nearly equal fear of ghosts and spirits, which they believe to haunt the woods after dark.

This fear of death is one of their principal inducements to shift their dwellings. If any one dies in a village, Death is thought to have taken possession of the place, and the inhabitants at once abandon it, and settle down in another spot. The prevalence of this idea is the cause of much cruelty toward the sick and infirm, who are remorselessly driven from the villages, lest they should die, and so bring death into the place.

M. du Chaillu gives a very forcible illustration of this practice. "I have twice seen old men thus driven out, nor could I persuade any one to give comfort and shelter to these friendless wretches. Once, an old man, poor and naked, lean as death himself, and barely able to walk, hobbled into a Bakalai village, where I was staying. Seeing me, the poor old fellow came to beg some tobacco—their most cherished solace. I asked him where he was going.

"I don't know."

"Where are you from?"

"He mentioned a village a few miles off."

"Have you no friends there?"

"None."

"No son, no daughter, no brother, no sister?"

"None."

"You are sick?"

"They drove me away for that."

"What will you do?"

"Die!"

"A few women came up to him and gave him water and a little food, but the men saw death in his eyes. They drove him away. He went sadly, as though knowing and submitting to his fate. A few days after, his poor lean body was found in the wood. His troubles were ended."

This is the "noble savage," whose unsophisticated virtues have been so often lauded by those who have never seen him, much less lived with him.

The terror which is felt at the least suspicion of witchcraft often leads to bloody and cruel actions. Any one who dies a natural death, or is killed by violence, is thought to have been bewitched, and the first object of his friends is to find out the sorcerer. There was in a Bakalai village a little boy, ten years of age, who was accused of sorcery. The mere accusation of a crime which cannot be disproved is quite enough in this land, and the population of the village rushed on the poor little boy, and cut him to pieces

with their knives. They were positively mad with rage, and did not cool down for several hours afterward.

The prevalence of this superstition was a sad trial to M. du Chaillu when he was seized with a fever. He well knew that his black friends would think that he had been bewitched, and, in case of his death, would be sure to pounce upon some unlucky wretch, and put him to a cruel death as a wizard. Indeed, while he was ill one of his men took up the idea of witchcraft, and at night paraded the village, threatening to kill the sorcerer who had bewitched his master.

Idolatry is carried on here, as in most heathen countries, by dancing, drumming, and singing, neither the songs nor dances being very decent in their character. One of the chief idols of the Bakalai was in the keeping of Mbango, the head of a clan. The image is made of wood, and represents a grotesque female figure, nearly of the size of life. Her eyes are copper, her feet are cloven like those of a deer, one cheek is yellow, the other red, and a necklace of leopard's teeth hangs round her neck. She is a very powerful idol, speaks on great occasions, and now and then signifies approbation by nodding her head. Also she eats meat when it is offered to her, and, when she has exhibited any of those tokens of power, she is taken into the middle of the street, so that all the people may assemble and feast their eyes on the wooden divinity.

Besides the ordinary worship of the idol, the women have religious ceremonies of their own, which strangely remind the reader of the ancient mysteries related by sundry classic authors. To one of these ceremonies M. du Chaillu became a spectator in rather an unexpected manner.

"One day the women began their peculiar worship of Njambai, which it seems is their good spirit: and it is remarkable that all the Bakalai clans, and all the females of tribes I have met during my journeys, worship or venerate a spirit with this same name. Near the sea-shore it is pronounced Njembai, but it is evidently the same.

"This worship of the women is a kind of mystery, no men being admitted to the ceremonies, which are carried on in a house very carefully closed. This house was covered with dry palm and banana leaves, and had not even a door open to the street. To make all close, it was set against two other houses, and the entrance was through one of these. Quengueza and Mbango warned me not to go near this place, as not even they were permitted so much as to take a look. All the women of the village painted their faces and bodies, beat drums, marched about the town, and from time to time entered the idol house, where they danced all one night, and made a more outrageous noise than even the men had made before.

They also presented several antelopes to the goddess, and on the fourth all but a few went off into the woods to sing to Njambai.

"I noticed that half-a-dozen remained, and in the course of the morning entered the Njambai house, where they stayed in great silence. Now my curiosity, which had been greatly excited to know what took place in this secret worship, finally overcame me. I determined to see. Walking several times up and down the street past the house to allay suspicion, I at last suddenly pushed aside some of the leaves, and stuck my head through the wall. For a moment I could distinguish nothing in the darkness. Then I beheld three perfectly naked old hags sitting on the clay floor, with an immense bundle of greengreases before them, which they seemed to be silently adoring.

"When they saw me they at once set up a hideous howl of rage, and rushed out to call their companions from the bush; in a few minutes these came hurrying in, crying and lamenting, rushing toward me with gestures of anger, and threatening me for my offence. I quickly reached my house, and, seizing my gun in one hand and a revolver in the other, told them that I would shoot the first one that came inside my door. The house was surrounded by above three hundred infuriated women, every one shouting out curses at me, but the sight of my revolver kept them back. They adjourned presently for the Njambai house, and from there sent a deputation of the men, who were to inform me that I must pay for the palaver I had made.

"This I peremptorily refused to do, telling Quengueza and Mbango that I was there a stranger, and must be allowed to do as I pleased, as their rules were nothing to me, who was a white man and did not believe in their idols. In truth, if I had once paid for such a transgression as this, there would have been an end of all travelling for me, as I often broke through their absurd rules without knowing it, and my only course was to declare myself irresponsible.

"However, the women would not give up, but threatened vengeance, not only on me, but on all the men of the town; and, as I positively refused to pay anything, it was at last, to my great surprise, determined by Mbango and his male subjects that they would make up from their own possessions such a sacrifice as the women demanded of me. Accordingly Mbango contributed ten fathoms of native cloth, and the men came one by one and put their offerings on the ground; some plates, some knives, some mugs, some beads, some mats, and various other articles. Mbango came again, and asked if I too would not contribute something, but I refused. In fact, I dared not set such a precedent. So when all had given what they could, the whole amount was taken to

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the ireful women, to whom Mbango said that I was his and his men's guest, and that they could not ask me to pay in such a matter, therefore they paid the demand themselves. With this the women were satisfied, and there the quarrel ended. Of course I could not make any further investigations into their mysteries. The Njambai feast lasts about two weeks. I could learn very little about the spirit which they call by this name. Their own ideas are quite vague. They know only that it protects the women against their male enemies, avenges their wrongs, and serves them in various ways if they please it.

The superstitions concerning death even extend to those cases where a man has been killed by accident. On one occasion, a man had been shot while bathing, whereupon the whole tribe fell into a panic, thought that the village had been attacked by witches,

and straightway abandoned it. On their passage to some more favored spot, they halted for the night at another village, and at sunset they all retired to their huts, and began the mournful chant with which they celebrate the loss of their friends. The women were loud in their lamentations, as they poured out a wailing song which is marvellously like the "keen" of the Irish peasantry:—

"You will never speak to us any more!

"We cannot see your face any more!

"You will never walk with us again!

"You will never again settle our palavers for us!"

And so on, *ad libitum*. In fact, the lives of the Bakalai, which might be so joyous and free of care, are quite embittered by the superstitious fears which assail them on every side.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ASHIRA.

APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE NATIVES—A MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLE—NATURAL CUNNING OF THE ASHIRA—VARIOUS MODES OF PROCURING FOOD—NATIVE PLANTATIONS—THE CHIEF'S "KOMBO," OR SALUTATION—ASHIRA ARCHITECTURE—NATIVE AGRICULTURE—SLAVERY AMONG THE ASHIRA—MEDICINE AND SURGERY—AN "HEROIC" TREATMENT—SUPERSTITIONS—HOW TO CATCH GAME—TRIAL OF THE ACCUSED—THE ORDEAL OF THE RING—THE ASHIRA FAREWELL—FUNERAL CEREMONIES—DEATH AND BURIAL OF OLENDIA.

THE tribe next in order is the Ashira. These people are not so nomad in their habits as the Bakalai, and are therefore more concentrated in one locality. They certainly are apt to forsake a village on some great occasion, but they never move to any great distance, and are not so apt to take flight as the Bakalai. The Ashira are a singularly fine race of men. Their color is usually black, but individuals among them, especially those of high rank, are of a comparatively light hue, being of a dark, warm bronze rather than black. The features of the Ashira are tolerably good.

The dress of the natives has its distinguishing points. The men and married women wear the grass-cloth robe, and the former are fond of covering their heads with a neat cap made of grass. So much stress do they lay on this article of apparel, that the best way of propitiating an Ashira man is to give him one of the scarlet woollen caps so affected by fishermen and yachtsmen of our country. There is nothing which he prizes so highly as this simple article, and even the king himself will think no sacrifice too great provided that he can obtain one of these caps.

The men also carry a little grass bag, which they sling over one shoulder, and which is ornamented with a number of pendent strings or thongs. It answers the purpose of a pocket, and is therefore very useful where the clothing is of so very limited a character. Both sexes wear necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, made of thick copper bars, and they also display some amount of artistic taste in the patterns with which they dye their robes.

The strangest part of Ashira fashion is, that the females wear no clothing of any kind until they are married. They certainly tie a small girdle of grass cloth round the waists, but it is only intended for ornament, not for dress. As is usual in similar cases, the whole of the toilet is confined to the dressing of the hair and painting of the body. The woolly hair is teased out with a skewer, well rubbed with oil and clay, and worked up until it looks something like a cocked hat, rising high on the top of the head and coming to a point before and behind. Mostly, the hair is kept in its position by a number of little sticks or leaves, which are passed through it, and serve as the framework on which it rests. Filing the teeth is practised by the Ashira, though very few of them carry the practice to such an extent as to reduce the teeth to points.

Among the West Africans, the women are not so badly treated as in the south, and indeed, are considered nearly as the equals of men. They can hold property of their own, and are quite aware of the importance which such an arrangement gives them. Mayolo, one of the chiefs, had a most absurd quarrel with his favorite wife, a young woman of twenty years of age, and remarkable for her light-colored skin and hazel eyes. She had contrived either to lose or waste some of his tobacco, and he threatened to punish her by taking away the pipe, which, among these tribes, belongs equally to the husband and wife. She retorted that he could not do so, because the plantain stem of the pipe was cut from one of her own trees, and if he quarrelled with her, she would take away the stem, and not allow him to cut another from the plantain

trees, which belonged to her and not to him. The quarrel was soon made up, but the fact that it took place at all shows the position which the women hold in domestic affairs.

As is often the case with savages, the Ashira exhibits a strange mixture of character. Ignorant though he may be, he is possessed of great natural cunning. No man can lie with so innocent a face as the "noble savage," and no one is more capable of taking care of his own interests. The Ashira porters were a continual source of trouble to Du Chaillu, and laid various deep plans for increase of wages. Those of one clan refused to work in company with those of another, and, on the principle of trades' unions, struck work unanimously if a man belonging to another clan were permitted to handle a load.

Having thus left the traveller with all his packages in the forest, their next plan was to demand higher wages before they would consent to re-enter the service. In the course of the palaver which ensued on this demand, a curious stroke of diplomacy was discovered. The old men appeared to take his part, declared that the demands of the young men were exorbitant, and aided him in beating them down, asking higher wages for themselves as a percentage on their honorable conduct. When the affair was settled, and the men paid, the young men again struck work, saying that it was not fair for the old men, who had no burdens to carry, to have higher wages than themselves, and demanding that all should be paid alike. In course of investigation it was discovered that this was a deeply-laid scheme, planned by both parties in order to exact higher wages for the whole.

These people can be at the same time dishonest and honorable, hard-hearted and kind, disobedient and faithful. When a number of Ashira porters were accompanying Du Chaillu on his journey, they robbed him shamefully, by some unfortunate coincidence stealing just those articles which could not be of the least use to them, and the loss of which would be simply irreparable. That they should steal his provisions was to be expected, but why they should rob him of his focussing glasses and black curtains of the camera was not so clear. The cunning of the Ashira was as remarkable as their dishonesty. All the villages knew the whole circumstances. They knew who were the thieves, what was stolen, and where the property had been hidden, but the secret was so well kept that not even a child gave the least hint which would lead to the discovery of the stolen goods.

Yet when, in the course of the journey, they were reduced to semi-starvation, on account of the negro habit of only carrying two or three days' provision, the men happened to kill a couple of monkeys, and offered them both to the leader whom they

had been so remorselessly plundering. Even when he refused to take them to himself, they insisted on his retaining the lion's share, and were as pleasant and agreeable as if no differences had existed.

Next day, however, those impulsive and unreflecting creatures changed their conduct again. They chose to believe, or say they believed, that the expedition would come to harm, and tried to get their pay in advance, for the purpose of running off with it. When this very transparent device was detected, they openly avowed their intention of running away, and threatened to do so even without their pay. Fortunately, the dreaded name of Quengueza had its effect on them, and, as it was represented to them that war would certainly be made on the Ashira by that chief if they dared to forsake the white traveller whom he had committed to their charge, they resumed their burdens. In the course of the day supplies arrived, and all was peace again.

The reason why the natives dislike taking much food with them is that the plantains which form the usual rations are very heavy, and the men would rather trust to the chance of coming on a village than trouble themselves with extra loads. However, there are the koola and mpegai nuts, on which the natives usually live while travelling in the nut season.

The koola is a singularly useful nut. It grows in such abundance on the tree, that when the nuts are ripe, the whole crown of the koola tree appears to be a single mass of fruit. It is round, about as large as a cherry, and the shell is so hard that it has to be broken between two stones. Thirty of these nuts are considered sufficient for a meal, even for a native African, and, as a general rule, the trees are so plentiful that the natives do not trouble themselves about carrying food in the nut season. M. du Chaillu, however, was singularly unfortunate, for he contrived to miss the koola trees on his journey, and hence the whole party suffered great privation.

The wild swine know the value of the koola nuts as well as the natives, and in the season become quite fat and sleek.

The mpegai nut is round, like the koola, but the kernel is three-lobed. It is so full of oil that it is formed into cakes by the simple operation of pounding the kernel, folding the paste in leaves, and smoking them over a wood fire. When thus treated, it can be kept for a considerable time, and is generally eaten with pepper and salt, if these can be obtained. Neither the koola nor the mpegai are cultivated by the improvident natives.

About ten miles from Olenda's residence was a village belonging to a chief named Angouka, and remarkable for the manner in which the plantain was cultivated. In one plantation there were about thirty thou-

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sand trees, set about five feet apart. Each tree produced five or six shoots, but the cultivators cut away all but two or three of the finest, in accordance with true arboricultural principles. On an average, thirty pounds' weight of fruit were grown on each tree, and the natives managed so as to keep up a tolerably constant supply by planting several varieties of the tree, some bearing fruit in six months after planting, some ten months, and others not until eighteen months, the last being the best and most fertile.

While describing the journeys of certain travellers, mention is frequently made of the porters and their loads. The burdens are carried in rather a peculiar manner. The men have a sort of oblong basket, called "otaitai," which is made of canes woven closely along the bottom, and loosely along the sides. The elasticity of the sides enables it to accommodate itself to various-sized loads, as they can be drawn together if the loads should be small, or expanded to admit a larger burden. Three broad straps, made of rushes, are fixed to the otaitai, one passing over each shoulder of the porter and the other one over his forehead.

Some of the ceremonies employed by the Ashira are very curious. Each chief has a sort of salutation, called "Kombo," which he addresses to every one of importance whom he meets for the first time. For example, when M. du Chailu met Olenda, the head chief of a sub-tribe of the Ashira, a singular scene took place. After waiting for some time, he heard the ringing of the "kando" or sacred bell, which is the emblem of royalty in this land, and which is only sounded on occasions of ceremony.

Presently the old chief appeared — a man of venerable aspect, and very old indeed. His woolly hair was perfectly white, his body bent almost double with age, and his face one mass of wrinkles. By way of adding to the beauty of his countenance, he had covered one side of his face with red and the other with white stripes. He was so old that he was accompanied by many of his children, all old, white-headed, and wrinkled men. The natives held him in great respect, believing that he had a powerful fetish against death.

As soon as he had recovered from the sight of a clothed man with straight hair, steady eyes, and a white face, he proceeded to make a speech which, when translated, was as follows: "I have no bowels. I am like the Ovenga River; I cannot be cut in two. But also, I am like the Niembai and Ovenga rivers, which unite together. Thus my body is united, and nothing can divide it." This address was rather puzzling because no sense could be made from it, but the interpreter explained that this was merely the kombo, and that sense was not a necessary ingredient in it.

According to the etiquette of the country,

after Olenda had made his salutation, he offered his presents, consisting of three goats, twenty fowls, twenty bunches of plantains, several baskets of ground-nuts, some sugar-cane, and two slaves. That the last-mentioned articles should be declined was a most astonishing phenomenon to the Ashira. This mode of salutation is finely represented in an engraving on the next page.

The villages of the Ashira are singularly neat and cleanly, a most remarkable fact, considering the propensity to removal on the death of an inhabitant. They consist mostly of one long street, the houses being built of bark, and having the ground cleared at the back of the houses as well as in the front, — almost the only example of such industry in this part of Africa. Paths invariably lead from one village to another.

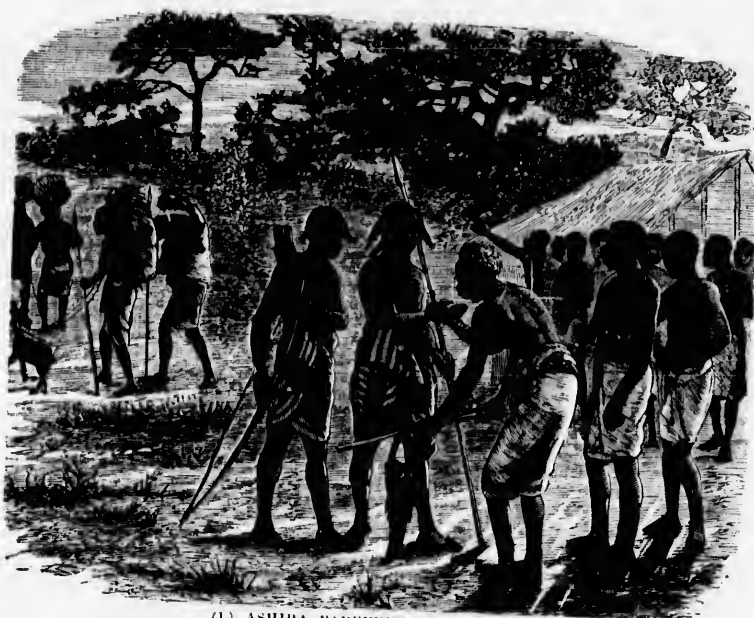
The Ashira are a tolerably industrious tribe, and cultivate the land around their villages, growing tobacco, plantains, yams, sugar-cane, and other plants with much success. The tobacco leaves, when plucked and dried, are plaited together in a sort of flat rope, and are then rolled up tightly, so that a considerable quantity of tobacco is contained in a very small space.

Of course, they drink the palm wine, and, as the method of procuring this universally favorite beverage is rather peculiar, it will be briefly explained. The native, taking with him an empty calabash or two, and a kind of auger, climbs the tree by means of a hoop made of plant creepers; tying the hoop loosely round the tree, he gets into it, so that his back is pressed against the hoop and his feet against the tree. By a succession of "hitches," he ascends the tree, much as a chimney-sweep of the old times used to ascend the wide chimneys, which are now superseded by the narrow, machine-swept flues, lifting the hoop at every hitch, and so getting up the tree with wonderful rapidity. When he has reached the top, he takes the auger out of the little bag which is hung round his neck, and bores a deep hole, just below the crown of the palm. A leaf is then plucked, rolled up in a tubular form, and one end inserted into the hole, the calabash being hung just below the other end. During the night the sap runs freely into the calabash, several quarts being procured in a single night. In the morning it is removed and a fresh calabash substituted. Even in its fresh state the juice is a very pleasant drink, but after standing for twenty-four hours it ferments, and then becomes extremely intoxicating, the process of fermentation being generally hastened by adding the remains of the previous day's brewing. The supply of juice decreases gradually, and, when the native thinks that the tree will produce no more, he plugs up the hole with clay to prevent insects from building their nests in it, and so killing

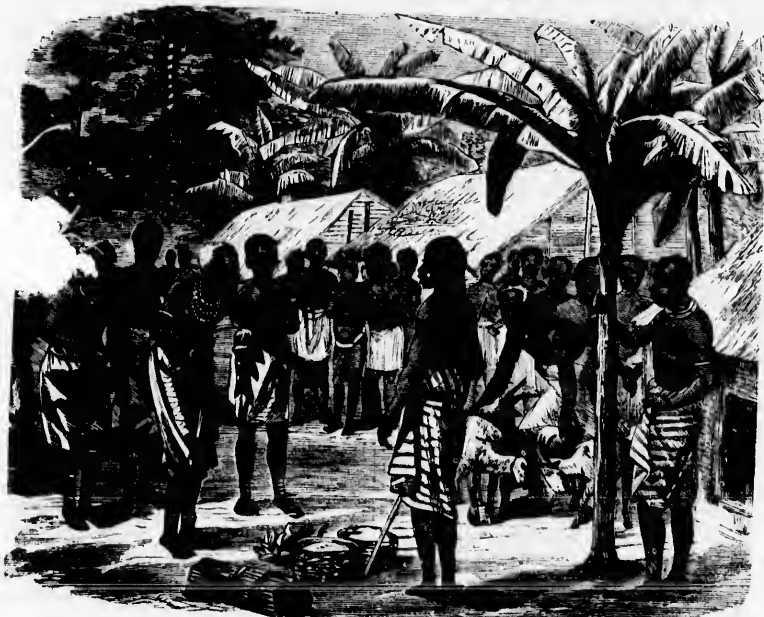
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(1.) ASHIRA FAREWELL. (See page 502.)



(3.) OLENDIA'S SALUTATION TO AN ISHOGO CHIEF. (See page 198.)

the valuable tree. Three weeks is the average juice-producing time, and if a tree be forced beyond this point it is apt to die.

Besides the tobacco, the Ashira cultivate a plant called the *liamba*, i. e. *Cannabis*, or Indian hemp, either the same species from which the far-famed hashish of the East is made, or very closely allied to it. They always choose a rich and moist soil on the sunny side of a hill, as the plant requires both heat and moisture to attain perfection. The natives seem to prefer their *liamba* even to the tobacco; but there are some doubts whether both these plants have not been imported, the tobacco from America and the *liamba* from Asia, or more likely from north-western Africa. Du Chailly says that the Ashira and Aplingi are the only tribes who cultivate it. Its effects upon the smokers are terrible, causing them to become for the time insane, rushing into the woods in a frantic state, quarrelling, screaming, and at last falling down in convulsions. Permanent madness is often the result of over-indulgence in this extraordinary luxury.

The above-mentioned traveller met with an idiot among the Ashira. Contrary to the usual development of idioecy among the Africans, the man was lively and jocular, jumping about with all kinds of strange antics, and singing joyous songs. The other inhabitants were very fond of him, and treated him well, and with a sort of reverence, as something above their comprehension. Idiots of the dull kind are treated harshly, and the usual mode of getting rid of them is to sell them as slaves, and so to foist them upon the purchaser before he learns the quality of his bargain.

Slavery exists among the Ashira as among other tribes, but is conducted in so humane a character that it has little connection with the system of slavery as the word is generally understood. Olenda, for example, had great numbers of slaves, and kept them in separate settlements, each consisting of two or three hundred, each such settlement having its chief, himself a slave. One of these slave chiefs was an Ashango, a noble-looking man, with several wives and plenty of children. He exercised quite a patriarchal sway over the people under his charge, and neither he nor the slaves seemed to consider their situation at all degrading, calling themselves the children of Olenda.

This village was remarkably neat, and the houses were better built than those of the Ashira generally. The inhabitants had cleared a large tract of ground, and covered it with the plantains, sugar-canes, and ground-nuts, all of which were thriving wonderfully, and had a most picturesque appearance when contrasted with the wild beauties of the surrounding forest. Most of these slave families had been inherited by Olenda, and many of them had never known any other kind of life.

Medicine and surgery are both practised among the tribes that live along the Kombo, and in a very singular manner. The oddest thing about the practitioner is, that the natives always try to procure one from another tribe, so that an Ashango patient has a Bakalal doctor, and *vice versa*. The African prophet has little honor in his own country, but, the further he goes, the more he is respected. Evil spirits that have defied all the exorcisms of home-bred prophets are sure to quail before the greater powers of a sorcerer who lives at a distance; while the same man who has failed at home is tolerably sure to succeed abroad.

The natives have one grand panacea for all kinds of disorders, the same being used for both lumbago and leprosy. This consists of scarifying the afflicted part with a knife, making a great number of slight cuts, and then rubbing in a mixture of pounded capsicum and lime juice. The agony caused by this operation is horrible, and even the blunt nerves of an African can barely endure the pain. If a native is seized with dysentery, the same remedy is applied internally, and the patient will sometimes drink half a tumblerful for a dose. There is some ground for their faith in the capsicum, for it really is beneficial in the West African climate, and if a traveller feels feverish he can generally relieve the malady by taking plenty of red pepper with his food. Sometimes, when the disease will not yield to the lime juice and pepper, stronger remedies are tried. M. du Chailly saw a curious instance of the manner in which a female practitioner exercised her art on Mayolo, whose quarrel with his wife has already been mentioned.

The patient was seated on the ground, with a genet skin stretched before him, and the woman was kneading his body with her hands, muttering her incantations in a low voice. When she had finished this manipulation, she took a piece of the alumbi chalk, and drew a broad stripe down the middle of his chest and along each arm. Her next process was to chew a quantity of roots and seeds, and to spirt it over the body, directing her heaviest shots at the affected parts. Lastly, she took a bunch of dried grasses, twisted them into a kind of torch, lighted it, and applied the flame to various parts of the body and limbs, beginning at the feet and ending with the head. When the torch had burned itself out, she dashed the glowing end against the patient's body, and so ended her operations. Mayolo sat perfectly still during the proceedings, looking on with curiosity, and only wincing slightly as the flame scorched his skin. The Africans have a great faith in the efficacy of fire, and seem to think that, when it has been applied, it effectually prevents a recurrence of the disease.

The worship of the Ashira is idolatry of the worst description. One of their *ongaras*,

or idols, named the Housekeeper, was purchased by Dn Chaillu. It was, of course, hideously ugly, represented a female figure, and was kept in the house of a chief for the purpose of protecting property. The natives were horribly afraid of it, and, so long as the Housekeeper was in her place, the owner might leave his goods in perfect security, knowing that not a native would dare to touch them.

Skillful hunters as they are, they never start on the chase without preparing themselves by sundry charms. They hang all kinds of strange fetishes about their persons, and cut the backs of their hands for luck, the flowing blood having, according to their ideas, a wonderful efficacy. If they can rub a little powdered sulphur into the cuts, the power of the charm is supposed to be doubled, and any man who has thus prepared himself never misses his aim when he shoots. Painting the face red is also a great assistance in hunting; and, in consequence of these strange beliefs, a party of natives just starting for the chase presents a most absurd appearance.

Along the river Rembo are certain sacred spots, on which the natives think themselves bound to land and dance in honor of the spirit. In one place there is a ceremony analogous to that of "crossing the line" in our own vessels. When any one passes the spot for the first time, he is obliged to disembark, to chant a song in praise of the local deity, to pluck a bough from a tree and plant it in the mud. When Dn Chaillu passed the spot, he was requested to follow the usual custom, but refused, on the ground of disbelief in polytheism. As usual, the natives admitted his plea as far as he was concerned. He was a great white man, and one God was enough for the rich and wise white men. But black men were poor and ignorant, and therefore wanted plenty of gods to take care of them.

Many superstitions seem to be connected with trees. There is one magnificent tree called the "oloumi," perhaps the largest species that is to be found in Western Africa. The bark of the oloumi is said to possess many healing qualities, and, if a man washes himself all over with a decoction of the bark before starting on a trading expedition, he will be sure to make good bargains. Consequently, the oloumi trees (which are rather scarce) are always damaged by the natives, who tear great strips of bark from the trunk for the purpose of making this magic decoction.

A rather remarkable ordeal is in use among the Ashira, — remarkable because it is so exactly like the ordeals of the Middle Ages.

A Bakalai canoe had been injured, and a little boy, son to Aquilai, a far-famed Bakalai sorcerer, said that the damage had been done by one of Quengueza's men. Of

course the man denied the accusation, and called for the ordeal, and, as the matter concerned the Bakalai, an Ashira wizard was summoned, according to the usual custom. He said that "the only way to make the truth appear was by the trial of the ring boiled in oil." Hereupon the Bakalai and the Gombi (*i. e.* Camma) men gathered together, and the trial was at once made.

The Ashira doctor set three little billets of bar wood in the ground, with their ends together, then piled some smaller pieces between, until all were laid as high as the three pieces. A native pot half full of palm oil was set upon the wood, and the oil was set on fire. When it burned up brightly, a brass ring from the doctor's hand was cast into the pot. The doctor stood by with a little vase full of grass, soaked in water, of which he threw in now and then some bits. This made the oil burn up afresh. At last all was burnt out, and now came the trial. The accuser, the little boy, was required to take the ring out of the pot. He hesitated, but was pushed on by his father. The people cried out, "Let us see if he lied or told truth." Finally he put his hand in, seized the red-hot ring, but quickly dropped it, having severely burned his fingers. At this there was a shout, "He lied! He lied!" and the Gombi man was declared innocent.

The reader will remember that when Dn Chaillu visited the Ashira, he was received by the wonderful old chief Olenda, whose salutation was of so extraordinary a character. The mode in which he dismissed his guests was not less curious. Gathering his old and white-haired sons round him, Olenda addressed the travellers, wishing them success, and uttering a sort of benediction. He then took some sugar-cane, bit a piece of the pith out of it, chewed it, and spat a small portion into the hand of each of the travellers, muttering at the same time some words to the effect that he hoped that all things would go pleasantly with them, and be sweet as the breath which he had blown on their hands. The reader will find this "Farewell" illustrated on page 499.

Advanced as was his age, he lived for some years longer, until he succumbed to the small-pox in common with many of his relatives and people. The circumstances attending his death and burial were very characteristic of the people.

First Olenda's head wife died of it, and then the disease spread with frightful rapidity through the district, the whole of the chief's wives being taken with it, and Mpoti, his nephew and heir, dying after a very short illness. Then Olenda himself took the disease. Day after day the poor old man's plaintive voice was heard chanting his song of grief at the pestilence which had destroyed his clan, and one morning he complained of fever and thirst, the sure

signs of the disease. On the third day afterward Olendi was dead, having previously exhorted the people that if he died they were not to hold the white man responsible for his death. The exhortation was needful, as they had already begun to accuse him of bringing the small-pox among them.

His body was disposed of in the usual Ashira manner. It was taken to an open place outside the village, dressed in his best clothes, and sented on the earth, surrounded with various articles of property, such as chests, plates, jugs, cooking utensils, pipes, and tobacco. A fire was also made near him, and kept burning for several weeks. As the body was carried to the place of

sepulture, the people broke out in wild plaintive cries, addressing the deceased, and asking him why he left his people. Around him were the bones of many other chiefs who had preceded him to the spirit-world; and as the Ashira do not bury their dead, but merely leave them on the surface of the ground, it may be imagined that the place presented a most dismal aspect.

For several days after Olendi's death the people declared that they had seen their deceased chief walking among them, and saying that he had not left them entirely, but would guard and watch over them, and would return occasionally to see how they were going on.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE CAMMA, OR COMM.

THE FERNAND VAZ, OR REMBO RIVER—KING QUENGUEZA AND HIS DOMINIONS—APPEARANCE OF THE CAMMA—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THEIR KING—THE "PALAVER" AND ITS DISCIPLINE—HONESTY OF THE CAMMA—THE COURSE OF JUSTICE AND LAW OF REFUSAL—CODE OF ETIQUETTE—CAMMA DIGNITY—DANCING AMONG THE CAMMA—THE GORILLA DANCE—SUPERSTITION, ITS USE AND ABUSE—QUENGUEZA'S TEMPLES—HIS PERILOUS WALK—GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS—THE OVENGUA, OR VAMPIRE—THE TERRORS OF SUPERSTITION—INITIATION INTO THE SACRED MYSTERIES—EXORCISM—THE SELF-DECEIVER—THE GODDESS OF THE SLAVES—THE ORDEAL OF THE MBOUNDOU—A TERRIBLE SCENE—SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL—DISPOSITION OF THE DEAD—BREAKING UP OF MOURNING—THE WATER CUSTOM.

If the reader will look on the west coast of Africa, just below the Equator, he will see a large and important river called the Fernand Vaz. This river skirts the coast for some distance, and is very wide, but, when it turns eastward, it suddenly narrows its channel, and is known by the name of Rembo. The whole of the district through which the Rembo flows, as far as long. 10° E., is inhabited by the great Camma or Commi tribe, which is evidently another band of the same family that supplies all the tribes along the Rembo.

This tribe is broken up into a vast number of sub-tribes or clans, and each of these clans is ruled by a chief, who acknowledges himself to be a vassal of one great chief or king, named Quengueza. This man was fond of calling himself King of the Rembo, by which we must understand, not that he was king of all the tribes that inhabit its banks, but that he had authority over the river, and could prevent or encourage traffic as he chose. And, as the Rembo is the great highway into Central Africa, his position was necessarily a very important one.

Still, although he was not absolutely the king of these tribes, several of them acknowledged his superiority, and respected him, and respect, as is well said in "Eöthen," implies the right of the respected person to take the property of those who respect him. Consequently Quengueza had a right—and exercised it—to the wife of any Bakalai or Ashira, and even the chiefs of those tribes

thought themselves honored by placing their wives at the disposal of so eminent a personage. And he certainly claimed an authority over the river itself and its traffic. The Bakalai had submitted themselves to him for the sake of alliance with so powerful a chief, and found that he was by no means disposed to content himself with the mere name of sovereignty. On one occasion, when passing along the Rembo, he found that the Bakalai had quarrelled with a neighboring tribe, and had built a fence across the river, leaving only a small gap, which could easily be defended. On coming to this obstacle, Quengueza became very angry, called for axes, and in a minute or two the fence was demolished, and the passage of the river freed. The Bakalai stood on the banks in great numbers, and, although well armed, dared not interfere.

The mode of government which prevails through all these tribes may be called the patriarchal. Each tribe is divided into a number of sub-tribes or clans, each of which resides in a separate locality, that is usually called after the name of the chief or patriarch. This man is always revered, because he is sure to be old and rich, and age and wealth are greatly venerated in this part of the world. Their authority, however, is extremely limited, and they are rather the chief advisers of their clan than autocrats. There is no real monarchy, such as is found among the Kafir tribes, although the most important chief is some-

times greeted with the title of king. The honor, however, is an empty one, as the other chiefs have no idea of submitting themselves to one whom they consider to be but *primus inter pares*.

The Camma are a fine race of people, and, like the Ashira, are not entirely black, but vary much in hue, some having a decided olive or chocolate tint of skin. Neither are their features those of the true negro, the face of the king Quengueza resembling that of a North American Indian rather than that of an African. The character of the Camma is well typified by that of their chief, Quengueza. He exhibited a singular mixture of nobility, meanness, kindness, cruelty, selfishness, and generosity, as is well shown by the visits of M. du Chaillu and Mr. W. Reade—the former thinking much more highly of him than the latter.

Like other savage chiefs, Quengueza could not bear his white visitors to leave him. He openly thwarted Mr. Reade, and it is evident from M. du Chaillu's account that, while he was pretending to procure porters for the journey to the Bakalai, he was in reality throwing every obstacle in the way. The possession of a white man is far too valuable to a black chief to be surrendered in a hurry, and Quengueza knew his own interests too well to allow such profitable visitors to leave his laud as long as he could detain them in it.

Once Mr. Reade had succeeded in slipping off, in spite of the king's assertion that he would accompany his "dear friend" and his continual procrastination. He had paddled to some distance, when "suddenly my men stopped, and looked at each other with anxious faces. Lazily raising myself, I looked back, and could see at a great distance a large black spot, and something rising and falling like a streak of light in the sunshine. The men put their hands to their ears: I listened, and could hear now and then a faint note borne toward us on the wind.

"What's that, Mafuk?"

"King, sir."

"O, he is coming, is he?" said I, laughing. "Well, he can easily catch us, now he is so near. *Kabbi!*" (i. e. Paddle!)

"My stewards gave an uneasy smile, and did not answer me.

"The men dipped their paddles into the water, and that was all. Every man was listening with bent head, as if trying to detect the words, or the tune. I looked round again. I could see that it was a large canoe, manned by about twenty men, with a kind of thatched house in its stern. The song still continued, and could now be heard plainly. My men flung their paddles down, and began to talk to one another in an excited manner.

"What is the matter?" said I, pettishly.

"The sweat was running down Mafuk's forehead. He knew what he had to fear, if I did not.

"It is the war song!"

"On came the canoe, low and dark, black with men, the paddles tossing the white water in the air. On it came, shot swiftly past us, arched round, and came close alongside. Then arose a storm of angry voices, Quengueza's raised above the rest.

"What does he say, Mafuk?"

"Says we must go back."

And go back they were forced to do, for just at that moment another war-boat came gliding along, and the whole party were taken prisoners, Quengueza embracing his "dear friend," and being quite lively and jocular by reason of his success in recapturing him. Yet this man, superstitious as he was, and dreading above all things the small-pox, that scourge of savage nations, took into his own hut a favorite little slave, who had been seized with small-pox, laid the boy on a mat close to his own bed, and insisted on nursing him throughout the illness.

Afterward, when the small-pox had swept through the country, and almost desolated it, the sorrow of Quengueza was great and unfeigned. Wives, slaves, and relations had all been carried off by the dreaded plague; the town of Goumbi, where he lived, was deserted; and the poor old chief was obliged to collect the few survivors of his clan, and establish a new settlement on the opposite side of the river. His lamentations had all the sublimity of intense grief, and he sat chanting his monody over the dead, just as Catlin describes a North American chief when his tribe had perished by the same fearful disease.

No malady is so terrible to the savage as small-pox. Scarcely susceptible of bodily pain, enduring the most frightful wounds with quiet composure, and tenacious of life to an astonishing degree, he succumbs instantly to sickness; and an ailment which a white man resists and finally throws off, will in nine cases out of ten be fatal to the black one. Yet for himself Quengueza had no fears, and his sole lamentations were for his friends. "The Bakalai," said he, "are all gone; the Rembo people are all gone; my beloved Monbou (his head slave) is gone; I am alone in the world."

In spite of the many barbarous customs of the Camma tribes, they have a code of minutely regulated etiquette. If, for example, the king holds a council, he takes his seat on an elevated throne, and bears in his hand a wooden staff. When he has had his say, he passes the staff to the person who is to speak next, and he in turn to his successor. In such meetings the utmost order is preserved, and no one thinks of interrupting the speaker so long as he has possession of the staff.

It is not every one who has the right of speech in the council. This is a privilege extended to a very few men called Councilors, or Makagas, and only to them does the king hand the staff which gives the permission to speak. They are exceedingly jealous of this honor, and yet it has been conferred upon two white men, one being M. du Chaillu, and the other a Captain Lawlin of New York. The latter individual caused quite a revolution in his district, abolishing the many impediments to trade, inflicting severe penalties on quarrelsome chiefs who made warlike aggressions on their neighbors, and establishing a strict code of criminal laws.

Some such arrangements as the possession of the orator's staff is absolutely necessary for the due regulation of the innumerable "palavers," or native parliaments, that are continually being held on all sorts of subjects. If one trader overreaches another, and can be detected in time, a palaver is held; and a similar ceremony is gone through if a trader pays for goods in advance and does not receive them. Runaway wives are the most fertile source of palavers, and, if the accused be proved guilty, the penalty is very severe. Generally the offending wife has her nose and ears cut off, and a similar punishment is inflicted on the man with whom she is found; but the latter has the privilege of commuting this sentence for a fine—generally a slave. Murder is a frequent cause of palavers, and it is a rather remarkable fact that the natives draw no distinction between accidental homicide and wilful murder. Death is not necessarily the punishment of homicide, but, as a rule, a heavy fine is substituted for the capital penalty.

If the culprit cannot be captured, the injured husband has a singular mode of procuring a palaver. He goes out and kills the first man he meets, proclaiming that he has done so because some one has run away with his wife. The course of justice then passes out of his hands. The relatives of the murdered man are now bound to take up the quarrel, which they do by killing, not the murderer, but some one of another village. His friends retaliate upon a third village, and so the feud passes from one village to another until the whole district is in arms. The gates are barricaded, no one dares to go out alone, or unarmed, and at last one unfortunate clan has a man murdered and can find no chance of retaliation. The chief of the clan then holds a palaver, and puts forward his claim against the man who ran away with the wife. The chief of the delinquent's clan then pays a fine, the affair is settled, and peace is restored.

Too often, however, when a wife is, or appears to be, unfaithful, her husband is in collusion with her, for the purpose of extorting money out of some imprudent young man. She gets up a flirtation with the sus-

ceptible victim, and appoints a meeting at a spot where the husband has placed himself in concealment. As soon as the couple reach the appointed place, out comes the husband, and threatens a palaver if a fine be not paid at once. The young man knows well enough what the result of the palaver will be to him, and accordingly makes the best of the business and pays his fine. So completely established is this system, that even the most powerful chiefs have been known to purchase pretty wives for the express purpose of using them as traps wherewith to ensnare the young men.

As time is not of the least consequence to the Camma, and they are rather pleased than otherwise when they can find some sort of amusement, a palaver will sometimes expend a week upon a trivial cause. All these palavers are held in the simple buildings erected for the purpose. These edifices are little more than sheds, composed of a roof supported on poles, and open on all sides. The king sits in the middle on an elevated throne made of grass, and covered with leopard skins as emblems of his rank, while all the others are obliged either to stand or to sit on the ground.

When palavers are of no avail, and nothing but war can be the result of the quarrel, both parties try to frighten the enemy by the hideousness of their appearance. They are perfectly aware that they could not withstand a charge, and, knowing that the enemy is not more gifted with courage than themselves, try to inspire terror by their menacing aspect. They paint their faces white, this being the war color, and sometimes add bars and stripes of red paint. The white paint, or chalk, is prepared in their greegree or idol houses, and is thought to be a very powerful charm. They also hang fetishes of various kinds upon their bodies, and then set off in their canoes, yelling, shouting, flourishing their weapons, and trying to intimidate their adversaries, but taking very good care not to come within two hundred yards of the enemy's boats.

The Camma seem to be a better principled people than the Ashira. When Du Chaillu was troubled with the strikes among his Ashira porters, his Camma men stood by him, and would not consent to his plan of sending them forward with part of the goods. They feared lest he should be poisoned among the Ashira, and insisted on leaving some of their party with their chief.

The reader may remember that the old chief Olenda was held in great respect by his people. Among the tribes of Equatorial Africa much reverence is paid to age, an old person being looked upon as nearly akin to the spirits into whose land he is soon to enter. Contrary to the usual custom of the South, the young never enter the presence

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(1.) CAMMA DANCE. (See page 500.)



(2.) QUENGEZA'S WALK. (See page 511.)
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of an old man or woman without bending low, and making a genuine school-girl courtesy. When they seat themselves, it is always at a respectful distance; and if they are asked for a pipe, or for water, they present it on one knee, addressing a man as "Father" and a woman as "Mother." It is, moreover, contrary to etiquette for a young man to tell bad news to an old one. Even the dead bodies of the old are honored, and the bones and skulls are laid up in little temples made expressly for them. They are usually laid in chalk, which is therefore thought to possess sundry virtues, and with that chalk the relations of the dead man mark their bodies whenever they are about to engage in any important undertaking. The skull is also put to practical uses. If a trader comes to make purchases, the vender always entertains him hospitably, but has a definite purpose in so doing. Before he prepares the banquet, he goes to the fetid house, and scrapes a little powder from the skull. This he mixes with the food, and thus administers it to his guest. The spirit of the dead man is then supposed to enter into the body of the person who has eaten a portion of his skull, and to impress him to make good bargains with his host—in other words, to be cheated.

When a stranger first enters a Camma village, he is rather surprised at the number of boxes which he sees. The fact is, that among the Camma boxes are conventionally held to represent property, the neighbors giving them the credit of being filled with valuables. Consequently it is the ambition of every Camma man to collect as many chests as he can, leaving the chance of filling them to a future opportunity. When his white visitors gave Quengeza their presents, the old chief was quite as much struck with the number of boxes as with their contents, and expressed his gratitude accordingly.

The dances of the Camma have much in common with those of other tribes, but they have one or two peculiarities of their own. A fat old head—chief, or king, as their rulers are generally called—though, by the way, the term "patriarch" would be much more appropriate—gave a grand dinner in honor of his white visitor. Noise is one of the chief elements in a negro's enjoyment, as it is in the case of a child. The negro, in fact, is the veriest child in many things, and always remains a child. On this occasion the "band" distinguished themselves by making a noise disproportionately loud for their numbers.

There was a row of drummers, each beating his noisy instrument with such energy that a constant succession of drummers took the instruments, the stoutest and strongest being worn out in less than an hour. There were also a number of boys beating with sticks upon hollow pieces of wood, and, as

if the drummers and log-beaters did not make sufficient noise, the musicians had hung a row of brass kettles on poles, and were banging them with sticks as if they had been drums. Add to this the shouts and screams of the excited dancers, and the noise may be tolerably well appreciated. The artist has sketched this singular dance on the previous page.

Great quantities of palm wine were drunk, and the consequence was, that before very long the whole of the dancers and musicians, including the king himself, were in various stages of intoxication. As to the king, being rather more inebriated than his subjects, he must needs show his own skill in the dance, and therefore jumped and leaped about the ground with great agility for so heavy a man, while his wives bowed down to his feet as he danced, clapped their hands in time to the music, and treated him with the deepest veneration.

As to the dance itself, the less said about it the better. It is as immodest as the unrestrained savage temperament can make it, inflamed by strong drink and by the sound of the drum, which seems to excite the people almost to madness. The songs with which they accompany the dance are of a similar nature, and are worse than the worst specimens of heathen vice as narrated by the classic satirists.

There is, however, one dance in which the immodest element does not exist. It is called the Gorilla Dance, and is performed as a means of propitiating the deities before starting on a gorilla hunt: for this is part of the great gorilla country, in which alone is found that huge and powerful ape which has lately attracted so much attention. An account of a gorilla hunt will be given when we come to the Fan tribe, but at present we will content ourselves with the gorilla dance, as seen by Mr. W. Reade. He had made several unavailing attempts to kill a gorilla, and had begun to despair of success, although the place was a well-known haunt of these animals.

"One morning Etia, the chief hunter of the village, came and told me that he had heard the cry of a njina (*i. e.* gorilla) close to one of the neighboring plantations. He said that we should certainly be able to kill him next day, and that during the night he and his friends would celebrate the gorilla dance.

"This Etia was a Mehaga slave. His skin, to use Oshupia's comparison, was like that of an old alligator—all horny and wrinkled; his left hand had been crippled by the teeth of a gorilla; his face was absurdly hideous, and yet reminded me of something which I had seen before. After puzzling myself for a long time, I at last remembered that it was the mask which Mr. Ryder wore in the character of Caliban at the Princess' which Etia resembled so

closely. That night I could have imagined him less man than monster.

"In the house allotted to the slaves three old men, their faces grotesquely chalked, played the drums, the sounding log, and the one-stringed harp. To them danced Etia, imitating the uncouth movements of the gorilla. Then the iron bell was rung, and Omburi, the evil spirit, was summoned to attend, and a hoarse rattle mingled with the other sounds. The dancers rushed yelling into the midst, and sprang into the air. Then would be a pause, broken only by the faint slow tinkling of the harp, then the drum would be beaten, and the sticks thundered on the log.

"In another dance Caliban assumed the various attitudes peculiar to the ape. Now he would be seated on the ground, his legs apart, his elbows resting on his knees, his head drooping, and in his face the vacant expression of the brute; sometimes he folded his hands on his forehead. Suddenly he would raise his head with prone ears and flaming eyes, while a loud shout of applause would prove how natural it was. In the chorus all the dancers assumed such postures as these, while Etia, climbing ape-like up the pole which supported the roof, towered above them all.

"In the third dance he imitated the gorilla attacked and being killed. The man, who played the hunter inimitably, acted terror and irresolution before he pulled the trigger of his imaginary gun. Caliban, as gorilla, charged upon all fours, and fell dead at the man's feet, in the act of attempting to seize him with one hand.

"You may be sure that nothing short of seeing a gorilla in its wild state could have afforded me so much interest or given me so good a clue to the animal's real habits. For here could be no imposture. It was not an entertainment arranged for my benefit, but a religious festival held on the eve of an enterprise."

This dance brings us to the religion, or rather the superstition, of the Camma people. Superstition has its estimable, its grotesque, and its dark side, and there is scarcely any people among whom these three phases are more strongly marked.

The estimable side is, of course, the value of superstition as a substitute for true religion—a feeling of which the savage never has the least idea, and which it is almost impossible to make him comprehend. He often takes very kindly to his teacher, picks up with wonderful readiness the phrases which he hears, regulates his external life in accordance with the admonitions he has received; but it is very, very seldom indeed that any real conviction has touched his heart; and, as soon as the direct influence of his teacher is removed, he reverts to his old mode of life. Mr. Reade relates a rather striking example of this tendency. He met

a negress on her way to church, accompanied by a beautiful little girl.

Addressing the child, he asked whether she was the woman's daughter. The mother answered in the affirmative; and, in the same breath, offered to sell her. This was the original negro nature. Just then the bell stopped, and her education made itself apparent. "Hei-gh!" she cried, "yon no hear bell stop? Me go now. *After church* we palaver, give me plenty dash (i. e. presents), den we drink rum, den you take him (i. e. the girl); palaver 'n' all."

Superstition, therefore, takes the place of personal religion, and, in spite of the dread excesses to which it leads the savages, it does at all events keep before them the idea of a spiritual world, and impresses upon them the fact that there exist beings higher and greater than themselves. That their superstitions, debased and gross as they are, have yet the power of impressing the native mind with a feeling of veneration, is evident by the extreme unwillingness of these people to utter the name by which they designate the Great Spirit. Of course their idea of a God is very imperfect, but still it is sufficient to impress them with such awe that they can scarcely be induced to pronounce the sacred name. Only twice did Mr. Reade hear it. Once, when they were in a dangerous storm, the men threw up their arms, and ejaculated the holy name as if it were some great charm; and on another occasion, when a man was asked suddenly what was the native name for God, he pointed upward, and in a low voice uttered the word "Njambi."

The ceremonies observed at the time of full moon have been several times mentioned in the course of the present work. Du Chaillu gives an account of one of these ceremonies as performed by the Camma, which is useful in showing the precise object of the ceremony.

One day Quengueza sent word that he was ill, and that the people must consult Ilogo, the spirit of the moon, and ask him whether he was bewitched, and how he was to be cured. Accordingly, just before the full moon, a crowd of women assembled in front of Quengueza's house, accompanied by the drums and the usual noisy apparatenances of a negro festival. They formed themselves into a hollow circle, and sang songs in honor of Ilogo, clapping their hands in unison with the beating of the drums.

In the midst of the circle sat a woman steadfastly gazing at the moon, and waiting for inspiration. Two women tried this post unsuccessfully, but the third soon began to tremble, her limbs to work convulsively, then to stiffen, and at last she fell insensible to the ground. Then arose the chant to Ilogo with redoubled energy, the singers repeating the same words over and over

again for about half an hour, until the prostrate form of the woman began to show signs of returning sensibility. On being questioned, she said that she had seen Ilogo, and that he had told her that the king was not bewitched, but that he could be healed by a remedy prepared from a certain plant. She looked utterly prostrated by the inspiration, and not only her hearers, but also herself, thoroughly believed in the truth of her strange statement.

It will be seen that Quengueza was nearly as superstitious as his subjects. He never stirred without his favorite fetish, which was an ugly little wooden image, embellished with a row of four sacred cowries stuck on its abdomen. These cowries are not indigenous to Western Africa, and seem to have been brought from the eastern coast of the continent. Whenever he ate or drank, the fetish always bore him company, and before eating he saluted it by passing the four sacred cowries over his lips. Before drinking he always poured a few drops over the feet of the image by way of a libation.

When travelling, he liked to have with him one of his medicine men, who could charm away rain by blowing with his magic horn. So sure was the doctor of his powers, that on one occasion he would not allow the party to repair a dilapidated hut in which they passed the night. As it happened, a violent shower of rain fell in the middle of the night, and drenched the whole party. The doctor, however, was not at all disconcerted, but said that if he had not blown the horn the rain would have been much heavier. Still his natural strength of mind sometimes asserted itself, and on one remarkable occasion, when the small-pox had destroyed so many people, and the survivors were crying out for vengeance against the sorcerers who had brought the disease upon them, Quengueza forbade any more slaughter. The small-pox, he said, was a wind sent from Njambi (pronounced N'yamyé), who had killed enough people already.

Like most native chiefs, Quengueza had a pet superstition of his own. At his own town of Gombi (or Ngumbi, as it is sometimes spelt), there was a very convenient and dry path leading from the houses to the river. Quengueza, however, never would use this path, but always embarked or landed at an abominable mud bank, over which it was necessary to run as fast as possible, in order to avoid sinking in the river. The reason was, that when he came to the throne he had been told that an enemy had placed an evil spirit in the path, and that he would die if he went along it. So powerful was this spirit, that several unavailing attempts had been made to drive it away, and at last Quengueza was obliged to send for a renowned Bakalai wizard named Aquitai. This was the same man

who was mentioned in page 502 as the father of the boy who was tried by the ordeal of the hot ring.

"The people gathered in great numbers under the immense *hangar* or covered space in which I had been received, and there lit fires, round which they sat. . . . About ten o'clock, when it was pitch dark, the doctor commenced operations by singing some boasting songs recounting his power over witches. This was the signal for all the people to gather into their houses, and about their fires under the hangar. Next, all the fires were carefully extinguished, all the lights put out, and in about an hour more not a light of any kind was in the whole town except mine. I gave notice that white men were exempted from the rule made in such cases, and this was allowed. The most pitchy darkness and the most complete silence reigned everywhere. No voice could be heard, even in a whisper, among the several thousand people gathered in the gloom.

"At last the curious silence was broken by the doctor; who, standing in the centre of the town, began some loud babbling of which I could not make out the meaning. From time to time the people answered him in chorus. This went on for an hour; and was really one of the strangest scenes I ever took part in. . . . The hollow voice of the witch-doctor resounded curiously through the silence, and when the answer of many mingled voices came through the darkness, it really assumed the air of a serious, old-fashioned incantation scene.

"At last, just at midnight, I heard the doctor approach. He had bells girded about him, which he jingled as he walked. He went separately to every family in the town, and asked if the witch which obstructed the king's highway belonged to them. Of course all answered 'No.' Then he began to run up and down the bewitched street, calling out loudly for the witch to go off. Presently he came back, and announced that he could no longer see the *antiemba*, and that doubtless she had gone never to come back. At this all the people rushed out and shouted, 'Go away! go away! and never come back to hurt our king.' Then fires were lit, and we all sat down to eat. This done, all the fires were again extinguished, and all the people sang wild songs until four o'clock. Then the fires were again lit. At sunrise the whole population gathered to accompany their king down the dreaded street to the water.

"Quengueza, I knew, was brave as a hunter and as a warrior. He was also intelligent in many things where his people were very stupid. But the poor old king was now horribly afraid. He was assured that the witch was gone, but he evidently thought himself walking to almost certain death. He would have refused to go if it

had been possible. He hesitated, but at last determined to face his fate, and walked manfully down to the river and back amid the plaudits of his loyal subjects." The artist has represented this victory over superstitious fear, on the 508th page.

Throughout the whole of this land are many of these prohibitory superstitions. When, for example, a woman is about to become a mother, both she and her husband are prohibited from seeing a gorilla, as all the natives firmly believe that, in such a case, the expected child would be a gorilla cub, and not a human baby. Drinking the water of the Rembo is also prohibited, because the bodies of those who are executed for witchcraft are chopped up and flung into it, and the natives imagine that, if they were to drink of the water, they would become sorcerers against their will. Yet, as if to show the inconsistency of superstition, there is a rite, which will be presently mentioned, in which tasting the water is the principal ceremony.

There is a certain island in the Rembo of which the natives have the greatest dread. It is thickly covered with trees, and the people fully believe that in the midst of this island there lives a huge crocodile covered with brass scales. This crocodile is an enchanter, and by his incantations every one who lands on the island either dies suddenly, or goes mad and wanders about until he dies. Du Chaillu of course did land, and traversed the island in different directions. The people were stupefied with astonishment; but even the fact of his safe return made no difference in their belief, because he was white, and the great enchanter had no power over white men.

As to the fetishes, they are innumerable. Weather fetishes are specially plentiful, but, unlike the charms of Southern Africa, they are used to keep off the rain, not to produce it. One fetish gave our traveller a vast amount of trouble. He had purchased, from a petty chief named Rabolo, a small deserted village, and had built a new house. The edifice was completed all but the veranda, when the builders refused to work any longer, as they had come upon a great health fetish that Rabolo had placed there when the village was first built. They flatly refused to touch it until Rabolo came, and, even after his permission had been gained, they were very nervous about the seeming desecration.

The fetish was a good example of such articles. Buried in the sands were two skulls, one of a man and another of a chimpanzee, this combination having a high reputation among the Camma. These were buried at the foot of the two posts that constituted the entrance to the village. Then came a quantity of crockery and broken glass, and then some more chimpanzee skulls, while a couple of wooden idols kept company with the con-

ponent parts of the charm. A sacred creeper was also planted by the posts, which it had covered with its branches, and the natives believe that as long as the creeper survives, so long does the fetish retain its power. Rabolo was very proud of his health fetish, as no one had died in the village since it had been set up. But, as there had never been more than fifteen inhabitants, the low death-rate is easily accounted for.

From their own accounts, the Camma must have a very unpleasant country. It is overrun with spirits, but the evil far outnumber the good, and, according to the usual custom of ignorant nations, the Camma pay their chief reverence to the former, because they can do the most harm.

As specimens of these spirits, three will be mentioned. The first is a good spirit called Mburi, who traverses the country, and occasionally pays a visit to the villages. He has taken under his protection the town of Aniambia, which also has the privilege of being guarded by an evil spirit of equal power, so that the inhabitants enjoy a peace of mind not often to be found in the Camma country. There is only one drawback to the repose of the place, and that is the spirit of an insane woman, who made her habitation outside the village when she was alive, and continues to cultivate her plantation, though she is a spirit. She retains her dislike to human beings, and, if she can catch a man alone, she seizes him, and beats him to death.

The evil spirit which protects Aniambia is a very wicked and mischievous being named Abambou, who lives chiefly in burial places, and makes his bed of skeletons. In order to propitiate Abambou, offerings are made to him daily, consisting entirely of food. Sometimes the Camma cook the food, and lay it in lonely places in the wood, where Abambou would be sure to find it; and sometimes they propitiate him by offerings of plantains, sugar-cane, and nuts. A prayer accompanies the offering, and is generally couched in the universal form of asking the protecting spirit to help the Camma and destroy inimical tribes. It is rather curious that, when a free man makes an offering to Abambou, he wraps it in leaves; but the slaves are obliged to lay it on the bare ground.

Fetish houses are appropriated to Mburi and Abambou, and are placed close to each other. They are little huts, about six feet high and six wide. No image is placed in the huts, but only a fire, which is always kept burning, and a chest, on the top of which are laid some sacred chalk and red parrot's feathers.

A bed is usually prepared in Abambou's house, on which he may repose when he is tired of walking up and down the country; and, as the medicine-man takes care that no one but himself shall open the door of the hut, the villagers pass by in awe-struck silence, none knowing whether at that mo-

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ment the dreadful Abambou may not be sleeping within. Now and then he is addressed publicly, the gist of the speeches being that everybody is quite well and perfectly happy, and hopes that he will not hurt them.

The evil spirit, however, who is most feared by this tribe is the Ovengua or Vampire. It is most surprising to find the Hungarian and Servian superstition about the vampire existing among the savages of Western Africa, and yet it flourishes in all its details along the banks of the Rembo.

No worship is paid to the Ovengua, who is not thought to have any power over diseases, nor to exercise any influence upon the tenor of a man's life. He is simply a destructive demon, capricious and cruel, murdering without reason, and wandering ceaselessly through the forests in search of victims. By day he hides in dark caverns, so that travellers need not fear him, but at night he comes out, takes a human form, and beats to death all whom he meets. Sometimes when an Ovengua comes across a body of armed men, they resist him, and kill the body in which he has taken up his residence.

When an Ovengua has been thus killed, the conquerors make a fire and burn the body, taking particular care that not a bone shall be left, as from the bones new Ovenguas are made. The natives have a curious idea that, if a person dies from witchcraft, the body decays until the bones are free from flesh. As soon as this is the case, they leave the grave one by one, form themselves end to end into a single line, and then gradually resolve themselves into a new Ovengua. Several places are especially dreaded as being favorite resorts of this horrible demon, and neither bribes, threats, nor persuasions, can induce a Camma to venture near them after nightfall. It is very probable that cunning and revengeful men may take advantage of the belief in the vampire, and, when they have conceived an antipathy against any one, may waylay and murder him treacherously, and then contrive to throw the blame on the Ovengua.

The prevalence of this superstition may perhaps account for much of the cruelty exercised upon those who are suspected of witchcraft, the fear of sorcery being so overwhelming as to overcome all feelings of humanity, and even to harden the heart of the parent against the child. The slightest appearance of disbelief in such an accusation would at once induce the terrified multitude to include both parties in the accusation, and the consequence is that, when any one is suspected of witchcraft, none are so loud and virulent in their execrations as those who ought to be the natural protectors of the accused.

Mr. C. Reade, in his "Savage Africa," gives an example of the cruelty which is inspired by terror.

A petty chief had been ill for some time, and a woman had been convicted, by her own confession, of having bewitched him. It is true that the confession had been extorted by flogging, but this fact made no difference in the minds of the natives, who had also forced her to accuse her son, a boy only seven years old, of having been an accomplice in the crime. This was done lest he should grow up to manhood, and then avenge his mother's death upon her murderers.

"On the ground in their midst crouched the child, the mark of a severe wound visible on his arm, and his wrists bound together by a piece of withy. I shall never forget that child's face. It wore that expression of dogged endurance which is one of the traditional characteristics of the savage. While I was there, one of the men held an axe before his eyes—it was the brute's idea of humor. The child looked at it without showing a spark of emotion. Some, equally fearless of death, would have displayed contempt, anger, or acted curiously; but he was the perfect, stoic. His eye flashed for a moment when his name was first mentioned, but only for a moment. He showed the same indifference when he heard his life being pleaded for, as when, a little while before, he had been taunted with his death."

Both were killed. The mother was sent to sea in a canoe, killed with an axe, and then thrown overboard. The unfortunate boy was burnt alive, and bags of gunpowder were tied to his legs, which, according to the account of a spectator, "made him jump like a dog." On being asked why so cruel a death had been inflicted on the poor boy, while the mother was subjected to the comparatively painless death by the axe, the man was quite astounded that any one should draw so subtle a distinction. Death was death in his opinion, however inflicted, and, as the writhing of the tortured child amused the spectators, he could not see why they should deprive themselves of the gratification.

"This explains well enough the cruelty of the negro: it is the cruelty of the boy who spins a cockchafer on a pin; it is the cruelty of ignorance. A twirling cockchafer and a boy who jumps like a dog are ludicrous sights to those who do not possess the sense of sympathy. How useless is it to address such people as these with the logic of reason, religion, and humanity! Such superstitions can only be quelled by laws as ruthless as themselves."

Another curious example of this lack of feeling is given by the same author. Sometimes a son, who really loves his mother after his own fashion, thinks that she is getting very old, and becoming more infirm and unable to help him. So he kills her, under the idea that she will be more useful to

him as a spirit than in bodily form, and, before dismissing her into the next world, charges her with messages to his friends and relatives who have died. The Camma do not think that when they die they are cut off, even from tangible communication with their friends. "The people who are dead," said one of the men, "when they are tired of staying in the bush (i. e. the burying-ground), then they come for one of their people whom they like. And one ghost will say, 'I am tired of staying in the bush; please to build a little house for me in the town close to your house.' He tells the man to dance and sing too; so the men call plenty of women by night to dance and sing."

In accordance with his request, the people build a miniature hut for the unquiet spirit, then go to the grave and make an idol. They then take the bamboo frame on which the body was carried into the bush, and which is always left on the spot, place on it some dust from the grave, and carry it into the hut, the door of which is closed by a white cloth.

Among the Camma, as with many savage tribes, there is a ceremony of initiation into certain mysteries, through which all have to pass before they can be acknowledged as men and women. These ceremonies are kept profoundly secret from the uninitiated, but Mr. Reade contrived to gain from one of his men some information on the subject.

On the introduction of a novice, he is taken in a fetich house, stripped, severely flogged, and then plastered with goat's dung, the ceremony being accompanied by music. Then he is taken to a screen, from behind which issues a strange and uncouth sound, supposed to be produced by a spirit named Ukuk. There seems, however, to be a tacit understanding that the spirit is only supposed to be present in a vicarious sense, as the black informant not only said that the noise was made by the fetich man, but showed the instrument with which he produced it. It was a kind of whistle, made of hollowed mangrove wood, and closed at one end by a piece of bat's wing.

During five days after initiation an apron is worn, made of dry palm leaves. These ceremonies are not restricted to certain times of the year, but seem to be held whenever a few candidates are ready for initiation. Mr. Reade had several times seen lads wearing the mystic apron, but had not known its significance until Mongilomba betrayed the secrets of the lodge. The same man also gave some information regarding the initiation of the females. He was, however, very reticent on the subject, partly, perhaps, because the women kept their secret close, and partly because he was afraid lest they might hear that he had acted the spy upon them, and avenge their insulted rites by mobbing and beating him.

Some of the ceremonies are not concealed very carefully, being performed in the open air. The music is taken in hand by elderly women, called Ngembi, who commence operations by going into the forest and clearing a space. They then return to the village, and build a sacred hut, into which no male is allowed to enter. The novice, or Igonji, is now led to the cleared space— which, by the way, must be a spot which she has never before visited—and there takes her place by a fire which is carefully watched by the presiding Ngembi, and never suffered to go out. For two days and nights a Ngembi sits beside the fire, feeding it with sticks, and continually chanting, "The fire will never do out." On the third day the novice is rubbed with black, white, and red chalk, and is taken into the sacred hut, where certain unknown ceremonies are performed, the men surrounding it and beating drums, while the novice within continually responds to them by the cry, "Okanda! yo! yo! yo!" which, as Mr. Reade observes, reminds one of the "Evoc!" of the ancient Bactrautes.

The spirit Ukuk only comes to light on such occasions. At other times he lives deep below the surface of the earth in his dark cavern, which is imitated as well as may be by the sacred hut, that is thickly covered with leaves, so that not a ray of light may enter. When he enters the hut, he blows the magic whistle, and on hearing the sound all the initiated repair to the house. As these spirits are so much feared, it is natural that the natives should try to drive them out of every place where they have taken up an unwelcome residence.

With some spirits the favorite spot is the body of a man, who is thereby made ill, and who will die if the spirit be not driven out of him. Now the Camma believe that evil spirits cannot bear noise, especially the beating of drums, and so, at the call of the fetich man, they assemble round the sick man, beat drums and kettles close to his head, sing, dance, and shout with all their might. This hubbub goes on until either the patient dies, as might naturally be expected, or manages to recover in spite of the noise. The people who assist in the operation do so with the greatest vigor, for, by some strange coincidence, it happens that the very things which disgust an evil spirit, such as dancing, singing, drum-beating, and noise-making in general, are just the things which please them best, and so their duties and inclinations are happily found to coincide.

Sometimes the demon takes up his residence in a village, and then there is a vast to-do before he can be induced to go out. A fetich man is brought from a distance—the farther the better—and immediately set to work. His first business is to paint and adorn himself, which he does in such a manner as to look as demoniacal as possible.

One of these men, named Damagondal, seen by Du Chaillu, had made himself a horrible object. The artist has pictured the weird-looking creature on the 517th page. His face was whitened with chalk, a red circle was drawn on each side of his mouth, a band of the same color surrounded each eye, and another ran from the forehead to the tip of the nose. A white band was drawn from the shoulders to the wrists, and one hand was completely whitened. On his head was a tall plume of black feathers; strips of leopard skin and a variety of charms were hung upon his body; and to his neck was suspended a little box, in which he kept a number of familiar spirits. A string of little bells encircled his waist.

This ghastly figure had seated himself on a stool before another box full of charms, and on the box stood a magic mirror. Had the magician been brought from the inland parts of the country, and away from the river along which all traffic runs, he could not have possessed such an article as a mirror, and would have used instead a bowl of water. By the mirror lay the sacred horn full of the fetish powder, accompanied by a rattle containing snake bones. His assistant stood near him, laboring a board with two sticks.

After the incantations had been continued for some time, the wizard ordered that the names of all the inhabitants of the village should be called out, and as each name was shouted he looked in the mirror. However, he decided at last that the evil spirit did not live in any of the inhabitants, but had taken up his residence in the village, which he wanted for himself, and that he would be very angry if any one tried to share it with him.

Du Chaillu saw that this was a sly attack on him, as he had just built some comfortable houses in the village. Next morning the people began to evacuate the place. They carried off their property, and tore down the houses, and by nightfall not an inhabitant was left in the village except the white man and two of his attendants, both of whom were in great terror, and wanted to follow the others. Even the chief was obliged to go, and, with many apologies to his guest, built a new house outside the deserted village. Not wishing to give up the houses that had cost so much time and trouble, Du Chaillu tried to induce the natives to rebuild the huts; but not even tobacco could overcome their fear of the evil spirit. However, at last some of the bolder men tried the experiment, and by degrees a new village arose in the place of that which had been destroyed.

The same magician who conducted the above-mentioned ceremony was an unmitigated cheat, and seems to have succeeded in cheating himself as well as his countrymen. He was absurdly afraid of darkness,

and as nightfall came on he always began to be frightened, wailing and execrating all sorcerers, witches, and evil spirits, lamenting because he knew that some one was trying to bewitch him, and at last working himself up to such a pitch of excitement that the inhabitants of the village had to turn out of their huts, and begin dancing and singing.

Perhaps this self-deception was involuntary, but Damagondal wilfully cheated the people for his own purposes. In his double capacity as chief and fetish man he had the charge of the village idols. He had a very potent idol of his own, with copper eyes and a sword-shaped protruding tongue. With the eyes she saw coming events, and with the tongue she foretold the future and cut to pieces the enemies of Damagondal's people. M. du Chaillu wanted to purchase this idol, but her owner refused to sell her. He hinted, however, that for a good price the goddess of the slaves might be bought. Accordingly, a bargain was struck, the idol in question was removed from the hut, packed up, and carried away by the purchaser, while the slaves were away at their work. Damagondal was rather perplexed as to the answer which he would have to give the slaves when they came home and found their idol house empty, but at last he decided to tell them that he had seen the goddess leave her house, and walk away into the woods. The idol in question was an absurd-looking object, something like a compromise between one of the figures out of a "Noah's Ark" and a Dutch wooden doll.

Various as are all these superstitions, there is one point at which they all converge, namely, the dread Mboundou ordeal, by which all who are accused of witchcraft are tested. The mboundou is a tree belonging to the same group as that from which strychnine is made, and is allied to the scarcely less celebrated "vine" from which the Maconshe Indians prepare the wourali poison. From the root of the mboundou a drink is prepared, which has an intoxicating as well as a poisonous quality, and which is used for two purposes, the one being as an ordeal, and the other as a means of divination.

The medicine men derive most of their importance from their capability of drinking the mboundou without injury to their health; and while in the intoxicated state they utter sentences more or less incoherent, which are taken as revelations from the particular spirit who is consulted. The mode of preparing the poisoned draught is as follows:—A given quantity of the root is scraped and put into a bowl, together with a pint of water. In a minute or so a slight fermentation takes place, and the water is filled with little bubbles, like those of champagne or other sparkling wines. When this

has subsided, the water becomes of a pale reddish tint, and the preparation is complete. Its taste is very bitter.

The effects of the mboundou vary greatly in different individuals. There was a hardened old sorcerer, named Olanga, who was greatly respected among his people for his capability of drinking mboundou in large quantities, and without any permanent effect. It is very probable that he may have had some antidote, and prepared himself beforehand, or that his constitution was exceptionally strong, and that he could take with impunity a dose which would kill a weaker man. Olanga was constantly drinking mboundou, using it chiefly as a means of divination. If, for example, a man fell ill, his friends went off to Olanga, and asked him to drink mboundou and find out whether the man had been bewitched. The illustration No. 2, on the next page, represents such a scene. As soon as he had drunk the poison, the men sat round him, beating the ground with their sticks, and crying out the formula—

"If he is a witch, let the mboundou kill him.

"If he is not, let the mboundou go out."

In about five minutes symptoms of intoxication showed themselves. The old man began to stagger, his speech grew thick, his eyes became bloodshot, his limbs shook convulsively, and he began to talk incoherently. Now was the time to ask him questions, and accordingly several queries were propounded, some of which he answered; but he soon became too much intoxicated to understand, much less to answer, the questions that were put to him. Sleep then came on, and in less than half an hour Olanga began to recover.

With most persons, however, it has a different and a deadly effect, and M. du Chaillu mentions that he has seen persons fall dead within five minutes of drinking the mboundou, the blood gushing from the mouth, eyes, and nose.

It is very seldom that any one but a professional medicine man escapes with life after drinking mboundou. Mostly there is an absence of the peculiar symptoms which show that the poison is working itself out of the system, and in such a case the spectators hasten the work of death by their knives. Sometimes the drinkers rally from the effects of the poison, but with constitutions permanently injured; and in a few cases they escape altogether. Du Chaillu was a witness to such an event. Three young men, who were accused of witchcraft, were adjudged, as usual, to drink the mboundou. They drank it, and boldly stood their ground, surrounded by a yelling multitude, armed with axes, spears, and knives, ready to fall upon the unfortunate victims if they showed symptoms that the draught would be fatal. However, they succeeded in keep-

ing their feet until the effects of the poison had passed off, and were accordingly pronounced innocent. According to custom, the medicine man who prepared the draught finished the ceremony by taking a bowl himself, and while in the stage of intoxication he gladdened the hearts of the people by saying that the wizards did not belong to their village, but came from a distance.

It is evident that those who prepare the mboundou can make the draught stronger or weaker, according to their own caprice; and indeed it is said that, when any one who is personally disliked has to drink the poison, it always proves fatal. The accused persons are not allowed to see that it is prepared fairly, but they are permitted to send two friends for that purpose.

A most terrible scene was once witnessed by Du Chaillu. A chief named Mpomo had died, and the people were in a state of frenzy about it. They could not believe that a young and strong man could be seized with illness and die unless he were bewitched, and accordingly a powerful doctor was brought from a distance, and set to work. For two days the doctor went through a number of ceremonies, like those which have been described at page 515, for the purpose of driving out the evil spirits, and at last he announced that he was about to name the wizards. The rest must be told in the narrator's own words:—

"At last, on the third morning, when the excitement of the people was at its height—when old and young, male and female, were frantic with the desire for revenge on the sorcerers—the doctor assembled them about him in the centre of the town, and began his final luccantation, which should disclose the names of the murderous sorcerers.

"Every man and boy was armed,—some with spears, some with swords, some with guns and axes; and on every face was shown a determination to wreak bloody revenge on those who should be pointed out as the criminals. The whole town was wrapped in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for human blood. For the first time, I found my voice without authority in Goumbi. I did not even get a hearing. What I said was passed by as though no one had spoken. As a last threat, when I saw proceedings begun, I said I would make Quengueza punish them for the murders they had done in his absence. But, alas! here they had outwitted me. On the day of Mpomo's death they had sent secretly to Quengueza to ask if they could kill the witches. He, poor man—sick himself, and always afraid of the power of sorcerers, and without me to advise him—at once sent word back to kill them all without mercy. So they almost laughed in my face.

"Finding all my endeavors vain, and that the work of bloodshed was to be carried

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(1.) ELECTING A DEMON. (See page 515.)



(2.) OLANGA DRINKING MBOUNDOU. (See page 516.)

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through to its dreadful end, I determined, at least, to see how all was conducted. At a motion from the doctor, the people became at once quite still. This sudden silence lasted about a minute, when the loud, harsh voice of the doctor was heard: 'There is a very black woman, who lives in a house'—describing it fully, with its location—'she bewitched Mpomo.' Scarcely had he ended when the crowd, roaring and screaming like so many hideous beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated. They seized upon a poor girl named Okandaga, the sister of my good friend and guide Adouma. Waving their weapons over her head, they bore her away toward the water-side. Here she was quickly bound with cords, and then all rushed away to the doctor again.

"As poor Okandaga passed in the hands of her murderers, she saw me, though I thought I had concealed myself from view. I turned my head away, and prayed she might not see me. I could not help her. But presently I heard her cry out, 'Chally, Chally, do not let me die!'

"It was a moment of terrible agony to me. For a minute I was minded to rush into the crowd, and attempt to rescue the poor victim. But it would have been of not the slightest use; the people were too frantic and crazed to even notice my presence. I should only have sacrificed my own life, without helping her. So I turned away into a corner behind a tree, and—I may confess, I trust—shed bitter tears at my utter powerlessness.

"Presently, silence again fell upon the crowd. Then the harsh voice of the devilish doctor again rang over the town. It seemed to me like the hoarse croak of some death-foretelling raven. 'There is an old woman in a house'—describing it—'she also bewitched Mpomo.'

"Again the crowd rushed off. This time they seized a niece of King Quengueza, a noble-hearted and rather majestic old woman. As they crowded about her with flaming eyes and threats of death, she rose proudly from the ground, looked them in the face unflinchingly, and, motioning them to keep their hands off, said, 'I will drink the mboundou; but woe to my accusers if I do not die.' Then she, too, was escorted to the river, but without being bound. She submitted to all without a tear, or a murmur for mercy.

"Again, a third time, the dreadful silence fell upon the town, and the doctor's voice was heard: 'There is a woman with six children. She lives on a plantation toward the rising sun. She too bewitched Mpomo.' Again there was a furious shout, and in a few minutes they brought to the river one of Quengueza's slave-women—a good and much-respected woman—whom also I knew.

"The doctor now approached with the crowd. In a loud voice he recited the crime

of which these women were accused. The first taken, Okandaga, had—so he said—some weeks before asked Mpomo for some salt, he being her relative. Salt was scarce, and he had refused her. She had said unpleasant words to him then, and had by sorcery taken his life.

"Then Quengueza's niece was accused. She was barren, and Mpomo had children. She envied him. Therefore she had bewitched him.

"Quengueza's slave had asked Mpomo for a looking-glass. He had refused her. Therefore she had killed him with sorcery.

"As each accusation was recited the people broke out into curses. Even the relatives of the poor victims were obliged to join in this. Every one rivalled his neighbor in cursing, each fearful lest lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a like fate.

"Next the victims were put into a large canoe, with the executioners, the doctor, and a number of other people all armed. Then the tam-tams were beaten, and the proper persons prepared the mboundou. Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, held the poisoned cup. At sight of it poor Okandaga began again to cry, and even Quengueza's niece turned pale in the face—for even the negro face has at such times a pallor, which is quite perceptible. Three other canoes now surrounded that in which the victims were. All were crowded with armed men. Then the mug of mboundou was handed to the old slave-woman, next to the royal niece, and last to Okandaga. As they drank, the multitude shouted: 'If they are witches, let the mboundou kill them; if they are innocent, let the mboundou go out.'

"It was the most exciting scene of my life. Though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords.

"Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off, and the blood was dyeing the waters of the river. Meantime poor Okandaga staggered, and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was hewn off. Then all became confused. An almost random hacking ensued, and in an incredibly short space of time the bodies were cut in small pieces, which were cast into the river.

"When this was done, the crowd dispersed to their houses, and for the rest of the day the town was very silent. Some of these rude people felt that their number, in their already almost extinguished tribe, was becoming less, and the dread of death filled their hearts. In the evening poor Adouma came secretly to my house, to unburden his

sorrowing heart to me. He, too, had been compelled to take part in the dreadful scene. He dared not even refrain from joining in the curses heaped upon his poor sister. He dared not mourn publicly for her who was considered so great a criminal."

The ceremonies which attend the death of members of the Camma tribe are really remarkable. As soon as the end of a man is evidently near, his relations begin to mourn for him, and his head wife, throwing herself on the bed, and encircling the form of her dying husband with her arms, pours out her wailing lamentations, accompanied by the tears and cries of the villagers who assemble round the house. The other wives take their turns in leading the lamentations, and after his death they bewail him in the most pitiful fashion. These pitiful lamentations are partly owing to real sorrow, but there is no doubt that they are also due to the fear lest any one who did not join in the mourning might be accused of having bewitched her husband to death.

For several days they sit on the ground, covered with ashes, their heads shaved, and their clothing torn to rags; and when the body can no longer be kept in the place, the relatives take it to the cemetery, which is usually at some distance down the river. That, for example, of Goumbi was situated at nearly fifty miles from the place. No grave is dug, but the body is laid on the ground, and surrounded with different valuables which belonged to the dead man in his lifetime. The corpses of the chiefs or headmen are placed in rude boxes, but those of ordinary men are not defended in any way whatever.

For at least a year the mourning continues, and, if the dead man has held high rank, it is sometimes continued for two years, during which time the whole tribe wear their worst clothes, and make a point of being very dirty, while the widows retain the shaven head and ashes, and remain in perfect seclusion. At the end of the appointed time, a ceremony called Bola-ivoga is performed, by which the mourning is broken up and the people return to their usual dress.

One of these ceremonies was seen by Du Chaillu. The deceased had been a tolerably rich man, leaving seven wives, a house, a plantation, slaves, and other property, all which was inherited, according to custom, by his elder brother, on whom devolves the task of giving the feast. Great preparations were made for some days previously, large quantities of palm wine being brought to the village, several canoe loads of dried fish prepared, all the best clothes in the village made ready, and every drum, kettle, and anything that could make a noise when beaten being mustered.

On the joyful morning, the widows begin

the ceremony by eating a magic porridge, composed by the medicine man, and are then released formally from their widowhood. They then throw off their torn and soiled garments, wash away the ashes with which their bodies had been so long covered, and robe themselves in their best clothes, covering their wrists and ankles with iron and copper jewelry.

While they are adorning their persons, the rest of the people arrange themselves in little groups in front of the houses, and to each group is given an enormous jar of palm wine. At a given signal the drinking begins, and is continued without interruption for some twenty-four hours, during which time dancing, singing, and drum-beating are carried on with furious energy. Next morning comes the final ceremony. A large crowd of men, armed with axes, surround the house formerly occupied by the deceased, and, at a signal from the heir, they rush at once at it, and in a few minutes nothing is left but a heap of fragments. These are heaped up and burned; and when the flames die away, the ceremony is over, and the heir is considered as having entered into possession of the property.

There are one or two miscellaneous customs of the Camma people which are deserving of a brief notice. They seem to be rather quarrelsome among themselves, and when they get into a fight use a most formidable club. This weapon is made of heavy and hard wood, and is nearly seven feet long. The thick end is deeply notched, and a blow from the "tongo," as it is called, would smash the skull of an European. The native African, however, sustains heavy blows without being much the worse for it; and, although every tongo will be covered with blood and woolly hair, the combatants do not seem to have sustained much injury.

As they fight, they heap on their adversaries every insulting epithet they can think of: "Your chief has the leg of an elephant," cries one; "Ho! his eldest brother has the neck of a wild ox," shouts a second; "Ho! you have no food in your village," bawls a third; and, according to the narrator, the words really seem to do more damage than the blows.

When a canoe starts on a long journey, a curious ceremony is enacted. Each man dips his paddle in the water, slaps it on the surface, raises in the air, and allows one drop of the water to fall into his mouth. After a good deal of singing, shouting, and antic-playing, they settle down to their work, and paddle on steadily for hours. When a chief parts from a guest, he takes his friend's hands within his own, blows into them, and solemnly invokes the spirits of his ancestors, calling on them to take care of the departing guest.

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CHAPTER L.

THE SHEKIANI AND MPONGWÉ.

LOCALITY OF THE SHEKIANI—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—SKILL IN HUNTING—SHEKIANI ARCHITECTURE—MEDICAL TREATMENT—NATIVE SORCERERS—FATE OF THE WIZARD—A VICTIM TO SUPERSTITION—TREATMENT OF THE POSSESSED—LOCALITY OF THE MPONGWÉ—NATIVE FASHIONS—MPONGWÉ MOURNING—SKILL IN LANGUAGES—THE SUCCESSFUL TRADER AND HIS RELATIONS—DEATH OF THE MONARCH AND ELECTION OF A NEW KING—A MPONGWÉ CORONATION—OLD KING GLASS AND HIS CHARACTER—HIS SICKNESS, DEATH, BURIAL, AND SUCCESSOR.

SCATTERED over a considerable track of country between the Muni and Gaboon rivers, on the western coast of Africa, are numerous villages of the Shekiani or Chekiani tribe. The Shekiani are divided into numerous sub-tribes, which speak a common language, but call themselves by various names, such as the Mbondemo, the Mbousha, the Mbicho, &c. Each of these lesser tribes is again subdivided into clans or families, each of which has its own head.

The mode of government is very simple, and indeed scarcely deserves the name; for although the chiefs of the different tribes are often called kings, their titles are but empty honors, and their authority is but partially recognized even by the headmen of the clans. The kings, indeed, are scarcely distinguishable from their so called subjects, their houses being the same, and their mode of living but little superior. Still, they are respected as advisers; and, in cases of difficulty, a few words from one of these kings will often settle a dispute which threatens to be dangerous.

Owing to their proximity to the coast, the Shekiani are great traders, and, in consequence of their contact with the white man, present a most curious mixture of savageness and civilization, the latter being modified in various droll ways. Take, for example, the Shekiani mode of managing fire-arms. When they go to hunt the elephant for the sake of its tusks, they always arm themselves with trade guns, for which

they pay seven shillings and sixpence. The quality of these weapons may be easily imagined, and it is really wonderful how the Birmingham manufacturer contrives to furnish for so small a sum a gun that deserves the name.

Of course it is made to suit native ideas, and consequently it is very large and very heavy, a negro contemptuously rejecting a small and light gun which might be worth thirty or forty pounds. Then the main-spring of the lock is of prodigious strength, and the hammer and pan of proportionate size. Inferior, of course, as is the material, the weapon is really a wonderful article; and, if properly handled, is capable of doing good service. But a negro never handles anything carefully. When he cocks his musket, he wrenches back the hammer with a jerk that would break a delicate lock; when he wants to carry home the game that he has killed, he hangs it to the muzzle of the piece, and so slings it over his shoulder, and, as he travels, he allows it to bang against the trees, without the least care for the straightness of the barrel.

But it is in loading the weapon that he most distinguishes himself. First he pours down the barrel a quantity of powder at random, and rams upon it a tuft of dry grass. Upon the grass come some bullets or bits of iron, and then more grass. Then come more powder, grass, and iron as before; and not until then does the negro flatter himself that he has loaded his mus-

ket. That a gun should burst after such a method of loading is not surprising, and indeed it is a wonder that it can be fired at all without lying to pieces. But the negro insists on having a big gun, with plenty of powder and shot, and he cares nothing for a weapon unless it goes off with a report like a small cannon, and has a recoil that almost dislocates the shoulder.

The Shekiani are of moderate size, not very dark-colored, and in character are apt to be quarrelsome, passionate, revengeful, and utterly careless of inflicting death or pain. Owing to their unsettled habits, they are but poor agriculturists, leaving all the culture of the ground to the women. Their mode of making a plantation is very simple. When they have fixed upon a suitable spot, they begin to clear it after a very primitive fashion. The men ascend the trees to some ten or twelve feet of height, just where the stem narrows, supporting themselves by a flexible vine branch twisted hoop-fashion round the tree and their waist. They then climb away at the timber, and slip nimbly to the ground just as the upper part of the tree is falling. The trunks and branches are then gathered together until the dry season is just over, when the whole mass is lighted, and on the ground thus cleared of trees and brushwood the women plant their manioc, plantains, and maize.

Their villages are built on one model. The houses are about twelve or fifteen feet in length by eight or ten wide, and are set end to end in a double row, so as to form a long street. The houses have no windows, and only one door, which opens into the street. At night the open ends of the street are barricaded, and it will be seen that each village thus becomes a fortress almost impregnable to the assaults of native warriors. In order to add to the strength of their position, they make their villages on the crests of hills, and contrive, if possible, to build them in the midst of thorn brakes, so that, if they were attacked, the enemy would be exposed to their missiles while engaged in forcing their way through the thorns. When such a natural defence cannot be obtained, they content themselves with blocking up the approaches with cut thorn branches.

The houses are made of the so called bamboo poles, which are stuck in the ground, and lashed to each other with vine ropes. The interior is divided at least into two apartments, one of which is the eating and the other the sleeping chamber. Each Shekiani wife has a separate apartment, with its own door, so that the number of wives may be known by the number of doors opening out of the sitting-room. Although their houses are made with some care, the Shekiani are continually deserting their villages on some absurd pretext, usually of a superstitious character, and, during their travels toward another site, they make temporary

encampments in the woods, their rude huts being composed of four sticks planted in the ground, tied together at the top, and then covered with leaves.

It has been mentioned that the Shekiani are careless about inflicting torture. One day M. du Chaillu was staying with one of the so-called Shekiani "kings," named Njam-bai; he heard terrible shrieks, and was coolly told that the king was only punishing one of his wives. He ran to the spot, and there found a woman tied by her waist to a stout stake, and her feet to smaller stakes. Cords were tied round her neck, waist, wrists, and ankles, and were being slowly twisted with sticks, cutting into the flesh, and inflicting the most horrible torture. The king was rather sulky at being interrupted in his amusement, but, when his guest threatened instant departure unless the woman were released, he made a present of the victim to her intercessor. The cords had been so tightly knotted and twisted that they could not be untied, and, when they were cut, were found to have been forced deeply into the flesh.

The same traveller gives an account of the cruel manner in which the Shekiani treated an unfortunate man who had been accused of witchcraft. He was an old man belonging to the Mbousha sub-tribe, and was supposed to have bewitched a man who had lately died.

"I heard one day, by accident, that a man had been apprehended on a charge of causing the death of one of the chief men of the village. I went to Dayoko, and asked him about it. He said yes, the man was to be killed; that he was a notorious wizard, and had done much harm. So I begged to see this terrible being. I was taken to a rough hut, within which sat an old, old man, with wool white as snow, wrinkled face, bowed form, and shrunken limbs. His hands were tied behind him, and his feet were placed in a rude kind of stocks. This was the great wizard. Several lazy negroes stood guard over him, and from time to time insulted him with opprobrious epithets and blows, to which the poor old wretch submitted in silence. He was evidently in his dotage.

"I asked him if he had no friends, no relations, no son, or daughter, or wife to take care of him. He said sadly, 'No one.'

"Now here was the secret of his persecution. They were tired of taking care of the helpless old man, who had lived too long, and a charge of witchcraft by the gree-gree man was a convenient pretext for putting him out of the way. I saw at once that it would be vain to strive to save him. I went, however, to Dayoko, and argued the case with him. I tried to explain the absurdity of charging a harmless old man with supernatural powers; told him that God did not permit witches to exist; and finally made

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an offer to buy the old wretch, offering to give some pounds of tobacco, one or two coats, and some looking glasses for him—goods which would have bought me an able-bodied slave.

"Dayoko replied that for his part he would be glad to save him, but that the people must decide; that they were much excited against him; but that he would, to please me, try to save his life. During all the night following I heard singing all over the town, and a great uproar. Evidently they were preparing themselves for the murder. Even these savages cannot kill in cold blood, but work themselves into a frenzy of excitement first, and then rush off to do the bloody deed.

"Early in the morning the people gathered together, with the fetish man—the infernal rascal who was at the bottom of the murder—in their midst. His bloodshot eyes glared in savage excitement as he went around from man to man, getting the votes to decide whether the old man should die. In his hands he held a bundle of herbs, with which he sprinkled three times those to whom he spoke. Meantime a man was stationed on the top of a high tree, whence he shouted from time to time in a loud voice, 'Jocoo! Jocoo!' at the same time shaking the tree violently. 'Jocoo' is devil among the Mbousha, and the business of this man was to drive away the evil spirit, and to give notice to the fetish man of his approach.

"At last the sad vote was taken. It was declared that the old man was a most malignant wizard; that he had already killed a number of people; that he was minded to kill many more; and that he must die. No one would tell me how he was to be killed, and they proposed to defer the execution till my departure, which I was, to tell the truth, rather glad of. The whole scene had considerably agitated me, and I was willing to be spared the end. Tired, and sick at heart, I lay down on my bed about noon to rest, and compose my spirits a little. After a while, I saw a man pass my window almost like a flash, and after him a horde of silent but infuriated men. They ran toward the river. In a little while, I heard a couple of sharp, piercing cries, as of a man in great agony, and then all was still as death.

"I got up, guessing the rascals had killed the poor old man, and, turning my steps toward the river, was met by a crowd returning, every man armed with axe, knife, cutlass, or spear, and these weapons, and their own hands and arms and bodies, all sprinkled with the blood of their victim. In their frenzy they had tied the poor wizard to a log near the river bank, and then deliberately hacked him into many pieces. See the illustration on the 526th page. They finished by splitting open his skull, and scattering the brains in the water. Then they returned; and, to see their behavior, it

would have seemed as though the country had just been delivered from a great curse. By night the men—whose faces for two days had filled me with loathing and horror, so bloodthirsty and malignant were they—were again as mild as lambs, and as cheerful as though they had never heard of a witch tragedy."

Once, when shooting in the forest, Du Chaillu came upon a sight which filled him with horror. It was the body of a young woman, with good and pleasant features, tied to a tree and left there. The whole body and limbs were covered with gashes, into which the torturers had rubbed red pepper, thus killing the poor creature with sheer agony.

Among other degrading superstitions, the Shekiani believe that men and women can be changed into certain animals. One man, for example, was said to have been suddenly transformed into a large gorilla as he was walking in the village. The enchanted animal haunted the neighborhood ever afterward, and did great mischief, killing the men, and carrying off the women into the forest. The people often hunted it, but never could manage to catch it. This story is a very popular one, and is found in all parts of the country wherever the gorilla lives.

The Shekiani have another odd belief regarding the transformation of human beings into animals. Seven days after a child is born, the girls of the neighborhood assemble in the house, and keep up singing and dancing all night. They fancy that on the seventh day the woman who waited on the mother would be possessed of an evil spirit, which would change her into an owl, and cause her to suck the blood of the child. Bad spirits, however, cannot endure the sight or sound of human merriment, and so the girls obligingly get up a dance, and baffle the spirit at the same time that they gratify themselves. As in a large village a good many children are born, the girls contrive to insure plenty of dances in the course of the year.

Sometimes an evil spirit takes possession of a man, and is so strong that it cannot be driven away by the usual singing and dancing, the struggles between the exorcisers and the demon being so fierce as to cause the possessed man to fall on the ground, to foam at the mouth, and to writhe about in such powerful convulsions that no one can hold him. In fact, all the symptoms are those which the more prosaic white man attributes to epilepsy.

Such a case offers a good opportunity to the medicine man, who comes to the relief of the patient, attended by his assistant. A hut is built in the middle of the street, and inhabited by the doctor and patient. For a week or ten days high festival is held, and night and day the dance and song are kept

up within the hut, not unaccompanied with strong drink. Every one thinks it a point of honor to aid in the demolition of the witch, and, accordingly, every one who can eat gorges himself until he can eat no more; every one who has a drum brings it and beats it, and those who have no musical

instruments can at all events shout and sing until they are hoarse. Sometimes the natural result of such a proceeding occurs, the unfortunate patient being fairly driven out of his senses by the ceaseless and deafening uproar, and darting into the forest a confirmed maniac.

THE MPONGWÉ.

UPON the Gaboon River is a well-known negro tribe called Mpongwé.

Perhaps on account of their continual admixture with traders, they approach nearer to civilization than those tribes which have been described, and are peculiarly refined in their manners, appearance, and language. They are very fond of dress, and the women in particular are remarkable for their attention to the toilet. They wear but little clothing, their dark, velvet-like skin requiring scarcely any covering, and being admirably suited for setting off the ornaments with which they plentifully bedeck themselves.

Their heads are elaborately dressed, the woolly hair being frizzed out over a kind of cushion, and saturated with palm oil to make it hold together. Artificial hair is also added when the original stock is deficient, and is neatly applied in the form of rosettes over the ears. A perfumed bark is scraped and applied to the hair, and the whole edifice is finished off with a large pin of ivory, bone, or ebony.

When their husbands die, the widows are obliged to sacrifice this cherished adornment and go about with shaven heads, a custom which applies also to the other sex in time of mourning. In this country mourning is implied by the addition of certain articles to the ordinary clothing, but, among the Mpongwé, the case is exactly reversed. When a woman is in mourning she shaves her head and wears as few and as bad clothes as possible; and when a man is in mourning, he not only shaves his head, but abandons all costume until the customary period is over.

The women wear upon their ankles huge brass rings made of stair rods, and many of them are so laden with these ornaments that their naturally graceful walk degenerates into a waddle; and if by chance they should fall into the water, they are drowned by the weight of their brass anklets.

The Mpongwés are a clever race, having a wonderful aptitude for languages and swindling. Some of the men can speak several native dialects, and are well versed in English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, using their accomplishments for the purpose of cheating both of the parties for whom they interpret. They are very clever at an argument, especially of that kind

which is popularly known as "special pleading," and will prove that black is white, not to say blue or red, with astonishing coolness and ingenuity.

Clever, however, as they are, they are liable to be cheated in their town by their own people—if indeed those can be said to be cheated who deliberately walk into the trap that is set for them. They will come down to the coast, impose upon some unwary trader with their fluent and plausible tongues, talk him into advancing goods on credit, and then slink off to their villages, delighted with their own ingenuity. As soon, however, as they reach their homes, the plunderers become the plundered. Indeed, as Mr. W. Reade well remarks, "There are many excellent business men who in private life are weak, vain, extravagant, and who seem to leave their brains behind them. Such are the Mpongwés, a tribe of commercial travellers, men who prey upon ignorance in the bush, and are devoured by flattery in the town."

As soon as the successful trader returns to his village, he is beset by all his friends and relations, who see in him a mine of wealth, of which they all have a share. They sing his praises, they get up dances in his honor, they extol his generosity, eating and drinking all the while at his expense, and never leaving him until the last plantain has been eaten and the last drop of rum drunk. He has not strength of mind to resist the flattery which is heaped upon him, and considers himself bound to reward his eulogists by presents. Consequently, at the end of a week or two he is as poor as when he started on his expedition, and is obliged to go off and earn more money, of which he will be robbed in a similar manner when he returns.

These feasts are not very enticing to the European palate, for the Mpongwé have no idea of roasting, but boil all their food in earthen vessels. They have little scruple about the different articles of diet; but will eat the flesh of almost any animal, bird, or reptile that they can kill.

Among the Mpongwé, the government is much the same as that of the other tribes in Western Equatorial Africa. The different sub-tribes or clans of the Mpongwé are ruled by their headmen, the principal chief of a district being dignified with the title of king.

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(1.) FATE OF THE WIZARD. (See page 523.



(2.) CORONATION. (See page 527.)

Dignity has, as we all know, its drawbacks as well as its privileges, and among the Mpongwé it has its pains as well as its pleasures. When once a man is fairly made king, he may do much as he likes, and is scarcely ever crossed in anything that he may desire. But the process of coronation was anything but agreeable, and utterly unlike the gorgeous ceremony with which civilized men are so familiar.

The new king is secretly chosen in solemn conclave, and no one, not even the king elect, knows on whom the lot has fallen. On the seventh day after the funeral of the deceased sovereign, the name of the new king is proclaimed, and all the people make a furious rush at him. They shout and yell at him; they load him with all the terms of abuse in which their language is so prolific; and they insult him in the grossest manner.

One man will run up to him and shout, "You are not my king yet!" accompanying the words with a sound box on the ear. Another flings a handful of mud in his face, accompanied by the same words, another gets behind him and administers a severe kick, and a third slaps his face. For some time the poor man is hustled and beaten by them until his life seems to be worthless, while all around is a crowd of disappointed subjects, who have not been able to get at their future monarch, and who are obliged to content themselves by pelting him with sticks and stones over the heads of their more fortunate comrades, and abusing him, and his parents, and his brothers, sisters, and all his relatives for several generations. This part of the ceremony of coronation is illustrated on the previous page.

Suddenly the tumult ceases, and the king elect, bruised, mud-bespattered, bleeding, and exhausted, is led into the house of his predecessor, where he seats himself. The whole demeanor of the people now changes, and silent respect takes the place of frantic violence. The headmen of the tribe rise and say, "Now we acknowledge you as our king; we listen to you, and obey you." The people repeat these words after them, and then the crown and royal robes are brought. The crown is always an old silk hat, which, by some grotesque chance, has become the sign of royalty in Western Africa. The state robes are composed of a red dressing-gown, unless a beadle's coat can be procured, and, arrayed in this splendid apparel, the new king is presented to his subjects, and receives their homage.

A full week of congratulations and festivities follows, by the end of which time the king is in sad need of repose, strangers from great distances continually arriving, and all insisting on being presented to the new king. Not until these rites are over is the king allowed to leave the house.

M. du Chaillu was a witness of the re-

markable ceremony which has just been described, and which took place on the coronation of a successor to the old King Glass, who, as is rather quaintly remarked, "stuck to life with a determined tenacity, which almost bid fair to cheat Death. He was a disagreeable old heathen, but in his last days became very devout—after his fashion. His idol was always freshly painted and highly decorated; his fetish was the best eared-for fetish in Africa, and every few days some great doctor was brought down from the interior, and paid a large fee for advising the old king. He was afraid of witchcraft; thought that everybody wanted to put him out of the way by bewitching him; and in this country your doctor does not try to cure your sickness; his business is to keep off the witches."

The oddest thing was, that all the people thought that he was a powerful wizard, and were equally afraid and tired of him. He had been king too long for their ideas, and they certainly did wish him fairly dead. But when he became ill, and was likely to die, the usual etiquette was observed, every one going about as if plunged in the deepest sorrow, although they hated him sincerely, and were so afraid of his supernatural powers that scarcely a native dared to pass his hut by night, and no bribe less than a jug of rum would induce any one to enter the house. At last he died, and then every one went into mourning, the women wailing and pouring out tears with the astonishing lachrymal capability which distinguishes the African women, who can shed tears copiously and laugh at the same time.

On the second day after his death old King Glass was buried, but the exact spot of his sepulture no one knew, except a few old councillors on whom the duty fell. By way of a monument, a piece of scarlet cloth was suspended from a pole. Every one knew that it only marked the spot where King Glass was *not* buried. For six days the mourning continued, at the end of which time occurred the coronation, and the chief Njogoni became the new King Glass.

The mode of burial varies according to the rank of the deceased. The body of a chief is carefully interred, and so is that of a king, the sepulchre of the latter being, as has just been mentioned, kept a profound secret. By the grave are placed certain implements belonging to the dead person, a stool or a jug marking the grave of a man, and a calabash that of a woman. The bodies of slaves are treated less ceremoniously, being merely taken to the burying-ground, thrown down, and left to perish, without the honors of a grave or accompanying symbol.

Like other dwellers upon river banks, the Mpongwé are admirable boatmen, and dis-

play great ingenuity in making canoes. The tree from which they are made only grows inland, and sometimes, when a large vessel is wanted, a suitable tree can only be found some eight or ten miles from the shore. If a canoe maker can find a tree within two or three miles from the water, he counts himself a lucky man; but, as the trees are being continually cut up for canoe making, it is evident that the Mpongwé are continually driven further inland.

When a Mpongwé has settled upon a tree which he thinks will make a good canoe, he transplants all his family to the spot, and builds a new homestead for himself, his wives, his children, and his slaves. Sometimes he will economize his labor, and pitch his encampment near three or four canoe trees, all of which he intends to fashion into

vessels before he returns to his village. When the trees are felled, and cut to the proper length—sixty feet being an ordinary measurement—they are ingeniously hollowed by means of fire, which is carefully watched and guided until the interior is burnt away. The outside of the tree is then trimmed into shape with the native adze, and the canoe is ready. A clever man, with such a family, will make several such canoes during a single dry season.

The next and most important business is to get the canoes to the water. This is done by cutting a pathway through the wood, and laboriously pushing the canoe on rollers. In some cases, when the canoe tree is nearer the sea than the river, the maker takes it direct to the beach, launches it, and then paddles it round to the river.

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CHAPTER LI.

THE FANS.

LOCALITY OF THE TRIBE—THEIR COLOR AND GENERAL APPEARANCE—THE KING OF THE FANS—
AN UOLY QUEEN—A MIXED CHARACTER—HOSPITALITY AND CURIOSITY—FIERCE AND WARLIKE
NATURE—THEIR CONQUERING PROGRESS WESTWARD—WAR-KNIVES, AXES, AND SPEARS—SKILL
IN IRON WORK—THE FAN CROSS-BOW AND ITS DIMINUTIVE ARROWS—WAR SHIELDS AND THEIR
VALUE—ELEPHANT HUNTING—THE WIRE NET AND THE SPEAR TRAP—FAN COOKERY, AND
DIET IN GENERAL—MORTARS AND COOKING POTS—EARTHEN PIPE-BOWLS—CRAWING FOR MEAT
—FATE OF THE SHEEP.

THE remarkable tribe which now comes before our notice inhabits a tract of land just above the Equator, and on the easternmost known limits of the Gaboon River. Their name for themselves is Ba-Fauh, i. e. the Fan-people, and they are known along the coast as the Pasuen.

That they are truly a singular people may be inferred from the terse summary which has been given of them, — namely, a race of cannibal gentlemen. Their origin is unknown; but, as far as can be gathered from various sources, they have come from the north-east, their bold and warlike nature having overcome the weaker or more timid tribes who originally possessed the land, and who, as far as can be ascertained, seem to have been allied to the curious dwarfish race which has been described on page 482.

They cannot be called negroes, as they are not black, but coffee colored; neither do they possess the enormous lips, the elongated skull, nor the projecting jaws, which are so conspicuous in the true negro. In many individuals a remarkable shape of the skull is to be seen, the forehead running up into a conical shape. Their figures are usually slight, and their upper jaw mostly protrudes beyond the lower, thus giving a strange expression to the countenance.

The men are dressed simply enough, their chief costume being a piece of bark cloth, or, in case the wearer should be of very high rank, the skin of a tiger-cut, with the tail

downward. They have a way of adding to their natural heads of hair a sort of queue, exactly like that of the British sailor in Nelson's days, making the queue partly out of their own hair, and partly from tow and other fibres. It is plaited very firmly, and is usually decorated with beads, cowries, and other ornaments. The beard is gathered into two tufts, which are twisted like ropes, and kept in shape by abundant grease.

The king of the Fans, Ndinyal by name, was noted for his taste in dress. His queue divided at the end into two points, each of which was terminated by brass rings, while a number of white beads were worn at the top of his head. His entire body was painted red, and was also covered with boldly-drawn tattoo marks. Round his waist he had twisted a small piece of bark cloth, in front of which hung the tuft of leopard skin that designated his royal authority. The whole of the hair which was not gathered into the queue was teased out into little ropelets, which stood well out from the head, and were terminated by beads or small rings. His ankles were loaded with brass rings, which made a great jingling as he walked, and his head was decorated with the red feathers of the toucan. His teeth were filed to points, and painted black, and his body was hung with quantities of charms and amulets.

The women wear even less costume than the men. Unmarried girls wear none at all, and, even when married, a slight apron is

all that they use. On their heads they generally wear some ornament, and the wife of Ndlayal—who, as Du Chaillu remarks, was the ugliest woman he had ever seen—had a cap covered with white shells, and had made tattooing, with which her whole body was covered, take the place of clothing. She certainly wore a so called dress, but it was only a little strip of red Fan cloth, about four inches wide. Two enormous copper rings were passed through the lobes of her ears, which they dragged down in a very unsightly manner, and on her ankles were iron rings of great weight. These were her most precious ornaments, iron being to the Fans even more valuable than gold is among ourselves. Apparently from constant exposure, her skin was rough like the bark of a tree.

Most of the married women wear a bark belt about four inches wide, which passes over one shoulder and under the other. This is not meant as an article of dress, but only a sort of cradle. The child is seated on this belt, so that its weight is principally sustained by it, and it can be shifted about from side to side by merely changing the belt from one arm to the other. The women are, as a rule, smaller in stature than the men, and are not at all pretty, what pretence to beauty they may have being destroyed by their abominable practice of painting their bodies red, and filing their teeth to sharp points.

From the accounts of those who have mixed with them, the Fans present a strange jumble of characters. They practise open and avowed cannibalism—a custom which is as repulsive to civilized feelings as can well be imagined. They are fierce, warlike, and ruthless in battle, fighting for the mere love of it, with their hand against every man. Yet in private life they are hospitable, polite, and gentle, rather afraid of strangers, and as mildly inquisitive as cats. Both Du Chaillu and Mr. Reade agree in these points, and the latter has given a most amusing account of his introduction to a Fan village. He had been previously challenged on the Gaboon River by a Fan, who forbade the boat to pass, but, on being offered a brass rod per diem as a recompense for his services as guide, “grinned horribly a ghastly smile,” which showed his filed teeth, and agreed to conduct the party to the next village. He kept his word like a man, and brought the boat to a village, where our author made his first acquaintance with the tribe.

“I examined these people with the interest of a traveller; they hailed me with the enthusiasm of a mob. The chief’s house, to which I had been conducted, was surrounded by a crowd of cannibals, four deep; and the slight medium of light which native architecture permits to come in by the door was intercepted by heads and parrots’ feathers.

At the same time, every man talked as if he had two voices. Oshupu obtained me a short respite by explaining to them that it was the habit of the animal to come out to air himself, and to walk to and fro in the one street of the village. Being already inured to this kind of thing, I went out at sunset and sat before the door. Oshupu, squatting beside me, and playing on a musical instrument, gave the proceeding the appearance of a theatrical entertainment.

“And this taught me how often an actor can return the open merriment of the house with sly laughter in his sleeve. One seldom has the fortune to see anything so ludicrous on the stage as the grotesque grimaces of a laughing audience. But oh, if Hogarth could have seen my cannibals! Here stood two men with their hands upon each other’s shoulders, staring at me in mute wonder, their eyes like saucers, their mouths like open sepulchres. There an old woman, in a stooping attitude, with her hands on her knees, like a cricketer ‘folding out;’ a man was dragging up his frightened wife to look at me, and a child cried bitterly with averted eyes. After the Fans had taken the edge off their curiosity, and had dispersed a little, I rose to enjoy my evening promenade. All stared at me with increasing wonder. That a man should walk backward and forward with no fixed object is something which the slothful negro cannot understand, and which possibly appears to him rather the action of a beast than of a human being.

“It was not long before they contrived to conquer their timidity. I observed two or three girls whispering together and looking at me. Presently I felt an inquisitive finger laid on my coat, and heard the sound of bare feet running away. I remained in the same position. Then one bolder than the rest approached me, and spoke to me smiling. I assumed as amiable an expression as Nature would permit, and touched my ears to show that I did not understand. At this they had a great laugh, as if I had said something good, and the two others began to draw near like cats. One girl took my hand between hers, and stared at it timidly; the others, raising toward me their beautiful black eyes, and with smiles showing teeth which were not filed, and which were as white as snow, demanded permission to touch this hand, which seemed to them so strange. And then they all felt my cheeks and my straight hair, and looked upon me as a tame prodigy sent to them by the gods; and all the while they elattered, the pretty things, as if I could understand them.

“Now ensued a grand discussion; first my skin was touched, and then my coat, and the two were carefully compared. At length one of them happened to pull back my coat, and on seeing my wrist they gave a cry, and clapped their hands unanimously. They had been arguing whether my coat

was of the same material as my skin, and an accident had solved the mystery.

"I was soon encircled by women and children, who wished to touch my hands, and to peep under my cuffs—a proceeding which I endured with exemplary patience. Nor did I ever spend half an hour in a Fan village before these weaker vessels had forgotten that they had erled with terror when they first saw me; and before I also had forgotten that these amicable Yarices would skew me in palm oil and serve me up before their aged sires, if so ordered, with as little reluctance as an English cook would crisp her cod, skin her eels alive, or boil her lobsters into red agony."

The Funs are a fierce and warlike people, and by dint of arms have forced their way into countries far distant from their own, wherever that may have been. No tribes have been able to stand against them, and even the large and powerful Bakalai and Shekani have had to yield up village after village to the invaders, so that in some parts all these tribes are enviously intermingled; and all these are at war with each other. The Funs, however, are more than a match for the other two, even if they were to combine forces, which their short-sighted jealousy will not permit them to do; and by slow degrees the Bakalai and Shekani are wasting away, and the Funs taking their places. They have even penetrated into the Mpongwe country, so that they proceed steadily from the east toward the seaboard.

The progress made by the Funs has been astonishingly rapid. Before 1847 they were only known traditionally to the sea-shore tribes as a race of warlike cannibals, a few villages being found in the mountainous region from which the head waters of the Gaboon River take their origin. Now they have passed westward until they are within a few miles of the sea-coast and are now and then seen among the settlements of the traders.

Every Fan becomes a warrior when he obtains the age of manhood, and goes systematically armed with a truly formidable array of weapons. Their principal offensive weapon is the huge war-knife, which is sometimes three feet in length, and seven inches or so in width.

Several forms of these knives are shown in the illustration on page 558. The general shape is much like that of the knives used in other parts of Western Africa. That on the left hand (fig. 1) may almost be called a sword, so large and heavy is it. In using it, the Fan warrior prefers the point to the edge, and keeps it sharpened for the express purpose. Another form of knife is seen in fig. 2. This has no point, and is used as a cutting instrument. Many of them have also a smaller knife, which they use for cutting meat, and other domestic

purposes, reserving the large knives entirely for battle.

All these knives are kept very sharp, and are preserved in sheaths, such as are seen in the illustration. The sheaths are mostly made of two flat pieces of wood, slightly hollowed out, so as to receive the blade, and covered with hide of some sort. Snake skin forms a favorite covering to the sheaths, and many of the sheaths are covered with human skin, torn from the body of a slain enemy. The two halves of the sheath are bound together by strips of raw hide, which hold them quite firmly in their places.

Axes of different kinds are also employed by the Funs. One of these bears a singular resemblance to the Neam-Nam war-knife, as seen on page 487, and is used in exactly the same manner, namely, as a missile. Its head is flat and pointed, and just above the handle is a sharp projection, much like that on the Neam-Nam knife. When the Fan warrior flings his axe, he aims it at the head of the enemy, and has a knack of hurling it so that its point strikes downward, and thus inflicts a blow strong enough to crush even the hard skull of a native African.

Spears are also used, their shafts being about six or seven feet in length, and of some thickness. They are used for thrusting, and not for throwing, and their heads are of various shapes. There is a very good group of them in the museum of the Anthropological Society, exhibiting the chief forms of the heads. These spears, as well as the shield which accompanies them, were brought to England by M. du Chaillu, to whom we are indebted for most of our knowledge concerning this remarkable tribe. Some of the spear heads are quite plain and leaf-shaped, while others are formed in rather a fantastical manner. One, for example, has several large and flat barbs set just under the head, another has only a single pair of barbs, while a third looks much like the sword-knife set in the end of a shaft, and so converted into a spear.

All their weapons are kept in the best order, their owners being ever ready for a fray; and they are valued in proportion to the execution which they have done, the warriors having an almost superstitious regard for a knife which has killed a man. Their weapons are all made by themselves, and the quality of the steel is really surprising. They obtain their iron ore from the surface of the ground, where it lies about plentifully in some localities. In order to smelt it, they cut a vast supply of wood and build a large pile, laying on it a quantity of the ore broken into pieces. More wood is then thrown on the top, and the whole is lighted. Fresh supplies of wood are continually added, until the iron is fairly melted out of the ore. Of course by this rough mode of procedure, a considerable percentage of the metal is lost,

but that is thought of very little consequence.

The next business is to make the cast-iron malleable, which is done by a series of beatings and hammerings, the result being a wonderfully well-tempered steel. For their purposes, such steel is far preferable to that which is made in England; and when a Fan wishes to make a particularly good knife or spear head, he would rather smelt and temper iron for himself than use the best steel that Sheffield can produce.

The bellows which they employ are made on exactly the same principle as those which have several times been mentioned. They are made of two short hollow cylinders, to the upper end of which is tied a loose piece of soft hide. A wooden handle is fixed to each skin. From the bottoms of the cylinders a wooden pipe is led, and the two pipes converge in an iron tube. The end of this tube is placed in the fire, and the bellowsman, by working the handles up and down alternately, drives a constant stream of air into the fire.

Their anvils and hammers are equally simple; and yet, with such rude materials, they contrive, by dint of patient working, to turn out admirable specimens of blacksmith's work. All their best weapons are decorated with intricate patterns engraved on the blades, and, as time is no object to them, they will spend many months on the figuring and finishing of a single axe blade. The patterns are made by means of a small chisel and a hammer. Some of their ruder knives are not intended as weapons of war, but merely as instruments by which they can cut down the trees and brushwood that are in the way when they want to clear a spot for agriculture. It will now be seen why iron is so valuable a commodity among the Fans, and why a couple of heavy anklets made of this precious metal should be so valued by the women.

There is one very singular weapon among the Fans. Perhaps there is no part of the world where we could less expect to find the crossbow than among a cannibal tribe at the head of the Gaboon. Yet there the crossbow is regularly used as an engine of war, and a most formidable weapon it is, giving its possessors a terrible advantage over their foes. The ingenuity exhibited in the manufacture of this weapon is very great, and yet one cannot but wonder at the odd mixture of cleverness and stupidity which its structure shows. The bow is very strong, and when the warrior wishes to bend it he seats himself on the ground, puts his foot against the bow, and so has both hands at liberty, by which he can haul the cord into the notch which holds it until it is released by the trigger. The shaft is about five feet long, and is split for a considerable portion of its length. The little stick which is thrust between the split por-

tions constitutes the trigger, and the method of using it is as follows:—

Just below the notch which holds the string is a round hole through which passes a short peg. The other end of the peg, which is made of very hard wood, is fixed into the lower half of the split shaft, and plays freely through the hole. When the two halves of the shaft are separated by the trigger, the peg is pulled through the hole, and allows the cord to rest in the notch. But as soon as the trigger is removed the two halves close together, and the peg is thus driven up through the hole, knocking the cord out of the notch. I have in my collection a Chinese crossbow, the string of which is released on exactly the same principle.

Of course, an accurate aim is out of the question, for the trigger-peg is held so tightly between the two halves of the shaft that it cannot be pulled out without so great an effort that any aim must be effectually deranged. But in the use of this weapon aim is of very little consequence, as the bow is only used at very short ranges, fifteen yards being about the longest distance at which a Fan cares to expend an arrow. The arrows themselves are not calculated for long ranges, as they are merely little strips of wood a foot or so in length, and about the sixth of an inch in diameter. They owe their terrors, not to their sharpness, nor to the velocity with which they are impelled, but to the poison with which their tips are imbued. Indeed, they are so extremely light that they cannot be merely laid on the groove of the shaft, lest they should be blown away by the wind. They are therefore fastened in their place with a little piece of gum, of which the archer always takes care to have a supply at hand. Owing to their diminutive size, they cannot be seen until their force is expended, and to this circumstance they owe much of their power. They have no feathers, neither does any particular care seem to be taken about their tips, which, although pointed, are not nearly as sharp as those of the tiny arrows used by the Dyaks of Borneo, or the Macoushies of the Esse-quiho.

The poison with which their points are imbued is procured from the juice of some plant at present unknown, and two or three coatings are given before the weapon is considered to be sufficiently envenomed. The Fans appear to be unacquainted with any antidote for the poison, or, if they do know of any, they keep it a profound secret. The reader may remember a parallel instance among the Bojesmans, with regard to the antidote for the poison-grub.

Besides these arrows, they use others about two feet in length, with iron heads, whenever they go in search of large game; but in warfare, the little arrow is quite strong enough to penetrate the skin of a

human being, and is therefore used in preference to the larger and more cumbersome dart.

The only defensive weapon is the shield, which is made from the hide of the elephant. It varies slightly in shape, but is generally oblong, and is about three feet long by two and a half wide, so that it covers all the vital parts of the body. The piece of hide used for the shield is cut from the shoulders of the elephant, where, as is the case with the pachyderms in general, the skin is thickest and strongest. No spear can penetrate this shield, the axe cannot hew its way through it, the missile knife barely indents it, and the crossbow arrows rebound harmlessly from its surface. Even a bullet will glance off if it should strike obliquely on the shield. Such a shield is exceedingly valuable, because the skin of an elephant will not afford material for more than one or two shields, and elephant-killing is a task that needs much time, patience, courage, and ingenuity. Moreover, the elephant must be an old one, and, as the old elephants are proverbially fierce and cunning, the danger of hunting them is very great.

Like other savages, the Fan has no idea of "sport." He is necessarily a "pot-hunter," and thinks it the most foolish thing in the world to give the game a fair chance of escape. When he goes to hunt, he intends to kill the animal, and cares not in the least as to the means which he uses. The manner of elephant hunting is exceedingly ingenious.

As soon as they find an elephant feeding, the Fans choose a spot at a little distance where the monkey vines and other creepers dangle most luxuriantly from the boughs. Quietly detaching them, they interweave them among the tree trunks, so as to make a strong, net-like barrier, which is elastic enough to yield to the rush of an elephant, and strong enough to detain and entangle him. Moreover, the Fans know well that the elephant dreads anything that looks like a fence, and, as has been well said, may be kept prisoner in an enclosure which would not detain a calf.

When the barrier is completed, the Fans, armed with their spears, surround the elephant, and by shouts and cries drive him in the direction of the barrier. As soon as he strikes against it, he is filled with terror, and instead of exerting his gigantic strength, and breaking through the obstacle, he struggles in vague terror, while his enemies crowd round him, inflicting wound after wound with their broad-bladed spears. In vain does he strike at the twisted vines, or endeavor to pull them down with his trunk, and equally in vain he endeavors to trample them under foot. The elastic ropes yield to his efforts, and in the meanwhile the fatal missiles are poured on him from every side. Some of the hunters crawl through the brush, and wound him from below; others

climb up trees, and hurl spears from among the boughs; while the bolder attack him openly, running away if he makes a charge, and returning as soon as he pauses, clustering round him like flies round a carcass.

This mode of chase is not without its dangers, men being frequently killed by the elephant, which charges unexpectedly, knocks them down with a blow of the trunk, and then tramples them under foot. Sometimes an unfortunate hunter, when charged by the animal, loses his presence of mind, runs toward the vine barrier, and is caught in the very meshes which he helped to weave. Tree climbing is the usual resource of a chased hunter; and, as the Fans can run up trees almost as easily as monkeys, they find themselves safer among the branches than they would be if they merely tried to dodge the animal round the tree trunks.

The Fans also use an elephant trap which is identical in principle with that which is used in killing the hippopotamus, — namely, a weighted spear hung to a branch under which the elephant must pass, and detached by a string tied to a trigger. The natives are assisted in their elephant-hunting expeditions by the character of the animal. Suspicious and crafty as is the elephant, it has a strong disinclination to leave a spot where it finds the food which it likes best; and in consequence of this peculiarity, whenever an elephant is discovered, the Fans feel sure that it will remain in the same place for several days, and take their measures accordingly.

When they have killed an elephant, they utilize nearly the whole of the enormous carcass, taking out the tusks for sale, using the skin of the back for shields, and eating the whole of the flesh. To European palates the flesh of the elephant is distasteful, partly on account of its peculiar flavor, and partly because the cookery of the native African is not of the best character. M. du Chaillu speaks of it in very contemptuous terms. "The elephant meat, of which the Fans seem to be very fond, and which they have been cooking and smoking for three days, is the toughest and most disagreeable meat I ever tasted. I cannot explain its taste, because we have no flesh which tastes like it, but it seems full of muscular fibre or gristle; and when it has been boiled for two days, twelve hours each day, it is still tough. The flavor is not unpleasant; but, although I had tried at different times to accustom myself to it, I found only that my disgust grew greater."

Whether elephant meat is governed by the same culinary laws as ox meat remains to be seen; but, if such be the case, the cook who *boiled* the meat for twenty-four hours seems to have ingeniously hit upon a plan that would make the best beef tough, stringy, tasteless, and almost uneatable. Had it been gently simmered for six hours,

the result might have been different; but to boil meat for twenty-four hours by way of making it tender is as absurd as boiling an egg for the same period by way of making it soft.

As to their diet in general, the Fans do not deserve a very high culinary rank. They have plenty of material, and very slight notions of using it. The manioc affords them a large portion of their vegetable food, and is particularly valuable on account of the ease with which it is cultivated, a portion of the stem carelessly placed in the ground producing in a single season two or three large roots. The leaves are also boiled and eaten. Pumpkins of different kinds are largely cultivated, and even the seeds are rendered edible. M. du Chaillu says that during the pumpkin season the villages seem covered with the seeds, which are spread out to dry, and, when dried, they are packed in leaves and hung in the smoke over the fireplace, in order to keep off the attacks of an insect which injures them.

When they are to be eaten, they are first boiled, and then the skin is removed. The seeds are next placed in a mortar together with a little sweet oil, and are pounded into a soft, pulpy mass, which is finally cooked over the fire, either in an earthen pot or in a plantain leaf. This is a very palatable sort of food, and some persons prefer it to the pumpkin itself.

The mortars are not in the least like those of Europe, being long, narrow troughs, two feet in length, two or three inches deep, and seven or eight wide. Each family has one or two of these small implements, but there are always some enormous mortars for the common use of the village, which are employed in pounding manioc. When the seed is pounded into a paste, it is formed into cakes, and can be kept for some little time.

The cooking pots are made of clay, and formed with wonderful accuracy, seeing that the Fans have no idea of the potter's wheel, even in its simplest forms. Their cooking pots are round and flat, and are shaped something like milk pans. They also make clay water bottles of quite a classical shape, and vessels for palm wine are made from the same material. These wine jars are shaped much like the amphore of the ancients. The clay is moulded by hand, dried thoroughly in the sun, and then baked in a fire. The exterior is adorned with patterns much like those on the knives and axes.

The Fans also make the bowls of their pipes of the same clay, but always form the stems of wood. The richer among them make their pipes entirely of iron, and prefer them, in spite of their weight and apparent inconvenience, to any others. They also make very ingenious water bottles out of reeds, and, in order to render them water tight, plaster them within and without with a vegetable gum. This gum is first soft-

ened in the fire, and laid on the vessel like pitch. It has a very unpleasant flavor until it is quite seasoned, and is therefore kept under water for several weeks before it is used.

Like some other savage tribes, the Fans have a craving for meat, which sometimes becomes so powerful as to deserve the name of a disease. The elephant affords enough meat to quell this disease for a considerable time, and therefore they have a great liking for the flesh of this animal. But the great luxury of a Fan is the flesh of a sheep, an animal which they can scarcely ever procure. Mr. W. Reade, in his "Savage Africa," gives a most amusing description of the sensation produced among his Fan boatmen:—

"Before I left the village I engaged another man, which gave me a crew of eight. I also purchased a smooth-skinned sheep, and upon this poor animal, as it lay shackled in our prow, many a hungry eye was cast. When it bleated the whole crew burst into one loud carnivorous grin. Bushmen can sometimes enjoy a joint of stringy venison, a cut off a smoked elephant, a boiled monkey, or a grilled snake; but a sheep—a real domestic sheep!—an animal which had long been looked upon as the pride of their village, the eyesore of their poorer neighbors—which they had been in the habit of calling 'brother,' and upon whom they had lavished all the privileges of a fellow-citizen!

"That fate should have sent the white and wealthy offspring of the sea to place this delicacy within their reach was something too strong and sudden for their feeble minds. They were unsettled; they could not paddle properly; their souls (which are certainly in their stomachs, wherever ours may be) were restless and quivering toward that sheep, as (I have to invent metaphors) the needle ere it rests upon its star.

"When one travels in the company of cannibals, it is bad policy to let them become too hungry. At mid-day I gave orders that the sheep should be killed. There was a yell of triumph, a broad knife steeped in blood, a long struggle; then three dres blazed forth, three clay pots were placed thereon, and filled with the bleeding limbs of the deceased. On an occasion like this, the negro is endowed for a few moments with the energy and promptitude of the European. Nor would I complain of needless delay in its preparation for the table—which was red clay covered with grass. The mutton, having been slightly warmed, was rapidly devoured.

"After this they wished to recline among the fragments of the feast, and enjoy a sweet digestive repose. But then the white man arose, and exercised that power with which the lower animals are quelled. His look and his tone drew them to their work, though they did not understand his words."

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CHAPTER LII.

THE FANS — *Concluded.*

CANNIBALISM AND ITS DEVELOPMENT AMONG THE FANS — NATIVE IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT — EXCHANGE OF BODIES BETWEEN VILLAGES — ATTACK ON A TOWN AND ROBBERY OF THE GRAVES — MATRIMONIAL CUSTOMS — BARGAINING FOR A WIFE — COPPER "NEPTUNES" — THE MARRIAGE FEAST — RELIGION OF THE FANS — THE IDOL HOUSES — LOVE OF AMULETS — DANCE IN HONOR OF THE NEW MOON — PLAYING THE HANDJA — ELEPHANTS CAUGHT BY THE FETISH — PROBABLE CHARACTER OF THE "FETISH" IN QUESTION — THE GORILLA AND ITS HABITS — A GORILLA HUNT BY THE FANS — USE OF THE SKULL.

THE preceding story naturally brings us to the chief characteristic of the Fans, — namely, their cannibalism.

Some tribes where this custom is practised are rather ashamed of it, and can only be induced to acknowledge it by cautious cross-questioning. The Fans, however, are not in the least ashamed of it, and will talk of it with perfect freedom—at least until they see that their interlocutor is shocked by their confession. Probably on this account missionaries have found some difficulty in extracting information on the subject. Their informants acknowledged that human flesh was eaten by their tribe, but not in their village. Then, as soon as they had arrived at the village in which cannibalism was said to exist, the inhabitants said that the travellers had been misinformed. Certainly their tribe did eat human flesh, but no one in their village did so. But, if they wanted to see cannibalism, they must go back to the village from which they had just come, and there they would find it in full force.

Knowing this peculiarity, Mr. W. Reade took care to ask no questions on the subject until he had passed through all the places previously visited by white men, and then questioned an old and very polite cannibal. His answers were plain enough. Of course they all ate men. He ate men himself. Man's flesh was very good, and was "like monkey, all fat." He mostly ate prisoners of war, but some of his friends ate the bodies of executed wizards, a food of which he was rather afraid, thinking that it might disagree with him.

He would not allow that he ate his own

relations when they died, although such a statement is made, and has not as yet been disproved. Some travellers say that the Fans do not eat people of their own village, but live on terms of barter with neighboring villages, amicably exchanging their dead for culinary purposes. The Oshebas, another cannibal tribe of the same country, keep up friendly relations with the Fans, and exchange the bodies of the dead with them. The bodies of slaves are also sold for the pot, and are tolerably cheap, a dead slave costing, on the average, one small elephant's tusk.

The friendly Fan above mentioned held, in common with many of his dark countrymen, the belief that all white men were cannibals. "These," said a Bakalai slave, on first beholding a white man, "are the men that eat us!" So he asked Mr. Reade why the white men take the trouble to send to Africa for negroes, when they could eat as many white men as they liked in their own land. His interlocutor having an eye to the possible future, discreetly answered that they were obliged to do so, *because the flesh of white men was deadly poison*, with which answer the worthy cannibal was perfectly satisfied.

Just before M. du Chailh came among the Fans a strange and wild incident had occurred. It has already been mentioned that the Fans have been for some years pushing their way westward, forming part of the vast stream of human life that continually pours over the great mountain wall which divides Central Africa from the coast tribes. After passing through various districts, and conquering their inhabitants,

they came upon a village of the Mpongwé, and, according to their wont, attacked it. The Mpongwé were utterly incapable of resisting these warlike and ferocious invaders, and soon fled from their homes, leaving them in the hands of the enemy. The reader may find an illustration of this scene on the next page.

The Fans at once engaged in their favorite pastime of plunder, robbing every hut that they could find, and, when they had cleared all the houses, invading the burial-grounds, and digging up the bodies of the chiefs for the sake of the ornaments, weapons, and tools which are buried with them.

They had filled two canoes with their stolen treasures when they came upon a grave containing a newly-buried body. This they at once exhumed, and, taking it to a convenient spot under some mangrove trees, lighted a fire, and cooked the body in the very pots which they had found in the same grave with it. The reader will remember that the Mpongwé tribe bury with the bodies of their principal men the articles which they possessed in life, and that a chief's grave is therefore a perfect treasure house.

All bodies, however, are not devoured, those of the kings and great chiefs being buried together with their best apparel and most valuable ornaments.

The matrimonial customs of the Fans deserve a brief notice. The reader may remember that, as a general rule, the native African race is not a prolific one—at all events in its own land, though, when imported to other countries as slaves, the Africans have large families. Children are greatly desired by the native tribes because they add to the dignity of the parent, and the lack of children is one of the reasons why polygamy is so universally practised; and, as a rule, a man has more wives than children. Yet the Fans offered a remarkable exception to this rule, probably on account of the fact that they do not marry until their wives have fairly arrived at woman's estate. They certainly betroth their female children at a very early age, often as soon as they are born, but the actual marriage does not take place until the child has become a woman, and in the meantime the betrothed girl remains with her parents, and is not allowed that unrestricted license which prevails among so many of the African tribes.

This early betrothal is a necessity, as the price demanded for a wife is a very heavy one, and a man has to work for a long time before he can gather sufficient property for the purchase. Now that the Fans have forced themselves into the trading parts of the country, "trader's goods" are the only articles that the father will accept in return for his daughter; and, as those goods are only to be bought with ivory, the Fan bride-

groom has to kill a great number of elephants before he can claim his wife.

Bargaining for a wife is often a very amusing scene (see illustration on next page), especially if the father has been sufficiently sure of his daughter's beauty to refrain from betrothing her as a child, and to put her up, as it were, to auction when she is nearly old enough to be married. The dusky suitor dresses himself in his best apparel, and waits on the father, in order to open the negotiation.

His business is, of course, to depreciate the beauty of the girl, to represent that, although she may be very pretty as a child of eleven or twelve, she will have fallen off in her good looks when she is a mature woman of fourteen or fifteen. The father, on the contrary, extols the value of his daughter, speaks slightly of the suitor as a man quite beneath his notice, and forthwith sets a price on her that the richest warrior could not hope to pay. Copper and brass pans, technically called "neptunes," are the chief articles of barter among the Fans, who, however, do not use them for cooking, preferring for this purpose their own clay pots, but merely for a convenient mode of carrying a certain weight of precious metal. Anklets and armlets of copper are also much valued, and so are white beads, while of late years the abominable "trade-guns" have become indispensable. At last, after multitudinous arguments on both sides, the affair is settled, and the price of the girl agreed upon. Part is generally paid at the time by way of earnest, and the bridegroom promises to pay the remainder when he comes for his wife.

As soon as the day of the wedding is fixed, the bridegroom and his friends begin to make preparations for the grand feast with which they are expected to entertain a vast number of guests. Some of them go off and busy themselves in hunting elephants, smoking and drying the flesh, and preserving the tusks for sale. Others prepare large quantities of manioc bread and plantains, while others find a congenial occupation in brewing great quantities of palm wine. Hunters are also engaged for the purpose of keeping up the supply of meat.

When the day is fixed, all the inhabitants of the village assemble, and the bride is handed over to her husband, who has already paid her price. Both are, of course, dressed in their very best. The bride wears, as is the custom among unmarried females, nothing but red paint and as many ornaments as she can manage to procure. Her hair is decorated with great quantities of white beads, and her wrists and ankles are hidden under a profusion of brass and copper rings. The bridegroom oils his body until his skin shines like a mirror, blackens and polishes his well-filled teeth, adorns his

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(1.) ATTACK ON A MPONGWÉ VILLAGE. (See page 536.)



(2.) BARGAINING FOR A WIFE. (See page 536.)

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head with a tuft of brightly colored feathers, and ties round his waist the handsomest skin which he possesses.

A scene of unrestrained jollity then commences. The guests, sometimes several hundred in number, keep up the feast for three or four days in succession, eating elephants' flesh, drinking palm wine, and dancing, until the powers of nature are quite exhausted, and then sleeping for an hour or two with the happy facility that distinguishes the native African. Awakening from their brief slumber, they begin the feast afresh, and after the first few hours scarcely one of the guests is sober, or indeed is expected to be so. At last, however, all the wine is drunk, and then the guests return to an involuntary state of sobriety.

We now come to the religion and superstitions of the Fan tribe. As far as they have any real worship they are idolaters. Each village has a huge idol, specially dedicated to the service of the family or clan of which the inhabitants of the village are composed, and at certain times the whole family assemble together at the idol house or temple, and then go through their acts of worship, which consist chiefly of dancing and singing. Around each of the temples are placed a number of skulls of wild animals, among which the gorilla takes the most conspicuous place. Such spots are thought very sacred, and no one would venture to remove any of the skulls, such an act of desecration being thought a capital offence.

Like many other savage tribes, they are very careless of human life, and have many capital offences, of which witchcraft is the most common. It may seem strange that people who habitually eat the bodies of their fellow-men should have any superstitious feelings whatever, but among the Fans the dread of sorcery is nearly as great as among some of the tribes which have been already mentioned.

Witchcraft, however, is not always punished with death, the offender being sometimes sold into slavery, the "emigrant" Fans having of late years received many Fans on board. It will be seen that the Fans always utilize their criminals. Those who are condemned for theft, or other ordinary crime, are executed, and their bodies eaten. But the wizards are supposed to possess some charms which would make their bodies as injurious after death as the culprits had been during life, and so they sell the criminal for "traders' goods."

No Fan ever dreams of going without a whole host of amulets, each of which is supposed to protect him from some special danger. The most valuable is one which is intended to guard the wearer in battle, and this is to be found on the person of every Fan warrior who can afford it. It is very simple, being nothing but an iron chain

with links an inch and a half long by an inch in width. This is hung over the left shoulder and under the right arm, and is thought to be very efficacious. Perhaps such a chain may at some time or other have turned the edge of a weapon, and, in consequence, the illogical natives have thought that the iron chains were effectual preservatives in war.

Next in value comes a small bag, which is hung round the neck, and which is a conspicuous ornament among the men. This is also a battle fetish, and is made of the skin of some rare animal. It contains bits of dried skin, feathers of scarce birds, the dried tips of monkeys' tails, the dried intestines of certain animals, shells, and bits of bone. Each article must have been taken from some rare animal, and have been specially consecrated by the medicine man. The warriors are often so covered with these and similar fetishes that they rattle at every step, much to the gratification of the wearer, and even the children are positively laden with fetish ornaments.

The reader will remember that throughout the whole of the tribes which have been described runs a custom of celebrating some kind of religious ceremony when the new moon is first seen. This custom is to be also found among the Fans. It has been graphically described by Mr. W. Reade, as follows:—

"The new moon began to rise. When she was high in the heavens, I had the fortune to witness a religious dance in her honor. There were two musicians, one of whom had an instrument called *handja*, constructed on the principle of an harmonicon; a piece of hard wood being beaten with sticks, and the notes issuing from calabashes of different sizes fastened below. This instrument is found everywhere in Western Africa. It is called *Balonda* in Senegambia; *Marimba* in Angola. It is also described by Froebel as being used by the Indians of Central America, where, which is still more curious, it is known by the same name—*Marimba*. The other was a drum which stood upon a pedestal, its skin made from an elephant's ear. The dull thud of this drum, beaten with the hands, and the harsh rattle of the *handja*, summoned the dancers.

"They came singing in procession from the forest. Their dance was uncouth; their song a solemn tuneless chant; they revolved in a circle, clasping their hands as we do in prayer, with their eyes fixed always on the moon, and sometimes their arms swung wildly toward her. The youth who played the drum assumed a glorious attitude. As I looked upon him—his head thrown back, his eyes upturned, his fantastic headdress, his naked, finely moulded form—I saw beauty in the savage for the first time.

"The measure changed, and two women, covered with green leaves and the skins of wild beasts, danced in the midst, where they

executed a *pas-de-deux* which would have made a *première danseuse* despair. They accompanied their intricate steps with miraculous contortions of the body, and obtained small presents of white beads from the spectators.

"It has always appeared to me a special ordinance of Nature that women, who are so easily fatigued by the ascent of a flight of stairs, or by a walk to church, should be able to dance for any length of time; but never did I see female endurance equal this. Never did I spend a worse night's rest. All night long those dreary deafening sounds drove sleep away, and the next morning these two infatuated women were still to be seen within a small but select circle of constant admirers, writhing in their sinuous (and now somewhat odorous) forms with unabated ardor."

The form of *marimba* or *handja* which is used among the Fans has mostly seven notes, and the gourds have each a hole in them covered with a piece of spider's web, as has already been narrated of the Central African drums. The Fan *handja* is fastened to a slight frame; and when the performer intends to play the instrument, he sits down, places the frame on his knees, so that the *handja* is suspended between them, and then beats on the keys with two short sticks. One of these sticks is made of hard wood, but the end of the other is covered with some soft material so as to deaden the sound. The Fans have really some ear for music, and possess some pretty though rudely constructed airs.

Of course the Fans have drums. The favorite form seems rather awkward to Europeans. It consists of a wooden and slightly conical cylinder, some four feet in length and only ten inches in diameter at the wider end, the other measuring barely seven inches. A skin is stretched tightly over the large end, and when the performer plays on it, he stands with bent knees, holding the drum between them, and beats furiously on the head with two wooden sticks.

To return to the Fan belief in charms.

It has already been mentioned that the Fans mostly hunt the elephant by driving it against a barrier artificially formed of vines, and killing it as it struggles to escape from the tangled and twisted creepers. They have also another and most ingenious plan, which, however, scarcely seems to be their own invention, but to be partly borrowed from the tribes through which they have passed in their progress westward. This plan is called the *Nghal*, that being the name of the enclosure into which the animals are enticed. While Mr. Reade was in the country of the Mpongwe tribe, into which, it will be remembered, the Fans had forced their way, the hunters found out that three elephants frequented a certain portion of the forest. Honorably paying the

Mpongwe for permission to hunt in their grounds, they set out and built round an open patch of ground an enclosure, slightly made, composed of posts and railings. Round the *nghal* were the huts of the Fan hunters. When Mr. Reade arrived there, he was told that the three elephants were within the *nghal*, sleeping under a tree; and sure enough there they were, one of them being a fine old male with a large pair of tusks. If he had chosen he could have walked through the fence without taking the trouble to alter his pace, but here he was, together with his companions, without the slightest idea of escaping. So certain were the hunters that their mighty prey was safe, that they did not even take the trouble to close the openings through which the animals had entered the *nghal*. They were in no hurry to kill the elephants. They liked to look at them as they moved about in the *nghal*, apparently unconscious of the continual hubbub around them, and certainly undisturbed by it. The elephants were to remain there until the new moon, which would rise in a fortnight, and then they would be killed in its honor.

On inquiring, it was found that the enclosure was not built round the elephants, as might have been supposed. No. It was built at some distance from the spot where the elephants were feeding. "The medicine men made fetish for them to come in. They came in. The medicine men made fetish for them to remain. And they remained. When they were being killed, fetish would be made that they might not be angry. In a fortnight's time the new moon would appear, and the elephants would then be killed. Before that time all the shrubs and light grass would be cut down, the fence would be strengthened, and interlaced with boughs. The elephants would be killed with spears, crossbows, and guns."

The natives, however, would not allow their white visitor to enter the *nghal*, as he wished to do, and refused all his bribes of beads and other articles precious to the soul of the Fan. They feared lest the presence of a white man might break the fetish, and the sight of a white face might frighten the elephants so much as to make them disregard all the charms that had been laid upon them, and rush in their terror against the fragile barrier which held them prisoners.

As to the method by which the elephants were induced to enter the enclosure, no other answer was made than that which had already been given. In India the enclosure is a vast and complicated trap, with an opening a mile or so in width, into which the elephants are driven gradually, and which is closed behind them as they advance into smaller and smaller prisons. In Africa all that was done was to build an enclosure, to leave an opening just large

enough to admit an elephant, to make fetish for the elephants, and in they came.

The whole thing is a mystery. Mr. Reade, who frankly confesses that if he had not with his own eyes seen the n'ghal and its still open door he would have refused to believe the whole story, is of opinion that the "fetish" in question is threefold. He suggests that the first fetish was a preparation of some plant for which the elephants have the same mania that cats have for valerian and pigeons for salt, and thinks that they may have been enticed into the n'ghal by means of this herb. Then, after they had been induced to enter the enclosure, that they were kept from approaching the fence by means of drugs distasteful to them, and that the "fetish" which prevented them from being angry when killed was simply a sort of opiate thrown to them. The well-known fastidiousness of the elephant may induce some readers to think that this last suggestion is rather improbable. But it is also known that, in some parts of Africa, elephants are usually drugged by poisoned food, and that the Indian domesticated elephant will do almost anything for sweetmeats in which the intoxicating hemp forms an ingredient.

That the elephants are prevented from approaching the fence by means of a distasteful preparation seems likely from a piece of fetishism that Mr. Reade witnessed. At a certain time of the day the medicine man made his round of the fence, singing in a melancholy voice, and daubing the posts and rails with a dark brown liquid. This was acknowledged to be the fetish by which the elephants were induced to remain within the enclosure, and it is very probable that it possessed some odor which disgusted the keen-scented animals, and kept them away from its influence.

Mr. Reade also suggests that this method of catching elephants may be a relic of the days when African elephants were taken alive and trained to the service of man, as they are now in India and Ceylon. That the knowledge of elephant training has been lost is no wonder, considering the internecine feuds which prevail among the tribes of Africa, and prevent them from developing the arts of peace. But that they were so caught and trained, even in the old classical days, is well known; and from all accounts the elephants of Africa were not one whit inferior to their Indian relatives in sagacity or docility. Yet there is now no part of Africa in which the natives seem to have the least idea that such monstrous animals could be subjected to the sway of man, and even in Abyssinia the sight of elephants acting as beasts of burden and traction filled the natives with half incredulous awe.

When the Fans have succeeded in killing an elephant, they proceed to go through a

curious ceremony, which has somewhat of a religious character about it. No meat is touched until these rites have been completed. The whole hunting party assembles round the fallen elephant, and dances round its body. The medicine man then comes and cuts off a piece of meat from one of the hind legs and places it in a basket, there being as many baskets as slain elephants. The meat is then cooked under the superintendence of the medicine man and the party who killed the elephant, and it is then carried off into the woods and offered to the idol. Of course the idol is supposed to eat it, and the chances are that he does so through the medium of his representative, the medicine man. Before the baskets are taken into the woods, the hunters dance about them as they had danced round the elephant, and beseech the idol to be liberal toward them, and give them plenty of elephants so that they may be able to give him plenty of meat.

The spirits being thus propitiated, the flesh is stripped off the bones of the elephant, sliced, and hung upon branches, and smoked until it is dry, when it can be kept for a considerable time.

The reader may remember that one of the principal ornaments of the idol temple is the skull of the gorilla, and the same object is used by several of the tribes for a similar purpose. The fact is, all the natives of those districts in which the gorilla still survive are horribly afraid of the animal, and feel for it that profound respect which, in the savage mind, is the result of fear, and fear only. A savage never respects anything that he does not fear, and the very profound respect which so many tribes, even the fierce, warlike, and well-armed Fans, have for the gorilla, show that it is really an animal which is to be dreaded.

There has been so much controversy about the gorilla, and the history of this gigantic ape is so inextricably interwoven with this part of South Africa, that the present work would be imperfect without a brief notice of it. In the above-mentioned controversy, two opposite views were taken—one, that the gorilla was the acknowledged king of the forest, supplanting all other wild animals, and even attacking and driving away the elephant itself. Of man it had no dread, lying in wait for him and attacking him whenever it saw a chance, and being a terrible antagonist even in fair fight, the duel between man and beast being a combat à l'outrance, in which one or the other must perish.

Those who took the opposite view denounced all these stories as "old wives' fables, only fit to be relegated to your grandmother's bookshelves."—I quote the exact words—saying that the gorilla, being an ape, is necessarily a timid and retiring animal, afraid of man, and running away

when it sees him. It is hardly necessary to mention that M. du Chaillu is responsible for many of the statements contained in the former of these theories — several, however, being confessedly gathered from hearsay, and that several others were prevalent throughout Europe long before Du Chaillu published his well-known work.

The truth seems to lie between these statements, and it is tolerably evident that the gorilla is a fierce and savage beast when attacked, but that it will not go out of its way to attack a man, and indeed will always avoid him if it can. That it is capable of being a fierce and determined enemy is evident from the fact that one of Mr. W. Reade's guides, the hunter Etia, had his left hand crippled by the bite of a gorilla; and Mr. Wilson mentions that he has seen a man who had lost nearly the whole calf of one leg in a similar manner, and who said that he was in a fair way of being torn in pieces if he had not been rescued by his companions. Formidable as are the terrible jaws and teeth of the gorilla when it succeeds in seizing a man, its charge is not nearly so much to be feared as that of the leopard, as it is made rather leisurely, and permits the agile native to spring aside and avoid it.

On account of the structure common to all the monkey tribe, the gorilla habitually walks on all-fours, and is utterly incapable of standing upright like a man. It can assume a partially erect attitude, but with bent knees, stooping body, and incurved feet, and is not nearly so firmly set on its legs as is a dancing bear. Even while it stands on its feet, the heavy body is so ill supported on the feeble legs that the animal is obliged to balance itself by swaying its large arms in the air, just as a rope-dancer balances himself with his pole.

In consequence of the formation of the limbs, the tracks which it leaves are very curious, the long and powerful arms being used as crutches, and the short feeble hind legs swung between them. It seems that each party or family of gorillas is governed by an old male, who rules them just as the bull rules its mates and children.

The natives say that the gorilla not only walks, but charges upon all-fours, though it will raise itself on its hind legs in order to survey its foes. Etia once enacted for Mr. W. Reade the scene in which he had received the wound that crippled his hand. Directing Mr. Reade to hold a gun as if about to shoot, he rushed forward on all-fours, seized the left wrist with one of his hands, dragged it to his mouth, made believe to bite it, and then made off on all-fours as he had charged. And, from the remarkable intelligence which this hideous but polite hunter had shown in imitating other animals, it was evident that his story was a true one.

As to the houses which the gorilla is said to build, there is some truth in the story. Houses they can scarcely be called, inasmuch as they have no sides, and in their construction the gorilla displays an architectural power far inferior to that of many animals. The lodge of the beaver is a palace compared with the dwelling of the gorilla. Many of the deserted residences may be found in the forests which the gorilla inhabits, and look much like herons' nests on a rather large scale. They consist simply of sticks torn from the trees and laid on the spreading part of a horizontal branch, so as to make a rude platform. This nest, if we may so call it, is occupied by the female, and in process of time is shared by her offspring. The males sleep in a large tree.

Shy and retiring in its habits, the gorilla retreats from the habitations of man, and loves to lurk in the gloomiest recesses of the forest, where it finds its favorite food, and where it is free from the intrusion of man. As to the untamable character of the gorilla as contrasted with the chimpanzee, Mr. Reade mentions that he has seen young specimens of both animals kept in a tame state, and both equally gentle.

We now come to the statement that, while the gorilla is working himself up to an attack, he beats his breast until it resounds like a great drum, giving out a loud booming sound that can be heard through the forest at the distance of three miles. How such a sound can be produced in such a manner it is not easy to comprehend, and Mr. Reade, on careful inquiry from several gorilla hunters, could not find that one of them had ever heard the sound in question, or, indeed, had ever heard of it. They said that the gorilla had a drum, and, on being asked to show it, took their interlocutor to a large hollow tree, and said that the gorilla seized two neighboring trees with his hands, and swung himself against the hollow trunk, beating it so "strong-strong" with his feet that the booming sound could be heard at a great distance.

Etia illustrated the practice of the gorilla by swinging himself against the tree in a similar manner, but failed in producing the sound. However, he adhered to his statement, and, as a succession of heavy blows against a hollow trunk would produce a sort of booming noise, it is likely that his statement may have been in the main a correct one.

Now that the natives have procured firearms, they do not fear the gorilla as much as they used to do. Still, even with such potent assistance, gorilla hunting is not without its dangers, and, as we have seen, many instances are known where a man has been severely wounded by the gorilla, though Mr. Reade could not hear of a single case where the animal had killed any of its assailants.

When the native hunters chase the gorilla, and possess fire-arms, they are obliged to fire at very short range, partly because the dense nature of those parts of the forest which the gorilla haunts prevent them from seeing the animal at a distance of more than ten or twelve yards, and partly because it is necessary to kill at the first shot an animal which, if only wounded, attacks its foes, and uses fiercely the formidable weapons with which it has been gifted. Any one who has seen the skull of an adult gorilla, and noticed the vast jaw-bones, the enormous teeth, and the high bony ridges down the head which afford attachment to the muscles, can easily understand the terrible force of a gorilla's bite. The teeth, and not the paws, are the chief, if not the only weapons which the animal employs; and, although they are given to it in order to enable it to bite out the pith of the trees on which it principally feeds, they can be used with quite as great effect in combat.

So the negro hunter, who is never a good shot, and whose gun is so large and heavy that to take a correct aim is quite out of the question, allows the gorilla to come within three or four yards before he delivers his fire. Sometimes the animal is too quick for him, and in that case he permits it to seize the end of the barrel in its hands and drag it to its mouth, and then fires just as the great jaws enclose the muzzle between the teeth. Seizing the object of attack in the hands, and drawing it to the mouth, seems to be with the gorilla, as with others of the monkey tribe, the ordinary mode of fighting. The hunter has to be very careful that he fires at the right moment, as the gigantic strength of the gorilla enables it to make very short work of a trade gun, if it should happen to pull the weapon out of its owner's hands. A French officer told Mr. Reade that he had seen one of these guns which had been seized by a gorilla, who had twisted and bent the barrel "*comme une papillote*."

The same traveller, who is certainly not at all disposed to exaggerate the size or the power of the gorilla, was greatly struck by the aspect of one that had been recently killed. "One day Mongilambu came and told me that there was a freshly-killed gorilla for sale. I went down to the beach, and saw it lying in a small canoe, which it almost filled. It was a male, and a very

large one. The preserved specimen can give you no idea of what this animal really is, with its skin still unshrivelled, and the blood scarcely dry upon its wounds. The hideousness of its face, the grand breadth of its breast, its massive arms, and, above all, its hands, like those of a human being, impressed me with emotions which I had not expected to feel. But nothing is perfect. The huge trunk dwindled into a pair of legs, thin, bent, shrivelled, and decrepid as those of an old woman.

Such being the impression made on a civilized being by the dead body of a gorilla lying in a canoe, the natives may well be excused for entertaining a superstitious awe of it as it roams the forest in freedom, and for thinking that its skull is a fit adornment for the temple of their chief idol.

To a party of native hunters unprovided with fire-arms, the chase of the animal is a service of real difficulty and danger. They are obliged to seek it in the recesses of its own haunts, and to come to close quarters with it. (See the illustration on page 457). The spear is necessarily the principal weapon employed, as the arrow, even though poisoned, does not kill at once, and the gorilla is only incited by the pain of a wound to attack the man who inflicted it. Their fear of the animal is also increased by the superstition which has already been mentioned, that a man is sometimes transformed into a gorilla, and becomes thereby a sort of sylvan demon, who cannot be killed—at all events, by a black man—and who is possessed with a thirst for killing every human being that he meets.

Any specially large gorilla is sure to be credited with the reputation of being a transformed man; and as the adult male sometimes measures five feet six inches or so in height, there is really some excuse for the native belief that some supernatural power lies hidden in this monstrous ape.

After a careful investigation, Mr. Reade has come to the conclusion that, except in point of size, there is no essential difference in the gorilla and the chimpanzee, both animals going usually on all-fours, and both building slight houses or platforms in the trees, both changing their dwelling in search of food and to avoid the neighborhood of man, and both, without being gregarious, sometimes assembling together in considerable numbers.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE KRUMEN AND FANTI.

LOCALITY OF THE KRUMEN—THEIR FINE DEVELOPMENT AND WONDERFUL ENDURANCE—THEIR SKILL IN BOATING—COLOR OF THE KRUMEN—THEIR VERY SIMPLE DRESS—DOUBLE NOMENCLATURE—THEIR USE TO TRAVELLERS—GOVERNMENT OF THE KRUMEN—THEIR LIVELY AND CHEERFUL CHARACTER—DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE KRUMEN—EARNING WIVES—RELIGION OF THE KRUMEN—THE DEITY "SUFFIN"—KRUMAN FUNERAL—THE GRAIN COAST—THE FANTI TRIBE—THEIR NATIVE INDOLENCE—FANTI BOATS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT—THE KRA-KRA DISEASE—A WILD LEGEND—DRESS OF THE FANTI—IDEAS OF A FUTURE STATE.

ALONG the Grain Coast of Western Africa there is a race of men who come too prominently before European eyes to be omitted from this work. They have, in a degree, lost the habits of their original savage life, but they illustrate so well the peculiar negro character that a small space must be devoted to them.

The name Kru, or Croo, and sometimes Carew, or Crew—so diversified is the orthography of native names—is a corruption of the Grebo word "Krao." The tribe inhabits a district about twenty-five or thirty miles along the coast, and extending for a considerable, but uncertain, distance inland. A good many smaller tribes have been gradually absorbed into them, and, as they have adopted the language, manners, and customs, as well as the name of Krao, we will treat of them all under the same title.

In the "Wanderings of a F. R. G. S." there is a curious account of the derivation of the word Grebo, one of the absorbed tribes. According to their own tradition, they originally inhabited the interior, and, finding that their district was too thickly populated, a large number of them determined to emigrate westward, and secretly prepared for departure, the majority being averse to the scheme. As they embarked in a hurry, a number of the canoes were upset, but the remainder succeeded in bounding over the waves. The people who were capsized, and were left behind, were therefore called "Waibo," or the Capsized, while the others took the name of Grebo, from the bounding gray monkey, called Gré.

The Krumen are a fine race, and present a great contrast to the usual slim-limbed and

almost effeminate savages of the interior. They are extremely powerful, and are able to paddle for some forty miles at a stretch, without seeming to be the least fatigued at the end of their labors. They are the recognized seamen of the coast, and have made themselves necessary to the traders, and even to Government vessels, as they can stand a wonderful amount of work, and are not affected by the climate like the white sailors.

A Kruman lays himself out for a sailor as soon as he becomes his own master, and is content to begin life as a "boy," so that he may end it as a "man"—i. e. he hires himself out in order to obtain goods which will purchase a wife for him, and by dint of several voyages he adds to the number of his wives, and consequently to the respect in which he is held by his countrymen.

He is a marvellous canoe man, and manages his diminutive boat with a skill that must be seen to be appreciated. He drives it through the surf with fearless speed, and cares nothing for the boiling water around him. "The Kruman," writes Mr. Reade, "squats in it on his knees, and bales the water out with one of his feet. Sometimes he paddles with his hands; sometimes, thrusting a leg in the water, he spins the canoe round when at full speed, like a skater on the 'outside-edge.' If it should capsize, as the laws of equilibrium sometimes demand, he turns it over, bales it out with a calabash, swimming all the while, and glides in again, his skin shining like a seal's."

These singular little canoes are pointed at each end, and crescent-shaped, so that they project fore and aft out of the water. They

are very narrow, and are made out of the single trunk of a tree, usually cotton-wood, or a kind of poplar. The interior is first hollowed out with fire, next trimmed with an adze, and the ribs are prevented from collapsing by four or five cross-sticks. They are very massively constructed, and, as the wood is very light, they do not sink even if they are filled with water. So small are they, that at a little distance they cannot be seen, and the inmates appear to be treading water.

It is a curious sight to watch a fleet of these canoes come off toward a ship. As soon as an English ship anchors, a swarm of these canoes comes dashing along, their black inmates singing songs at the top of their voices, and shouting "Bateo! Bateo! Gi' way! Bargri!" and similar exclamations, as they race with each other toward the vessel. No European has been known to manage one of these frail canoes, the usual result of getting into one being that the boat turns over, and deposits the rash adventurer in the sea.

The appearance of the men has been graphically described by the "F. R. G. S." "Conceive the head of a Socrates, or a Silenus, upon the body of the Antinous, or Apollo Belvedere. A more magnificent development of muscle, such perfect symmetry in the balance of grace and strength, my eyes had never yet looked upon. But the faces! Except when lighted up by smiles and good humor—expression to an African face is all in all—nothing could be more unprepossessing. The flat nose, the high cheek-bones, the yellow eyes, the chalky white teeth, pointed like the shark's, the muzzle protruded like that of a dog-monkey, combine to form an unusual amount of ugliness.

"To this adds somewhat the tribe mark, a blue line of cuts half an inch broad, from the forehead scalp to the nose tip—in some cases it extends over both lips to the chin, whence they are called Bluenoses—whilst a broad arrow or wedge, pointed to the face, and also blue, occupies each temple, just above the zygomata. The marks are made with a knife, little cuts into which the oily husk of a gum is rubbed. Their bodies are similarly ornamented with stars, European emblems, as anchors, &c., especially with broad double lines down the breast and other parts.

"Their features are distinctly African, without a mixture of Arab; the conjunctiva is brown, yellow, or tarnished—a Hamitic peculiarity—and some paint white goggle-like ovals round the orbits, producing the effect of a loup. This is sometimes done for sickness, and individuals are rubbed over with various light and dark colored powders. The skin is very dark, often lamp-black; others are of a deep rich brown, or bronze tint, but a light-complexioned man is generally called Tom Coffee.

"They wear the hair, which is short and kinky, in crops, which look like a Buddha's skull-cap, and they shave when in mourning for their relations. A favorite 'fash' (i. e. fashion) is to scrape off a parallelogram behind the head, from the poll to the cerebellum; and others are decorated in that landscape or parterre style which wilder Africans love. The back of the cranium is often remarkably flat, and I have seen many heads of the pyramidal shape, rising narrow and pointed high to the apex. The beard is seldom thick, and never long; the moustachio is removed, and the pile, like the hair, often grows in tufts. The tattoo has often been described. There seems to be something attractive in this process—the English sailor can seldom resist the temptation.

"They also chip, sharpen, and extract the teeth. Most men cut out an inverted V between the two middle incisors of the upper jaw; others draw one or two of the central lower incisors; others, especially the St. Andrews men, tip or sharpen the incisors, like the Wahlae and several Central African tribes.

"Odontology has its mysteries. Dentists seem, or rather seemed, to hold as a theory that destruction of the enamel involved the loss of the tooth; the Krumen hack their masticators with a knife, or a rough piece of hoop iron, and find that the sharpening, instead of producing caries, acts as a preservative, by facilitating the laniatory process. Similarly there are physiologists who attribute the preservation of the negro's teeth to his not drinking anything hotter than blood heat. This is mere empiricism. The Arabs swallow their coffee nearly boiling, and the East African will devour his agali, or porridge, when the temperature would scald the hand. Yet both these races have pearls of teeth, except when they chew lime or tobacco."

The native dress of the men is simple enough, consisting of a pink and white or blue and white cheek cloth round the waist, and a variety of ornaments, made of skin, metal, glass, or ivory. The latter substance is mostly obtained either from the Gaboon or Cameroon, and is worn in the shape of large arm rings, cut slowly with a knife, and polished by drawing a wet cord backward and forward. Some of the sailor Krumen have their names (i. e. their nautical names) engraved on their armlets, and some of them wear on the breast a brass plate with the name engraved upon it. Of course some of their ornaments are charms or fetiches.

The women present a disagreeable contrast to the men, their stature being short, their proportions ungainly, and their features repulsive. Their style of dress, which is merely a much-attenuated petticoat, displays nearly the whole of the figure, and enables the spectator to form a very accurate opinion of their personal appearance. Of

course, the chief part of the work is done by the women, and this custom has doubtless some effect in stunting and deteriorating the form.

All the Krumen have two names, one being that by which they are called in their own tongue, and one by which they are known to their employers. It really seems a pity that these two fellows should be degraded by the ludicrous English names which are given to them. Their own names — *e. g.* Kofā, Nāki, Tiya, &c. — are easy enough to speak, and it would be far better to use them, and not to "call them out of their names," according to the domestic phrase. Here are the names of five men who engaged to take Mr. Reade to the Gaboon: Smoke Jack, Dry Toast, Cockroach, Pot-of-Beer, and — of all the names in the world for a naked black man — Florence Nightingale.

They always demand rice, that being a necessity with them, and as long as they get their pint and a half per diem of rice they can stand unlimited work. They cook the rice for themselves in their primitive but effective manner, and feed themselves much as turkeys are crammed, seizing large handfuls of rice, squeezing them into balls, and contriving, in some mysterious way, to swallow them whole without being choked. When they enter the naval service they consider themselves as made men, getting not only their rice, but allowance in lieu of other rations: plenty of clothing, and high wages, so that when they go ashore they are rich men, and take their rank. Of course they are fleeced by all their relations, who flock round them, and expect to be feasted for several days, but still the sailor Krumen can buy a wife or two, and set up for a "man" at once. In his own phrase, he is "nigger for ship, king for country." One year is the usual term of engagement, and it is hardly possible to induce Krumen to engage for more than three years, so attached are they to "me country."

Their government is simple. They are divided into four classes, or castes, — namely, the elders, the actual warriors, the probationary warriors, and the priests; the latter term including the priests proper, the exorcists, and the physicians. They are strictly republican, and no one is permitted to accumulate, or, at all events, to display, wealth much above the average of his fellows. Should even one of the elders do so, a palaver is held, and his property is reduced to proper level. This is described by the English-speaking Krumen as the punishment for "too much sass." In fact, property is held on the joint stock principle, so that the word "commonwealth" is very applicable to their mode of government.

Capital punishment is rare, and is seldom used, except in cases of witchcraft or murder, and it is remarkable that, in the latter

case, no distinction is made between accidental manslaughter and murder with *malice prepense*. The poison ordeal is common here, the draught being prepared from the "sass-wood" of the giddin tree; and there is a wholesome rule that, if the accused survives the ordeal, the accuser must drink it in his turn.

That they are arrant liars, that they are confirmed thieves, and that they have not the slightest notion of morality, is but to say that they are savages, and those who have to deal with them can manage well enough, provided that they only bear in mind these characteristics. If they hear that they are going to some place which they dislike — probably on account of some private feud, because they are afraid of some man whose domestic relations they have disturbed — they will come with doleful faces to their master, and tell him the most astounding lies about it.

Yet they are a cheerful, lively set of fellows, possessing to the full the negro's love of singing, drumming, and dancing. Any kind of work that they do is aided by a song, and an experienced traveller who is paddled by Krumen always takes with him a drum of some sort, knowing that it will make the difference of a quarter of the time occupied in the journey. Even after after a hard day's work, they will come to their master, ask permission to "make play," and will keep up their singing and dancing until after midnight. Under such circumstances the traveller will do well to grant his permission, under the condition that they remove themselves out of earshot. Even their ordinary talk is so much like shouting, that they must always be quartered in out-houses, and when they become excited with their music their noise is unendurable.

They are very fond of intoxicating liquids, and are not in the least particular about the quality, so that the intoxicating property be there.

It has already been mentioned that they are arrant thieves, and in nothing is their thieving talent more conspicuous than when they exercise it upon spirituous liquors. They even surpass the British sailor in the ingenuity which they display in discovering and stealing spirits, and there is hardly any risk which they will not run in order to obtain it. Contrary to the habit of most savage people, they are very sensitive to pain, and a flogging which would scarcely be felt by a Bush boy will elicit shrieks of pain from a Krumen. They dread the whip almost as much as death, and yet they will brave the terrors of a certain flogging in order to get at rum or brandy.

No precautions seem to be available against their restless cunning, and the unwary traveller is often surprised, when he feels ill and wants some brandy as a medicine, that not a drop is to be found, and yet,

to all appearance, his spirit-case has been under his own eyes, and so have the rascals who have contrived to steal it. Even so experienced a traveller as Captain Burton, a man who knows the negro character better than almost any European, says that he never had the chance of drinking his last bottle of cognac, it always having been emptied by his Krumen.

Provisions of all kinds vanish in the same mysterious way: they will strangle goats, and prepare them so as to look as if they had been bitten by venomous serpents; and as for fowls, they vanish as if they had voluntarily flown down the throats of the robbers. Anything bright or polished is sure to be stolen, and it is the hardest thing in the world to take mathematical instruments safely through Western Africa, on account of the thievish propensities of the Krumen.

Even when they steal articles which they cannot eat, it is very difficult to discover the spot where the missing object is hidden, and, as a party of Krumen always share their plunder, they have an interest in keeping their business secret. The only mode of extracting information is by a sound flogging, and even then it often happens that the cunning rascals have sent off their plunder by one of their own people, or have contrived to smuggle it on board some ship.

WE now come to the domestic habits of the Krumen as summed up in marriage, religion, death, and burial.

These people are, as has been seen, a prudent race, and have the un-African faculty of looking to the future. It is this faculty which causes them to work so hard for their wives, the fact being, that, when a man has no wife, he must work entirely for himself; when he has one, she takes part of the labor off his hands; and when he marries a dozen or so, they can support him in idleness for the rest of his days.

So, when a young man has scraped together sufficient property to buy a wife, he goes to the girl's father, shows the goods, and strikes the bargain. If accepted, he marries her after a very simple fashion, the whole ceremony consisting in the father receiving the goods and handing over the girl. He remains with her in her father's house for a week or two, and then goes off on another trip in order to earn enough money to buy a second. In like manner he possesses a third and a fourth, and then sets up a domicile of his own, each wife having her own little hut.

However many wives a Krumen may have, the first takes the chief rank, and rules the entire household. As is the case in most lands where polygamy is practised, the women have no objection to sharing the husband's affections. On the contrary, the

head wife will generally urge her husband to add to his number, because every additional wife is in fact an additional servant, and takes a considerable amount of work off her shoulders. And an inferior wife would always prefer to be the twelfth or thirteenth wife of a wealthy man, than the solitary wife of a poor man for whom she will have to work like a slave.

Although the women are completely subject to their husbands, they have a remedy in their hands if they are very badly treated. They run away to their own family, and then there is a great palaver. Should a separation occur, the children, although they love their mother better than their father, are considered his property, and have to go with him.

THEIR religion is of a very primitive character, and, although the Krumen have for so many years been brought in contact with civilization, and have been sedulously taught by missionaries, they have not exchanged their old superstitions for a new religion. That they believe in the efficacy of amulets and charms has been already mentioned, and therefore it is evident that they must have some belief in the supernatural beings who are supposed to be influenced by these charms. Yet, as to worship, very little is known of it, probably because very little is practised. On one occasion, when a vessel was wrecked, a Krumen stood all night by the sea-side, with his face looking westward, waving the right arm, and keeping up an incessant howling until daybreak. The others looked at him, but did not attempt to join him.

There is one religious ceremony which takes place in a remarkable cavern, called by the euphonious name of Grand Devil Cave. It is a hollow in an enormous rock, having at the end a smaller and interior cavern in which the demon resides. Evidently partaking that dislike to naming the object of their superstitions which caused the believing in fairies to term them the "Good people," and the Norwegians of the present day to speak of the bear as the "Disturber," or "He in the fur coat," the Krumen prudently designate this demon as "Suffin," i. e. Something.

When they go to worship they lay beads, tobacco, provisions, and rum in the inner cavern, which are at once removed by the mysterious Suffin, who is supposed to consume them all. In return for the liberality of his votaries, Suffin answers any questions in any language. The Krumen believe as firmly in the existence and supernatural character of Suffin as the Babylonians in the time of Daniel believed that Bel consumed daily the "twelve great measures of fine flour, the forty sheep, and the six vessels of wine" that were offered to him. And, as a convincing proof of the danger of

incredulity, they point with awe to a tree which stands near the mouth of the Grand Devil Cave, and which was formerly a Kruman who expressed his disbelief in Suffin, and was straightway transformed into the tree in question.

Their mode of swearing is by dipping the finger in salt, pointing to heaven and earth with it, as if invoking the powers of both, and then putting the tip of the finger in the mouth, as if calling upon the offended powers to avenge the perjury on the person of him who had partaken of the salt. Considering the wolfish voracity of the Krumen, which they possess in common with other savages, they show great self-control in yielding to a popular superstition which forbids them to eat the hearts of cattle, or to drink the blood.

The dead Kruman is buried with many ceremonies, and, notably, a fire is kept up before his house, so that his spirit may warm itself while it is prepared for appreciating the new life into which it has been born. Food is also placed near the grave for the same benevolent purpose. Should he be a good man, he may lead the cattle which have been sacrificed at his funeral, and so make his way to the spirit land, in which he will take rank according to the number of cattle which he has brought with him. Sometimes he may enter the bodies of children, and so reappear on earth. But should he be a bad man, and especially should he be a wizard—i. e. one who practises without authority the arts which raise

the regular practitioners to wealth and honor—his state after death is very terrible, and he is obliged to wander forever through gloomy swamps and fetid marshes.

It is a curious fact that the Krumen have some idea of a transitional or purgatorial state. The paradise of the Krumen is called Kwiga Oran, i. e. the City of the Ghosts, and before any one can enter it he must sojourn for a certain time in the intermediate space called Menu or Mennke.

It may be as well to remark here that the Grain Coast, on which the Krumen chiefly live, does not derive its name from corn, barley, or other cereals. The grain in question is the well-known cardamom, or Grain of Paradise, which is used as a medicine throughout the whole of Western Africa, and is employed as a remedy against various diseases. It is highly valued as a restorative after fatigue; and when a man has been completely worn out by a long day's march, there is nothing that refreshes him more than a handful of the cardamoms in a fresh state, the juicy and partly acid pulp contrasting most agreeably with the aromatic warmth of the seeds. The cardamom is used either internally or externally. It is eaten as a stomachic, and is often made into a poultice and applied to any part of the body that suffers pain. Headache, for example, is said to be cured by the cardamom seed, pounded and mixed with water into a paste; and, even during the hot fit of fever, the cardamom powder is applied as a certain restorative.

THE FANTI.

THE district of Western Africa, which is now known by the general title of the Gold Coast, Ashantee, or Ashanti, is occupied by two tribes, who are always on terms of deadly feud with each other. Internecine quarrels are one of the many curses which retard the progress of Africa, and, in this case, the quarrel is so fierce and persistent, that even at the present day, though the two great tribes, the Fanti and the Ashanti, have fought over and over again, and the latter are clearly the victors, and have taken possession of the land, the former are still a large and powerful tribe, and, in spite of their so called extermination, have proved their vitality in many ways.

The Fanti tribe are geographically separated from their formidable neighbors by the Bossumpea River, and if one among either tribe passes this boundary it is declared to be an overt act of war. Unfortunately, England contrived to drift into this war, and, as bad luck would have it, took the part of the Fanti tribe, and consequently shared in their defeat.

It is really not astonishing that the Fanti

should have been so completely conquered, as they have been termed by Mr. Dunan, a traveller who knew them well, the dirtiest and laziest of all the Africans that he had seen. One hundred of them were employed under the supervision of an Englishman, and, even with this incitement, they did not do as much as a gang of fifteen English laborers. Unless continually goaded to work they will lie down and bask in the sun; and even if a native overseer be employed, he is just as bad as the rest of his countrymen.

Even such work as they do they will only perform in their own stupid manner. For example, in fetching stone for building, they will walk, some twenty in a gang, a full mile to the quarry, and come back, each with a single stone weighing some eight or nine pounds on his head. Every burden is carried on the head. They were once supplied with wheelbarrows, but they placed one stone in each wheelbarrow, and then put the barrows on their heads. The reason why they are so lazy is plain enough. They can live well for a penny per diem, and

their only object in working is to procure rum, tobacco, and cotton cloths. So the wife has to earn the necessities of life, and the husband earns—and consumes—the luxuries.

The Fanti tribe are good canoe men, but their boats are much larger and heavier than those which are employed by the Krumen. They are from thirty to forty feet in length, and are furnished with weather boards for the purpose of keeping out the water. The shape of the paddle is usually like that of the ace of clubs at the end of a handle; but, when the canoes have to be taken through smooth and deep water, the blades of the paddles are long and leaf-shaped, so as to take a good hold of the water. The Fanti boatmen are great adepts in conveying passengers from ships to the shore. Waiting by the ship's side, while the heavy seas raise and lower their crank canoes like corks, they seize the right moment, snatch the anxious passenger off the ladder to which he has been clinging, deposit him in the boat, and set off to shore with shouts of exultation. On account of the surf, as much care is needed in landing the passengers on shore as in taking them out of the vessel. They hang about the outskirts of the surf-billows as they eurl and twist and dash themselves to pieces in white spray, and, as soon as one large wave has dashed itself on the shore, they paddle along on the crest of the succeeding wave, and just before it breaks they jump out of the boat, run it well up the shore, and then ask for tobacco.

The men are rather fine-looking fellows, tall and well-formed, but are unfortunately liable to many skin diseases, among which the terrible kra-kra is most dreaded. This horrible disease, sometimes spelt, as it is pronounced, *craw-craw*, is a sort of leprosy that overruns the entire body, and makes the surface most loathsome to the eye. Unfortunately, it is very contagious, and even white persons have been attacked by it merely by placing their hands on the spot against which a negro afflicted with kra-kra has been resting. Sometimes the whole crew of a ship will be seized with kra-kra, which even communicates itself to goats and other animals, to whom it often proves fatal.

The natives have a curious legend respecting the origin of this horrible disease. The first man, named Raychow, came one day with his son to a great hole in the ground, from which fire issues all night. They heard men speaking to them, but could not distinguish their faces. So Raychow sent his son down the pit, and at the bottom he met the king of the fire hole, who challenged him to a trial of spear-throwing, the stake being his life. He won the contest, and the fire king was so pleased with his prowess that he told the young

man to ask for any thing that he liked before he was restored to the upper air. The boon chosen was a remedy for every disease that he could name. He enumerated every malady that he could recollect, and received a medicine for each. As he was going away, the fire king said, "You have forgotten one disease. It is the kra-kra, and by that you shall die."

Their color is rather dark chocolate than black, and they have a tolerably well-formed nose, and a facial angle better than that of the true negro. Their dress is simply a couple of cotton cloths, one twisted round the waist, and the other hung over the shoulders. This, however, is scarcely to be reckoned as clothing, and is to be regarded much as an European regards his hat, *i. e.* as something to be worn out of doors. Like the hat, it is doffed whenever a Fanti meets a superior; this curious salutation being found also in some of the South Sea Islands.

The women when young are ugly in face and beautiful in form—when old they are hideous in both. In spite of the Islamism with which they are brought so constantly in contact, and which has succeeded in making them the most civilized of the West African tribes, the women are so far from veiling their faces that their costume begins at the waist and ceases at the knees. Unfortunately, they spoil the only beauty they possess, that of shape, by an ugly appendage called the "enakey," *i. e.* a tolerably large oblong bag of calico, stuffed into cushion shape, and then tied by tapes to the wearer's back, so that the upper edge and two of the corners project upward in a very ludicrous way. It is, in fact, only a slight exaggeration of an article of dress which at one time was fashionable throughout Europe, and which, to artistic eyes, had the same demerit of spoiling a good shape and not concealing a bad one. The married women have some excuse for wearing it, as they say that it forms a nice cushion for the baby to sit upon; but the young girls who also wear it have no such excuse, and can only plead the fashion of the day.

Round the waist is always a string of beads, glass or clay if the wearer be poor, gold if she be rich. This supports the "shim," a sort of under-petticoat, if we may so term it, which is simply a strip of calico an inch or so in width, one end being fastened to the girdle of beads in front, and the other behind. They all wear plenty of ornaments of the usual description, *i. e.* necklaces, bracelets, armlets, anklets, and even rings for the toes.

The hair of the married women is dressed in rather a peculiar manner. Though crisp and curly, it grows to nine or ten inches in length, and is frizzled and teased out with much skill and more patience. A boldly-defined line is shaved round the roots of hair, and the remainder of the locks, previ-

ously saturated with grease, and combed out to their greatest length, are trained upward into a tall ridge. Should the hair be too short or too scanty to produce the required effect, a quantity of supplementary hair is twisted into a pad and placed under the veritable locks. This ridge of hair is supported by a large comb stuck in the back of the head, and, although the shape of the hair tufts differ considerably, it is always present, and always made as large as possible.

The Fanti have their peculiar superstitions, which have never yet been extirpated.

In accordance with their superstitious worship, they have a great number of holy days in the course of the year, during which they make such a noise that an European can scarcely live in the town. Besides uttering the horrible roars and yells which seem unproducible by other than negro throats, they blow horns and long wooden trumpets, the sound of which is described as resembling the roar of a bull, and walk in procession, surrounding with their horns and trumpets the noisiest instrument of all, — namely, the kin-kasi, or big drum. This is about four feet in length and one in width, and takes two men to play it, one carrying it, negro fashion, on his head, and the other walking behind, and beating it without the least regard to time, the only object being to make as much noise as possible.

Their fetishes are innumerable, and it is hardly possible to walk anywhere without seeing a fetish or two. Anything does for a fetish, but the favorite article is a bundle of rags tied together like a child's rag doll. This is placed in some public spot, and so great is the awe with which such articles are regarded, that it will sometimes remain in the same place for several weeks. A little image of clay, intended to represent a human being, is sometimes substituted for the rag doll.

The following succinct account of the religious system is given in the "Wanderings of a F. R. G. S.":—"The religious ideas of the Fanti are, as usual in Africa, vague and indistinct. Each person has his Samán—literally a skeleton or goblin—or private fetish, an idol, rag, fowl, feathers, bunch of grass, a bit of glass, and so forth; to this he pays the greatest reverence, because it is nearest to him.

"The Bosorus are imaginary beings, probably of ghostly origin, called 'spirits' by the missionaries. Abonsám is a malevolent being that lives in the upper regions. Sasabonsám is the friend of witch and wizard, hates priests and missionaries, and inhabits huge silk-cotton trees in the gloomiest forests; he is a monstrous being, of human shape, of red color, and with long hair. The reader will not fail to remark the similarity of Sasabonsám to the East Indian Rak-

shasha, the malevolent ghost of a Brahmin, brown in color, inhabiting the pipul tree.

"Nyankupon, or Nyawe, is the supreme deity, but the word also means the visible firmament or sky, showing that there has been no attempt to separate the ideal from the material. This being, who dwells in Nyankuponfi, or Nyankuponkroo, is too far from earth to trouble himself about human affairs, which are committed to the Bosorus. This, however, is the belief of the educated, who doubtless have derived something from European systems—the vulgar confound him with sky, rain, and thunder.

"Kra, which the vocabularies translate 'Lord,' is the Anglicised okro, or ocroe, meaning a favorite male slave, destined to be sacrificed with his dead master; and 'sunsum,' spirit, means a shadow, the man's *umbra*. The Fantis have regular days of rest: Tuesdays for fishermen, Fridays for bushmen, peasants, and so on."

There is very little doubt that the conjecture of the author is right, and that several of these ideas have been borrowed from European sources.

The rite of circumcision is practised among the Fantis, but does not seem to be universal, and a sacred spot is always chosen for the ceremony. At Acera, a rock rising out of the sea is used for the purpose.

Burial is conducted with the usual accompaniments of professional mourners, and a funeral feast is held in honor of the deceased. A sheep is sacrificed for the occasion, and the shoulder bone is laid on the grave, where it is allowed to remain for a considerable time. Sometimes travellers have noticed a corpse placed on a platform and merely covered with a cloth. These are the bodies of men who have died without paying their debts, and, according to Fanti laws, there they are likely to remain, no one being bold enough to bury them. By their laws, the man who buries another succeeds to his property, but also inherits his debts, and is legally responsible for them. And as in Western Africa the legal rate of interest is far above the wildest dreams of European usurers—say fifty per cent. per annum, or per mensem, or per diem, as the case may be—to bury an exposed corpse involves a risk that no one likes to run.

One of their oddest superstitions is their belief in a child who has existed from the beginning of the world. It never eats nor drinks, and has remained in the infantile state ever since the world and it came into existence. Absurd as is the idea, this miraculous child is firmly believed in, even by persons who have had a good education, and who say that they have actually seen it. Mr. Duncan, to whom we are indebted for the account of it, determined to see it, and was so quick in his movements that he quite disconcerted its nurse, and stopped her preparations for his visit.

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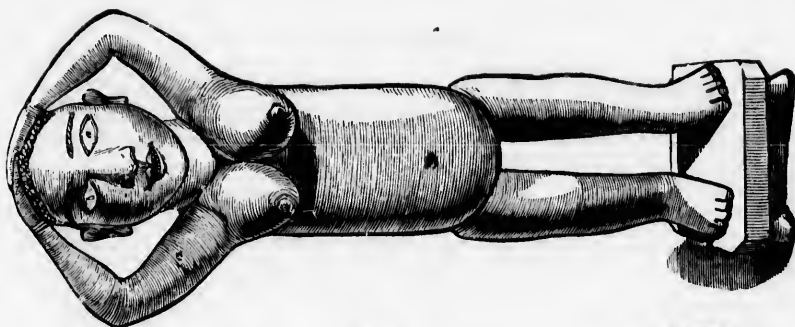
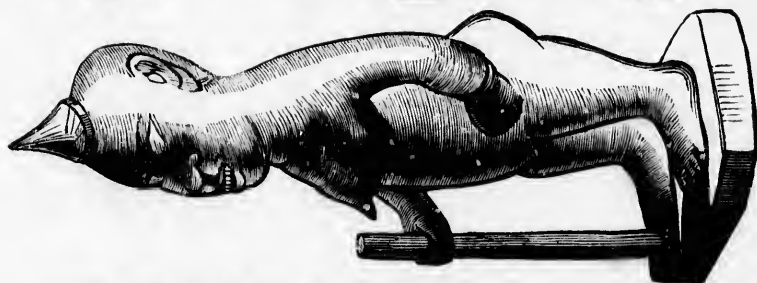
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(1) THE PRIMEVAL CHILD. See page 553.



(2) FETISHES — MALE AND FEMALE. (See pages 552, 553.)

"Being again delayed, I lost patience, and resolved to enter the dwelling. My African friends and the multitude assembled from all parts of the town, warned me of the destruction that would certainly overtake me if I ventured to go in without leave. But I showed them my double-barrelled gun as my fetish, and forced my way through the crowd.

"On entering through a very narrow door or gateway, into a circle of about twenty yards' diameter, fenced round by a close paling, and covered outside with long grass (so that nothing within could be seen), the first and only thing that I saw was an old woman who, but for her size and sex, I should have taken for the mysterious being resident there from the time of the creation. She certainly was the most disgusting and loathsome being I ever beheld. She had no covering on her person with the exception of a small piece of dirty cloth round her loins. Her skin was deeply wrinkled and extremely dirty, with scarcely any flesh on her bones. Her breasts hung half way down her body, and she had all the appearance of extreme old age. This ancient woman was the supposed nurse of the immortal child. The god's house and the principal actor in this strange superstition are represented on the previous page.

"On my entering the yard, the old fetish woman stepped before me, making the most hideous gestures ever witnessed, and endeavored to drive me out, that I might be prevented from entering into the god's house, but, in spite of all her movements, I pushed her aside, and forced my way into the house. Its outward appearance was that of a cone, or extinguisher, standing in the centre of the enclosure. It was formed by long poles placed triangularly, and thatched with long grass. Inside it I found a clay bench in the form of a chair. Its tenant was absent, and the old woman pretended that she had by her magic caused him to disappear."

Of course, the plan pursued by the old fetish woman was to borrow a baby whenever any one of consequence desired an interview, and to paint it with colored chalks, so that it was no longer recognizable. She

would have played the same trick with Mr. Duncan, and, from the repeated obstacles thrown in the way of his visit, was evidently trying to gain time to borrow a baby secretly.

At a Fanti funeral the natives excel themselves in noise making, about the only exertion in which they seem to take the least interest. As soon as a man of any note is dead, all his relations and friends assemble in front of his hut, drink, smoke, yell, sing, and fire guns continually. A dog is sacrificed before the hut by one of the relations, though the object of the sacrifice does not seem to be very clear. Rings, bracelets, and other trinkets are buried with the body, and, as these ornaments are often of solid gold, the value of buried jewelry is very considerable. Of course, the graves are sometimes opened and robbed, when the corpse is that of a wealthy person.

One ingenious Fanti contrived to enrich himself very cleverly. One of his sisters had been buried for some time with all her jewelry, and, as the average value of a well-to-do woman's trinkets is somewhere about forty or fifty pounds, the affectionate brother thought that those who buried his sister had been guilty of unjustifiable waste. After a while his mother died, and he ordered her to be buried in the same grave with his sister. The ingenious part of the transaction was that the man declared it to be contrary to filial duty to bury the daughter at the bottom of the grave, in the place of honor, and to lay the mother above her. The daughter was accordingly disinterred to give place to the mother, and when she was again laid in the grave all her trinkets had somehow or other vanished.

The dances of the Fanti tribe are rather absurd. Two dancers stand opposite each other, and stamp on the ground with each foot alternately. The stamping becomes faster and faster, until it is exchanged for leaping, and at every jump the hands are thrown out with the fingers upward, so that the four palms meet with a sharp blow. The couple go on dancing until they fail to strike the hands, and then they leave off, and another pair take their place.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE ASHANTI.

ORIGIN AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE ASHANTI—AN ASHANTI CAPTAIN AND HIS UNIFORM—THE GOLD COAST—GOLD WASHING—THE "TILIKIESI" WEIGHTS—INGENIOUS FRAUDS—THE CABOCEERS, OR NOBLES OF ASHANTI—PORTRAIT OF A MOUNTED CABOCEER—THE HORSE ACCOUTREMENTS—LAW OF ROYAL SUCCESSION—MARRIAGE RESTRICTIONS—THE YAM AND ADAI CUSTOMS—FETISH DRUM AND TRUMPET—RELIGIOUS SYSTEM OF ASHANTI—WORSHIP OF EARTH AND SKY—FETISHES—DERIVATION OF THE WORD—THE "KLA," OR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

WHENCE the Ashanti tribe came is not very certain, but it is probable that they formerly inhabited a more inland part of the continent, and worked their way westward, after the usual fashion of these tribes. Their traditions state that, about a hundred and fifty years ago, the Ashanti, with several other tribes, were gradually ousted from their own lands by the increasing followers of Islam, and that when they reached a land which was full of gold they took courage, made a bold stand for freedom, and at last achieved their own independence.

At this time the people were divided into a considerable number of states—between forty and fifty, according to one historian. After having driven away their oppressors, they came to quarrel among themselves, and fought as fiercely for precedence as they had formerly done for liberty, and at last the Ashanti tribe conquered the others, and so consolidated the government into a kingdom.

In general appearance, the Ashanti much resemble the Fanti, though they are not perhaps so strongly built. They are, however, quite as good-looking, and, according to Mr. Bowdich, the women are handsomer than those of the Fanti. As a rule, the higher classes are remarkable for their cleanliness, but the lower are quite as dirty as the generality of savage Africans.

As a specimen of the remarkable style of costume in which the Ashanti indulge, a description of an army captain is here introduced. On his head is a vast double plume of eagles' feathers, surmounting a sort of helmet made of rams' horns, gilt in

a spiral pattern, and tied under his chin by a strap covered with cowries. His bow is slung at his back, and his quiver of small poisoned arrows hangs from his wrist, while in his other hand is held an ivory staff, carved in a spiral pattern. His breast is covered with a vast number of little leathern pouches gilt and painted in light colors, mostly scarlet, and from his arms hang a number of horse tails. Great boots of red hide cover his legs to mid thigh, and are fastened to his belt by iron chains.

This belt is a very curious piece of leather work. One of these articles is in my collection, and is furnished with the following implements. First comes a small dagger-knife, with a blade about four inches long, and next to it is a little circular mirror about as large as a crown piece, and enclosed in a double case like that which is now used for prismatic compasses. Then comes a razor, a singularly primitive-looking specimen of cutlery, mounted in a handle which is little more than a piece of stick, with a slit in it. Next comes a leathern pouch about four inches square and one inch in depth, having its interior lined with coarse canvas, and its exterior decorated with little round holes punched in the leather, and arranged in a simple pattern. Lastly comes the razor strop, a very ingenious implement, consisting of a tube filled with emery powder, and sliding into a sheath so as to allow the powder to adhere to it. All these articles are protected by leathern sheaths stained of different colors, and are suspended by short straps from the belt.

The country where the Ashanti tribes now live is popularly termed the Gold

Coast, on account of the richness with which the precious metal is scattered over its surface. It is found almost entirely in the form of dust, and is obtained by a very rude and imperfect mode of washing. The women are the chief gold washers, and they set about their task armed with a hoe, a basin-shaped calabash, and several quills. With the hoe they scrape up a quantity of sand from the bed of some stream, and place it in the calabash. A quantity of water is then added, and, by a peculiar rotatory movement of the hand, the water and sand are shaken up, and made to fly gradually over the top of the basin.

When this movement is adroitly performed, the water and lighter sand escape from the bowl, while the gold dust sinks by its own weight to the bottom, and is thus separated, and put in the quills. Much skill is required in handling the calabash, and one woman will find a fair supply of gold where another will work all day and scarcely find a particle of the metal.

Of course, by this rude method of work the quantity of gold obtained is in very small proportion to the labor bestowed in obtaining it; and if the natives only knew the use of mercury, they would gain three or four times as much gold as they do at present. The quills, when filled with gold dust, are generally fastened to the hair, where they are supposed to be as ornamental as they are precious. The best time for gold washing is after violent rains, when the increased rush of water has brought down a fresh supply of sand from the upper regions. As one of the old voyagers quaintly remarked, "It raineth seldom, but every shower of rain is a shower of gold unto them, for with the violence of the water falling from the mountains it bringeth from them the gold."

A good gold washer will procure in the course of a year a quantity of the dust which will purchase two slaves. The average price of a slave is ten "minkali," each minkali being worth about 12£. 6s.; and being valued in goods at one musket, eighteen gun flints, twenty charges of powder, one cutlass, and forty-eight leaves of tobacco. The reader may judge what must be the quality of the musket and cutlass. Gold is weighed by the little familiar red and black seeds, called in Western Africa "tilikissi," and each purchaser always has his own balances and his own weights. As might be supposed, both vendor and purchaser try to cheat each other. The gold finder mixes with the real gold dust inferior sand, made by melting copper and silver together, or by rubbing together copper filings and red coral powder. If larger pieces of gold were to be imitated, the usual plan was to make little nuggets of copper, and surround them with a mere shell of gold. This, of course, was the most dangerous

imposition of the three, because the gold coating defied the test, and the fraud would not be discovered unless the nugget were cut in two—rather a tedious process when a great number were offered for sale.

As to the buyers, there was mostly something wrong about their balances; while as to the weights, they soaked the tilikissi seeds in melted butter to make them heavier, and sometimes made sham tilikissi's of pebbles neatly ground down and colored.

In spite of all the drawbacks, the quantity of gold annually found in Ashanti-land is very great, and it is used by the richer natives in barbaric profusion. They know or care little about art. Their usual way of making the bracelets or armlets is this. The smith melts the gold in a little crucible of red clay, and then draws in the sand a little furrow into which he runs the gold, so as to make a rude and irregular bar or stick of metal. When cold, it is hammered along the sides so as to square them, and is then twisted into the spiral shape which seems to have instinctively impressed itself on gold workers of all ages and in all countries.

The collars, earrings, and other ornaments are made in this simple manner, and the wife of a chief would scarcely think herself dressed if she had not gold ornaments worth some eighty pounds. The great nobles, or Caboceers, wear on state occasions bracelets of such weight that they are obliged to rest their arms on the heads of little slave boys, who stand in front of them.

The Caboceers are very important personages, and in point of fact were on the eve of becoming to the Ashanti kingdom what the barons were to the English kingdom in the time of John. Indeed, they were gradually becoming so powerful and so numerous, that for many years the king of Ashanti has steadily pursued a policy of repression, and, when one of the Caboceers died, has refused to acknowledge a successor. The result of this wise policy is, that the Caboceers are now comparatively few in number, and even if they were all to combine against the king he could easily repress them.

An umbrella is the distinctive mark of the Caboceers, who, in the present day, exhibit an odd mixture of original savagery and partially acquired civilization. The Caboceers have the great privilege of sitting on stools when in the presence of the king. Moreover, "these men," says Mr. W. Reade, "would be surrounded by their household suites, like the feudal lords of ancient days; their garments of costly foreign silks unravelled and woven anew into elaborate patterns, and thrown over the shoulder like the Roman toga, leaving the right arm bare; a silk fillet encircling the temples; Moorish charms, enclosed in small

cases of gold and silver, suspended on their breasts, with necklaces made of 'aggr' beads, a peculiar stone found in the country, and resembling the 'glein-ndyr' of the ancient Britons; lumps of gold hanging from their wrists; while handsome girls would stand behind holding silver basins in their hands."

An illustration on page 504 represents a Caboccer at the head of his wild soldiery, and well indicates the strange mixture of barbarity and culture which distinguishes this as well as other West African tribes. It will be seen from his seat that he is no very great horseman, and, indeed, the Caboccers are mostly held on their horses by two men, one on each side. When Mr. Duncan visited Western Africa, and mounted his horse to show the king how the English dragoons rode and fought, two of the retainers ran to his side, and passed their arms round him. It was not without some difficulty that he could make them understand that Englishmen rode without such assistance. The Caboccer's dress consists of an ornamental turban, a jacket, and a loin cloth, mostly of white, and so disposed as to leave the middle of the body bare. On his feet he wears a remarkable sort of spur, the part which answers to the rowel being flat, squared, and rather deeply notched. It is used by striking or scoring the horse with the sharp angles, and not by the slight pricking movement with which an English jockey uses his spurs. The rowels, to use the analogous term, pass through a slit in an oval piece of leather, which aids in binding the spur on the heel. A pair of these curious spurs are now in my collection, and were presented by Dr. R. Irvine, R. N.

His weapons consist of the spear, bow, and arrows—the latter being mostly poisoned, and furnished with nasty-looking barbs extending for several inches below the head. The horse is almost hidden by its accoutrements, which are wonderfully like those of the knights of chivalry, save that instead of the brilliant emblazonings with which the housings of the chargers were covered, sentences from the Koran are substituted, and are scattered over the entire cloth. The headstall of the horse is made of leather, and, following the usual African fashion, is cut into a vast number of thongs.

One of these headstalls and the hat of the rider are in my collection. They are both made of leather, most carefully and elaborately worked. The hat or helmet is covered with flat, quadrangular ornaments also made of leather, folded and beaten until it is nearly as hard as wood, and from each of them depend six or seven leather thongs, so that, when the cap is placed on the head, the thongs descend as far as the mouth, and answer as a veil. The headstall of the horse is a most elaborate piece of workman-

ship, the leather being stamped out in bold and rather artistic patterns, and decorated with three circular leathern ornaments, in which a star-shaped pattern has been neatly worked in red, black, and white. Five tassels of leathern thongs hang from it, and are probably used as a means of keeping off the flies.

The common soldiers are, as may be seen, quite destitute of uniform, and almost of clothing. They wear several knives and daggers attached to a necklace, and they carry any weapons that they may be able to procure—guns if possible; and, in default of fire-arms, using bows and spears. Two of the petty officers are seen blowing their huge trumpets, which are simply elephant tusks hollowed and polished, and sometimes carved with various patterns. They are blown from the side, as is the case with African wind instruments generally.

In Ashanti, as in other parts of Africa, the royal succession never lies in the direct line, but passes to the brother or nephew of the deceased monarch, the nephew in question being the son of the king's sister, and not his brother. The reason for this arrangement is, that the people are sure that their future king has some royal blood in his veins, whereas, according to their ideas, no one can be quite certain that the son of the queen is also the son of the king, and, as the king's wives are never of royal blood, they might have a mere plebeian claimant to the throne. Therefore the son of the king's sister is always chosen; and it is a curious fact that the sister in question need not be married, provided that the father of her child be strong, good-looking, and of tolerable position in life.

In Ashanti the king is restricted in the number of his wives. But, as the prohibition fixes the magic number of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three, he has not much to complain of with regard to the stringency of the law. Of course, with the exception of a chosen few, these wives are practically servants, and do all the work about the fields and houses.

The natives have their legend about gold. They say that when the Great Spirit first created man, he made one black man and one white one, and gave them their choice of two gifts. One contained all the treasures of the tropics—the fruitful trees, the fertile soil, the warm sun, and a calabash of gold dust. The other gift was simply a quantity of white paper, ink, and pens. The former gift, of course, denoted material advantages, and the latter knowledge. The black man chose the former as being the most obvious, and the white man the latter. Hence the superiority of the white over the black.

Conceding to the white man all the advantages which he gains from his wisdom, they are very jealous of their own advantages,

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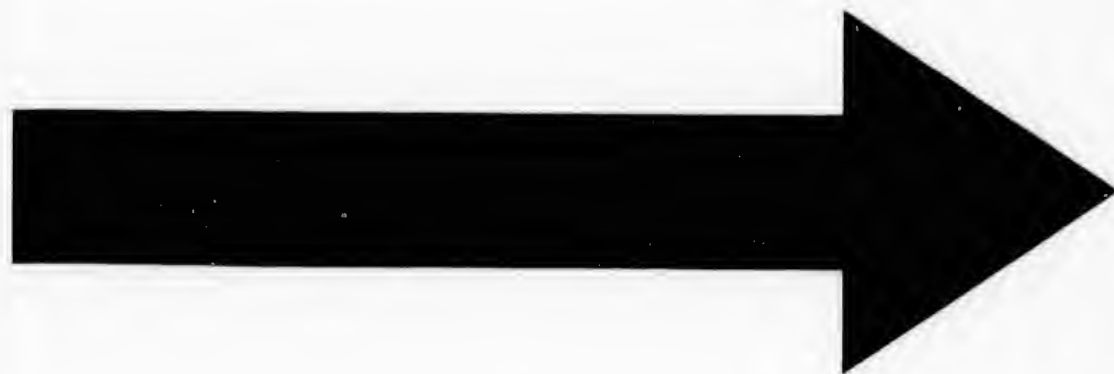
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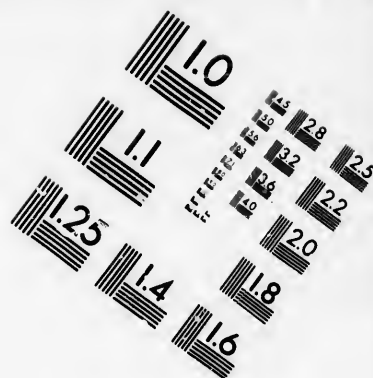
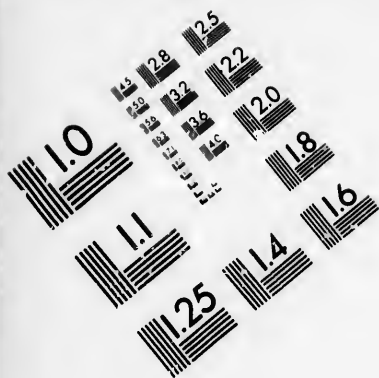
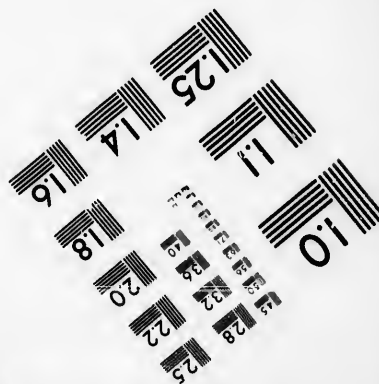
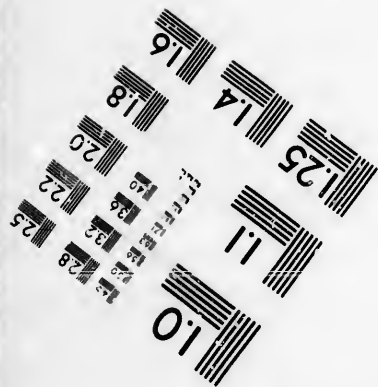
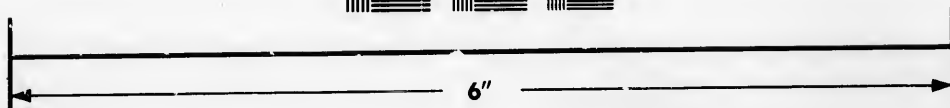
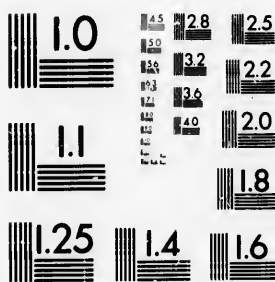


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WAR KNIVES. (See page 531.)

FETISH TRUMPET AND DRUM. (See page 559.)



IVORY TRUMPETS. (See page 577.)
The right hand trumpet has a crucified figure on it.

WAR DRUM.
(See page 572.)

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and resent all attempts of foreigners to work their mines; if mines they can be called, where scarcely any subterraneous work is needed. They will rather allow the precious metal to be wasted than permit the white man to procure it. As to the mulatto, they have the most intense contempt for him, who is a "white-black man, silver and copper, and not gold."

It has already been mentioned that more stress will be laid upon Dahome than Ashanti, and that in cases where manners and customs are common to both kingdoms, they will be described in connection with the latter. In both kingdoms, for example, we find the terrible "Customs," or sacrifice of human life, and in Ashanti these may be reduced to two, namely, the Yam and the Adai.

The former, which is the greater of the two, occurs in the beginning of September, when the yams are ripe. Before the yams are allowed to be used for general consumption, the "Custom" is celebrated; i. e. a number of human beings are sacrificed with sundry rites and ceremonies. There are lesser sacrifices on the Adai Custom, which take place every three weeks, and the destruction of human life is terrible. The sacrifices are attended with the horrible music which in all countries where human sacrifices have been permitted has been its accompaniment.

On page 558, a Fetish drum and trumpet, both of which are in my collection, are illustrated, two of the instruments which are used as accompaniments to the sacrifice of human beings. The drum is carved with enormous perseverance out of a solid block of wood, and in its general form presents a most singular resemblance to the bicephalous or two-headed gems of the Gnostics. The attentive reader will notice the remarkable ingenuity with which the head of a man is combined with that of a bird, the latter being kept subservient to the former, and yet having a bold and distinct individuality of its own.

From the top of the united heads rises the drum itself, which is hollowed out of the same block of wood. The parchment head of the drum is secured to the instrument by a number of wooden pegs, and it is probable that the heat of the meridian sun was quite sufficient to tighten the head of the drum whenever it became relaxed. Of course, the plan of tightening it by means of a movable head is not known in Western Africa, and even if it were known, it would not be practised. The natives never modify a custom. They exchange it for another, or they abolish it, but the reforming spirit never existed in the negro mind.

On the side of the drum may be seen the air-hole, which is usually found in African drums, and which is closed with a piece of spider web when the instrument is used.

Sometimes the drums are of enormous size, the entire trunk of a tree being hollowed out for the purpose. The skin which forms the head is mostly that of an antelope, but when the Ashanti wants a drum to be very powerful against strange fetishes, he makes the head of snake or crocodile skin.

The former material holds a high place in the second instrument, which is a fetish trumpet. As is the case with all African trumpets, it is blown, flute-fashion, from the side, and not, like an European trumpet, from the end. It is made from the tusk of an elephant, carefully hollowed out, and furnished with a curious apparatus, much like the vibrator in a modern harmonium or accordion. As the instrument has sustained rather rough treatment, and the ivory has been cracked here and there, it is impossible to produce a sound from it; and at the best the notes must have been of a very insignificant character, deadened as they must be by the snake-skin covering. The skin in question is that of a boa or python, which is a very powerful fetish among all Africans among whom the boa lives, and it covers almost the whole of the instrument.

A most weird and uncanny sort of look is communicated to the trumpet by the horrid trophy which is tied to it. This is the upper jaw of a human being, evidently a negro, by its peculiar development, the jaw being of the prognathous character, and the projecting teeth in the finest possible order. From the mere existence of these sacrifices it is evident that the religious system of the Ashanti must be of a very low character. They are not utter atheists, as is the case with some of the tribes which have already been mentioned; but they cannot be said even to have risen to deism, and barely to idolatry, their ideas of the Supreme Deity being exceedingly vague, and mixed up with a host of superstitious notions about demons, both good and evil, to whom they give the name of Wodsi, and which certainly absorb the greater part of their devotions and the whole of their reverence, the latter quality being with them the mere outbirth of fear.

Their name for God is "Nyonmo," evidently a modification of Nyanye, the title which is given to the Supreme Spirit by the Cammas and other tribes of the Rembo. But Nyonmo also means the sky, or the rain, or the thunder, probably because they proceed from the sky, and they explain thunder by the phrase that Nyonmo is knocking. As the sky is venerated as one deity, so the earth is considered as another though inferior deity, which is worshipped under the name of "Sikpois."

As to the Wodsi, they seem to be divided into various ranks. For example, the earth, the air, and the sea are Wodsi which exercise their influence over all men; whereas other Wodsi, which are visible in the forms

See page 559.



DRUM.
(See page 552.)

of trees or rivers, have a restricted power over towns, districts, or individuals.

The scrap of rag, leopards' claws, sacred chains, peculiar beads, bits of bone, bird-beaks, &c., which are worn by the Wontse, or fetish men, have a rather curious use, which is well explained by the "F. R. G. S." :—"The West Africans, like their brethren in the East, have evil ghosts and haunting *evastra*, which work themselves into the position of demons. Their various rites are intended to avert the harm which may be done to them by their Pepos or Mulungos, and perhaps to shift it upon their enemies. When the critical moment has arrived, the ghost is adjured by the fetish man to come forth from the possessed, and an article is named—a leopard's claw, peculiar beads, or a rag from the sick man's body nailed to what Europeans call the 'Devil's tree'—in which, if worn about the person, the haunter will reside. It is technically called Kéhi, or Kéti, i. e. a

chair or a stool. The word 'fetish,' by the way, is a corruption of the Portuguese *Feticço*, i. e. witchcraft, or conjuring."

Their belief respecting the Kra, or Kla, or soul of a man, is very peculiar. They believe that the Kla exists before the body, and that it is transmitted from one to another. Thus, if a child dies, the next is supposed to be the same child born again into the world; and so thoroughly do they believe this, that when a woman finds that she is about to become a mother, she goes to the fetish man, and requests him to ask the Kla of her future child respecting its ancestry and intended career. But the Kla has another office; for it is supposed to be in some sort distinct from the man, and, like the demon of Socrates, to give him advice, and is a kind of small Wodsi, capable of receiving offerings. The Kla is also dual, male and female; the former urging the man to evil, and the latter to good.

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CHAPTER LV.

DAHOME.

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE WESTERN AFRICAN—LOCALITY OF DAHOME—THE FIVE DISTRICTS—DAHOMAN ARCHITECTURE—"SWISH" HOUSES—THE VULTURE AND HIS FOOD—THE LEGBA—SNAKE WORSHIP IN DAHOME—PUNISHMENT OF A SNAKE KILLER—ETIQUETTE AT COURT—JOURNEY OF A MAN OF RANK TO THE CAPITAL—AFRICAN HAMMOCK—SIGNIFICATION OF THE WORD DAHOME—CEREMONIES ON THE JOURNEY—KANA, OR CANANINA, THE "COUNTRY CAPITAL"—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY—THE OYOS AND GOZO'S CUSTOM—APPROACH TO KANA—A GHASTLY ORNAMENT—"THE BELL COMES"—THE AMAZONS—THEIR FEROCITY AND COURAGE—THEIR WAR TROPHIES AND WEAPONS—REVIEW OF THE AMAZONS—ORGANIZATION OF THE FORCES.

THERE is a very remarkable point about the true negro of Western Africa, namely, the use which he has made of his contact with civilization. It might be imagined that he would have raised himself in the social scale by his frequent intercourse with men wiser and more powerful than himself, and who, if perhaps they may not have been much better in a moral point of view, could not possibly have been worse. But he has done nothing of the kind, and, instead of giving up his old barbarous customs, has only increased their barbarity by the additional means which he has obtained from the white man.

Exchanging the bow and arrows for the gun, and the club for the sword, he has employed his better weapons in increasing his destructive powers, and has chiefly used them in fighting and selling into slavery those whom he had previously fought, and who respected him as long as the arms on both sides were equal. And the strangest thing is that, even considering his captives as so much property, the only excuse which could be found for the savage cruelty with which he makes raids on every town which he thinks he can conquer, he has not yet learned to abolish the dreadful "custom" of human sacrifices, although each prisoner or criminal killed is a dead loss to him.

WE now come to one of the strangest kingdoms on the face of the earth, that of Da-

home; a kingdom begun in blood and cruelty, and having maintained its existence of more than two centuries in spite of the terrible scenes continually enacted—scenes which would drive almost any other nation to revolt. But the fearful sacrifices for which the name of Dahome has been so long infamous are not merely the offspring of a despotic king's fancy; they are sanctioned, and even forced upon him, by his people—fit subjects of such a king.

It is situated in that part of Africa commonly known as the Slave Coast, as distinguished from the Gold, Ivory, and Grain Coasts, and its shores are washed by the waters of the Bight of Benin. Dahome alone, of the four great slave kingdoms, Ashanti, Yomba, Benin, and Dahome, has retained its power, and, to the eye of an experienced observer, even Dahome, which has outlived the three, will speedily follow them.

On its coast are the two celebrated ports, Lagos and Whydah, which have for so long been the outlets by which the slaves captured in the interior were sent on board the ships. Lagos, however, has been already ceded to England, and, under a better management, will probably become one of the great ports at which a legitimate trade can be carried on, and which will become one of the blessings instead of the curses of Western Africa.

Whydah, being one of the towns through which a traveller is sure to pass in going into the interior of Dahomé, is worth a passing notice. Captain Burton, from whom the greater part of our knowledge of this strange land is derived, states that the very name is a misnomer. In the first place, we have attributed it to the wrong spot, and in the next we have given it a most corrupted title. The place which we call Whydah is known to the people as *Gre-hwe* (Plantation House); while the real *Hwe-dah*—as the word ought to be spelt—belongs rightly to a little kingdom whose capital was Savi.

Originally a port belonging to the king of Savi, and given up entirely to piracy, it passed into the hands of Agaja, king of Dahomé, who easily found an excuse for attacking a place which was so valuable as giving him a direct communication from the interior to the sea, without the intervention of middle-men, who each take a heavy percentage from all goods that pass through their district. From 1725, when it thus passed into Dahoman hands, it rapidly increased in size and importance. Now it presents an extraordinary mixture of native and imported masters, and we will endeavor to cast a rapid glance at the former.

The place is divided into five districts, each governed by its own Caboceer; and it is a notable fact, that nowadays a Caboceer need not be a native. The post of Caboceer of the Sogaji, or English quarter, was offered to Captain Burton, who, however could not be tempted to accept it even by the umbrella of rank—equal to the blue ribbon of our own system.

At the entrance of every town there is the *De-sum*, or Custom-house, and close by it are a number of little fetish houses, wherein the trader is supposed to return his thanks to the propitiating demons. The streets are formed by the walls of enclosures and the backs of houses; and, as Dahoman architecture is regulated by law, a very uniform effect is obtained. The walls are mud, popularly called "swish," sometimes mixed with oyster-shells to strengthen it, and built up in regular courses, each about two feet and a half in thickness. By law, no walls are allowed to be more than four courses high.

The hot sun soon bakes the mud into the consistence of soft brick; and, were it not for the fierce rains of the tropics, it would be very lasting. As it is, the rainy season is very destructive to walls, and the early part of the dry season is always a busy time with native architects, who are engaged in repairing the damages caused by the rains. There is a small amount of salt in the mud, which increases the liability to damage. On the Gold Coast the natives ingeniously strengthen the swish walls by growing cactus plants; but the negroes of Dahomé neglect this precaution, and conse-

quently give themselves—as lazy people proverbially do—a vast amount of needless trouble. There are no windows to the houses; but the roofs, made of grass and leaves fastened on a light framework, are made so that they can be partially raised from the walls, like the "fly" of a tent.

In spite of the presence of localized Christian missions, and the continual contact of Islamism, the system of fetishism is rampant in Whydah. No human sacrifices take place there, all the victims being forwarded to the capital for execution. But, according to Captain Burton, "even in the bazaar many a hut will be girt round with the *Zo Vodun*, a country rope with dead leaves dangling from it at spaces of twenty feet. (*Zo Vodun* signifies fire-fetish.)

"After a conflagration, this fetish fire-phylactic becomes almost universal. Opposite the house gates, again, we find the *Vo-siva* defending the inmates from harm. It is of many shapes, especially a stick or a pole, with an empty old calabash for a head, and a body composed of grass, thatch, palm leaves, fowls' feathers, achafina shells. These people must deem lightly of an influence that can mistake, even in the dark, such a scarecrow for a human being.

"Near almost every door stands the *Legba-gbau*, or *Legba-pot*, by Europeans commonly called the 'Devil's dish.' It is a common clay sherd article, either whole or broken, and every morning and evening it is filled, generally by women, with cooked maize and palm oil, for the benefit of the turkey buzzard. '*Akrasu*,' the vulture, is, next to the snake, the happiest animal in Dahomé. He has always abundance of food, like storks, robins, swallows, crows, adjutant-cranes, and other holy birds in different parts of the world. Travellers abuse this 'obscene fowl,' forgetting that without it the towns of Yoruba would be uninhabitable. . . . The turkey-buzzard perched on the topmost stick of a blasted calabash tree is to the unromantic natives of Africa what the pea fowl is to more engaged Asians. It always struck me as the most appropriate emblem and heraldic bearing for decayed Dahomé."

The *Legba*, or idol to whom the fowl is sacred, is an abominable image, rudely moulded out of clay, and represented in a squatting attitude. Sometimes *Legba's* head is of wood, with eyes and teeth made of cowries, or else painted white. *Legba* is mostly a male deity, rarely a female, and the chief object of the idol maker seems to be that the worshipper shall have no doubt on the subject. *Legba* sits in a little hut open at the sides; and, as no one takes care of him, and no one dares to meddle with him, the country is full of these queer little temples, inside which the god is sometimes seen in tolerable preservation, but in most cases has sunk into a mere heap of mud and

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(1.) CABOCEER AND SOLDIERS. (See page 550.)



(2.) PUNISHMENT OF A SNAKE KILLER. (See page 555.)

dust. Some of these wooden Legbas may be seen on the 552nd page, but they are purposely selected on account of the exceptional delicacy displayed by the carver.

Snakes are fetich throughout Dahome, and are protected by the severest laws. All serpents are highly venerated, but there is one in particular, a harmless snake called the "Danhgbo," which is held in the most absurd reverence. It is of moderate size, reaching some five or six feet in length, and is rather delicately colored with brown, yellow, and white. The Danhgbo is kept tame in fetich houses, and, if one of them should stray, it is carefully restored by the man who finds it, and who grovels on the ground and covers himself with dust before he touches it, as he would in the presence of a king. Formerly the penalty for killing one of these snakes was death, but it is now commuted for a punishment which, although very severe, is not necessarily fatal to the sufferer. It partakes of the mixture of the horrible and the grotesque which is so characteristic of this land. Mr. Duncan saw three men undergo this punishment. Three small houses were built of dry sticks, and thatched with dry grass. The culprits were then placed in front of the houses by the fetich man, who made a long speech to the spectators, and explained the enormity of the offence of which they had been guilty.

They then proceeded to tie on the shoulders of each culprit a dog, a kid, and two fowls. A quantity of palm oil was poured over them, and on their heads were balanced baskets, containing little open calabashes filled with the same material, so that at the least movement the calabashes were upset, and the oil ran all over the head and body. They were next marched round the little houses, and, lastly, forced to crawl into them; the dog, kid, and fowls being taken off their shoulders and thrust into the house with them. The doors being shut, a large mob assembles with sticks and clods, and surrounds the house. The houses are then fired, the dry material blazing up like gunpowder, and the wretched inmates burst their way through the flaming walls and roof, and rush to the nearest running stream, followed by the crowd, who beat and pelt them unmercifully. If they can reach the water, they are safe, and should they be men of any consequence they have little to fear, as their friends surround them, and keep off the crowd until the water is reached.

The whole of the proceedings are shown in the illustration on the previous page.

In the distance is seen one of the culprits being taken to his fetich house, the basket of calabashes on his head, and the animals slung round his neck. Another is seen creeping into the house, near which the fetich man is standing, holding dead snakes in his hands, and horrible to look at by

reason of the paint with which he has covered his face. In the foreground is another criminal rushing toward the water, just about to plunge into it and extinguish the flames that are still playing about his oil-saturated hair and have nearly burned off all his scanty clothing. The blazing hut is seen behind him, and around are the spectators, pelting and striking him, while his personal friends are checking them, and keeping the way clear toward the water.

We will now leave Whydah, and proceed toward the capital.

When a person of rank wishes to pay his respects to the king, the latter sends some of his officers, bearing, as an emblem of their rank, the shark-stick, *i. e.* a kind of tomahawk about two feet long, carved at the end into a rude semblance of the shark, another image of the same fish being made out of a silver dollar beaten flat and nailed to the end of the handle. One of the officers will probably have the lion stick as his emblem of the trust reposed in him; but to unpractised eyes the lions carved on the stick would answer equally well for the shark, and both would do well as "crocodile" sticks, the shapes of the animals being purely conventional.

The mode of travelling is generally in hammocks, made of cotton cloth, but sometimes formed of silk: these latter are very gaudy affairs. The average size of a hammock is nine feet by five, and the ends are lashed to a pole some nine or ten feet in length. Upon the pole is fixed a slight framework, which supports an awning as a defence against the sun. The pole is carried not on the shoulders but the heads of the bearers, and, owing to their awkwardness and rough movements, an inexperienced traveller gets his head knocked against the pole with considerable violence. Two men carry it, but each hammock requires a set of seven men, some to act as relays, and others to help in getting the vehicle over a rough part of the road. Each man expects a glass of rum morning and evening, and, as he is able to make an unpopular master very uncomfortable, it is better to yield to the general custom, especially as rum is only threepence per pint.

Being now fairly in the midst of Dahome, let us see what is the meaning of the name. Somewhere about A. D. 1620, an old king died and left three sons. The oldest took his father's kingdom, and the youngest, Dako by name (some writers call him Tacudona), went abroad to seek his fortune, and settled at a place not far from Agbome. By degrees Dako became more and more powerful, and was continually encroaching upon the country belonging to a neighboring king called Danh, *i. e.* the Snake, or Rainbow. As the number of his followers increased, Dako pestered Danh for more and more land for them, until at last the klug lost

patience, and said to the portuacions mendicant, "Soon thou wilt build in my belly." Dako thought that this idea was not a bad one, and when he had collected sufficient warriors, he attacked Dauh, killed him, took possession of his kingdom, and built a new palace over his corpse, thus literally and deliberately fulfilling the prediction made in haste and anger by his conquered foe. In honor of his victory, the conqueror called the place Dauh-ome, or Dauh's-belly. The "n" in this word is a nasal sound unknown to English ears, and the word is best pronounced Dah-ome, as a dissyllable.

The great neighboring kingdom of Allada was friendly with Dahome for nearly a hundred years, when they fell out, fought, and Dahome again proved victorious, so that Allada allowed itself to be incorporated with Dahome.

It was a little beyond Allada where Captain Burton first saw some of the celebrated Amazons, or female soldiers, who will be presently described, and here began the strange series of ceremonies, far too numerous to be separately described, which accompanied the progress of so important a visitor to the capital. A mere slight outline will be given of them.

At every village that was passed a dance was performed, which the travellers were expected to witness. All the dances being exactly alike, and consisting of writhings of the body and stamping with the feet, they soon became very monotonous, but had to be endured. At a place called Aquine a body of warriors rushed tumultuously into the cleared space of the village under its centre tree. They were about eighty in number, and were formed four deep. Headed by a sort of flag, and accompanied by the inevitable drum, they came on at full speed, singing at the top of their voices, and performing various agile antics. After circling round the tree, they all fell flat on the ground, beat up the dust with their hands, and flung it over their bodies. This is the royal salute of Western Africa, and was performed in honor of the king's canes of office, which he had sent by their bearers, accompanied by the great ornament of his court, an old liquor case, covered with a white cloth, and borne on a boy's head. From this case were produced bottles of water, wine, gin, and rum, of each of which the visitors were expected to drink three times, according to etiquette.

After this ceremony had been completed, the escort, as these men proved to be, preceded the party to the capital, dancing and capering the whole way. After several halts, the party arrived within sight of Kana, the country capital. "It is distinctly Dahome, and here the traveller expects to look upon the scenes of barbaric splendor of which all the world has read. And it has its own beauty; a French traveller has compared it

with the loveliest villages of fair Provence, while to Mr. Duncan it suggested 'a vast pleasure ground, not unlike some parts of the Great Park at Windsor.'

"After impervious but sombre forest, grass-barrens, and the dismal swamps of the path, the eye revels in these open plateaux; their seducing aspect is enhanced by scattered plantations of a leek-green standing the slopes, by a background of gigantic forest dwarfing the nearer palm files, by homesteads buried in cultivation, and by calabashes and cotton trees vast as the view, tempering the fiery summer to their subject growths, and in winter collecting the rains, which would otherwise bare the newly-buried seed. Nor is animal life wanting. The turkey buzzard, the kite, and the kestrel soar in the upper heights; the brightest fly-catchers flit through the lower strata; the little gray squirrel nimbly climbs his lofty home; and a fine large spur-fowl rises from the plantations of maize and cassava."

As is usual with African names, the word Kar has been spelled in a different way by almost every traveller and every writer on the subject. Some call it Canna, or Caunah, or Carnah, while others write the word as Calmina, evidently a corruption of Kanamina, the "mina" being an addition. All the people between the Little Popo and Anea are called Mina. We shall, however, be quite safe, if throughout our account of Western Africa we accept the orthography of Captain Burton. Kana was seized about 1818 by King Gozo, who liked the place, and so made it his country capital—much as Brighton was to England in the days of the Regency. He drove out the fierce and warlike Oyos (pronounced Aw-yaws), and in celebration of so important a victory instituted an annual "Custom," i. e. a human sacrifice, in which the victims are dressed like the conquered Oyos.

This is called Gozo's Custom, and, although the details are not precisely known, its general tenor may be ascertained from the following facts. One traveller, who visited Kana in 1863, saw eleven platforms on poles about forty feet high. On each platform was the dead body of a man in an erect position, well dressed in the peasant style, and having in his hand a calabash containing oil, grain, or other product of the land. One of them was set up as if leading a sheep.

When Mr. Duncan visited Kana, or Canamina, as he calls it, he saw relics of this "Custom." The walls of the place, which were of very great extent, were covered with human skulls placed about thirty feet apart, and upon a pole was the body of a man in an upright position, holding a basket on his head with both his arms. A little further, on were the bodies of two other men, hung by their feet from a sort of gallows, about twenty feet high. They had

been in that position about two months, and were hardly recognizable as human beings, and in fact must have presented as repulsive an appearance as the bodies hung in chains, or the heads on Temple Bar. Two more bodies were hung in a similar manner in the market-place, and Mr. Duncan was informed that they were criminals executed for intrigues with the king's wives.

At Kana is seen the first intimation of the presence of royalty. A small stream runs by it, and supplies Kana with water. At daybreak the women slaves of the palace are released from the durance in which they are kept during the night, and sent off to fetch water for the palace. They are not fighting women or Amazons, as they are generally called; but the slaves of the Amazons, each of these women having at least one female slave, and some as many as fifty.

The very fact, however, that they are servants of the Amazons, who are the servants of the king, confers on them a sort of dignity which they are not slow to assert. No man is allowed to look at them, much less to address them, and in consequence, when the women go to fetch water, they are headed by one of their number carrying a rude bell suspended to the neck. When the leader sees a man in the distance, she shakes the bell vigorously, and calls out, "Gan-ja," i. e. "the bell comes." As soon as the tinkle of the bell or the cry reaches the ears of any men who happen to be on the road, they immediately run to the nearest footpath, of which a number are considerably made, leading into the woods, turn their backs, and wait patiently until the long file of women has passed. This hurrying of men to the right and left, hiding their faces in the bushes and brakes, is admirably represented on the 569th page.

They had need to escape as fast as they can, for if even one of the water-pots should happen to be broken, the nearest man would inevitably be accused of having frightened the woman who carried it, and would almost certainly be sold into slavery, together with his wife and family.

As might be expected, the attendants at the palace are very proud of this privilege, and the uglier, the older, and the lower they are, the more perseveringly do they ring the bell and utter the dreaded shout, "Gan-ja." The oddest thing is that even the lowest of the male slaves employed in the palace assume the same privilege, and insist on occupying the road and driving all other travellers into the by-paths. "This," says Captain Burton, "is one of the greatest nuisances in Dahome. It continues through the day. In some parts, as around the palace, half a mile an hour would be full speed, and to make way for these animals of burthen, bought perhaps for a few pence, is, to say the least of it, by no means decorous."

The town of Kana has in itself few elements of beauty, however picturesque may be the surrounding scenery. It occupies about three miles of ground, and is composed primarily of the palace, and secondly of a number of houses scattered round it, set closely near the king's residence, and becoming more and more scattered in proportion to their distance from it. Captain Burton estimates the population at 4,000. The houses are built of a red sandy clay.

The palace walls, which are of great extent, are surrounded by a cheerful adornment in the shape of human skulls, which are placed on the top at intervals of thirty feet or so, and striking, as it were, the key note to the Dahoman character. In no place in the world is human life sacrificed with such prodigality and with such ostentation.

In most countries, after a criminal is executed, the body is allowed to be buried, or, at the most, is thrown to the beasts and the birds. In Dahome the skull of the victim is cleansed, and used as an ornament of some building, or as an appendage to the court and its precincts. Consequently, the one object which strikes the eye of a traveller is the human skull. The walls are edged with skulls, skulls are heaped in dishes before the king, skulls are stuck on the tops of poles, skulls are used as the heads of banner staves, skulls are tied to dancers, and all the temples, or Ju-ju houses, are almost entirely built of human skulls. How they come to be in such profusion we shall see presently.

Horrible and repulsive as this system is, we ought to remember that even in England, in an age when art and literature were held in the highest estimation, the quartered bodies of persons executed for high treason were exposed on the gates of the principal cities, and that in the very heart of the capital their heads were exhibited up to a comparatively recent date. This practice, though not of so wholesale a character as the "Custom" of Dahome, was yet identical with it in spirit.

As the Amazons, or female soldiers, have been mentioned, they will be here briefly described. This celebrated force consists wholly of women, officers as well as privates. They hold a high position at court, and, as has already been mentioned, are of such importance that each Amazon possesses at least one slave. In their own country they are called by two names, Akho-si, i. e. the King's wives, and Mi-no, i. e. our mothers; the first name being given to them on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because they are not allowed to be the wives of any man, and the second being used as the conventional title of respect. The real wives of the king do not bear arms, and though he sometimes does take a fancy to one of his women soldiers, she may not assume the position of a regular wife.

About one-third of the Amazons have been married, but the rest are unmarried maidens. Of course it is needful that such a body should observe strict celibacy, if their efficiency is to be maintained, and especial pains are taken to insure this object. In the first place, the strictest possible watch is kept over them, and, in the second, the power of superstition is invoked. At one of the palace gates, called significantly Agbadowe, i. e. the Discovery Gate, is placed a potent fetish, who watches over the conduct of the Amazons, and invariably discovers the soldier who breaks the most important of the military laws. The Amazons are so afraid of this fetish, that when one of them has transgressed she has been known to confess her fault, and to give up the name of her partner in crime, even with the knowledge that he will die a cruel death, and that she will be severely punished, and probably be executed by her fellow-soldiers. Besides, there is a powerful *esprit de corps* reigning among the Amazons, who are fond of boasting that they are not women, but men.

They certainly look as if they were, being, as a rule, more masculine in appearance than the male soldiers, tall, muscular, and possessed of unflinching courage and ruthless cruelty. To help the reader to a clearer idea of this stalwart and formidable soldiery, two full-length portraits are given on the next page. Bloodthirsty and savage as are the Dahomans naturally, the Amazons take the lead in both qualities, seeming to avenge themselves, as it were, for the privations to which they are doomed. The spinster soldiers are women who have been selected by the king from the families of his subjects, he having the choice of them when they arrive at marriageable age; and the once married soldiers are women who have been detected in infidelity, and are enlisted instead of executed, or wives who are too vixenish toward their husbands, and so are appropriately drafted into the army, where their combative dispositions may find a more legitimate object.

In order to increase their bloodthirsty spirit, and inspire a feeling of emulation, those who have killed an enemy are allowed to exhibit a symbol of their prowess. They remove the scalp, and preserve it for exhibition on all reviews and grand occasions. They have also another decoration, equivalent to the Victoria Cross of England, namely, a cowrie shell fastened to the butt of the musket. After the battle is over, the victorious Amazon smears part of the rifle butt with the blood of the fallen enemy, and just before it dries spreads another layer. This is done until a thick, soft paste is formed, into which the cowrie is pressed. The musket is then laid in the sun, and when properly dry the shell is firmly glued to the weapon.

The possession of this trophy is eagerly

coveted by the Amazons, and, after a battle, those who have not slain an enemy with their own hand are half-maddened with envious jealousy when they see their more successful sisters assuming the coveted decoration. One cowrie is allowed for each dead man, and some of the boldest and fiercest of the Amazons have their musket butts completely covered with cowries arranged in circles, stars, and similar patterns.

The dress of the Amazons varies slightly according to the position which they occupy. The ordinary uniform is a blue and white tunic of native cloth, but made without sleeves, so as to allow full freedom to the arms. Under this is a sort of shirt or kilt, reaching below the knees, and below the shirt the soldier wears a pair of short linen trousers. Round the waist is girdled the ammunition-belt, which is made exactly on the same principle as the bandolier of the Middle Ages. It consists of some thirty hollow wooden cylinders sticking into a leathern belt, each cylinder containing one charge of powder. When they load their guns, the Amazons merely pour the powder down the barrel, and ram the bullet after it, without taking the trouble to introduce wadding of any description, so that the force of the powder is much wasted, and the direction of the bullet very uncertain. Partly owing to the great windage caused by the careless loading and badly fitting balls, and partly on account of the inferiority of the powder, the charges are twice as large as would be required by a European soldier.

Captain Burton rightly stigmatizes the existence of such an army as an unmixed evil, and states that it is one of the causes which will one day cause the kingdom of Dahomé to be obliterated from the earth. "The object of Dahoman wars and invasions has always been to lay waste and to destroy, not to aggrandize.

"As the history puts it, the rulers have ever followed the example of Agaja, the second founder of the kingdom; aiming at conquest and at striking terror, rather than at accretion and consolidation. Hence there has been a decrease of population with an increase of territory, which is to nations the surest road to ruin. In the present day the wars have dwindled to mere slave hunts—a fact it is well to remember.

"The warrior troops, assumed to number 2,500, should represent 7,500 children; the waste of reproduction and the necessary casualties of 'service' in a region so depopulated are as detrimental to the body-politic as a proportionate loss of blood would be to the body personal. Thus the land is desert, and the raw material of all industry, man, is everywhere wanting."

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(1.) "THE BELL COMES," (See page 567.)



(2.) DAHOMAN AMAZONS. (See page 568.)

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soldiers of Dahome are the only real fighters, the men soldiers being comparatively feeble and useless. They are badly and miscellaneously armed, some having trade guns, but the greater number being only furnished with bow and arrow, swords, or clubs. All, however, whether male or female, are provided with ropes wherewith to bind their prisoners, slave hunts being in truth the real object of Dahoman warfare. From his profound knowledge of negro character, Captain Burton long ago prophesied that the kingdom of Dahome was on the wane, and that "weakened by traditional policy, by a continual scene of blood, and by the arbitrary measures of her king, and demoralized by an export slave-trade, by close connection with Europeans, and by frequent failure, this band of black Spartans is rapidly falling into decay."

He also foretold that the king's constant state of warfare with Abeokuta was a political mistake, and that the Egbas would eventually prove to be the conquerors. How true these remarks were has been proved by the events of the last few years. The king Gelele made his threatened attack on Abeokuta, and was hopelessly beaten. In spite of the reckless courage of the Amazons, who fought like so many mad dogs, and were assisted by three brass six-pounder field guns, his attack failed, and his troops were driven off with the loss of a vast number of prisoners, while the killed were calculated at a thousand.

How recklessly these Amazons can fight is evident from their performances at a review. In this part of the country the simple fortifications are made of the acacia bushes, which are furnished with thorns of great length and sharpness, and are indeed formidable obstacles. At a review witnessed by Mr. Duncan, and finely illustrated for the reader on the 576th page, model forts were constructed of these thorns, which were heaped up into walls of some sixty or seventy feet in thickness and eight in height. It may well be imagined that to cross such ramparts as these would be no easy task, even to European soldiers, whose feet are defended by thick-soled boots, and that to a barefooted soldiery they must be simply impregnable. Within the forts were built strong pens seven feet in height, inside of which were cooped up a vast number of male and female slaves belonging to the king.

The review began by the Amazons forming with shouldered arms about two hundred feet in front of the strong fort, and waiting for the word of command. As soon as it was given, they rushed forward, charged the solid fence as though thorns were powerless against their bare feet, dashed over it, tore down the fence, and returned to the king in triumph, leading with them the captured slaves, and exhibiting

also the scalps of warriors who had fallen in previous battles, but who were conventionally supposed to have perished on the present occasion. So rapid and fierce was the attack, that scarcely a minute had elapsed after the word of command was given and when the women were seen returning with their captives.

The organization of the Amazonian army is as peculiar as its existence. The regiment is divided into three battalions, namely, the centre and two wings. The centre, or Fanti battalion, is somewhat analogous to our Guards, and its members distinguished by wearing on the head a narrow white fillet, on which are sewed blue crocodiles. This ornament was granted to them by the king, because one of their number once killed a crocodile. As a mark of courtesy, the king generally confers on his distinguished visitors the honorary rank of commander of the Fanti battalion, but this rank does not entitle him even to order the corps out for a review.

The Grenadiers are represented by the Blunderbuss Company, who are selected for their size and strength, and are each followed by a slave carrying ammunition. Equal in rank to them are the sharpshooters, or "Sure-to-kill" Company, the Carbineers, and the Bayonet Company.

The women of most acknowledged courage are gathered into the Elephant Company, their special business being to hunt the elephant for the sake of its tusks, a task which they perform with great courage and success, often bringing down an elephant with a single volley from their impenetrable weapons.

The youngest, best-looking, most active and neatly dressed, are the archers. They are furnished with very poor weapons, usually bow and small arrows, and a small knife. Indeed, they are more for show than for use, and wear by way of uniform a dress more scanty than that of the regular army, and are distinguished also by an ivory bracelet on the left arm, and a tattoo extending to the knee. They are specially trained in dancing, and, when in the field, they are employed as messengers and in carrying off the dead and wounded. Their official title is Go-hen-to, i. e. the bearers of quivers.

The greater number of the Amazons are of course line-soldiers, and if they only had a little knowledge of military manoeuvres, and could be taught to load properly, as well as to aim correctly, would treble their actual power. Their manoeuvres, however, are compared by Captain Burton to those of a flock of sheep, and they have such little knowledge of concerted action that they would be scattered before a charge of the very worst troops in Europe.

Lastly come the razor women. This curious body is intended for striking terror into the enemy, the soldiers being armed with a

large razor, that looks exactly as if it had been made for the clown in a pantomime. The blade is about two feet in length, and the handle of course somewhat larger, and, when opened, the blade is kept from shutting by a spring at the back. It is employed for decapitating criminals, but by way of a weapon it is almost worse than useless, and quite as likely to wound the person who holds it as it is him against whom it is directed. The razor was invented by a brother of the late King Gezo. On the 558th page is an illustration of one of the war-drums of the Amazons. It was taken from the slain warriors in the attack upon Abeokuta.

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CHAPTER LVI.

DAHOMÉ—Continued.

THE DUPLICATE KING—THE "CUSTOMS" OF DAHOMÉ—APPEARANCE OF KING GELELE—ETIQUETTE AT COURT—THE KING DRINKS—THE CALABASHES OF STATE—THE KING'S PROGRESS—THE ROYAL PROCESSION—THE FIRST DAY OF THE CUSTOMS—THE VICTIM-SHED AND ITS INMATES—THE ROYAL PAVILION—PRELIMINARY CEREMONIALS—THE SECOND DAY OF THE CUSTOMS—THE "ABLE-TO-DO-ANYTHING" CLOTH—THE THIRD DAY—SCRAMBLING FOR COWRIES, AND PROCESSION OF HUNCHBACKS—FETISHES—CONVERSATION WITH THE VICTIMS—THE FOURTH DAY AND ITS EVIL NIGHT—ESTIMATED NUMBER OF THE VICTIMS, AND MODE OF THEIR EXECUTION—OBJECT AND MEANING OF THE CUSTOMS—LETTER TO THE DEAD, AND THE POSTSCRIPT—EXECUTION AT AGBOMÉ—THE BLOOD DRINKER.

BEFORE proceeding to the dread "customs" of Dahomé, we must give a brief notice of a remarkable point in the Dahoman statecraft. Like Japan, Dahomé has two kings, but, instead of being temporal and spiritual as in Japan, they are City king and Bush king, each having his throne, his state, his court, his army, his officers, and his customs. When Captain Burton visited Dahomé, the City king was Gelele, son of Gezo, and the Bush king was Addo-kpore.

The Bush king is set over all the farmers, and regulates tillage and commerce; while the City king rules the cities, makes war, and manages the slave trade. Consequently, the latter is so much brought into contact with the traders that the former is scarcely ever seen except by those who visit the country for the express purpose. He has a palace at a place about six miles from the capital, but the building was only made of poles and matting when Captain Burton visited it, and is not likely to be made of stronger materials, as it was not to be built of "swish" until Abeokuta was taken.

We will now proceed to describe, as briefly as is consistent with truth, the customs of both kings, our authorities being restricted to two, Mr. Duncan and Captain Burton, the latter having made many important corrections in the statements of the former and of other travellers. The present tense will therefore be used throughout the description.

Gelele is a fine-looking man, with a right royal aspect. He is more than six feet in height, thin, broad-shouldered, active, and powerful. His hair is nearly all shaven except two cockade-like tufts, which are used as attachments for beads and other trinkets of brass and silver. Contrary to the usual form, he has a firm and well-pronounced chin, and a tolerably good forehead, and, in spite of his cruel and blood-thirsty nature, has a very agreeable smile. He wears his nails very long, and is said, though the statement is very doubtful, that he keeps under his talon-like nails a powerful poison, which he slyly infuses in the drink of any of his Caboceers who happen to offend him. His face is much pitted with the small-pox, and he wears the mark of his race, namely, three perpendicular scars on the forehead just above the nose. This is the last remnant of a very painful mode of tattooing, whereby the cheeks were literally carved, and the flaps of flesh turned up and forced to heal in that position.

He is not nearly so black as his father, his skin approaching the copper color, and it is likely that his mother was either a slave girl from the northern Makhi, or a mulatto girl from Whydah.

On ordinary occasions he dresses very simply, his body cloth being of white stuff edged with green, and his short drawers of purple silk. He wears but few ornaments, the five or six iron bracelets which encircle

his arms being used more as defensive armor than as jewelry.

Still, though dressed in a far simpler style than any of his Caboceers, he is very punctilious with regard to etiquette, and preserves the smallest traditions with a minute rigidity worthy of the court of Louis XIV. Although he may be sitting on a mere earthen bench, and smoking a clumsy and very plain pipe, all his court wait upon him with a reverence that seems to regard him as a demi-god rather than a man. Should the heat, from which he is sheltered as much as possible by the royal umbrella, produce a few drops on his brow, they are delicately wiped off by one of his wives with a fine cloth; if the tobacco prove rather too potent, a brass or even a gold spittoon is placed before the royal lips. If he sneezes, the whole assembled company burst into a shout of benedictions. The chief ceremony takes place when he drinks. As soon as he raises a cup to his lips, two of his wives spread a white cloth in front of him, while others hold a number of gandy umbrellas so as to shield him from view. Every one who has a gun fires it, those who have bells beat them, rattles are shaken, and all the courtiers bend to the ground, clapping their hands. As to the commoners, they turn their backs if sitting, if standing they dance like bears, paddling with their hands as if they were paws, bawling "Poc-oo-oo" at the top of their voices.

If a message is sent from him, it is done in a most circuitous manner. He first delivers the message to the Dakro, a woman attached to the court. She takes it to the Meu, and the Meu passes it on to the Mingan, and the Mingan delivers it to the intended recipient. When the message is sent to the king, the order is reversed, and, as each officer has to speak to a superior, a salutation is used neatly graduated according to rank. When the message at last reaches the Dakro, she goes down on all-fours, and whispers the message into the royal ears. So tenacious of trifles is the native memory, that the message will travel through this circuitous route without the loss or transposition of a word.

When any one, no matter what may be his rank, presents himself before the king, he goes through a ceremony called "Itte d'ni," or lying on the ground. He prostrates himself flat on his face, and with his hands shovels the dust all over his person. He also kisses the ground, and takes care when he rises to have as much dust as possible on his huge lips. Face, hands, limbs, and clothes are equally covered with dust, the amount of reverence being measured by the amount of dust. No one approaches the king erect; he must crawl on all-fours, shuffle on his knees, or wriggle along like a snake.

Wherever Gelele holds his court, there

are placed before him three large calabashes, each containing the skull of a powerful chief whom he had slain. The exhibition of these skulls is considered as a mark of honor to their late owners, and not, as has been supposed, a sign of mockery or disgrace. One is bleached and polished like ivory, and is mounted on a small ship made of brass. The reason for this curious arrangement is, that when Gezo died, the chief sent a mocking message to Gelele, saying that the sea had dried up, and men had seen the end of Dahomé. Gelele retaliated by invading his territory, killing him, and mounting his skull on a ship, as a token that there was plenty of water left to float the vessel.

The second skull is mounted with brass so as to form a drinking cup. This was done because the owner had behaved treacherously to Gelele instead of assisting him. In token, therefore, that he ought to have "given water to a friend in affliction"—the metaphorical mode of expressing sympathy—Gelele and his courtiers now drink water out of his skull. The third was the skull of a chief who had partaken of this treachery, and his skull was accordingly mounted with brass fittings which represented the common country trap, in order to show that he had set a trap, and fallen into it himself. All these skulls were without the lower jaw, that being the most coveted ornament for umbrellas and sword-handles. Sad to say, with the usual negro disregard of inflicting pain, the captor tears the jaw away while the victim is still alive, cutting through both cheeks with one hand and tearing away the jaw with the other.

The same minute and grotesque etiquette accompanies the king as he proceeds to Agbome, the real capital, to celebrate the So-Sin Custom, and it is impossible to read the accounts of the whole proceeding without being struck with the ingenuity by which the negro has pressed into the service of barbarism everything European that he can lay his hands upon, while he has invariably managed thereby to make the rites ludicrous instead of imposing.

First came a long line of chiefs, distinguished by their flags and umbrellas, and, after marching once round the large space or square, they crossed over and formed a line of umbrellas opposite the gateway. Then came the royal procession itself, headed by skirmishers and led by a man carrying one of the skull-topped banners. After these came some five hundred musketeers, and behind them marched two men carrying large leathern shields painted white, and decorated with a pattern in black. These are highly valued, as remnants of the old times when shields were used in warfare, and were accompanied by a guard of tall negroes, wearing brass helmets and black horse-tails.

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(1.) AMAZON REVIEW. (See page 571.)



(2.) THE KING'S DANCE. (See page 577.)

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Next came the Kafo, or emblem of royalty, namely, an iron fetish-stick enclosed in a white linen case, topped with a white plume; and after the Kafo came the king, riding under the shade of four white umbrellas, and further sheltered from the sun by three parasols, yellow, purple, and bluish red. These were waved over him so as to act as fans.

After the king was borne the great fetish axe, followed by the "band," a noisy assemblage of performers on drums, rattles, trumpets, cymbals, and similar instruments. Two specimens of ivory trumpets, with various strange devices elaborately carved, are represented in an engraving on the 558th page. The right-hand trumpet has a crucified figure on it. Lastly came a crowd of slaves laden with chairs, baskets of cowries, bottles, and similar articles, the rear being brought up by a pair of white and blue umbrellas and a tattered flag.

Six times the king was carried round the space, during two of the circuits being drawn in a nondescript wheeled vehicle, and on the third circuit being carried, carriage and all, on the shoulders of his attendants. The fourth and fifth circuits were made in a *Bath chair*, and the sixth in the same vehicle carried as before. The king then withdrew to the opposite side of the space, and the Amazons made their appearance, dashing into the space in three companies, followed by the Fanti companies already described. These young women showed their agility in dancing, and were followed by a calabash adorned with skulls and a number of flags, escorted by twelve *Razor women*.

By this time the king had transferred himself to a hammock of yellow silk, suspended from a black pole ornamented with silver sharks — this fish being a royal emblem — and tipped with brass at each end. Twelve women carried the hammock, and others shaded and fanned him as before. These preliminaries being completed, all retired to rest until the following day, which was to be the first of the So-Sin or Horse-tie Customs.

The first object that strikes the eye of the observer is a large shed about one hundred feet long, forty wide, and sixty high, having at one end a double-storied turret, and the whole being covered with a red cloth. At the time of which we are treating there sat in the shed twenty of the victims to be sacrificed. They were all seated on stools, and bound tightly to the posts by numerous cords. No unnecessary pain was inflicted: they were fed four times in the day, were loosened at night for sleeping, and were furnished with attendants who kept off the flies. They were dressed in a sort of San Benito costume, namely, a white calico shirt, bound with red ribbon, and having a crimson patch on the left breast. On the head was a tall pointed white cap, with blue

ribbon wound spirally round it. In spite of their impending fate, the victims did not seem to be unhappy, and looked upon the scene with manifest curiosity.

Next came the rite from which the ceremony takes its name. The chief of the horse came up with a number of followers, and took away all horses from their owners, and tied them to the shed, whence they could only be released by the payment of cowries.

Another shed was built especially for the king, and contained about the same number of victims. Presently Gelele came, and proceeded to his own shed, where he took his seat, close to the spot on which was pitched a little tent containing the relics of the old king, and supposed to be temporarily inhabited by his ghost. After some unimportant ceremonies, Gelele made an address, stating that his ancestors had only built rough and rude So-Sin sheds, but that Gezo had improved upon them when "making customs" for his predecessor. But he, Gelele, meant to follow his father's example, and to do for his father what he hoped his son would do for him. This discourse was accompanied by himself on the drum, and after it was over, he displayed his activity in dancing, assisted by his favorite wives and a professional jester. (See engraving on the previous page.) Leaning on a staff decorated with a human skull, he then turned toward the little tent, and adored in impressive silence his father's ghost.

The next business was to distribute decorations and confer rank, the most prominent example being a man who was raised from a simple captain to be a Caboccer, the newly-created noble floundering on the ground, and covering himself and all his new clothes with dust as a mark of gratitude. More dancing and drumming then went on until the night closed in, and the first day was ended.

The second day exhibited nothing very worthy of notice except the rite which gives it the name of Cloth-changing Day. The king has a piece of patchwork, about six hundred yards long by ten wide, which is called the "Nun-ce-pace-to," i. e. the Able-to-do-anything cloth. This is to be worn by the king as a robe as soon as he has taken Abeokuta, and, to all appearances, he will have to wait a very long time before he wears it. It is unrolled, and held up before the king, who walked along its whole length on both sides, amid the acclamations of his people, and then passed to his shed, where he was to go through the cloth-changing. This rite consisted in changing his dress several times before the people, and dancing in each new dress, finishing with a fetish war-dress, i. e. a short under robe, and a dark blue cloth studded with charms and amulets, stained with blood, and edged with cowries.

The third day of the Customs exhibited

but little of interest, being merely the usual processions and speeches, repeated over and over again to a wearisome length. The most notable feature is the cowrie-scrambling. The king throws strings of cowries among the people, who fight for them on perfectly equal terms, the lowest peasant and the highest noble thinking themselves equally bound to join in the scramble. Weapons are not used, but it is considered quite legitimate to gouge out eyes or bite out pieces of limbs, and there is scarcely a scramble that does not end in maiming for life, while on some occasions one or two luckless individuals are left dead on the ground. No notice is taken of them, as they are, by a pleasant fiction of law, supposed to have died an honorable death in defence of their king.

Lastly there came a procession of hunchbacks, who, as Captain Burton tells us, are common in Western Africa, and are assembled in troops of both sexes at the palace. The chief of them wielded a formidable whip, and, having arms of great length and muscular power, easily cut a way for his followers through the dense crowd. Seven potent fetishes were carried on the heads of the principal hunchbacks. They were very strong fetishes indeed, being in the habit of walking about after nightfall.

They are described as follows:—"The first was a blue dwarf, in a gray paque, with hat on head. The second, a blue woman with protuberant breast. The third, a red dwarf with white eyes, clad *cap-à-pie* in red and brown. The fourth was a small black mother and child in a blue loin-cloth, with a basket or calabash on the former's head. The fifth, ditto, but lesser. The sixth was a pigny baboon-like thing, with a red face under a black skull-cap, a war-club in the right hand and a gut in the left; and the seventh much resembled the latter, but was lamp-black, with a white apron behind. They were carved much as the face cut on the top of a stick by the country bumpkins in England."

The king next paid a visit to the victims, and entered into conversation with some of them, and presented twenty "heads" of cowries to them. At Captain Burton's request that he would show mercy, he had nearly half of them untied, placed on their hands and knees in front of him, and then dismissed them.

The fourth day of the Customs is traditionally called the Horse-losing Day, from a ceremony which has now been abolished, although the name is retained. More dances, more processions, and more boastings that Abeokuta should be destroyed, and that the grave of Gelele's father should be well furnished with Egba skulls. The same little fetishes already mentioned were again produced, and were followed by a curious *pas-de-seul* performed by a "So."

The So is an imitation demon, "a bull-faced mask of natural size, painted black, with glaring eyes and peep-holes. The horns were hung with red and white rag-strips, and beneath was a dress of bamboo fibre covering the feet, and fringed at the ends. It danced with head on one side, and swayed itself about to the great amusement of the people."

The whole of the proceedings were terminated by a long procession of slaves, bearing in their hands baskets of cowries. "It was the usual African inconsequence—100,000 to carry 20!"

The evening of the fourth day is the dreaded Evil Night, on which the king walks in solemn procession to the marketplace, where the chief executioner with his own hand puts to death those victims who have been reserved. The precise nature of the proceedings is not known, as none are allowed to leave their houses except the king and his retinue; and any one who is foolish enough to break this law is carried off at once to swell the list of victims. It is said that the king speaks to the men, charging them with messages to his dead father, telling him that his memory is revered, and that a number of new attendants have been sent to him, and with his own hand striking the first blow, the others being slain by the regular executioner.

The bodies of the executed were now set upon a pole, or hung up by their heels, and exhibited to the populace, much as used to be done in England, when a thief was first executed, and then hung in chains.

The number of these victims has been much exaggerated. In the annual Customs, the number appears to be between sixty and eighty. Some thirty of these victims are men, and suffer by the hand of the chief executioner or his assistants; but it is well known that many women are also put to death within the palace walls, the blood-thirsty Amazons being the executioners. The mode of execution is rather remarkable. After the king has spoken to the victims, and dictated his messages, the executioners fall upon them and beat them to death with their official maces. These instruments are merely wooden clubs, armed on one side of the head with iron knobs. Some, however, say that the victims are beheaded; and it is very likely that both modes are employed.

As to the stories that have been so frequently told of the many thousand human victims that are annually slain, and of the canoe which is paddled by the king in a trench filled with human blood, they are nothing more than exaggerations invented by traders for the purpose of frightening Englishmen out of the country. Even in the Grand Customs which follow the decrease of a king the number of victims is barely five hundred.

We may naturally ask ourselves what is the meaning of the Customs, or So-Sin. This ceremony is the accepted mode of doing honor to the late king, by sending to him a number of attendants befitting his rank. Immediately after his burial, at the Grand Customs, some five hundred attendants, both male and female, are despatched to the dead king, and ever afterward his train is swelled by those who are slain at the regular annual Customs.

Besides the Customs there is scarcely a day when executions of a similar character do not take place. Whatever the king does must be reported to his father by a man, who is first charged with the message and then killed. No matter how trivial the occasion may be—if a white man visits him, if he has a new drum made, or even if he moves from one house to another—a messenger is sent to tell his father. And if after the execution the king should find that he has forgotten something, away goes another messenger, like the postscript of a letter.

All this terrible destruction of human life, which is estimated by Burton as averaging five hundred per annum in ordinary years, and a thousand in the Grand Customs year, is bad enough, but not so bad as it has been painted. The victims are not simple subjects of the king selected for the sacrifice of bloodthirsty caprice, as has been generally supposed. They are either criminals or prisoners of war, and, instead of being executed on the spot, are reserved for the customs, and are treated as well as is consistent with their safe custody.

Indeed, considering the object for which they are reserved, it would be bad policy for the Dahoman king to behave cruelly toward his victims. They are intended as messengers to his father, about whom they are ever afterward supposed to wait, and it would be extremely impolitic in the present king to send to his father a messenger who was ill-disposed toward himself, and who might, therefore, garble his message, or deliver an evil report to the dead sovereign.

As a rule, the victims in question are quite cheerful and contented, and about as unlike our ideas of doomed men as can well be imagined. In the first place, they are constitutionally indifferent to human life, their own lives with those of others being equally undervalued; and, as they know that their lives are forfeit, they accept the position without useless murmurs. Nor is the mode of death so painful as seems at first sight to be the case, for the king, actuated by that feeling of pity which caused the Romans to stupefy with a soporific draught the senses of those who were condemned to the cross, mostly administers to the victims a bottle or so of rum about an hour before the execution, so that they are for the most part insensible when killed.

This humane alleviation of their sufferings is, however, restricted to those who die at the customs, and is not extended to those who perish by the hands of the executioner as messengers to the deceased king. How these executions are conducted may be seen by the following account of a scene at Dahome by Mr. Duncan:—

"The ceremonies of this day were nearly a repetition of those of yesterday, till the time arrived (an hour before sunset) when the four traitors were brought into the square for execution. They marched through the mob assembled round apparently as little concerned as the spectators, who seemed more cheerful than before the prisoners made their appearance, as if they were pleased with the prospect of a change of performance. The prisoners were marched close past me in slow time; consequently I had a good opportunity of minutely observing them, particularly as every person remained on his knees, with the exception of myself and the guard who accompanied the prisoners.

"They were all young men, of the middle size, and appeared to be of one family, or at least of the same tribe of Makees, who are much better-looking than the people of the coast. Each man was gagged with a short piece of wood, with a small strip of white cotton tied round each end of the stick, and passed round the pole. This was to prevent them from speaking. They were arranged in line, kneeling before the king.

"The head gang-gang man then gave four beats on the gong, as one—two, and one—two; the upper part of the gang-gang being smaller than the lower, and thus rendering the sounds different, similar to the public clocks in England when striking the quarters. After the four beats the gang-gang man addressed the culprits upon the enormity of their crime and the justice of their sentence. During this lengthened harangue the gang-gang was struck at short intervals, which gave a sort of awful solemnity to the scene. After this, the men were suddenly marched some distance back from his majesty, who on this occasion refused to witness the execution. The men were then ordered to kneel in line about nine feet apart, their hands being tied in front of the body, and the elbows held behind by two men, the body of the culprit bending forward.

"Poor old Mayho, who is an excellent man, was the proper executioner. He held the knife or bill-hook to me, but I again declined the honor; when the old man, at one blow on the back of the neck, divided the head from the body of the first culprit, with the exception of a small portion of the skin, which was separated by passing the knife underneath. Unfortunately the second man was dreadfully mangled, for the poor fellow at the moment the blow was struck having raised his head, the knife struck in a

sianting direction, and only made a large wound; the next blow caught him on the back of the head, when the brain protruded. The poor fellow struggled violently. The third stroke caught him across the shoulders, inflicting a dreadful gash. The next caught him on the neck, which was twice repeated. The officer steadying the criminal now lost his hold on account of the blood which rushed from the blood-vessels on all who were near. Poor old Mayho, now quite palsied, took hold of the head, and after twisting it several times round, separated it from the still convulsed and struggling trunk. During the latter part of this disgusting execution the head presented an awful spectacle, the distortion of the features, and the eyeballs completely upturned, giving it a horrid appearance.

"The next man, poor fellow, with his eyes partially shut and head drooping forward near to the ground, remained all this time in suspense; casting a partial glance on the head which was now close to him, and the trunk dragged close past him, the blood still rushing from it like a fountain. Mayho refused to make another attempt, and another man acted in his stead, and with one blow separated the spinal bones, but did not entirely separate the head from the body. This was finished in the same manner as the first. However, the fourth

culprit was not so fortunate, his head not being separated till after three strokes. The body afterward rolled over several times, when the blood spurted over my face and clothes.

"The most disgusting part of this abominable and disgusting execution was that of an ill-looking wretch, who, like the numerous vultures, stood with a small calabash in his hand, ready to catch the blood from each individual which he greedily devoured before it had escaped one minute from the veins. The old wretch had the impudence to put some rum in the blood and ask me to drink: at that moment I could with good heart have sent a bullet through his head.

"Before execution the victim is furnished with a clean white cloth to tie round the loins. After decapitation the body is immediately dragged off by the heels to a large pit at a considerable distance from the town, and thrown therein, and is immediately devoured by wolves and vultures, which are here so ravenous that they will almost take your victuals from you."

Captain Burton says that he never saw this repulsive part of the sacrificial ceremony, and states that there is only one approach to cannibalism in Dahomé. This is in connection with the worship of the thunder god, and is described on page 586.

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CHAPTER LVII.

DAHOMÉ—*Concluded.*

THE GRAND CUSTOMS OF DAHOMÉ—CELEBRATED ONCE IN A LIFETIME—"WE ARE HUNGRY"—THE BASKET SACRIFICE—GELELE'S TOWER—THE FIRE TELEGRAPH AND ITS DETAILS—LAST DAY OF THE CUSTOMS—THE TIRED ORATORS—A GENERAL SMASH—CONCLUSION OF THE CEREMONY—DAHOMAN MARRIAGES—THE RELIGION OF DAHOMÉ—POLYTHEISM, AND DIFFERENT RANKS OF THE DEITIES—WORSHIP OF THE THUNDER GOD—CEREMONY OF HEAD WORSHIP—THE PRIESTS OR FETISHERS—THE FEMALE FETISHERS—IDEAS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD—INQUEST AFTER DEATH—BURIAL—THE DEATH OF A KING—THE WATER SPRINKLING CUSTOM—CAPTAIN BURTON'S SUMMARY OF THE DAHOMAN CHARACTER.

WE now pass to the Grand Customs of Dahomé, which only take place once in a monarch's lifetime. This fearful ceremony, or rather series of ceremonies, is performed in honor of a deceased king, and the duty of carrying it out devolves upon his successor. Each king tries to outvie his predecessor by sacrificing a greater number of victims, or by inventing some new mode of performing the sacrifice. In consequence of this habit the mode of conducting the Grand Custom is so exceedingly variable that a full description would entail a narration of the Custom as performed by each successive king.

It has already been stated that the victims are carefully saved for the purpose, Custom Day being the only general execution time in the year; and in consequence, if a new king finds that he has not a sufficient number of victims to do honor to his father's memory, and at least to equal those whom his father sacrificed when he came to the throne, he must wait until the required number can be made up.

The usual method of doing so is to go to war with some tribe with whom there is a feud; and for this reason, among others, both Gezo and Gelele made a series of attacks, Abeokuta winning at first, but being afterward beaten back, as has been narrated. It is chiefly for this reason that the Amazons are taught to rush so fiercely over the formidable thorn walls by which the towns are

fortified, and the prisoners whom they take are mostly handed over to the king to be kept in readiness for the next custom.

On the great day of the Grand Custom the king appears on a platform, decorated, according to Dahoman ideas, in a most gorgeous manner, with cloths on which are rudely painted the figures of various animals. Around him are his favorite wives and his principal officers, each of the latter being distinguished by his great umbrella. Below is a vast and surging crowd of negroes of both sexes, wild with excitement and rum, and rending the air with their yells of welcome to their sovereign. In recognition of their loyalty, he flings among them "heads" of cowries, strings of beads, rolls of cloth, and similar valuables, for which they fight and scramble and tear each other like so many wild beasts—and indeed, for the time, they are as fierce and as ruthless as the most savage beasts that the earth holds.

After these specimens of the royal favor are distributed, the cries and yells begin to take shape, and gradually resolve themselves into praises of the king and appeals to his bounty. "We are hungry, O King," they cry. "Feed us, O King, for we are hungry!" and this ominous demand is repeated with increasing fury, until the vast crowd have lashed themselves to a pitch of savage fury, which nothing but blood can appease. And blood they have in plenty. The victims are

now brought forward, each being gagged in order to prevent him from crying out to the king for mercy, in which case he must be immediately released, and they are firmly secured by being lashed inside baskets, so that they can move neither head, hand, nor foot. At the sight of the victims the yells of the crowd below redouble, and the air is rent with the cry, "We are hungry! Feed us, O King."

Presently the deafening yells are hushed into a death-like silence, as the king rises, and with his own hand or foot pushes one of the victims off the platform into the midst of the crowd below. The helpless wretch falls into the outstretched arms of the eager crowd, the basket is rent to atoms by a hundred hands; and in a shorter time than it has taken to write this sentence the man has been torn limb from limb, while around each portion of the still quivering body a mass of infuriated negroes are fighting like so many starved dogs over a bone.

Gelele, following the habits of his ancestors, introduced an improvement on this practice, and, instead of merely pushing the victims off the platform, built a circular tower some thirty feet in height, decorated after the same grotesque manner as the platform, and ordered that the victims should be flung from the top of this tower. Should the kingdom of Dahomé last long enough for Gelele to have a successor, some new variation will probably be introduced into the Grand Customs.

After Gelele had finished his gift throwing, a strange procession wound its way to the tower—the procession of blood. First came a number of men, each carrying a pole, to the end of which was tied a living cock; and after them marched another string of men, each bearing on his head a living goat tied up in a flexible basket, so that the poor animals could not move a limb. Next came a bull, borne by a number of negroes; and lastly came the human victims, each tied in a basket, and carried, like the goats, horizontally on a man's head.

Three men now mounted to the top of the tower, and received the victims in succession, as they were handed up to them. Just below the tower an open space was left, in which was a block of wood, on the edge of a hole, attended by the executioners. The fowls were first flung from the top of the tower, still attached to the poles; and it seemed to be requisite that every creature which was then sacrificed should be tied in some extraordinary manner. As soon as they touched the ground, they were seized, dragged to the block, and their heads chopped off, so that the blood might be poured into the hole. The goats were thrown down after the fowls, the bull after the goats, and, lastly, the unfortunate men shared the same fate. The mingled blood of these victims was allowed to remain in the

hole, which was left uncovered all night, the blood-stained block standing beside it.

The illustration on the following page depicts the last feature of this terrible scene. On the right hand is the king, seated under his royal umbrella, surmounted with a leopard, the emblem of royalty, and around him are his wives and great men. In the centre rises the cloth-covered tower, from which a human victim has just been hurled, while another is being carried to his fate. Below is one of the executioners standing by the block, and clustering in front of the tower is the mob of infuriated savages.

Just below the king is seen the band, the most prominent instrument of which is the great drum carried on a man's head, and beaten by the drummer who stands behind him, and one of the king's banners is displayed behind the band, and guarded by a body of armed Amazons. In front are several of the fetishmen, their heads adorned with the conical cap, their bodies fantastically painted, and the inevitable skull in their hands. The house which is supposed to contain the spirit of the deceased king is seen on the left.

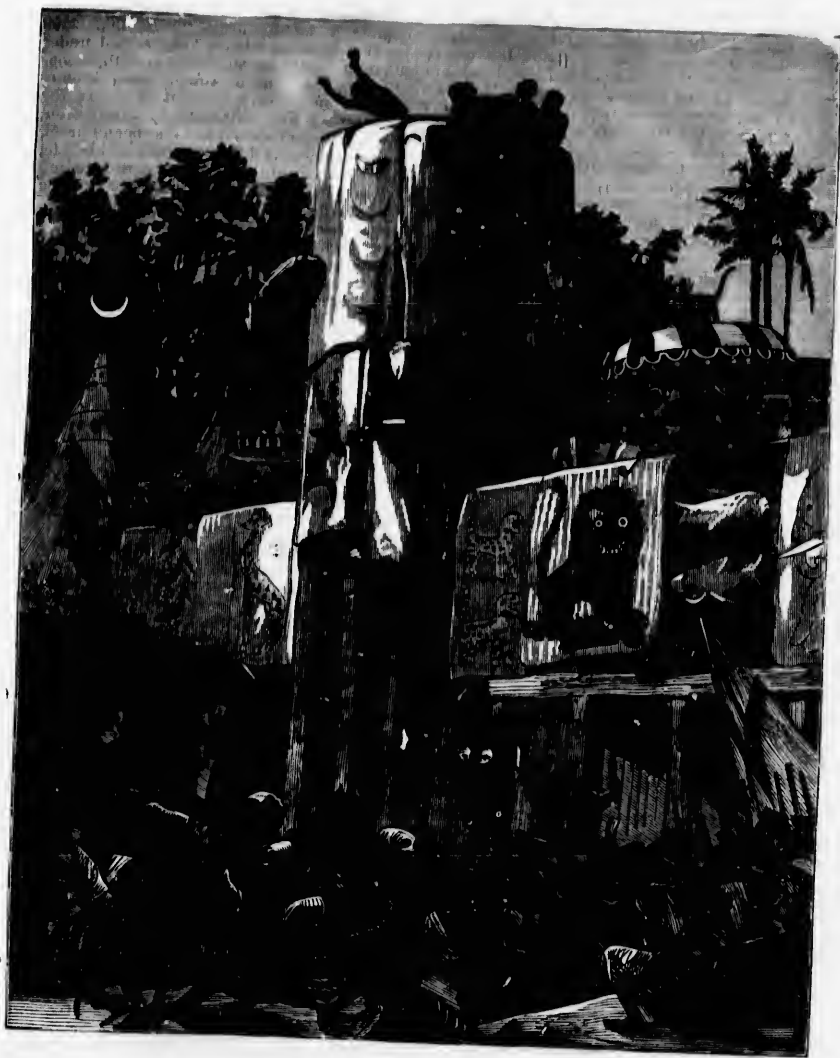
The last day of the Customs is celebrated after a rather peculiar manner.

A line of soldiers armed with guns is stationed all the way from Agbomé to Whydah. These soldiers are placed at some little distance from each other, and their duty is to transmit a rolling fire all the way from the capital to the port and back again. This is a later invention, the former plan being to transmit a small present from hand to hand, starting from Whydah and having its destination in the palace. Another line of musketeers extended from the Komasi house to a suburb about a mile distant.

The method of arranging them is very curious. At intervals of three hundred yards or so are built little huts of grass, each being the lodging-place of two soldiers. Though slightly built, there is some attempt at ornament about them, as each hut has a pent roof, a veranda supported by light poles, and the side walls decorated with a diamond pattern of bamboo and a fetish shrub, which is supposed to repel lightning. A tuft of grass ornaments each end of the gables, and those huts that are situated nearest the palace are always the most decorated.

In front of each hut the muskets belonging to the soldiers are fixed horizontally on forked sticks. They are ready loaded, and the two are employed lest one of them should miss fire. There are nearly nine hundred of these huts upon the line to Whydah, and it is calculated that the time occupied in the fire ought to be about half an hour.

When Captain Burton attended this ceremony in 1863, Gelele had not been confirmed at Allada, and in consequence was



THE BASKET SACRIFICE.

(See page 582.)

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not, by royal etiquette, allowed to live in a house built of anything better than stakes and matting. Consequently, his officers were obliged to follow his example, as it would have been equivalent to treason had a subject presumed to live in a "swish" house when his monarch only dwelt in matting.

However, on this occasion at all events the king tried to atone by barbarous finery for the wretched material of his "palace." The Agwajai gate led into an oblong court of matting, sprinkled with thick-leaved little fig trees of vivid green, and divided into two by the usual line of bamboos. At the bottom of the southern half was the royal pavilion, somewhat like a "hakniyana" in Bengal, with an open wing on each side.

The sloping roof of the central part, intended for the king, was of gold and lake damask, under two broad strips of red and green satin; the wings, all silk and velvet, were horizontally banded with red, white-edged green, purple and yellow, red and green in succession, from the top, and, where the tongue-shaped lappets started, with chrome yellow. The hangings, playing loosely in the wind, were remarkable chiefly for grotesque figures of men and beasts cut out of colored cloth and sewed to the lining."

Several little tables were placed near the inner entrances, each being sheltered by a huge umbrella, three decorated with figures and four white. These were for the women, who were dressed in their gayest apparel, magnificent in mantles of red, pink, and flowered silks and satins. Opposite to the king were five ragged white umbrellas, sheltering eleven small tables, and behind the tables was a small crowd of officials and captains, dressed in costumes somewhat similar to those of the women.

On the right of the throne was the court fool, a very important man indeed, his eyes surrounded with rings of white chalk, and his shoulders covered with an old red velvet mantle. Although not of sufficient rank to be permitted the use of an umbrella, he was sheltered from the sun by a piece of matting raised on poles. A model of a canoe was placed near him.

Just at the entrances eight muskets were tied horizontally, each supported on two forked sticks, as has already been described, and behind each musket stood the Amazon to whom it belonged.

After making his guests wait for at least two hours,—such a delay being agreeable to royal etiquette,—the king condescended to appear. This time he had arrayed himself after a very gorgeous and rather heterogeneous fashion. He wore a yellow silk tunic, covered with little scarlet flowers, a great black felt Spanish hat, or sombrero, richly embroidered with gold braid, and a broad belt of gold and pearls (probably

imitation) passed over his left shoulder to his right side. Suspended to his neck was a large crucifix, and in his left hand he carried an hour-glass. An old rickety table with metal legs, and covered with red velvet, was placed before him, and upon it were laid a silver mug, a rosary, sundry pieces of plate, and some silver armlets. On taking his seat, he put the silver mug to its proper use, by drinking with all his guests, his own face being, according to custom, hidden by a linen cloth while he drank.

After the usual complimentary addresses had been made, a woman rose at 1 P.M. and gave the word of command — "A-de-o." This is a corruption of *Adios*, or farewell. At this word two of the muskets in front of the king were discharged, and the firing was taken up by the *Jegbe* line. In three minutes the firing ran round *Jegbe* and returned to the palace. At 2 P.M. another "A-de-o" started the line of firing to *Whydah*, the time of its return having been calculated and marked by a rude device of laying cowries on the ground, and weaving a cloth in a loom, the number of threads that are laid being supposed to indicate a certain duration of time.

As soon as the firing began, two officials marched up to the king and began an oration, which they were bound to maintain until the firing had returned. Amid the horrible noise of five heralds proclaiming the royal titles and a jester springing his rattle, they began their speech, but were sadly discomfited by a wrong calculation or a mismanagement of the firing. Instead of occupying only half an hour, it was not finished for an hour and a half, and the poor orators were so overcome with heat and the fine dust which hovered about, that toward the end of the time they were nearly choked, and could hardly get out short sentences, at long intervals, from their parched throats. "There will be stick for this," remarks Captain Burton.

Stick, indeed, is administered very freely, and the highest with the lowest are equally liable to it. On one occasion some of the chief officers of the court did not make their appearance exactly at the proper time. The king considered that this conduct was an usurpation of the royal prerogative of making every one else wait, whereas they had absolutely made him wait for them. So, as soon as they appeared, he ordered the Amazons to take their bamboos and beat them out of the court, a command which they executed with despatch and vigor. The beaten ministers did not, however, seem to resent their treatment, but sat covering at the gate in abject submission.

After occupying several days in this feasting and speech-making and boasting, the king proceeded to the last act of the Customs. Having resumed his place at the velvet-covered table, he filled his glass with

rum, and drank with his visitors to the health of his father's ghost, who, by the way, had been seen bathing in the sea, and had received two slaves, sacrificed in order to tell him that his son was pleased at his visit. After a few unimportant ceremonies, he poured a little rum on the ground, and, dashing his glass to pieces on the table, rose and left the tent. His attendants followed his example, and smashed everything to pieces, even including the tables; this act probably accounting for the very mean and rickety condition of the royal furniture. With this general smash the Customs terminated, much to the relief of the visitors.

Marriages among the Dahomans are an odd compound of simplicity and complexity. The bridegroom commences his suit by sending a couple of friends to the father of the intended bride, and furnishes them with a doubly potent argument in the shape of two bottles of rum. Should the father approve of the proposition, he graciously drinks the rum, and sends back the empty bottles—a token that he accepts the proposal, and as a delicate hint that he would like some more rum. The happy man takes the hint, fills the bottles, sends them to the father, together with a present for the young lady; and then nothing more is required except to name the amount of payment which is demanded for the girl. Cloth is the chief article of barter, and a man is sometimes occupied for two or three years in procuring a sufficient quantity.

At last the day—always a Sunday—is settled, and more bottles of rum are sent by the bridegroom's messengers, who bring the bride in triumph to her future home, followed by all her family and friends. Then comes a general feast, at which it is a point of honor to consume as much as possible, and it is not until after midnight that the bride is definitely handed over to her husband. The feast being over, the bridegroom retires into his house and sends himself. Several fetish women lead in the bride by her wrists, and present her in solemn form, telling them both to behave well to each other, but recommending him to flog her well if she displeases him. Another two or three hours of drinking then follows, and about 3 or 4 A.M. the fetish women retire, and the actual marriage is supposed to be completed.

Next morning the husband sends more rum and some heads of cowries to the girl's parents as a token that he is satisfied, and after a week the bride returns to her father's house, where she remains for a day or two, cooking, however, her husband's food and sending it to him. On the day when she returns home another feast is held, and then she subsides into the semi-servile state which is the normal condition of a wife throughout the greater part of savage Africa.

Now we come to the religion of Dahomé, which, as may be imagined from the previous narrative, is of a very low character, and has been curiously summarized by Captain Burton in the following sentence:—"Africans, as a rule, worship everything except the Creator." As the contact of the Dahomans with the white men and with the Moslems has probably engrafted foreign ideas in the native mind, it is not very easy to find out the exact nature of their religion, but the following account is a short abstract of the result of Captain Burton's investigation.

He states that the reason why the natives do not worship the Creator is that, although they acknowledge the fact of a supreme Deity, they think that He is too great and high to trouble Himself about the affairs of mankind, and in consequence they do not trouble themselves by paying a worship which they think would be fruitless. Their devotion, such as it is, expends itself therefore upon a host of minor deities, all connected with some material object.

First we have the principal deities, who are ranked in distinct classes. The most important is the Snake god, who has a thousand snake wives, and is represented by the *Danlgbwe*, which has already been mentioned. Next in order come the Tree gods, of which the silk-cotton (*Bombax*) is the most powerful, and has the same number of wives as the *Danlgbwe*. It has, however, a rival in the *Ordeal*, or poison tree.

The last of these groups is the sea. This deity is represented at Whydah by a very great priest, who ranks as a king, and has five hundred wives in virtue of his representative office. At stated times he visits the shore to pay his respects, and to throw into the waves his offerings of beads, cowries, cloth, and other valuables. Now and then the king sends a human sacrifice from the capital. He creates the victim a Caboccer, gives him the state uniform and umbrella of his short-lived rank, puts him in a gorgeous hammock, and sends him in great pomp and stato to Whydah. As soon as he arrives there, the priest takes him out of his hammock and transfers him to a canoe, takes him out to sea, and flings him into the water, where he is instantly devoured by the expectant sharks.

Lately a fourth group of superior deities has been added, under the name of the Thunder gods. In connection with the worship of this deity is found the only approach to cannibalism which is known to exist in Dahomé. When a man has been killed by lightning, burial is not lawful, and the body is therefore laid on a platform and cut up by the women, who hold the pieces of flesh in their mouths, and pretend to eat them, calling out to the passengers, "We sell you meat, fine meat; come and buy!"

After these groups of superior deities come a host of inferior gods, too numerous to mention. One, however, is too curious to be omitted. It is a man's own head, which is considered a very powerful fetish in Dahome. An engraving on the 695th page illustrates this strange worship, which is as follows:—

"The head worshipper, after providing a fowl, kola nuts, rum, and water, bathes, dresses in pure white baid, and seats himself on a clean mat. An old woman, with her *medius* finger dipped in water, touches successively his forehead, poll, nape, and mid-breast, sometimes all his joints. She then breaks a kola into its natural divisions, throws them down like dice, chooses a lucky piece, which she causes a bystander to chew, and with his saliva retouches the parts before alluded to.

"The fowl is then killed by pulling its body, the neck being held between the big and first toe; the same *attouchements* are performed with its head, and finally with the boiled and shredded flesh before it is eaten. Meanwhile rum and water are drunk by those present."

The fetishers, or priests, are chosen by reason of a sort of ecstatic fit which comes upon them, and which causes them at last to fall to the ground insensible. One of the older priests awaits the return of the senses, and then tells the neophyte what particular fetish has come to him. He is then taken away to the college, or fetish part of the town, where he learns the mysteries of his calling, and is instructed for several years in the esoteric language of the priests, a language which none but themselves can understand. If at the end of the novitiate he should return to his former home, he speaks nothing but this sacred language, and makes it a point of honor never to utter a sentence that any member of the household can understand.

When a man is once admitted into the ranks of the fetishes, his subsistence is provided for, whether he be one of the "regulars," who have no other calling, and who live entirely upon the presents which they obtain from those who consult them, or whether he retains some secular trade, and only acts the fetishier when the fit happens to come on him. They distinguish themselves by various modes of dress, such as shaving half the beard, carrying a cow-tail flapper, or wearing the favorite mark of a fetishier, namely, a belt of cowries strung back to back, each pair being separated by a single black seed.

The fetish women greatly outnumber the men, nearly one-fourth belonging to this order. They are often destined to this career before their birth, and are married to the fetish before they see the light of day. They also take human spouses, but, from all accounts, the life of the husband is not the

most agreeable in the world. The women spend their mornings in going about begging for cowries. In the afternoon she goes with her sisters into the fetish house, and puts on her official dress. The whole party then sally out to the squares, where they drum and sing and dance and lash themselves into fits of raving ecstasy. This lasts for a few hours, when the women assume their ordinary costumes and go home.

It is illegal for any fetishier to be assaulted while the fetish is on them, and so the women always manage to shield themselves from their husband's wrath by a fetish fit whenever he becomes angry, and threatens the stick.

As to the position of the human soul in the next world, they believe that a man takes among the spirits the same rank which he held among men; so that a man who dies as a king is a king to all eternity, while he who is a slave when he dies can never be a free man, but must be the property of some wealthy ghost or other.

Visiting the world of spirits is one of the chief employments of the fetish men, who are always ready to make the journey when paid for their trouble. They are often called upon to do so, for a Dahoman who feels unwell or out of spirits always fancies that his deceased relatives are calling for him to join them, a request which he feels most unwilling to grant. So he goes to his favorite fetishier, and gives him a dollar to descend into the spirit world and present his excuses to his friends. The fetishier covers himself with his cloth, lies down, and falls into a trance, and, when he recovers, he gives a detailed account of the conversation which has taken place between himself and the friends of his client. Sometimes he brings back a rare bead or some other object, as proof that he has really delivered the message and received the answer. The whole proceeding is strangely like the ceremonies performed by the medicine men or Angé-koks among the Esquimaux.

It is a strange thing that, in a country where human life is sacrificed so freely, a sort of inquest takes place after every death. The reason for this custom is rather curious. The king reserves to himself the right of life and death over his subjects, and any one who kills another is supposed to have usurped the royal privilege.

As soon as death takes place, notice is sent to the proper officers, called *Gevi*, who come and inspect the body, receiving as a fee a head and a half of cowries. When they have certified that the death was natural, the relatives begin their mourning, during which they may not eat nor wash, but may sing as much as they please, and drink as much rum as they can get. A coffin is prepared, its size varying according to the rank of the deceased person; the corpse is clothed in its best attire, decorated with

ornaments, and a change of raiment is laid in the coffin, to be worn when the deceased fairly reaches the land of spirits. The very poor are unable to obtain a coffin, and a wrapper of matting is deemed sufficient in such cases.

The grave is dug in rather a peculiar manner, a cavern being excavated on one side, the coffin being first lowered and then pushed sideways into the cave, so that the earth immediately above is undisturbed. After the grave is filled in, the earth is smoothed with water. Over the grave of a man in good circumstances is placed a vessel-shaped iron, into which is poured water or blood by way of drink for the deceased. Formerly a rich man used to have slaves buried with him, but of late years only the two chiefs of the king are allowed to sacrifice one slave at death, they being supposed not to need as many attendants in the next world as if they had been kings of Dahomé in this.

As soon as the king dies, his wives and all the women of the palace begin to smash everything that comes in their way, exactly as has been related of the concluding scene of the Customs; and, when they have broken all the furniture of the palace, they begin to turn their destructive fury upon each other, so that at the death of Agagoro it was calculated that several hundred women lost their lives within the palace walls merely in this flight, those sacrificed at the succeeding Customs being additional victims. This blood-thirsty rage soon extends beyond the precincts of the palace, and Captain Burton, who has done so much in contradicting the exaggerated tales of Dahoman bloodshed that have been so widely circulated, acknowledges that, however well a white stranger may be received at Agbome, his life would be in very great danger were he to remain in the capital when the king died.

Even with the termination of the Customs the scenes of blood do not end. Next comes the "water-sprinkling," i. e. the graves of the kings must be sprinkled with "water," the Dahoman euphemism for blood. Of late years the number of human victims sacrificed at each grave has been reduced to two, the requisite amount of "water" being supplied by various animals.

Before each tomb the king kneels on all fours, accompanied by his chiefs and captains, while a female priest, who must be of royal descent, makes a long oration to the spirit of the deceased ruler, asking him to aid his descendant and to give success and prosperity to his kingdom. Libations of rum and pure water are then poured upon each grave, followed by the sacrificial "water," which flows from the throats of the men, oxen, goats, pigeons, and other victims. Kola nuts and other kinds of food are also brought as offerings.

The flesh of the animals is then cooked,

together with the vegetables, and a feast is held, the stool of the deceased ruler being placed on the table as an emblem of his presence. All the Dahoman kings are buried within the walls of the palace, a house being erected over each grave. During the water sprinkling, or "Sin-quain," custom, the king goes to each house separately, and sleeps in it for five or six nights, so as to put himself in communion with the spirits of his predecessors.

The reader will remember that the kings who formerly ruled Dahomé are still supposed to hold royal rank in the spirit world, and the prevalence of the custom shows that this belief in the dead is strong enough to exercise a powerful influence over the living.

We have now very briefly glanced at the Dahoman in peace, in war, in religion, in death, and in burial. He is not a pleasant subject, and, though the space which has been given to him is much too small to afford more than outline of his history, it would have been more restricted but for the fact that the Dahoman is an excellent type of the true negro of Western Africa, and that a somewhat detailed description of him will enable us to dismiss many other negro tribes with but a passing notice.

Moreover, as the kingdom of Dahomé is fast falling, and all the strange manners and customs which have been mentioned will soon be only matters of history, it was necessary to allot rather more space to them than would otherwise have been the case. The general character of the Dahoman has been so tersely summed up by Captain Burton, that our history of Dahomé cannot have a better termination than the words of so competent an authority.

"The modern Dahomans are a mongrel breed and a bad. They are Cretan liars, *crétins* at learning, cowardly, and therefore cruel and bloodthirsty; gamblers, and consequently cheaters; brutal, noisy, boisterous, uncunctious, and disobedient; 'dipsas-bitten' things, who deem it duty to the gods to be drunk; a flatulent, self-conceited herd of barbarians, who endeavor to humiliate all those with whom they deal; in fact, a slave race, — vermin with a soul apiece.

"They pride themselves in not being, like the Popos, addicted to the 'dark and dirty crime of poison,' the fact being that they have been enabled hitherto to carry everything with a high and violent hand. They are dark in skin, the browns being of xanthous temperament, middle-sized, slight, and very lightly made. My Krumen looked like Englishmen among them. In all wrestling bouts my Krumen threw the hammock bearers on their heads, and on one occasion, during a kind of party fight, six of them, with fists and sticks, held their own against twenty Dahomans.

SUMMARY OF DAHOMAN CHARACTER.

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"They are agile, good walkers, and hard daneers, but carry little weight. Their dress is a godo, or T bandage, a nun-pwe (under-cloth) or a Tfon chokoto (pair of short drawers), and an owu-chyon, or body-cloth, twelve feet long by four to six broad, worn like the Roman toga, from which it may possibly be derived.

"The women are of the Hastini, or elephant order, dark, plain, masculine, and comparatively speaking of large, strong, and square build. They are the reapers as well as the sowers of the field, and can claim

the merit of laboriousness, if of no other quality.

"They tattoo the skin, especially the stomach, with alto-relievo patterns; their dress is a zone of beads, supporting a bandage beneath the do-oo, or scanty loin cloth, which suffices for the poor and young girls. The upper classes add an aga-oo, or over-cloth, two fathoms long, passed under the arms, and covering all from the bosom to the aneles. Neither sex wear either shirt, shoes, or stockings."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE EGBAS.

THE EGBA TRIBE—A BLACK BISHOP—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE EGBAS—THEIR TRIBAL MARK—TATTOO OF THE BREECHEE OR GENTLEMEN—SIGNIFICATION OF ORNAMENTS—MODE OF SALUTATION—EGBA ARCHITECTURE—SUBDIVISION OF LABOR—ABEOKUTA AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS—FEUD BETWEEN THE EGBAS AND DAHOMANS—VARIOUS SKIRMISHES AND BATTLES, AND THEIR RESULTS—THE GRAND ATTACK ON ABEOKUTA—REFULSE OF THE DAHOMAN ARMY—RELIGION OF THE EGBAS—THE SYSTEM OF OGBONI—MISCELLANEOUS SUPERSTITIONS AND SUPPLEMENTARY DEITIES—EBOUOUN AND HIS SOCIAL DUTIES—THE ALAKÉ, OR KING OF THE EGBAS—A RECEPTION AT COURT—APPEARANCE OF THE ATTENDANTS.

WE are naturally led from Dahome to its powerful and now victorious enemy, the EGBA tribe, which has perhaps earned the right to be considered as a nation, and which certainly has as much right to that title as Dahome.

The Egbas have a peculiar claim on our notice. Some years ago an Egba boy named Ajai (i. e. "struggling for life") embraced Christianity, and, after many years of trial, was ordained deacon and priest in the Church of England. Owing to his constitution he was enabled to work where a white man would have been prostrated by disease; and, owing to his origin, he was enabled to understand the peculiar temperament of his fellow negroes better than any white man could hope to do. His influence gradually extended, and he was held in the highest esteem throughout the whole of Western Africa. His widely felt influence was at last so thoroughly recognized, that he was consecrated to the episcopal office, and now the negro boy Ajai is known as the Right Rev. Samuel Crowther, D. D., Lord Bishop of the Niger.

As far as their persons go, the Egbas are a fine race of men, varying much in color according to the particular locality which they inhabit. The skin, for example, of the Egba-do, or lower Egba, is of a coppery black, and that of the chiefs is, as a rule, fairer than that of the common people. Even the hair of the chiefs is lighter than that of the common folk, and sometimes assumes a decidedly sandy hue.

The men, while in the prime of life, are remarkable for the extreme beauty of their forms and the extreme ugliness of their features; and, as is mostly the case in uncivilized Africa, the woman is in symmetry of form far inferior to the man, and where one well-developed female is seen, twenty can be found of the opposite sex.

Whatever may be the exact color of the Egba's skin, it exhales that peculiar and indescribable odor which is so characteristic of the negro races; and, although the slight clothing, the open-air life, and the use of a rude palm-oil soap prevent that odor from attaining its full power, it is still perceptible. The lips are of course large and sausage-shaped, the lower part of the face protrudes, and the chin recedes to an almost incredible extent, so as nearly to deprive the countenance of its human character. The hair is short, crisp, and often grows in the little peppercorn tufts that have been already mentioned in connection with the Bosjesman race of Southern Africa. The men dress this scanty crop of hair in a thousand different ways, shaving it into patterns, and thus producing an effect which, to the eye of an European, is irresistibly ludicrous. The women contrive to tease it out to its full length, and to divide it into ridges running over the crown from the forehead to the nape of the neck, preserving a clean parting between each ridge, and so making the head look as if it were covered with the half of a black melon. The skin of the common people is hard and coarse,—so

coarse indeed that Captain Burton compares it to shagreen, and says that the hand of a slave looks very like the foot of a fowl.

As to the dress of the Egbas, when uncontaminated by pseudo-civilization, it is as easily described as procured. A poor man has nothing but a piece of cloth round his waist, while a man in rather better circumstances adds a pair of short linen drawers or trousers, called "shogo," and a wealthy man wears both the loin cloth and the drawers, and adds to them a large cloth wrapped gracefully round the waist, and another draped over the shoulders like a Scotch plaid. The cloths are dyed by the makers, blue being the usual color, and the patterns being mostly stripes of lesser or greater width.

Women have generally a short and scanty petticoat, above which is a large cloth that extends from the waist downward, and a third which is wrapped shawl-wise over the shoulders. The men and women who care much about dress dye their hands and feet with red wood. Formerly, this warlike race used to arm themselves with bows and arrows, which have now been almost wholly superseded by the "trade gun." Even now every man carries in his hand the universal club or knob-kerry, which, among the Egbas, has been modified into a simple hooked stick bound with iron wire in order to increase the strength and weight, and studded with heavy nails along the convex side. Weapons of a similar nature are used at Dahome for clubbing criminals to death.

According to savage ideas of beauty, these people tattoo themselves profusely, covering their bodies with marks which must at some time have been produced by very painful operations, and which, from their diversity, serve to perplex observers who have not had time to examine them minutely, and to classify their wearer.

According to Captain Burton, "the skin-patterns were of every variety, from the diminutive prick to the great gash and the large boil-like lumps. They affected various figures—tortoises, alligators, and the favorite lizard; stars, concentric circles, lozenges, right lines, belts, gouts of gore, marble or button-like knobs of flesh, and elevated scars, resembling scalds, which are opened for the introduction of fetish medicines, and to expel evil influences.

"In this country every tribe, sub-tribe, and even family, has its blazon, whose infinite diversifications may be compared with the lines and ordinaries of European heraldry. A volume would not suffice to explain all the marks in detail. Ogubonna's family, for instance, have three small squares of blue tattoo on each cheek, combined with the three Egbas cuts.

"The chief are as follows:—The distin-

guishing mark of the Egbas is a gridiron of three cuts, or a multiplication of three, on each cheek. Free-born women have one, two, or three raised lines, thread-like scars, from the wrist up the back of the arm, and down the dorsal region, like long necklaces. They call these 'Entice my husband.'

"The Yorubas draw perpendicular marks from the temples to the level of the chin, with slight lateral incisions, hardly perceptible, because allowed soon to heal. The Efons of Kakanda wear a blue patch, sometimes highly developed, from the cheekbones to the ear. The Takpas of Nupe make one long cut from the upper part of the nostril, sweeping toward the ear. At Ijasha, a country lying east of Yoruba proper, the tattoo is a long parallelogram of seven perpendicular and five transverse lines."

The most curious tattoo is that of the Breechee (i.e. gentleman), or eldest son and heir. He is not allowed to perform any menial office, and inherits at his father's death all the slaves, wives, and children. Before the Breechee attains full age, a slit is made across his forehead, and the skin is drawn down and laid across the brow, so as to form a ridge of hard, knotty flesh from one temple to the other. The severity of the operation is so great that even the negro often dies from its effects; but when he survives he is greatly admired, the unsightly ridge being looked upon as a proof of his future wealth and his actual strength of constitution.

So minutely does the African mind descend to detail, that even the ornaments which are worn have some signification well understood by those who use them. Rings of metal are worn on the legs, ankles, arms, wrists, fingers, and toes; and round the neck and on the body are hung strings of beads and other ornaments. Each of these ornaments signifies the particular deity whom the wearer thinks fit to worship; and although the number of these deities is very great, the invention of the negro has been found equal to representing them by the various ornaments which he wears.

The same minuteness is found in the ordinary affairs of life; and, even in the regular mode of uttering a salutation, the natives have invented a vast number of minutiae. For example, it would be the depth of bad manners to salute a man when sitting as if he were standing, or the latter as if he were walking, or a third as if he were returning from walking. Should he be at work, another form of address is needed, and another if he should be tired. No less than fifteen forms of personal salutation are mentioned by Captain Burton, so that the reader may easily imagine how troublesome the language is to a stranger.

Then the forms of salutation differ as much as the words. If an inferior meet a superior, a son meet his mother, a younger brother meet his elder, and so on, an elaborate ceremony is performed. Any burden that may be carried is placed on the ground, and the bearer proceeds first to kneel on all fours, then to prostrate himself flat in the dust, rubbing the earth with the forehead and each cheek alternately. The next process is to kiss the ground, and this ceremony is followed by passing each hand down the opposite arm. The dust is again kissed, and not until then does the saluter resume his feet.

This salutation is only performed once daily to the same person; but as almost every one knows every one whom he meets, and as one of them must of necessity be inferior to the other, a vast amount of salutation has to be got through in the course of a day. Putting together the time occupied in the various salutations, it is calculated that at least an hour is consumed by every Egba in rendering or receiving homage. Sometimes two men meet who are nearly equal, and in such a case both squat on the ground, and snap their fingers according to the etiquette of Western Africa.

The architecture of the Egba tribe is mostly confined to "swish" walls and thatched roofs. A vast number of workers, — or rather idlers — are engaged on a single house, and the subdivision of labor is carried out to an extreme extent. Indeed, as Captain Burton quaintly remarks, the Egbas divide the labor so much that the remainder is imperceptible.

Some of them dig the clay, forming thereby deep pits, which they never trouble themselves to fill up again, and which become the receptacles of all sorts of filth and offal. Water, in this wet country, soon pours into them, and sometimes the corpse of a slave or child is flung into the nearest pit, to save the trouble of burial. It may easily be imagined that such pits contribute their part to the fever-breeding atmosphere of the country.

Another gang is employed in kneading clay and rolling it into balls; and a third carries it, one ball at a time, to the builders. Another gang puts the clay balls into the squared shape needful for architectural purposes; and a fifth hands the shaped clay to the sixth, who are the actual architects. Yet a seventh gang occupies itself in preparing palm leaves and thatch; and those who fasten them on the roof form an eighth gang. Besides these, there is the chief architect, who by his plumb-line and level rectifies and smooths the walls with a broad wooden shovel, and sees that they are perfectly upright.

Three successive layers of clay or "swish" are needed, each layer being allowed to dry for a few days before the next is added. The

builders always manage, if possible, to complete their walls by November, so that the dry harmattan of December may consolidate the soft clay, and render it as hard as concrete. This, indeed, is the only reason why the Egbas approve of the harmattan, its cold, dusty breath being exceedingly injurious to native constitutions.

One might have thought that this elaborate subdivision of labor would have the effect of multiplying the working power, as is the case in Europe. So it would, if the negro worked like the European, but that he never did, and never will do, unless absolutely compelled by a master of European extraction. He only subdivides labor in order to spare himself, and not with the least idea of increasing the amount of work that he can do in a given time.

The capital of the Egbas and their kindred sub-tribes is called Abeokuta, a name that has already become somewhat familiar to English ears on account of the attempts which have been made to introduce Christianity, civilization, and manufactures among a pagan, savage, and idle race of negroes. The name of Abeokuta may be literally translated as Understone, and the title has been given to the place in allusion to the rock or stone around which it is built. The best description that has yet been given of Abeokuta is by Captain Burton, from whose writings the following particulars are gathered.

The city itself is surrounded with concentric lines of fortification, the outermost being some twenty miles in circumference. These walls are made of hardened mud, are about five or six feet in height, and have no embrasures for guns, an omission of very little importance, seeing that there are scarcely any guns to place in them, and that, if they were fired, the defenders would be in much greater danger than the attacking force.

Utterly ignorant of the first principles of fortification, the Egbas have not troubled themselves to throw out bastions, or to take any means of securing a flanking fire, and they have made so liberal a use of matting, poles, and dry leaves within the fortification, that a carcass or a rocket would set the whole place in a blaze; and, if the attacking force were to take advantage of the direction of the wind, they might easily drive out the defenders merely by the smoke and flames of their own burning houses. Moreover the wall is of such frail material, and so thinly built, that a single bag of powder hung against it, and fired, would make a breach that would admit a column of soldiers together with their field-guns. Around the inner and principal wall runs a moat some five feet in breadth, partly wet and partly dry, and of so insignificant a depth that it could be filled up with a few fascines, or even with a dozen or so of dead bodies.

These defences, ludicrously inefficient as they would be if attacked by European soldiers, are very formidable obstacles to the Dahoman and Ibadan, against whose inroads they are chiefly built. As a rule, the negro has a great horror of attacking a wall, and, as has been proved by actual conflict, the Dahomans could make no impression whatever upon these rude fortifications.

The real strength of the city, however, lies in the interior, and belongs to the rock or "stone" which gives the name to Abeokuta. Within the walls, the place is broken up into granite eminences, caverns, and forest clumps, which form natural fortifications, infinitely superior to those formed by the unskilful hands of the native engineer. Indeed, the selection of the spot seems to have been the only point in which the Egbas have exhibited the least appreciation of the art of warfare. The mode of fighting will presently be described.

The city itself measures some four miles in length by two in breadth, and is entered by five large gates, at each of which is placed a warder, who watches those who pass his gate, and exacts a toll from each passenger. The streets of Abeokuta are narrow, winding, and intricate, a mode of building which would aid materially in checking the advance of an enemy who had managed to pass the outer walls. There are several small market-places here and there, and one of them is larger than the rest, and called "Shick-pon," i. e. "Do the bachelors good," because on every fifth day, when the markets are held, there is a great concourse of people, and the single men can find plenty of persons who will fill their pipes, bring them drink, and cook their food.

"These, then, are my first impressions of Abeokuta. The streets are as narrow and irregular as those of Lagos, intersecting each other at every parallel angle, and, broad and shady, we may be sure that have been, or that they will be markets, are found even under the eaves of the

The sun, the vulture, and the pig only scavengers.

The houses are of tempered mud—the sun-dried brick of Tuta and Nupè, is here unknown—covered with little flying roofs of thatch, which burn with exemplary speed. At each angle there is a 'Kobbi'—a high, sharp gable of an elevation—to throw off the heavy rain. The form of the building is the gloomy hollow square, totally unlike the circular huts of the Krumen and the Kaffirs. It resembles the Utum of the Arabs, which extending to Usaraga, and Unyavembe in Central Intertropical Africa, produces the 'Tembe,' and which, through the 'Patio' of Spain, found its way into remote Galway.

"There are courts within courts for the various subdivisions of the polygamous fam-

ily, and here also sheep and goats are staked down. The sexes eat alone; every wife is a 'free-dealer,' consequently there is little more unity than in a nunnery. In each patio there is usually some central erection intended as a storehouse. Into these central courts the various doors, about four feet wide, open through a veranda or piazza, where, chimneys being unknown, the fire is built, and where the inmates sleep on mats spread under the piazza, or in the rooms, as the fancy takes them. Cooking also is performed in the open air, as the coarse earthen pots scattered over the surface prove.

"The rooms, which number from ten to twenty in a house, are windowless, and purposely kept dark, to keep out the sun's glare; they vary from ten to fifteen feet in length, and from seven to eight in breadth. The furniture is simple—rude cots and settles, earthen pots and coarse plates, grass bags for cloth and cowries, and almost invariably weapons, especially an old musket and its leatheren case for ammunition. The number of inhabitants may vary from ten to five hundred, and often more in the largest. There is generally but one single large outer door, with charms suspended over it."

The military strength of Abeokuta has been tested by actual warfare, and has been found to be quite adequate to repel native troops. Generally, an African fight consists of a vast amount of noise attended by a very small amount of slaughter, but in the various attacks of Dahome on Abeokuta the feelings of both parties appear to have been so completely excited that the slaughter on both sides was really considerable.

The fact was, that each party had a longstanding grudge against the other, and meant to gratify it. Gezo, the father of King Gelele, had been defeated ignominiously near Abeokuta, and had even lost his stool, the emblem of sovereignty. Burning to avenge themselves, the Dahomans made friends with the inhabitants of Ishogga, a small town some fifteen miles to the southwest of Abeokuta, who advised their guests as to the particular gate which it was best to attack, the time of day when an assault would be most likely to succeed, and a ford by which they could pass the river.

Trusting to these counsellors, they crossed the river at the ford, which proved to be so bad that they wetted all their ammunition. They made the attack at mid-day, when they were told that every one would be asleep or at work in the gardens, which are situated at a considerable distance from the city. And when they came to the walls of the city they found the defenders all on the alert, and ready to give them a warm reception. Lastly, they attacked a gate which had been lately fortified, whereas another, on the opposite side of the town, was very weak, and might have been taken easily.

Consequently, they had to return to their own country, vowing vengeance against their treacherous allies.

After Gezo's death, Gelele took up the feud, and, after allaying suspicion by continually proclaiming war against the Egbas, and as invariably staying at home, in the tenth year he followed up his threat with a rapid attack upon Ishogga, carried off a great number of prisoners, and killed those whom he could not conveniently take away.

Flushed by success, he determined to assemble a large force and attack the capital itself. In March, 1851, some fifteen or sixteen thousand Dahoman soldiers marched against Abeokuta, and a fierce fight ensued, the result being that the Dahomans had to retreat, leaving behind them some two thousand killed, and wounded, and prisoners. As might be supposed, the Amazons, being the fiercest fighters, suffered most, while the loss on the Egbas side was comparatively trifling. Ten years afterward, another expedition marched against Abeokuta, but never reached it, small-pox having broken out in the ranks, and frightened the soldiers home again.

The last attack was fatal to Dahoman ambition. The Egbas, expecting their foe, had arranged for their reception, and had driven tunnels through their walls, so that they could make unexpected sallies on the enemy. When the Dahoman army appeared, all the Egbas soldiers were at their posts, the women being told off to carry food and drink to the soldiers, while some of them seized swords, and insisted on doing duty at the walls. A sketch of this last fight is given on the next page.

As soon as the invaders approached, a strong sally was made, but, as the Dahomans marched on without returning the fire, the Egbas dashed back again and joined their comrades on the walls. Presently, a Dahoman cannon was fired, dismounting itself by the force of its recoil, so as to be of no further use, and its report was followed by an impetuous rush at the walls. Had the Dahomans only thought of making a breach, or even of filling up the tiny moat, they might have had a chance of success, but as it was they had none. The soldiers, especially the Amazons, struggled gallantly for some time; and, if individual valor could have taken the town, they would have done so. But they were badly commanded, the officers lost heart, and even though the soldiers were scaling the walls, creeping through the tunnels, and fighting bravely at the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, they gave the order for retreat.

Just at that time, a large body of Egbas, which had made unseen a wide circuit, fell upon them in the rear, and completed the rout. All fled without order, except the division which Gelele himself was commanding, and which retired with some

show of discipline, turning and firing on their adversaries, when pressed too closely, and indeed showing what they could have done if their officers had known their business.

The Dahomans lost everything that they had taken with them, their brass guns, a great number of new muskets, and other weapons falling into the hands of the enemy. Besides these, the king himself was obliged to abandon a number of his wives and daughters, his horse, his precious sandals with their golden crosses, his wardrobe, his carriages of which he was so proud, his provisions, and his treasures of coral and velvet. It was calculated that some four or five thousand Dahomans were killed in this disastrous battle, while some fifteen hundred prisoners were captured; the Egbas only losing forty killed, and about one hundred wounded. True to their savage nature, the Egbas cut the corpses of the dead to pieces, and even the women who passed by the body of a Dahoman soldier slashed it with a knife, or pelted it with stones.

It has been thought that the Abeokutas are comparatively guiltless in blood-shedding, but it is now known that in this respect there is really very little difference between the three great nations of Western Africa, except that the destruction of human life is less at Abeokuta than at Agbome, and perhaps that the Egbas are more reticent on the subject than the Ashantis or Dahomans. Even in Abeokuta itself, which has been supposed to be under the influence of Christianity, an annual human sacrifice takes place, and the same ceremony is performed in other parts of the kingdom. As in Agbome, when a human sacrifice is offered, it is with the intention of offering to the dead that which is most valuable to the living. The victim is enriched with cowries, and plied with rum until he is quite intoxicated, and then, after being charged with all sorts of messages to the spirits of the dead, he is solemnly decapitated. Victims are sacrificed when great men die, and are supposed to be sent to the dead man as his attendants in the spirit world.

As to the religion and superstitions of the Egbas, they are so exactly like those of other Western Africans that there is little need to mention them. It only remains to describe the remarkable system called "Ogboni." The Ogboni are a society of enormous power, which has been compared, but erroneously, to freemasonry. Any one who is acquainted with the leading principles of freemasonry, and has studied the mental condition of the Egbas, or indeed any other West African tribe, must see that such a parallel is ludicrously wrong. In freemasonry there are two leading principles, the one being the unity of the Creator, and the second the fellowship of man. Now, as the

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(1.) HEAD WORSHIP.
(See page 587.)



(2.) THE ATTACK ON ABEOKUTA.
(See page 591.)

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Egbas believe in numberless gods, and have the strongest interest in slavery, it is evident that they cannot have invented a system which is diametrically opposed to both these tenets.

The system of Ogboni is partly political and partly religious. It may be entered by a naked boy of ten years old, provided that he be a free-born Egba and of good repute. The fraternity extends itself throughout the whole of the country occupied by the Egbas, and in every village there is a hut or lodge devoted expressly to the use of the society. The form of this lodge varies slightly, but the general features are the same in all. "It is a long low building, only to be distinguished by the absence of loungers, fronted by a deep and shady veranda, with stumpy polygonal clay pillars, and a single door, carefully closed. The panels are adorned with iron alto-relievos of ultra-Egyptian form; snakes, hawk-headed figures, and armed horsemen in full front, riding what are intended to be horses in profile; the whole colored red, black, and yellow. The temples of Obatala are similarly decorated.

"The doors have distinct panels, upon which are seen a leopard, a fish, a serpent, and a land tortoise. Mr. Beaven remarks that one of the carvings was a female figure, with one hand and one foot, probably a half Obatala, or the female principle of Nature, and the monster was remarkable for having a queue of very long hair, with a ball or globe at the end.

"A gentleman who had an opportunity of overlooking the Ogboni lodge from the Ake church steeple described it as a hollow building with three courts, of which the innermost, provided with a single door, was that reserved for the elders, the holy of holies, like the Kadasta Kadastan of the Abyssinians. He considers that the courts are intended for the different degrees.

"The stranger must, however, be careful what he believes concerning these mysteries. The Rev. W. Beaven asserts that the initiated are compelled to kneel down and drink a mixture of blood and water from a hole in the earth. The Egbas deny this. Moreover they charge Mr. Beaven with endeavoring to worm out their secrets for the purpose of publication. As all are pledged to the deepest reticence, and as it would be fatal to reveal any mystery, if any there be, we are hardly likely to be troubled with over-information."

The miscellaneous superstitions of the Egbas are very miscellaneous indeed. Like the Dahomans, they divide their deities into different classes, like the major and minor gods of the ancients, and, like them, they occasionally deify a dead ruler, and class him with the minor gods. The native word for the greater god is Ovisha, a title which is prefixed to the special names of those deities.

Thus, Ovisha Kila, or the Great Ovisha, is the chief of them. His sacred emblem or symbol is a ship, and it was he who created the first man.

The next in order is Shango, who is evidently an example of an apotheosis, as he has the attributes of Vulcan, Hercules, Tubal Cain, and Jupiter Tonans, and is said to have a palace of brass, and ten thousand horses. He presides over lightning and fire, and, if thunder strikes a house, his priest rushes into the hut to find the weapon that Shango has cast, and is followed by a tumultuous mob, who plunder the dwelling effectually. Captain Burton saw one of the so called Shango stones, which was nothing but a lump of white quartz, of course placed in the hut by the priest.

His symbol is a small wooden bat, and his worshippers carry a leathern bag, because Shango was fond of predatory wars. If war impends, his priest takes sixteen cowries, and flings them in the air, and those which fall with the opening downward are thought to portend war, while those which have the opening upward signify peace. The last of the great three is Ipa, apparently an abstractive rather than an objective deity. He is worshipped by a select society called the "Fathers of Secrets," into which none but males can be initiated. His chief priest lives on a mountain at several days' distance from Abeokuta, and close by his dwelling is the sacred palm tree with sixteen boughs produced by the nuts planted by the sixteen founders of the empire. A second priest at Abeokuta is called the King of the Groove.

The emblem of Ipa is a palm nut with four holes, and these nuts are used in divination, the principle being something like the mode of casting lots with cowries. Captain Burton's account of the proceeding is interesting. "He counted sixteen nuts, freed them from dust, and placed them in a bowl on the ground, full of yams half-boiled, crushed, and covered with some acid vegetable infusion.

"His acolyte, a small boy, was then called, and made to squat near the bowl, resting his body on the outer edge of the feet, which were turned inward, and to take from the fetish man two or three bones, seeds, and shells, some of which are of good, others of bad omen. Elevating them, he rested his hands on his knees. The adept cast the nuts from one hand to the other, retaining some in the left, and, while manipulating, dropped others into the bowl. He then stooped down, drew with the index and median fingers on the yams, inspected the nuts, and occasionally referred to the articles in the boy's hand."

The priests of Ipa are known by necklaces made of strings of beads twisted together, and having ten large white and green beads at some distance apart.

Then there is the Ovisha of children, one of which is carried about by women who have borne twins when one of them dies or is killed. It is a wooden little image, about seven or eight inches in height, carved into the rude semblance of humanity. The images are nearly all made by some men at Lagos, who charge about three shillings for each. Beside all these deities, which may be ranked among the beneficent class, there are evil deities, who are worshipped by way of propitiation.

Next come some semi-human deities, who serve as the correctors of public morals. The two chief of these deities are Egugun and Oro. The former is supposed to be a sort of a vampire, being a dead body risen temporarily from the grave, and acts the same rôle as Mumbo Jumbo in another part of Western Africa. Egugun makes his appearance in the villages, and very much frightens the women, who either actually believe him to be a veritable resuscitated corpse, or who assert that they believe it, in fear of public opinion. The adult males, and even the free-born boys, know all about Egugun, as is likely, when the deity in question is personated by any one who can borrow the requisite dress from the fetish man. Captain Burton once met Egugun in the street. The demon's face was hidden by a plaited network, worn like a mask, and on his head was a hood, covered with streamers of crimson and dirty white, which hung down to his waist and mingled with similar streamers attached to his dress. He wore on his breast a very powerful fetish, i. e. a penny mirror; and his feet were covered with great shoes, because Egugun is supposed to be a footless deity.

The other deity, Oro, has a wider range of duties, his business being to attend to public morality. He mostly remains in the woods, and but seldom makes his appearance in public. Oro has a very strong voice, arising, in point of fact, from a thin slip of wood, about a foot in length, which is tied firmly to a stick, and which produces a kind of roaring sound when properly handled.

He is supposed to be unknown to the women, who are not allowed to be out of their houses whenever the voice of Oro is heard. Consequently, about seven or eight in the evening, when the well-known booming cry of Oro is heard, the women scuffle off to their houses, and the adult males go out into the streets, and there is at once a scene of much excitement. Dances and tumbling, processions and speech-making, go on with vast vigor, while the Ogboni lodges are filled with devotees, all anxious to be talking at once, and every one giving his own opinion, no matter how absurd it may be.

Those who have been guilty of moral offences are then proclaimed and punished; and on some occasions there is so much

business to be done that the town is given up to Oro for an entire day. On these occasions the women pass a very unpleasant time, their hours of imprisonment being usually spent in quarrelling with each other. In order to make the voice of Oro more awful, the part of the demon is played by several of the initiated, who go into the woods in various directions, and by sounding their wooden calls at the same time carry the idea that Oro is omnipresent.

Oro does really act as a censor of public morals, and it is very clear that he is attended by armed followers, who carry out a sort of rude and extemporized justice, like that which was exercised by the "Regulators" of America, some fifty or sixty years ago. The bodies of delinquents have been found in the bush, their throats cut and their legs broken by the spirit in question.

The chief, or king, of the Egbas, is known by the name of Alaké, which is a transmissible title, like Pharaoh or Caesar, and the whole system of government is a kind of feudal monarchy, not unlike that of England in the days of John. The Alaké does not reign supreme, like the King of Dahome or Ashanti, before whom the highest in the realm prostrate themselves and roll humbly in the dust. He is trammelled with a number of councillors and officers, and with a sort of parliament called the Bale, which is composed of the headmen or chiefs of the various towns. The reader may remember that the King of Ashanti found that he was in danger of suffering from a similar combination, and he took the prudent measure of limiting their number while he had the power. The Alaké has never done so, and in consequence those who are nominally and individually his servants are practically and collectively his masters.

The Ogboni lodges have also to be consulted in any important point, so that the private life of the Alaké of the Egbas is far from being so agreeable as that of the King of Dahome.

Okekun, the Alaké at the time when Captain Burton lived in Abeokuta, was an ill-favored, petulant, and cunning old ruler. In his way, he was fond of state, and delighted to exhibit his so-called power in a manner truly African, displaying an equal amount of pageantry and trashiness.

If he goes to pay a visit, he must needs do so under a huge pink silk umbrella, at the end of a motley procession. At the head is carried the sacred emblem of royalty, a wooden stool covered with coarse red serge, which is surrounded by a number of chiefs, who pay the greatest attention to it. A long train of ragged swordsmen followed; and last came the Alaké, clothed in a "Guinea fowl" shirt—a spotted article of some value—and a great red velvet robe under which he tottered along with much difficulty. He wears trousers of good pur-

ple velvet with a stripe of gold tinsel, and on his feet are huge slippers, edged with monkey skin. On his head he wears a sort of fez cap of crimson velvet, the effect of which is ruined by a number of blue beads hung fringe-wise round the top. The string of red coral beads hangs round the neck, and a double bracelet of the same material is wound upon each wrist. A view of him and his court may be found on the 605th page.

When he receives a visitor, he displays his grandeur by making his visitors wait for a time proportionate to their rank, but, in case they should be of great consequence, he alleviates the tediousness of the time by sending them rum and gin, both of the very worst quality; and, if they be of exceptionally high rank, he will send a bottle of liquors, i. e. spirits of wine and water, well sweetened, and flavored with a few drops of essential oil.

To a stranger, the place presents a mean and ugly appearance, and as, Captain Burton remarks, is as unworthy of Abeokuta as St. James's is of London. It is a tumble-down "swish" house, long and rambling, and has several courts. Along one side of the inner court runs a veranda, the edge of which comes within some four feet of the ground, and is supported by huge clay pillars. Five hexagonal columns divide the veranda into compartments, the centre of which is the Alaké's private room, and is kept veiled by a curtain. The veranda, or ante-chamber, is filled with the great men of Abeokuta, and, according to Burton's account, they are the most villainous-looking set of men that can well be conceived; and although he has seen as great a variety of faces as any one, he says that he never saw such hideous heads and faces elsewhere.

"Their skulls were depressed in front,

and projecting cocoa-nut-like behind; the absence of beards, the hideous lines and wrinkles that seared and furrowed the external parchment, and the cold, unrelenting cruelty of their physiognomy in repose, suggested the idea of the eunuch torturers erst so common in Asia. One was sure that for pity or mercy it would be as well to address a wounded mandril. The atrocities which these ancients have witnessed, and the passion which they have acquired for horrors, must have set the mark of the beast upon their brows."

Though the assemblage consisted of the richest men of the Egbas, not a vestige of splendor or wealth appeared about any of them, the entire clothing of the most powerful among them being under sloop in value. In fact, they dare not exhibit wealth, knowing that, if they should do so, it would be confiscated.

As for the Alaké himself, his appearance was not much more prepossessing than that of his subjects. Okekunu was a large, brawny, and clumsy-looking man, nearly seventy years of age, and his partially-shaven head did not add to his beauty. Besides, he had lost all his upper teeth except the canines, so that his upper lip sank into an unpleasant depression. His lower teeth were rapidly decaying from his habit of taking snuff negro fashion, by placing it between the lower lip and the teeth, and, in consequence of the gap, the tip of his tongue protruded in a very disagreeable manner. He had lost one eye by a blow from a stone, and, as he assumed a semi-comatose expression, was not a pleasant person to look at, and certainly not very regal in aspect.

The king must be selected from one of four tribes, and both the present king and his predecessor belonged to the Ake tribe.

CHAPTER LIX.

BONNY.

THE PRINCIPAL TRADE OF BONNY—KING PEPPEL AND HIS HISTORY—THE DEFAUDED EMIGRANTS—MR. READE'S INTERVIEW WITH PEPPEL—ARCHITECTURE OF BONNY—THE JU-JU HOUSES, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC—CANNIBALISM AT BONNY—THE JU-JU EXECUTION—WHY THE EXECUTIONER DID NOT EAT THE HEAD—DAILY LIFE OF A BONNY GENTLEMAN—DRESS OF MEN AND WOMEN—SUPERSTITIONS—MUNBO-JUMBO AND HIS OFFICE—LAST RESOURCE OF A HEN-PECKED HUSBAND—A TERRIBLE GREGREE AND ITS RESULT—THE GREGREE MEN OR MAGICIANS—INGENIOUS MODE OF WEAVING THEIR SPELLS—ESCAPE OF AN IMPOSTOR.

PASSING a little southward along the west coast, we come to the well-known Bonny River, formerly the great slave depôt of Western Africa, and now the centre of the palm-oil trade. Unfortunately there is as much cheating in the palm-oil trade as in gold and ivory; the two latter being plugged, and the former mixed with sand, so that it has to be boiled down before it can be sent from the coast.

Bonny is familiar to English ears on account of the yellow-black chief who was pleased to call himself king, and who was well known in England as Pepper, King of Bonny. His name is varied as Pepper, Pimento, or Peppel. He is descended from Obullo, an Ibo (or Eboe) chief, who settled with his slaves on the Bonny River, and who was succeeded by his son and grandson, each of whom took the name of Pepper.

Being of a quarrelsome disposition, the present king shot a wife because she displeased him, murdered a chief called Manilla Peppel because he was jealous, and was ruining the trade of the river by his perpetual wars with the Calabars. So, at the request of all the native chiefs and traders, he was deposed, and his nephew Daphe placed in his stead. Daphe, however, died soon afterward,—poisoned, it is believed, at Peppel's instigation; and then the government was handed over to four regents, while Pimento was transported to Ascension, a place which he was afterward fond of calling his St. Helena. However, he proved himself to be a clever savage, and, by dint of importunity, contrived to be taken to England, where he arrived in 1857.

Possessing to the full the imitative capacity of the negro, he adopted English customs with wonderful facility, abandoning, according to Captain Burton, his favorite dish of a boy's palms, and drinking champagne and sherry instead of trace rum. Soon he became religious, was baptized, and turned teetotaler, gaining thereby the good-will of a large class of people. He asked for twenty thousand pounds to establish a missionary station, and actually induced a number of English who knew nothing of Africa, or the natural mendacity of the African savage, to accompany him as his suite, promising them splendid salaries and high rank at court.

No one who knows the negro character will be surprised to hear that when the king and his suite arrived at Bonny the latter found themselves cheated and ruined. They discovered that the "palace" was a collection of hovels inside a mud wall; that Bonny itself was nothing more than a quantity of huts in a mud flat; and that the best street was infinitely more filthy than the worst street in the worst part of London. As to the private life of the king, the less said about it the better.

Their health rapidly failed under the privations which they suffered, and the horrible odors of the Bonny River, which are so sickening that even the hardened traveller Captain Burton had to stop his experienced nostrils with camphorated cotton, as he was rowed up the river at low water. As to the royal salaries and apartments in the palace, they were found to be as imaginary as the palace itself and the rank at court, the king presenting each of the officials with a couple

of yams as an equivalent for pay and lodging.

How genuine was the civilization and Christianity and teetotalism of Peppel may be imagined from an interview which Mr. W. Reade had with him after his return:—"I went ashore with the doctor on a visit to Peppel, the famous king of Bonny. . . . In one of the hovels was seated the monarch, and the scene was well adapted to the muse of his poet laureate. The Africans have a taste for crockery ware, much resembling that of the last generation for old china, and a predilection for dog flesh, which is bred expressly for the table, and exposed for sale in the public market.

"And there sat Peppel, who had lived so long in England; behind him a pile of willow-pattern crockery, before him a calabash of dog stew and palaver sauce. It is always thus with these savages. The instincts inherited from their forefathers will ever triumph over a sprinkling of foreign reason. Their intellects have a *rete mucosum* as well as their skins. As soon as they return to their own country, take they off all their civilization and their clothes, and let body and mind go naked. Like most negroes of rank, Peppel has a yellow complexion, as light as that of a mulatto. His features express intelligence, but of a low and cunning kind. In every word and look he exhibits that habit of suspicion which one finds in half-civilized natures."

Peppel, although restored to Bonny, has scarcely any real power, even in his own limited dominions, from which he dares not stir. Yet, with the cool impudence of a thorough savage, he actually proposed to establish a consul in London at a salary of 500*l.*, stating as his reason that he had always allowed the English consuls to visit his dominions in the Bight of Benin.

The architecture of the Bonny country is not very elaborate, being composed of swish and wattle, supported by posts. The floors and walls are of mud, which can be obtained in any amount, and the general look of the houses has been well compared to Africanized Swiss, the roofs being very high, and the gables very sharp. Ordinary houses have three rooms, a kitchen, a living room, and a Ju-ju room or chapel; but those of the wealthy men have abundance of chambers and passages. There are no chimneys, and as the door must therefore be kept open if a fire is lighted, the threshold is at least eighteen inches high, in order to prevent the intrusion of strange beasts. It is not thought to be etiquette to step over the threshold when the master of the house is sitting within, or he will be afflicted with sickness, thinking himself bewitched.

The Ju-ju room or chapel is a necessary adjunct to every Bonny house, and within it is the fetish, or Ju-ju, which is the guardian of the house, and corresponds with the

Lares and Penates of the ancients. The negro contrives to utilize the ju-ju room, making it a storehouse for his most valued property, such as cowries, or rum, knowing that no one will touch it in so sacred a place. As to the Ju-ju itself, anything answers the purpose, and an Englishman is sometimes troubled to preserve his gravity when he sees a page of *Punch*, a cribbage peg, a pill box, or a pair of braces, doing duty as the household god of the establishment.

The great Ju-ju house of the place is a most ghastly-looking edifice, and is well described by Captain Burton. It is built of swish, and is an oblong roofless house, of forty or fifty feet in length. A sort of altar is placed at the end, sheltered from the rain by a small roof of its own. Under the roof are nailed rows of human skulls mostly painted in different colors, and one of them is conspicuous by a large black beard, which is doubtless a rude copy of the beard worn by the man to whom it originally belonged. Between them are rows of goat skulls streaked with red and white, while other skulls are strewn about the floor, and others again are impaled on the tops of sticks. Under the altar is a round hole with a raised clay rim, in which is received the blood of the victims together with the sacred libations. Within this Ju-ju house are buried the bodies of the kings.

This house well illustrates the character of the people—a race which take a positive pleasure in the sight of blood, and in inflicting and witnessing pain. All over the country the traveller comes upon scenes of blood, pain, and suffering. There is hardly a village where he does not come upon animals tied in some agonizing position and left to die there. Goats and fowls are mostly fastened to posts with their heads downward, and blood is the favorite color for painting the faces of men. Even the children of prisoners taken in war—the war in question being mostly an unsuspected attack on an unprepared village—are hung by the middle from the masts of the canoes, while the parents are reserved to be sacrificed and eaten.

About this last statement there has been much incredulity, and of course, when questioned, the Bonny negroes flatly deny the accusation. There is, however, no doubt of the fact, inasmuch as Europeans have witnessed the act of cannibalism. For example, old King Peppel, the father of the Pimento whose life has been briefly sketched, gave a great banquet in honor of a victory which he had gained over Calabar, and in which Amakree, the king of that district, was taken prisoner. The European traders were invited to the banquet, and were most hospitably entertained. They were, however, horrified to see the principal dish which was placed before Peppel. It was

the bleeding heart of Amakree, warm and palpitating as it was torn from the body. Peppel devoured the heart with the greatest eagerness, exclaiming at the same time, "This is the way I serve my enemies."

More recently, Dr. Hutchinson witnessed a scene of cannibalism. He had heard that something of the kind was contemplated, although it was kept very quiet. On the appointed morning he had himself rowed to the shore at some distance from the Ju-ju house, near which he concealed himself, and waited for the result. The rest of the adventure must be told in his own words.

"I know not of what kind are the sensations felt by those around Newgate, waiting for an execution in the very heart of London's great city; but I know that on the banks of an African river, in the gray dawn of morning, when the stillness was of that oppressive nature which is calculated to produce the most gloomy impressions, with dense vapors and foul smells arising from decomposing mangroves and other causes of malaria floating about, with a heaviness of atmosphere that depressed the spirits, amidst a community of cannibals, I *do* know that, although under the protection of a man-of-war, I felt on this occasion a combined sensation of suspense, anxiety, horror, and indefinable dread of I cannot tell what, that I pray God it may never be my fate to endure again.

"Day broke, and, nearly simultaneous with its breaking, the sun shone out. As I looked through the slit in the wall on the space between my place of concealment and the Ju-ju house, I observed no change from its appearance the evening before. No gibbet, nor axe, nor gallows, nor rope—no kind of preparation, nothing significant of death, save the skulls on the pillars of the Ju-ju house, that seemed leering at me with an expression at once strange and vacant. It would have been a relief in the awful stillness of the place to have heard something of what I had read of the preparations for an execution in Liverpool or London—of the hammering suggestive of driving nails into scaffold, drop, or coffin, of a crowd gathering round the place before early dawn, and of the solemn tolling of the bell that chimed another soul into eternity. Everything seemed as if nothing beyond the routine of daily life were to take place.

"Could it be that I had been misinformed; that the ceremony was adjourned to another time, or was to be carried out elsewhere? No, a distant murmur of gabbling voices was heard approaching nearer and nearer, till, passing the corner house on my left, I saw a group of negroes—an indiscriminate crowd of all ages and both sexes—so huddled together that no person whom I could particularly distinguish as either an executioner or a culprit was visible among them.

But above their clattering talk came the sound of a clanking chain that made one shudder.

"They stopped in the middle of the square opposite the Ju-ju house, and ceased talking. One commanding voice uttered a single word, and down they sat upon the grass, forming a circle round two figures, standing upright in the centre—the executioner and the man about to be killed. The former was remarkable only by the black skull-cap which he had on him, and by a common cutlass which he held in his hand. The latter had chains round his neck, his wrists, and his ankles. There was no sign of fear or cowardice about him—no seeming consciousness of the dreadful fate before him—no evidence even upon his face of that dogged stubbornness which is said to be exhibited by some persons about to undergo an ignominious death. Save that he stood upright one would scarcely have known that he was alive. Amongst the spectators, too, there was a silent impassiveness which was appalling. Not a word, nor gesture, nor glance of sympathy, that could make me believe I looked at beings who had a vestige of humanity among them. (See illustration on p. 619.)

"As the Ju-ju butcher stepped back and measured his distance to make an effectual swoop at his victim's neck, the man moved not a muscle, but stood as if he were unconscious—till—

"Chop! The first blow felled him to the ground. The noise of a chopper falling on meat is familiar to most people. No other sound was here—none from the man; not a whisper nor a murmur from those who were seated about! I was nearly crying out in mental agony, and the sound of that first stroke will haunt my ears to my dying day. How I wished some one to talk or scream, to destroy the impression of that fearful hough, and the still more awful silence that followed it!

"Again the weapon was raised to continue the decapitation—another blow as the man lay prostrate, and then a sound broke the silence! But, O Father of mercy! of what a kind was that noise—a gurgle and a gasp, accompanying the dying spasm of the struck-down man!

"Once more the weapon was lifted—I saw the blood flow in gory horror down the blade to the butcher's hand, and there it was visible, in God's bright sunshine, to the whole host of heaven. Not a word had yet been uttered by the crowd. More chopping and cleaving, and the head, severed from the body, was put by the Ju-ju executioner into a calabash, which was carried off by one of his women to be cooked. He then repeated another cabalistic word, or perhaps the same as at first, and directly all who were seated rose up, whilst he walked away.

"A yell, such as reminded me of a com-

fatig

pany of tigers, arose from the multitude—cutlasses were flourished as they crowded round the body of the dead man—sounds of cutting and chopping arose amidst the clamor of the voices, and I began to question myself whether, if I were on the other side of the river Styx, I should see what I was looking at here through the little slit in the wall of my hiding-place: a crowd of human vultures floating over the headless corpse of a murdered brother negro—boys and girls walking away from the crowd, holding pieces of bleeding flesh in their hands, while the dripping life-fluid marked their road as they went along; and one woman snapping from the hands of another—both of them raising their voices in clamor—a part of the body of that poor man, in whom the breath of life was vigorous not a quarter of an hour ago.

"The whole of the body was at length divided, and nothing left behind but the blood. The intestines were taken away to be given to an iguana—the Bonny-man's tutelary guardian. But the blood was still there, in glistening pools, though no more notice was taken of it by the gradually dispersing crowd than it were a thing as common in that town as heaven's bright dew is elsewhere. A few dogs were on the spot, who devoured the fragments. Two men arrived to spread sand over the place, and there was no interruption to the familiar sound of coopers' hammering just beginning in the ask-houses, or to the daily work of hoisting palm-oil puncheons on board the ships."

On passing the Ju-ju house afterward, Dr. Hutcheson saw the relics of this sacrifice. They consisted of the larger bones of the body and limbs, which had evidently been cooked, and every particle of flesh eaten from them. The head is the perquisite of the executioner, as has already been mentioned. Some months afterward, Dr. Hutcheson met the same executioner, who was said to have exercised his office again a few days previously, and to have eaten the head of his victim. Being upbraided with having committed so horrible an act, he replied that he had eaten the head—his cook having spoiled it by not having put enough pepper to it.

The whole life of the Bonny-man, and indeed of all the many tribes that inhabit the neighborhood of the Niger and live along it, is in accordance with the traits which have been mentioned. Of course, the women do all the real work, the man's working day being usually employed in coming on board some trading ship early in the morning, chaffering with the agent, and making bargains as well as he can. He asks for everything he sees, on the principle that, even if it be refused, he is no worse after than before; contrives to breakfast as many times as possible at the ship's expense, and about mid-day goes home to repose after the fatigues of the day.

As to his dress, it consists of a cloth, in the choice of which he is very fastidious. A handkerchief is folded diagonally and passed through the loop of his knife belt, so as to attach it to his right side, and this, with a few strings of beads and rings, completes his costume. His woolly hair is combed out with the coarsest imaginable comb, made of a few wooden skewers lashed side by side, and diverging from each other toward the points, and his skin is polished up with palm oil.

The women's working day is a real fact, being begun by washing clothes in the creek, and consisting of making nets, hats, lines, and mats, and going to market. These are the favorites, and their life is a comparatively easy one; while the others, on whom their despotic master does not deign to cast an eye of affection, are simply his slaves, and are subjected to water drawing, wood cutting, catching and curing fish.

The dress of the women is not unlike that of the opposite sex, the chief distinction being that their fashionable paint is blue instead of red. The coloring is put on by a friend, usually one who regularly practises the art of painting the human body in patterns. Checkers, like those that were once so common on the door posts of public houses, are very much in favor, and so are wavy stripes, beginning with lines scarcely thicker than hairs, and swelling out to half an inch or more in breadth. Arabesque patterns, curves, and scrolls are also largely used.

Throughout a considerable portion of that part of Western Africa which is inhabited by the negroes there is found a semi-human demon, who is universally respected, at least by the feminine half of the community. His name is MUMBO JUMBO, and his sway is upheld by the men, while the women have no alternative but to submit to it.

On the branch of a tree near the entrance of each town hangs a dress, made of slips of bark sewed rudely together. It is the simplest possible dress, being little more than a bark sack, with a hole at the top for the head and another at each side for the hands. Close by it hangs an equally simple mask, made of an empty gourd, with two round holes for the eyes of the wearer, and decorated with a tuft of feathers. In order to make it more fantastically hideous, the mask is painted with scarlet, so that it looks very much like the face of a clown in a pantomime.

At night the people assemble as usual to sing and dance, when suddenly faint distant howlings are heard in the woods. This is the cry of Mumbo Jumbo, and all the women feel horribly frightened, though they are obliged to pretend to be delighted. The cries are heard nearer and nearer, and at last Mumbo Jumbo himself, followed by a number of attendants armed with sticks, and clothed in the dress which is kept for his use, appears in the noisy circle, carrying

a rod in his hand. He is loudly welcomed, and the song and dance go on around him with delight. Suddenly, Mumbo Jumbo walks up to one of the women and touches her with his rod. His attendants instantly seize on the unfortunate woman, tear off all her clothes, drag her to a post which is always kept for such occasions, tie her to it, and inflict a terrible beating on her. No one dares to pity her. The men are not likely to do so, and the women all laugh and jeer at their suffering companion, pointing at her and mocking her cries; partly because they fear that should they not do so they might be selected for the next victims, and partly because—like the savages that they are at heart—they feel an exultation at seeing some one suffering a penalty which they have escaped. (See engraving.)

The offence for which the woman has suffered is perfectly well known by all the spectators, and by none better than by the sufferer herself. The fact is, she has been bad-tempered at home, quarrelling, in all probability, with her fellow wives, and has not yielded to the admonitions of her husband. Consequently, at the next favorable opportunity, either the husband himself, or a man whom he has instructed, induces the dress of Mumbo Jumbo, and inflicts a punishment which serves equally as a corrective to the disobedient wife and a warning to others that they had better not follow her example.

Mumbo Jumbo does not always make his appearance on these nocturnal festivities, as the men know that he inspires more awe if he is reserved for those instances in which the husband has tried all the means in his power to keep the peace at home, but finds that his unsupported authority is no more respected. The reader will remember that a demon of a similar character is to be found in Dahome.

It is to be wished that all the superstitions of the land were as harmless as that of Mumbo Jumbo, which nobody believes, though every one pretends to do so, and which, at all events, has some influence on the domestic peace. Some of them, however, are very terrible, and involve an amount of human suffering which would deter any but a savage from performing them. It is very difficult to learn the nature of these superstitions, as the negroes always try to conceal them from Europeans, especially when they involve the shedding of blood. One astounding instance has, however, been related. A town was in danger of attack from a powerful tribe that inhabited the neighborhood, and the king was so much alarmed that he sent for the magicians, and consulted with them as to the best method of repelling the enemy.

Accordingly, the people were summoned together in front of the principal gate, when two holes were dug in the ground close to each other. Songs and dances began as

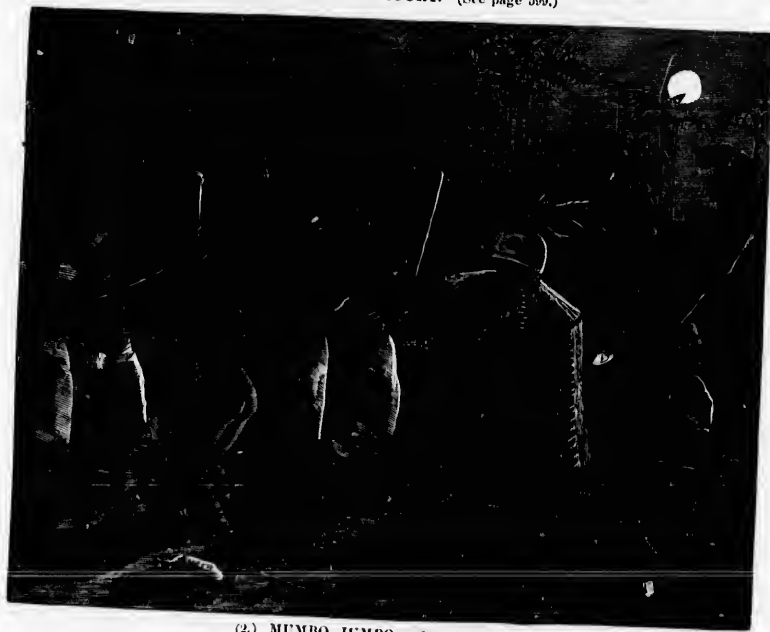
usual, until suddenly the chief magician pointed to a girl who was standing among the spectators. She was instantly seized, and a leg thrust into each hole, which was then filled up with earth so that she could not move. By command of the magicians, a number of men brought lumps of wet clay, which they built around her body in a pillar-like form, kneading them closely as they proceeded, and gradually covering her with clay. At last even her head was covered with the clay, and the poor victim of superstition soon ceased to breathe. This clay pillar with the body of the girl within it stood for days in front of the gate, and so terrified the hostile tribes at so powerful a magic for gregree, that they dared not carry out their plan of attack.

The natives erect these gregrees on every imaginable occasion, and so ward off every possible calamity; and, as they will pay freely for such safeguards, the fetish men are naturally unwilling to refuse a request, and so to break up a profitable trade. They are, of course, aware that their clients will in many cases suffer from the very calamity which they sought to avoid, and that they will come to make bitter complaints. They therefore take care to impose on the recipient some condition by way of a loop-hole, through which they may escape. On one such instance the man bought a fetish against fever, which, however, seized him and nearly killed him. The condition which had been imposed on him was abstinence from goat's flesh, and this condition he knew that he had fulfilled. But the fetish man was not to be baffled by such a complaint, and utterly discomfited his angry client by asserting that, when his patient was dining at another town, a personal enemy, who knew the conditions on which the gregree was given, dropped a little goat's-flesh broth into his bowl, and so broke the spell.

Absolute faith in the gregree is another invariable condition. On one stormy day a party of natives had to cross the river, and applied for a gregree against accidents. They crossed safely enough, but on recrossing the boat was upset, and some of the party were drowned. The survivors went in a body to the gregree maker, and upbraided him with the accident. He heard them very patiently, and then informed the complainants that the misfortune was entirely caused by the incredulity of the steersman, who tried to sound the river with his paddle in order to discover whether they were in shallow water. This action indicated mistrust, and so the power of the spell was broken. The cunning fellow had seen the accident, and, having ascertained that the steersman had been drowned, made the assertion boldly, knowing that the men had been too frightened to observe closely, and that the accused could not contradict the statement.



(1.) THE ALAK'S COURT. (See page 599.)



(2.) MUMBO JIMBO. (See page 604.)

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CHAPTER LX.

THE MANDINGOES.

LANOUAOE AND APPEARANCE OF THE MANDINGOES—THEIR RELIGION—BELIEF IN AMULETS—A MANDINGO SONG—MARRIAGE AND CONDITION OF THE WOMEN—NATIVE COOKERY—A MANDINGO KING—INFLUENCE OF MAHOMETANISM.

BEFORE proceeding across the continent toward Abyssinia, we must briefly notice the Mandingo nation, who inhabit a very large tract of the country through which the Senegal and Gambia flow. They are deserving of notice, if it were only on the ground that their language is more widely spread than any that is spoken in that part of Africa, and that any traveller who desires to dispense as far as possible with the native interpreters, who cannot translate literally if they would, and would not if they could, is forced to acquire the language before proceeding through the country. Fortunately it is a peculiarly melodious language, almost as soft as the Italian, nearly all the words ending in a vowel.

In appearance the Mandingoes are tall and well made, and have the woolly hair, though not the jetty skin and enormous lips, of the true negro. "The structure of the language," says Mr. M'Brair, who has made it his special study, "is thoroughly Eastern. In some of its grammatical forms it resembles the Hebrew and Syriac; its most peculiar sound is of the Malay family; its method of interrogation is similar to that of the Chinese, and in the composition of some verbs it is like the Persian. A few religious terms have been borrowed from the Arabic, and some articles of foreign manufacture are called after their European names."

As a rule, the religion of the Mandingoes is Mahometanism, modified to suit the people, but they still retain enough of the original negro character to have an intense faith in gregrees, which are made for them by the marabouts, or holy men, and almost invariably consist of sentences of the Koran,

sewed up in little leathern cases beautifully tanned and stamped in patterns. Mahometanism has put an end to the noisy songs and dances which make night hideous; but the Mandingoes contrive, nevertheless, to indulge their taste for religious noise at night. Instead of singing profane songs they sing or intone the Koran, bawling the sacred sentences at the full stretch of their voices, and murdering sleep as effectually as if they had been still benighted idolaters singing praises in honor of the moon. Some ceremonies in honor of the moon still remain, but are quite harmless. When it appears, they salute it by spitting in their hands and waving them round their heads. For eclipses they account by saying that there is a large cat living somewhere in the sky, who puts her paw between the moon and the earth.

They are very strict Mahometans indeed, the marabouts always calling them to prayers one hour before sunrise; that, according to theological astronomy, being the time at which the sun rises at Mecca. Mahometanism has done much for the Mandingoes. It has substituted monotheism for idolatry, and totally abolished human sacrifices. It has not extirpated the innate negro character of the Mandingoes; but it has raised them greatly in the scale of humanity. It has not cured them of lying and stealing—neither of which vices, by the way, are confined to idolaters; but it has brought them to abhor the system of child selling, which is so ingrained in the ordinary negro, and a Mandingo Mahometan will not even sell a slave unless there is just cause of complaint against him.

The Rhamadan, or Mahometan fast, is rigidly observed by the Mandingoes, and it is no small proof of the power of their religious system that it has made a negro abstain from anything which he likes.

The principal rite of Mahometanism is of course practised by the Mandingoes, who have contrived to engraft upon it one of their own superstitions, namely, that if a lad remains uncircumcised, he is swallowed by a peripatetic demon, who carries him for nine days in his belly. This legend is religiously believed, and no one has yet been daring enough to put it to the test.

Fourteen years is the usual age for performing this ceremony, whole companies of lads partaking of it at the same time, and proceeding to the appointed spot, accompanied by their friends and relatives, who dance and sing songs by the way, neither of them being peculiarly delicate. Here the old negro nature shows itself again, proving the truth of the axiom that nature expelled with a pitchfork always comes back again. After the ceremony they pass a month in an intermediate state of existence. They have taken leave of their boyhood, and are not yet men. So until the expiration of the month they are allowed unlimited license, but after that time they become men, and are ranked with their fathers. Even the girls undergo a ceremony of a somewhat similar character, the officiants being the wives of the marabouts.

As a natural consequence of this religion, which is a mixture of Mahometanism engrafted upon fetishism, the marabouts hold much the same exalted position as the fetish men of the idolaters, and are the most important men of the community. They do not dress differently from the laity, but are distinguished by the colors of their caps, which are of some brilliant hue, such as red, blue, or yellow. The whole of education is in their hands, some being itinerant teachers, and others establishing regular schools. Others, again, mingle the characters of musicians and merchants, and all make the principal part of their living by the sale of amulets, which are nothing more than Mahometanized gregrees. So great is the demand for these amulets, that a wealthy man is sometimes absolutely enclosed in a leathern cuirass composed of nothing but amulets sewed up in their neat leathern cases.

One of the Mandingo songs, translated by Mr. W. Reade, shows clearly the opinion in which these men are held. "If you know how to write Marabout (i. e. Arabic, and not Mandingo), you will become one of the disciples of God. If you know Marabout, you are the greatest of your family. You maintain them. If they commit a fault, it is you who will protect them."

Another of these proverbial sayings expresses the uselessness of gregrees. "The

Tubabs went against Galam. The King of Malel said to a woman, 'Take your child, put it in a mortar, and pound it to dust. From its dust I will make a man rise who will save our town.' The woman pounded her child to dust. From the dust came a man; but the Tubabs took Malel." The "Tubabs" are the French, and the saying evidently refers to the manufacture of a greegree similar in character to that which has been mentioned on page 604.

Still, their innate belief in the power of gregrees is too strong to be entirely eradicated; and if one of their chief men dies, they keep his death secret, and bury his body in a private spot, thinking that if an enemy could get possession of his blade-bone he would make a greegree with it, by means of which he could usurp the kingdom for himself.

Marriages are solemnized by the marabout, in the mesque, with an odd mixture of native and borrowed ceremonies. Next to the marabout the bridegroom's sister plays the most important part at the ceremony and in the future household; gives the article of clothing which takes the place of our wedding ring, and which in this country would be thought rather ominous,—namely, a pair of trousers,—and, if a child be born of the marriage, has the privilege of naming it. Polygamy is, of course, the rule, and each woman has her own house. So, when a girl is married, she stays with her parents until her own house is built, when she is conducted to it in great state by her young friends, who sing a mournful song deploring the loss of their companion.

The women have every reason to be contented with their lot. They are not degraded slaves, like the married women in so many parts of Africa, and, if anything, have the upper hand of their husbands. "They are the most tyrannical wives in Africa," writes Mr. Reade. "They know how to make their husbands kneel before their charms, and how to place their little feet upon them. When they are threatened with divorce, they shed tears, and, if a man repudiates his wife, they attack him *en masse*—they hate, but protect, each other.

"They go to this unfortunate husband, who has never felt or enjoyed a quiet moment in his own house, and say, 'Why do you ill treat your wife? A woman is helpless; a man has all things. Go, recall her, and, to appease her just anger, make her a kind present.' The husband prays for forgiveness, and, when his entreaties take the form of a bullock or a slave, she consents to return."

The food of the Mandingoes is chiefly rice and milk, but when they are wealthy they indulge in many luxuries. The same author who has just been quoted gives the details of an entertainment cooked by half-bred Mandingoes. First they had oysters

plucked from the branches of trees, to which they attached themselves at high water, and were left suspended when the floods recede. Then there were soles, carp, and mullet, all very bad, but very well cooked. "Then followed gazelle entlets à la papillote; two small monkeys served cross-legged and with liver sauce, on toast; stewed iguana, which was much admired; a dish of roasted crocodiles' eggs; some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior), which none of us could touch; a few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land-crabs (previously fattened), and other crustaceæ; the breasts of a mermaid, or manatee, the grand *bonne-bouche* of the repast; some boiled alligator, which had a taste between pork and cod, with the addition of a musky flavor; and some hippopotamus' steaks — *aux pommes de terre*.

"We might have obtained a better dessert at Covent Garden, where we can see the bright side of the tropics without the trouble or expense of travelling. But we had pineapples, oranges, roasted plantains, silver bananas, papaws (which, when made into a tart with cloves, might be taken for apples), and a variety of fruits which had long native names, curious shapes, and all of them very nasty tastes. The celebrated 'cabbage,' or topmost bud of the palm tree, also formed part of the repast, and it is said to be the finest vegetable in the world. When stewed *en sauce blanche*, it is not to be compared with any vegetable of mortal growth. It must have been the ambrosia of the gods."

The Mandingoes who have not embraced Mahometanism are much inferior to their compatriots who have renounced their fetishism. Mr. Reade tells a ludicrous story of a native "king," who was even dirtier than any of his subjects, and if possible was uglier, his face being devoid of intelligence and utterly brutish; he made long speeches in Mandingo, which, as usual with such speeches, were simply demands for everything he saw, and acted in a manner so consonant with his appearance, that he excited universal disgust, and remarks were made very freely on the disadvantages of being entirely in a savage state, and never having mixed with superior beings.

At last the tedious interpreting business was at an end, and nothing remained except the number of kola nuts to be given as the

present of friendship—a customary ceremony in this country. Six had been given, and the king made a long speech, which turned out to be a request for more. "Well, we can't very well refuse the dirty ruffian," said the visitor; "give him four more, that will make ten."

"Make it twenty," cried the king eagerly, forgetting that his rôle was to appear ignorant of English. He had lived for some years at Sierra Leone, and could speak English as well as any one when he chose, and had heard all the remarks upon his peculiar appearance without giving the least indication that he understood a word that was said.

One of the old superstitions which still holds its own against the advance of Mahometanism is one which belongs to an island on the Upper River. On this island there is a mountain, and on the mountain lives a spirit who has the unpleasant power of afflicting human beings so severely that they can never sit down for the rest of their lives. Therefore, on passing the hill, it is necessary to unclasp the body from the waist downward, to turn the back to the mountain, and pray the spirit to have compassion on his votaries, and continue to them the privilege of sitting. Every one is forced to undergo this ceremony, but fortunately the spirit is content if it be performed by deputy, and all travellers therefore, whether men or women, pay natives of their own sex to perform this interesting rite for them. However, like the well-known etiquette of crossing the line, this ceremony need only be performed on the first time of passing the hill, the spirit being satisfied with the tribute to his power.

The universal superstition respecting the power of human beings to change themselves into bestial shapes still reigns among the Mandingoes, and it is rather doubtful whether even the followers of Mohammed have shaken themselves quite free from the old belief. The crocodile is the animal whose form is most usually taken among the Mandingoes, and on one occasion a man who had been bitten by a crocodile, and narrowly escaped with his life, not only said that the reptile was a metamorphosed man, but even named the individual whom he knew himself to have offended a few days before the accident.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE BUBÉS AND CONGOESE.

REAL NAME OF THE BUBÉS—THEIR LIMITED RANGE—APPEARANCE AND MANNERS OF THE MEN—TOLA PASTE—REASONS FOR NUDITY—BUBÉ ARCHITECTURE—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE BUBÉS—A WEDDING AT FERNANDO PO—CONGO—ITS GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION—CURIOUS TAXATION—RELIGION OF CONGO—THE CHITOME AND HIS POWERS—HIS DEATH, AND LAW OF SUCCESSION—THE NGOROMBO AND HIS MODE OF WALKING—THE ORDEAL—CEREMONY OF CROWNING A KING—THE ROYAL ROBES—THE WOMEN OF CONGO—EARLY HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY—THE FEMALE MONARCH—THE FATE OF TEMBANDUMBA.

THE Bubé tribe (which unfortunately is pronounced Booby, is a really interesting one, and, but for the rapidly decreasing space, would be described in detail. The real name of the tribe is Adizah, but, as they are in the habit of addressing others as Bubé, i. e. Man, the term has clung to them.

The Bubés inhabit Fernando Po, and, although some of them believe themselves to be aborigines of the island, have evidently come from the mainland. They have, however, no particular pride in their autochthonic origin, and, if questioned, are perfectly content to say that they came from their parents.

The Bubés inhabit only one zone in Fernando Po. The sea air is too soft and warm for them, and, besides, there is danger of being carried off by the slavers. More than three thousand feet above the sea they cannot exist, not because the climate is too cold, but because the palms and plantains on which they live will not flourish there. With the exception of those individuals who have come under the sway of the missionaries, the Bubés wear no clothes except closely fitting coats of palm oil, or, on grand occasions, of tola paste, i. e. palm oil bruised and mixed with the leaves of the tola herb. This paste has a powerful and very peculiar odor, and the first intimation of the vicinity of a Bubé village is usually the scent of the tola paste borne on the breeze.

The men wear large flat hats made of wicker-work covered with monkey skin, and

used chiefly to guard themselves from the tree snake. The women are dressed in exactly the same fashion, but without the hat, their husbands perhaps thinking that women cannot be hurt by snakes. The hat is fastened to the head by skewers made of the bone of the monkey's leg, and the hair itself is plentifully greased and adorned with yellow ochre, and manipulated so that it looks as if it were covered with little gilded peas. Round the upper arm is tied a piece of string, which holds a knife for the man and a pipe for the woman. Clothing is to them a positive infliction, and Captain Burton remarks that, even at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea, he offered the Bubés blankets, but they would not have them, though they found the warmth of the fire acceptable to them.

They have a legend which explains their nudity. Many years ago a M'pongwe magician made fetish upon his great war spear, and killed numbers of them, so that they fled. They then made a law that the Bubé should wear no clothing until they had conquered the M'pongwe, and that law they have kept to the present day.

Taken as a savage, the Bubé is a wonderfully good specimen. He is very industrious, laying out yam fields and farms at some distance from his house, in order to prevent his domestic animals from straying into it, and he is the best palm-wine maker in Western Africa. He neither will be a slave himself, nor keep slaves, preferring to work for himself; and, after working hard at his

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(1.) A BUBÉ MARRIAGE.

(See page 613.)



(2.) KANEMBO MAN AND WOMAN.

(See page 627.)

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farm, he will start off into the woods to shoot monkeys or squirrels. He is a good athlete, and handles his great staff with such address that he is a very formidable antagonist. He is an admirable linguist, picking up languages with astonishing readiness, and he is absolutely honest. "You may safely deposit rum and tobacco in his street, and he will pay his debt as surely as the Bank of England." This testimony is given by Captain Burton, who certainly cannot be accused of painting the native African in too bright colors.

Yet he never trusts any one. He will deal with you most honorably, but he will never tell you his name. If you present gifts to him, he takes them, but with suspicion: "Timet Danaos et dona ferentes." If you enter his village unexpectedly, he turns out armed, and, "if you are fond of collecting vocabularies, may the god of speech direct you." The fact is, he has been so cheated and plundered that he now suspects all men alike, and will not trust even his fellow-countrymen of the next village.

He treats his wife pretty well, but has an odd ascending series of punishments. Should he detect her in an infidelity, he boils a pot of oil, cuts off the offender's left hand, and plunges the stump into the oil to heal the bleeding. For the second offence she loses the right hand, and for the third the head, on which occasion the boiling oil is not required. Partly on account of this law, and partly on account of their ugliness, which is said to be portentous, the women display better morals than the generality of their African sisters.

Dr. Hutchinson, who resided in Fernando Po for some time, has not a very favorable opinion of the Bubés, thinking that the twenty or thirty thousand of their tribe form the greatest obstacle to civilization. He states, moreover, that although the Baptist missionaries have been hard at work among them for seventeen years, they had not succeeded in Christianizing or civilizing, or even humanizing, a single Bubé.

They are not an intellectual race, and do not appear to know or care much about the division of time, the new moon and the beginning of the dry season marking their monthly and annual epochs. The latter begins in November, and for two months the Bubés hold a festival called Lobo, in which marriages are generally celebrated. Dr. Hutchinson was able to witness a Bubé marriage, and has given a very amusing account of it. The reader may find it illustrated on the preceding page. The bride was a daughter of the king. "On getting inside of the town our first object of attraction was the cooking going on in his Majesty's kitchen. Here a number of dead 'ipa' (porcupines) and 'fitcha' (gazelles) were in readiness to be mingled up with palm oil, and several grubs writhing on skewers,

probably to add pliancy to the dishes. These are called 'inchaee,' being obtained from palm trees, and look at first sight like Brobdignagian maggots. Instead of waiting to see the art of the Fernandian Soyer on these components, I congratulated myself on my ham sandwiches and brandy-and-water bottle safely stowed in my portmanteau, which one of the Krumen carried on his back, and sat on my camp-stool beneath the grateful shade of a palm tree to rest a while.

"Outside a small hut belonging to the mother of the bride expectant, I soon recognized the happy bridegroom, undergoing his toilet from the hands of his future wife's sister. A profusion of tshibbu strings (i. e. small pieces of Achatectona shell, which represent the currency in Fernando Po) being fastened round his body, as well as his legs and arms, the anointing lady (having a short black pipe in her mouth) proceeded to putty him over with tola paste. He seemed not altogether joyous at the anticipation of his approaching happiness, but turned a sulky gaze now and then to a kidney-shaped piece of brown-painted yam, which he held in his hand, and which had a parrot's red feather fixed on its convex side. This I was informed was called 'ntsheba,' and is regarded as a protection against evil influence during the important day.

"Two skewer-looking hair-pins, with heads of red and white glass beads, fastened his hat (which was nothing more than a disk of bamboo plaiting) to the hair of his head; and his toilet being complete, he and one of the bridesmen, as elaborately dressed as himself, attacked a mess of stewed flesh and palm oil placed before them, as eagerly as if they had not tasted food for a fortnight. In discussing this meal they followed the primitive usage of 'fingers before forks,' only resting now and then to take a gulp of palm wine out of a calabash which was hard by, or to wipe their hands on napkins of cocoa-leaf, a process which, to say the least of it, added nothing to their washerwomen's bill at the end of the week.

"But the bride! Here she comes! Led forth by her own and her husband-expectant's mother, each holding her by a hand, followed by two 'nepees' (professional singers) and half-a-dozen bridesmaids. Nothing short of a correct photograph could convey an idea of her appearance. Borne down by the weight of rings, wreaths, and girdles of 'tshibbu,' the tola pomatum gave her the appearance of an exhumed mummy, save her face, which was all white—not from excess of modesty (and here I may add, the negro race are expected always to bluish blue), but from being smeared over with a white paste, symbolical of purity.

"As soon as she was outside the paling, her bridal attire was proceeded with, and

the whole body was plastered over with white stuff. A veil of strings of tshibbu shells, completely covering her face, and extending from the crown of her head to the chin, as well as on each side from ear to ear, was then thrown over her; over this was placed an enormous helmet made of cowhide; and any one with a spark of compassion in him could not help pitying that poor creature, standing for more than an hour under the broiling sun, with such a load on her, whilst the nepees were celebrating her praises in an extempore epithalamium, and the bridegroom was completing his finery elsewhere.

"Next came a long chant—musical people would call it a howl—by the chief nepee. It was about as long as 'Chevy Chase,' and celebrated the beauties and many virtues of the bride, among which was rather oddly mentioned the delicious smell which proceeded from her. At every pause in the chant the audience struck in with a chorus of 'Heel heel jeel ehl' and when it was over the ceremony proceeded.

"The candidates for marriage having taken their positions side by side in the open air, fronting the little house from which the bride elect had been led out by the two mothers, and where I was informed she had been closely immured for fifteen months previous, the ceremony commenced. The mothers were the officiating priests—an institution of natural simplicity, whose homely origin no one will dare to impugn. On these occasions the mother-bishops are prophetically entitled 'boowanans,' the Fernandian for grandmother.

"Five bridesmaids marshalled themselves alongside the bride postulant, each, in rotation, some inches lower than the other, the outside one being a mere infant in stature, and all having bunches of parrots' feathers on their heads, as well as holding a wand in their right hands. The mother stood behind the 'happy pair,' and folded an arm of each round the body of the other—nepees chanting all the while, so that it was barely possible for my interpreter to catch the words by which they were formally soldered. A string of tshibbu was fastened

round both arms by the bridegroom's mother; she, at the same time, whispering to him advice to take care of this tender lamb, even though he had half-a-dozen wives before. The string was then unloosed. It was again fastened on by the bride's mother, who whispered into her daughter's ear her duty to attend to her husband's farm, tilling his yams and cassava, and the necessity of her being faithful to him. The ratification of their promise to fulfil these conditions was effected by passing a goblet of palm wine from mother to son (the bridegroom), from him to his bride, from her to her mother, each taking a sip as it went round.

"Then an indiscriminate dance and chant commenced; and the whole scene—the tola paste laid on some faces so thickly that one might imagine it was intended to affix something to them by means of it—the dangling musk-cat and monkey tails—the disk hats and parrots' feathers—the branches of wild fern and strings of tshibbu shells, fastened perhaps as nosegays to the ladies' persons—the white and red and yellow spots painted under the eyes, and on the shoulders, and in any place where they could form objects of attraction—the *tout ensemble*, contrasted with the lofty *Bombax*, beautiful palm, cocoa-nut, and other magnificent tropical trees around, presented a picture rarely witnessed by an European, and one calculated to excite varied reflections."

Lastly, the whole party—the tola paste now cracking from their bodies—proceeded to the house of the bridegroom, the old wives walking before the bride until they reached the door, and then allowing her to precede them. The newly-married pair then stood at their door facing the spectators, embracing each other as before. One of his children then presented the bride with a huge yam painted brown, others fixed tshibbu epaulets on her shoulders, the husband placed four rings on her fingers, and the ceremony was concluded by a second lecture from the bridegroom's mother, at the expiration of which Dr. Hutchinson, as he rather quaintly says, "left the happy pair to the enjoyment of their tola-moon."

CONGO.

PASSING southward down the West Coast, we come to the celebrated kingdom of CONGO.

In these days it has been so traversed by merchants of different countries and missionaries of different sects, that it no longer presents the uniform aspect of its earlier monarchical days, of which we will take a brief survey. The reader must understand that the sources from which the information is taken are not wholly reliable, but, as we

have none other, we must make the best of our information, and use our own discretion as to those parts which are best worthy of belief. The following account is mostly taken from Mr. Reade's condensation.

The ancient constitution of the Congo kingdom much resembled that of Ashanti or Dahome; namely, a despotic monarchy controlled by councillors, the king and the council being mutually jealous, and each trying to overreach the other. When the

kingdom of Congo was first established, the royal revenues were much in the same condition as the civil list of a late Emperor of Russia—all belonged to the king, and he took as much as he wanted. In later days, however, the revenues were controlled by the council, who aided, not only in their disposal, but in the mode of their collection. The greater part of the income depended on the annual tributes of the inferior chiefs, but, as in times of pressure, especially during a protracted war, this tribute is inadequate to meet the expenses, the king and council devise various objects of taxation.

The most productive is perhaps the tax on beds, which are assessed according to their width, every span costing an annual payment of a slave. Now, as an ordinary man cannot sleep comfortably on a bed less than four spans in width, it is very evident that the tax must be a very productive one, if indeed it were not so oppressive as to cause a rebellion. The natives seem, however, to have quietly acquiesced in it, and a wealthy negro therefore takes a pride in having a very broad bed as a tangible proof of his importance.

As in more civilized nations, war is the great parent of taxation, the king being obliged to maintain a large standing army, and to keep it in good humor by constant largesses, for a large standing army is much like fire,—a useful servant, but a terrible master. The army is divided into regiments, each acting under the immediate command of the chief in whose district they live, and they are armed, in a most miscellaneous fashion, with any weapons they can procure. In these times the trade guns are the most valued weapons, but the native swords, bows and arrows, spears, and knives, still form the staple of their equipment. As to uniform, they have no idea of it, and do not even distinguish the men of the different regiments, as do the Kaffirs of Southern Africa.

The ancient religion of the Congo negro is simply polytheism, which they have suffered to degenerate into fetishism. There is one monotheistic sect, but they have gained very little by their religion, which is in fact merely a negation of many deities, without the least understanding of the one whom they profess to worship—a deity to whom they attribute the worst vices that can degrade human nature.

The fetish men or priests are as important here as the marabouts among the Mandingoes, and the chief of them, who goes by the name of Chitomè, is scarcely less honored than the king, who finds himself obliged to seek the favor of this spiritual potentate, while the common people look on him as scarcely less than a god. He is maintained by a sort of tithe, consisting of the first-fruits of the harvest, which are brought to him with great ceremony,

and are offered with solemn chants. The Congo men fully believe that if they were to omit the first-fruits of one year's harvest, the next year would be an unproductive one.

A sacred fire burns continually in his house, and the embers, which are supposed to be possessed of great medicinal virtues, are sold by him at a high price, so that even his fire is a constant source of income to him. He has the entire regulation of the minor priests, and every now and then makes a progress among them to settle the disputes which continually spring up. As soon as he leaves his house, the husbands and wives throughout the kingdom are obliged to separate under pain of death. In case of disobedience, the man only is punished, and eases have been known where wives who disliked their husbands have accused them of breaking this strange law, and have thereby gained a double advantage, freed themselves from a man whom they did not like, and established a religious reputation on easy terms.

In fact, the Chitomè has things entirely his own way, with one exception. He is so holy that he cannot die a natural death, for if he did so the universe would immediately be dissolved. Consequently, as soon as he is seized with a dangerous illness, the Chitomè elect calls at his house, and saves the universe by knocking out his brains with a club, or strangling him with a cord if he should prefer it. That his own death must be of a similar character has no effect upon the new Chitomè, who, true to the negro character, thinks only of the present time, and, so far as being anxious about the evils that will happen at some future time, does not trouble himself even about the next day.

Next to the Chitomè comes the Nghombo, a priest who is distinguished by his peculiar gait. His dignity would be impaired by walking like ordinary mortals, or even like the inferior priests, and so he always walks on his hands with his feet in the air, thereby striking awe into the laity. Some of the priests are rain-makers, who perform the duties of their office by building little mounds of earth and making fetish over them. From the centre of each charmed mound rises a strange insect, which mounts into the sky, and brings as much rain as the people have paid for. These priests are regularly instituted, but there are some who are born to the office, such as dwarfs, hunchbacks, and albinos, all of whom are highly honored as specially favored individuals, consecrated to the priesthood by Nature herself.

The priests have, as usual, a system of ordeal, the commonest mode being the drinking of the poison cup, and the rarest the test of the red-hot iron, which is applied to the skin of the accused, and burns

him if he be guilty. There is no doubt that the magicians are acquainted with some preparation which renders the skin proof against a brief application of hot iron, and that they previously apply it to an accused person who will pay for it.

The Chitomè has the privilege of conducting the coronation of a king. The new ruler proceeds to the house of the Chitomè, attended by a host of his future subjects, who utter piercing yells as he goes. Having reached the sacred house, he kneels before the door, and asks the Chitomè to be gracious to him. The Chitomè growls out a flat refusal from within. The king renews his supplications, in spite of repeated rebuffs, enumerating all the presents which he has brought to the Chitomè—which presents, by the way, are easily made, as he will extort an equal amount from his subjects as soon as he is fairly installed.

At last, the door of the hut opens, and out comes the Chitomè in his white robe of office, his head covered with feathers, and a shining mirror on his breast. The king lies prostrate before the house, while the Chitomè pours water on him, scatters dust over him, and sets his feet on him. He then lies flat on the prostrate monarch, and in that position receives from him a promise to respect his authority ever afterward. The king is then proclaimed, and retires to wash and change his clothes.

Presently he comes out of the palace, attended by his priests and nobles, and gorgeous in all the bravery of his new rank, his whole person covered with glittering ornaments of metal, glass, and stone, so that the eye can scarcely bear the rays that flash on every side as he moves in the sunbeams. He then seats himself, and makes a speech to the people. When it is finished, he rises, while all the people crouch to the ground, stretches his hands over them, and makes certain prescribed gestures, which are considered as the royal benediction. (See the engraving No. 2, on the next page.) A long series of banquets and revelry ends the proceedings.

At the present day, the Congo king and great men disfigure themselves with European clothing, such as silk jackets, velvet shoes, damask coats, and broad-brimmed hats. But, in the former times, they dressed becomingly in native attire. A simple tunic made of very fine grass cloth, and leaving the right arm bare, covered the upper part of the body, while a sort of petticoat, made of similar material, but dyed black, was tied round the waist, and an apron, or "sporrán," of leopard skin, was fastened to the girdle and hung in front. On their heads they wore a sort of hood, and sometimes preferred a square red and yellow cap. Sandals made of the palm tree were the peculiar privilege of the king and nobles, the common people being obliged to go bare-footed.

The wives in Congo are tolerably well off, except that they are severely beaten with the heavy hippopotamus-hide whip. The women do not resent this treatment, and indeed, unless a woman is soundly flogged occasionally, she thinks that her husband is neglecting her, and feels offended accordingly. The king has the power of taking any woman for his wife, whether married or not, and, when she goes to the royal harem, her husband is judiciously executed.

The people of Congo are—probably on account of the enervating climate—a very indolent and lethargic race, the women being made to do all the work, while the men lie in the shade and smoke their pipes and drink their palm wine, which they make remarkably well, though not so well as the Bubé tribe of Fernando Po. Their houses are merely huts of the simplest description; a few posts with a roof over them, and twigs woven between them in wicker-work fashion by way of walls, are all that a Congo man cares for in a house. His clothing is as simple as his lodging, a piece of native cloth, tied round his middle being all that he cares for; so that the ample clothes and handsome furs worn by the king must have had a very strong effect on the almost naked populace.

According to traditional history, Congo was in old times one of the great African kingdoms. Twice it rose to this eminence, and both times by the energy of a woman, who, in spite of the low opinion in which women are held, contrived to ascend the throne.

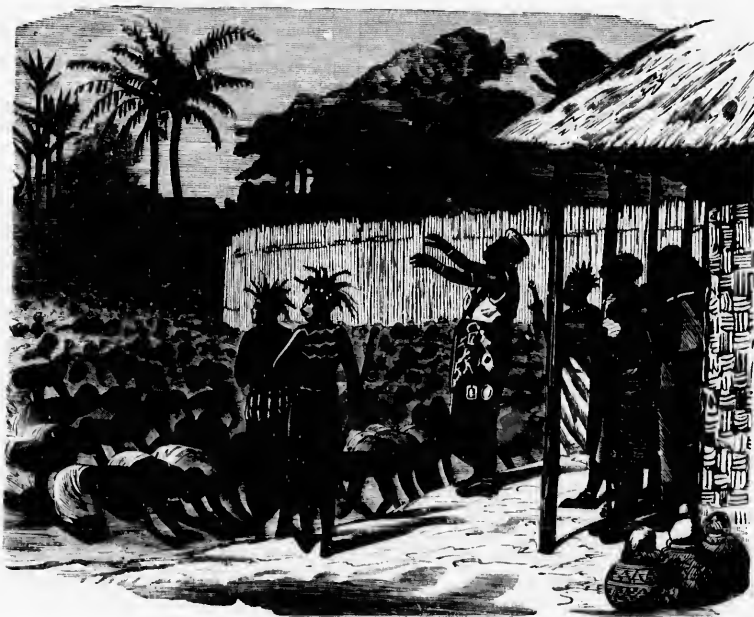
Somewhere about 1520—it is impossible in such history to obtain precision of dates—a great chief, named Zimbo, swept over a very large part of Africa, taking every country to which he came, and establishing his own dominion in it. Among other kingdoms, Congo was taken by him, and rendered tributary, and so powerful did he at last become, that his army outgrew his territory, and he had the audacity to send a division to ravage Abyssinia and Mozambique. The division reached the eastern sea in safety, but the army then met the Portuguese, who routed them with great loss. Messengers conveyed the tidings to Zimbo, who put himself at the head of his remaining troops, went against the Portuguese, beat them, killed their general, and carried off a great number of prisoners, with whose skulls he paved the ground in front of his house.

In process of time he died, and the kingdom separated, after African fashion, into a number of independent provinces, each governed by one of the leaders of the now useless army. One of these leaders had a daughter named Tembandumba, who, together with her mother, ruled the province when her father died. These women always accompanied the troops in war, and so



(1.) WASHING DAY.

(See page 648.)



(2.) A CONGO CORONATION.

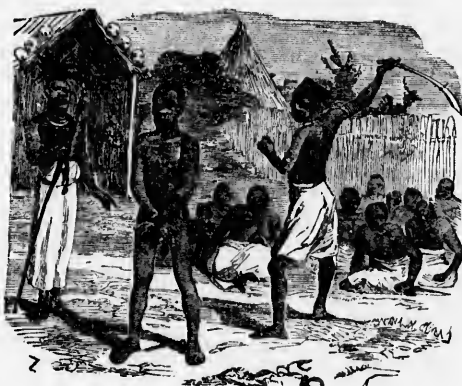
(See page 616.)

fierce and bloodthirsty was Tembandumba, even as a girl, that her mother gave her the command of half the troops, the natural consequence of which was that she took the command of the whole, deposed her mother, and made herself queen.

Her great ambition was to found a nation of Amazons. Licentiousness she permitted to the fullest extent, but marriage was utterly prohibited; and, as soon as the women found themselves tired of their male companions, the latter were killed and eaten, their places being supplied by prisoners of war. All male children were killed, and she had nearly succeeded in the object of

her ambition, when she was poisoned by a young man with whom she fell violently in love, and from whom she imprudently accepted a bowl of wine at a banquet.

It is very remarkable that, about a hundred years after the death of Tembandumba, another female warrior took the kingdom. Her name was Shinga, and she obtained a power scarcely less than that of her predecessor. She, however, was wise in her generation, and, after she had fought the Portuguese, and been beaten by them, she concluded an humble peace, and retained her kingdom in safety.



THE JU-JU EXECUTION. (See page 602.)

CHAPTER LXII.

BORNU.

POSITION OF THE KINGDOM OF BORNU—APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE—MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR—A RECEPTION BY THE SULTAN—COURT DRESS—THE SHEIKH OF BORNU—HIS PALACE AND ATTENDANTS—HIS NOBLE AND ENERGETIC CHARACTER—RECEPTION BY THE GUARDS—THEIR WEAPONS AND DISCIPLINE—THE KANEMBOO INFANTRY—JUSTICE OF THE SHEIKH—HIS POLICY AND TACT—REPUTED POWER OF CHARM WRITING—HIS ZEAL FOR RELIGION—A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT—BORNU ARCHITECTURE—CURIOUS MODES OF FISHING AND HUNTING—HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE KANEMBOOS.

On the western side of Lake Tchad, between 10° and 15° N. and 12° and 18° E., is situated the large kingdom of Bornu, which embraces a considerable number of tribes, and is of sufficient importance to demand a notice. There are about twelve or thirteen great cities in Bornu, and at least ten different dialects are spoken in the country, some having been due to the presence of the Shooas, who themselves speak nearly pure Arabic.

The pure Bornu people, or Kanowry, as they call themselves, are not handsome, having large, flat, and rather unmeaning faces, with flattish noses, and large mouths. The lips, however, are not those of the negro, and the forehead is high, betokening a greater amount of intellect than falls to the lot of the real negro.

As a rule, the Bornnese are not a wealthy people, and they are but indifferently clad, wearing a kind of shirt stained of an indigo blue by themselves, and, if they are tolerably well off, wearing two or even three such garments, according to their means. The head is kept closely shaven, and the better class wear a cap of dark blue, the scarlet caps being appropriated to the sultan and his court. When they walk they always carry a heavy stick with an enormous knob at the top, like a drum-major's baton, and march much after the manner of that important functionary.

The women are remarkable for the mode in which they dress their hair. It is divided

into three longitudinal rolls, thick in the middle and diminishing toward the ends. One of these rolls passes over the top of the head, and the others lie over the ears, the three points uniting on the forehead, and being held firmly in their places by a thick plastering of beeswax and indigo. The other ends of the rolls are plaited very finely, and then turned up like the curled feathers of a drake's tail.

Sometimes a slight variation is made in the hair, five rolls being used instead of three. The women are so fond of indigo that they dye their eyebrows, hands, arms, feet, and legs with it, using the ruddy henna for the palms of the hands and the nails of the toes and fingers, and black antimony for the eyelashes. Beads, bracelets, and other ornaments are profusely worn, mostly of horn or brass. Silver and ivory mark the woman of rank. The dress is primarily composed of a sort of blue, white, or striped sheet called *toorkadee*, which is wrapped round the body under the arms, and falls as low as the knees. This is the usual costume, but if a woman be well off, she adds a second *toorkadee*, which she wears like a mantilla, over her head and shoulders.

Like other African tribes, though they belong to the Mahometan religion, they use the tattoo profusely. Twenty cuts are made on each side of the face, converging in the corners of the mouth, from the angle of the lower jaw and the cheek-bones, while a single cut runs down the centre of the fore-

head. Six cuts are made on each arm, six more on the thighs, and the same number on the legs, while four are on each breast, and nine on each side just above the hipbone. These are made while they are infants, and the poor little things undergo frightful torments, not only from the pain of the wounds, but from the countless flies which settle on the hundred and three cuts with which their bodies are marked.

The Bornuese are governed, at least nominally, by a head chief or sultan, who holds his court with most quaint ceremony. When the travellers Denham and Clapperton went to pay their respects to him, they were visited on the previous evening by one of the royal chamberlains, who displayed the enormous staff, like a drum-major's bâton, wore eight or ten shirts in order to exhibit his wealth, and had on his head a turban of huge dimensions. By his orders a tent was pitched for the white visitors, and around it was drawn a linen screen, which had the double effect of keeping out the sun and the people, and of admitting the air. A royal banquet, consisting of seventy or eighty dishes, was sent for their refection, each dish large enough to suffice for six persons, and, lest the white men should not like the native cookery, the sultan, with much thoughtfulness, sent also a number of live fowls, which they might cook for themselves.

Next morning, soon after daylight, they were summoned to attend the sultan, who was sitting in a sort of cage, as if he had been a wild beast. No one was allowed to come within a considerable distance, and the etiquette of the court was, that each person rode on horseback past the cage, and then dismounted and prostrated himself before the sultan. The oddest part of the ceremony is, that as soon as the courtier has made his obeisance, he seats himself on the ground with his back toward his monarch. Nearly three hundred of the courtiers thus take their places, and nothing could be more ludicrous than the appearance which they presented, their bodies being pulled out by successive robes, their heads swathed in turbans of the most preposterous size, and their thin legs, appearing under the voluminous garments, showing that the size of the head and body was merely artificial.

In fact, the whole business is a sham, the sultan being the chief sham, and the others matching their sovereign. The sultan has no real authority, the true power being lodged in the hands of the sheikh, who commands the army. Those who serve the court of Bornu are, by ancient etiquette, obliged to have very large heads and stomachs, and, as such gifts of nature are not very common, an artificial enlargement of both regions is held to be a sufficient compliance with custom. Consequently, the courtiers pad themselves with wadding to such an extent that as they sit on horseback

their abdomens seem to protrude over the pommel of the saddle, while the eight or ten shirts which they wear, one over the other, aid in exaggerating the outline, and reducing the human body to a shapeless lump.

Their heads are treated in a similar fashion, being enveloped in great folds of linen or muslin of different colors, white, however, predominating; and those who are most careful in their dress fold their huge turbans so as to make their heads appear to be one-sided, and as unlike their original shape as possible. Besides all these robes and shirts and padding, they wear a vast number of charms, made up in red leather parcels, and hung all over the body. The sultan is always accompanied by his trumpeters, who blow hideous blasts on long wooden trumpets called *frum-frums*, and also by his dwarfs, and other grotesque favorites.

In war, as in peace, the sultan is nominally the commander, and in reality a mere nonentity. He accompanies the sheikh, but never gives orders, nor even carries arms, active fighting being supposed to be below his dignity. One of the sultans lost his life in consequence of this rule. According to custom he had accompanied the sheikh in a war against the great enemy of Bornu, the Sultan of Begharmi, and, contrary to the usual result of these battles, the engagement had gone against him, and he was obliged to take refuge in flight. Unfortunately for him, though he was qualified by nature for royalty, being large-bodied and of enormous weight, yet his horse could not carry him fast enough. He fled to Agala, one of his chief towns, and if he could have entered it would have been safe. But his enormous weight had distressed his horse so much that the animal suddenly stopped close to the gate, and could not be induced to stir.

The sultan, true to the principle of *noblesse oblige*, accepted the position at once. He dismounted from his horse, wrapped his face in the shawl which covered his head, seated himself under a tree, and died as became his rank. Twelve of his attendants refused to leave their master, and nobly shared his death.

Around the sultan are his inevitable musicians, continually blowing their *frum-frums* or trumpets, which are sometimes ten or twelve feet in length, and in front goes his ensign, bearing his standard, which is a long pole hung round at the top with strips of colored leather and silk. At either side are two officers, carrying enormous spears, with which they are supposed to defend their monarch. This, however, is as much a sham as the rest of the proceedings; for, in the first place, the spearmen are so fat and their weapons so unwieldy that they could not do the least execution, and, as if to render the spears still more harmless, they are covered with charms from the head to the butt.

It has been mentioned that the real power of Bornu rests, not with the sultan, but with the sheikh. This potentate was found to be of simple personal habits, yet surrounded with state equal to that of the sultan, though differing in degree. Dressed in a plain blue robe and a shawi turban, he preferred to sit quietly in a small and dark room, attended by two of his favorite negroes armed with pistols, and having a brace of pistols lying on a carpet in front of him.

But the approaches to this chamber were rigorously guarded. Sentinels stood at the gate, and intercepted those who wished to enter, and would not allow them to mount the staircase which led to the sheikh's apartment until they were satisfied. At the top of the staircase were negro guards armed with spears, which they crossed in front of the visitor, and again questioned him. Then the passages leading to the sheikh's chamber were lined with rows of squatting attendants, who snatched off the slippers of the visitors, and continually impeded their progress by seizing their ankles, lest they should infringe etiquette by walking too fast. Indeed, had not the passages been densely crowded, the guests would have been several times dung on their faces by the zeal of these courtiers.

At last they gained admission, and found this dread potentate a singularly quiet and unassuming man, well-disposed toward the travellers, and very grateful to them for the double-barrelled gun and pistols which they presented to him. In return, he fed them liberally, sending them fish by the camel load, and other provisions in like quantity.

According to his warlike disposition, his conversation chiefly turned on military affairs, and especially on the best mode of attacking walled towns. The account of breaching batteries had a great effect upon him, and the exhibition of a couple of rockets confirmed him in his respect for the wisdom of the English. Being a thoughtful man, he asked to see some rockets fired, because there were in the town a number of the hostile Shooas. The rockets were fired accordingly, and had the desired effect, frightening not only the Shooas, but all the inhabitants of the town, out of their senses, and even the steady nerves of the sheikh himself were much shaken.

The sheikh was a great disciplinarian, and managed his wild cavalry with singular skill, as is shown by the account of Major Denham. "Our accounts had been so contradictory of the state of the country that no opinion could be formed as to the real condition and the number of its inhabitants. We had been told that the sheikh's soldiers were a few ragged negroes armed with spears, who lived upon the plunder of the black Kafir countries by which he was surrounded, and which he was able to subdue by the assistance of a few Arabs who were

in his service; and, again, we had been assured that his forces were not only numerous, but to a degree regularly trained. The degree of credit which might be attached to these reports was nearly balanced in the scales of probability, and we advanced toward the town of Kouka in a most interesting state of uncertainty whether we should find its chief at the head of thousands, or he received by him under a tree, surrounded by a few naked slaves.

"These doubts, however, were quickly removed. I had ridden on a short distance in front of Iloo-Khaloom, with his train of Arabs all mounted and dressed out in their best apparel, and, from the thickness of the trees, now lost sight of them. Fancying that the road could not be mistaken I rode still onward, and, approaching a spot less thickly planted, was surprised to see in front of me a body of several thousand cavalry drawn up in line, and extending right and left as far as I could see. Checking my horse I awaited the arrival of my party under the shade of a wide-spreading acacia. The Bornu troops remained quite steady, without noise or confusion; and a few horsemen, who were moving about in front, giving directions, were the only persons out of the ranks.

"On the Arabs appearing in sight, a shout or yell was given by the sheikh's people, which rent the air; a blast was blown from their rude instruments of music equally loud, and they moved on to meet Iloo-Khaloom and his Arabs. There was an appearance of tact and management in their movements, which astonished me. Three separate bodies from the centre of each flank kept charging rapidly toward us, within a few feet of our horses' heads, without checking the speed of their own until the moment of their halt, while the whole body moved onward.

"These parties were mounted on small but very perfect horses, who stopped and wheeled from their utmost speed with the greatest precision and expertness, shaking their spears over their heads, and exclaiming, 'Blessing! blessing! Sons of your country! Sons of your country!' and returning quickly to the front of the body in order to repeat the charge. While all this was going on, they closed in their right and left flanks, and surrounded the little body of Arabs so completely as to give the compliment of welcoming them very much the appearance of a declaration of their contempt for their weakness.

"I was quite sure this was premeditated; we were all so closely pressed as to be nearly smothered, and in some danger from the crowding of the horses and clashing of the spears. Moving on was impossible, and we therefore came to a full stop. Our chief was much enraged, but it was all to no purpose: he was only answered by shrieks of

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'Welcome!' and spears most unpleasantly rattled over our heads expressive of the same feeling.

"This annoyance was not, however, of long duration. Barea Gana, the sheikh's first general, a negro of noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk robe, and mounted upon a beautiful Mandara horse, made his appearance, and after a little delay the rear was cleared of those who had pressed in upon us, and we moved forward, although but very slowly, from the frequent impediments thrown in our way by these wild warriors.

"The sheikh's negroes, as they were called, meaning the black chiefs and generals, all raised to that rank by some deed of bravery, were habited in coats of mail composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse. Some of them had helmets, or rather skull-caps, of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal."

In my collection there is one of the remarkable spears carried by these horsemen. In total length it is nearly six feet long, of which the long, slender, leaf-like blade occupies twenty inches. The shaft is five-eighths of an inch in diameter at the thickest part, but diminishes toward the head and butt. The material of the shaft is some hard, dark wood, which takes a high polish, and is of a rich brown color. The head is secured to the shaft by means of a rather long socket, and at the butt there is a sort of iron spud, also furnished with a socket, so that the length of the wooden portion of the spear is only thirty-two inches. It is a light, well-balanced, and apparently serviceable weapon.

Besides these weapons, there are several others, offensive and defensive. The chiefs wear a really well-formed cuirass made of iron plates, and having an ingenious addition of a kind of steel upright collar attached to the back piece of the cuirass, and protecting the nape of the neck. The cuirass is made of five plates of steel, laid horizontally and riveted to each other, and of as many similar plates attached to them perpendicularly, and forming the back piece and shoulder straps. It is made to open at one side to admit of being put on and off, and the two halves are kept together by loops and links, which take the place of straps and buckles.

The chief's horses are also distinguished by the quantity of armor with which they are protected, an iron chamfron covering the whole of the forehead, and extending as far as the nostrils.

By the saddle-bow hangs a battle-axe, shaped exactly like those axes with which

we have been so familiar in Southern and Central Africa, but being distinguished from them by the fact that an iron chain is passed through a hole in that part of the head which passes through the knob at the end of the handle, the other end of the chain being attached to a ring that slides freely up and down the handle. This arrangement enables the warrior to secure and replace the head of the axe if it should be struck out of the handle in the heat of battle. A long double-edged dagger, shaped almost exactly like the spear head, is fastened to the left arm by a strap, and is carried with the hilt downward.

The infantry carry, together with other weapons, an iron axe, shaped like a sickle, and closely resembling the weapon which has been mentioned as used by the Neami-Nam and Fan tribes. This is called the "lunga-munga," and is used for throwing at a retreating enemy. The infantry are mostly Kanemboo negroes. They are tall, muscular men, and, being also courageous, have well deserved the estimation in which they are held by their master. Unlike the horsemen, they are almost completely naked, their only clothing being a rather fantastical belt, or "sporrin" of goat-skin, with the hair still remaining on the skin, and a few strips of cloth, called "gubkas," tied round their heads, and brought under the nose. These gubkas are the currency of the country, so that a soldier carries his wealth on his head.

Their principal weapons are the spear and shield. The former is a very horrible weapon, seven feet or so in length, and armed with a number of hook-shaped barbs. The shield is made from the wood of the fogo, a tree which grows in the shallow waters of Lake Tchad, and which is so light that, although the shield is large enough to protect the whole body and upper part of the legs, it only weighs a few pounds. The pieces of wood of which it is made are bound together by strips of raw bullock's hide, on which the hair is suffered to remain as an ornament, and which, after doing their duty, are carried along the outer edge of the shield in a vandyked pattern. The shield is slightly convex. Besides the spear and shield, the Kanemboo soldier mostly carries on his left arm a dagger like that which has already been described, but not so neatly made. The Kanemboos will be presently described.

At least nine thousand of these black soldiers are under the command of the sheikh, and are divided into regiments of a thousand or so strong. It may be imagined that they are really formidable troops, especially under the command of such a leader, who, as will be seen by Major Denham's description of a review, had introduced strict discipline and a rough-and-ready sort of tactics. The sheikh had ordered out the Kanemboo

soldiers, and galloped toward them on his favorite horse, accompanied by four sultans who were under his command. His staff were gaily adorned with scarlet berouses decorated with gold lace, while he himself preserved his usual simplicity of dress, his robes being white, and a Cashmere shawl forming his turban. As soon as he gave the signal, the Kanemboos raised a deafening shout, and began their manoeuvres, their officers being distinguished by wearing a dark blue robe and turban.

"On nearing the spot where the sheikh had placed himself, they quickened their pace, and after striking their spears against their shields for some minutes, which had an extremely grand and stunning effect, they filed off to the outside of the circle, where they again formed and awaited their companions, who succeeded them in the same order. There appeared to be a great deal of affection between these troops and the sheikh. He spurred his horse onward into the midst of some of the tribes as they came up, and spoke to them, while the men crowded round him, kissing his feet and the stirrups of his saddle. It was a most pleasing sight. He seemed to feel how much his present elevation was owing to their exertions, while they displayed a devotion and attachment deserving and denoting the greatest confidence.

"I confess I was considerably disappointed at not seeing these troops engage, although more than compensated by the reflection of the slaughter that had been prevented by that disappointment."

It seems rather curious that this leader, so military in all his thoughts, should take women with him into the field, especially when he had to fight against the terrible Munga archers, whose poisoned arrows are certain death to all who are wounded by them. Yet, whenever he takes the field, he is accompanied by three of his favorite wives, who are mounted on trained horses, each being led by a boy, and their whole figures and faces so wrapped in their wide robes that the human form is scarcely distinguishable. The sultan, as becomes his superior rank, takes with him an unlimited number of wives, accompanied by a small court of palace officers. Nine, however, is the usual number allotted to the sultan, and there are nearly a hundred non-combatants to wait upon them.

The army, well ordered as it is, shows little signs of its discipline until it is near the enemy, the troops marching much as they like, and beguiling the journey with songs and tales. As soon, however, as they come within dangerous ground, the sheikh gives the word, and they all fall into their places, and become steady and well-disciplined troops.

The sheikh's place is one of no ordinary peril, for, besides having the responsibility

of command, and the practical care of the sultan's unwieldy person, he is the object at which the enemy all aim, knowing well that, if they can only kill the sheikh, their victory is assured. This particular sheikh entirely disregarded all notion of personal danger, and was the most conspicuous personage in the army. He marches in front of his soldiers, and before him are borne five flags—two green, two striped, and one red—upon which are written in letters of gold extracts from the Koran. Behind him rides his favorite attendant, bearing his master's shield, mail coat, and helmet, and beside him is the bearer of his drum which is considered as almost equivalent to himself in value. The Begharnis say of this sheikh, that it is useless to attack him, because he has the power of rendering himself invisible; and that on one occasion, when they routed his army, and pursued the sheikh himself, they could not see either him or his drum, though the instrument was continually sounding.

Before passing to another branch of this subject, we will finish our account of this sheikh. His name was Alameen Ben Mohammed el Kanemy, and, according to Major Denham's portrait, he was a man of mark, his boldly-cut features expressing his energetic character even under the folds of the turban and robe in which he habitually enveloped himself. Being the virtual ruler of the kingdom, he administered justice as well as waged war, and did so with stern impartiality.

On one occasion, when a slave had offended against the law, and was condemned to death, his master petitioned the sheikh against the capital punishment, saying that, as the slave was his property, the real punishment fell upon him, who was not even cognizant of his slave's offence. The sheikh admitted the validity of the plea, but said that public justice could not be expected to yield to private interests. So he ordered the delinquent for execution, but paid his price to the owner out of his own purse.

He was equally judicious in enforcing his own authority. His favorite officer was Barca Gana, who has already been mentioned. El Kanemy had an especial liking for this man, and had committed to his care the government of six districts, besides enriching him with numbers of slaves, horses, and other valuable property. It happened that on one occasion El Kanemy had sent him a horse which he had inadvertently promised to another person, and which, accordingly, Barca Gana had to give up. Being enraged by this proceeding, he sent back to the sheikh all the animals he had presented, saying that in future he would ride his own animals.

El Kanemy was not a man to suffer such an insolent message to be given with impunity. He sent for Barca Gana, stripped

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him on the spot of all his gorgeous clothing, substituted the slave's leathern girdle for his robes, and ordered him to be sold as a slave to the Tibboos. Humbled to the dust, the disgraced general acknowledged the justice of the sentence, and only begged that his master's displeasure might not fall on his wives and children. Next day, as Barca Gana was about to be led away to the Tibboos, the negro body guards, who seem to have respected their general for his courage in spite of his haughty and somewhat overbearing manner, came before the sheikh, and begged him to pardon their commander. Just at that moment the disgraced chief came before his offended master, to take leave before going off with the Tibboos to whom he had been sold.

El Kanemy was quite overcome by the sight, flung himself back on his carpet, wept like a child, allowed Barca Gana to embrace his knees, and gave his free pardon. "In the evening there was great and general rejoicing. The timbrels beat, the Kanemboos yelled and struck their shields; everything bespoke joy, and Barca Gana, in new robes and a rich burnouse, rode round the camp, followed by all the chiefs of the army."

Even in war, El Kanemy permitted policy and tact to overcome the national feeling of revenge. For example, the formidable Munga tribe, of whom we shall presently treat, had proved themselves exceedingly troublesome, and the sheikh threatened to exterminate them—a threat which he could certainly have carried out, though with much loss of life. He did not, however, intend to fulfil the threat, but tried, by working on their fears and their interests, to conciliate them, and to make them his allies rather than his foes. He did not only frighten them by his splendidly-appointed troops, but awed them by his accomplishments as a writer, copying out a vast number of charmed sentences for three successive nights. The illiterate Mungas thought that such a proceeding was a proof of supernatural power, and yielded to his wisdom what they would not have yielded to his veritable power. They said it was useless to fight against a man who had such terrible powers. Night after night, as he wrote the potent words, their arrows were blunted in their quivers. Their spears snapped asunder, and their weapons were removed out of their huts, so that some of the chiefs absolutely became ill with terror, and all agreed that they had better conclude peace at once. The performance of Major Denham's rockets had also reached their ears, and had added much to the general consternation.

He carried his zeal for religion to the extreme of fanaticism, constituting himself the guardian of public morals, and visiting offences with the severest penalties. He

was especially hard on the women, over whom he kept a vigilant watch by means of his spies. On one occasion, two young girls of seventeen were found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. Great remonstrances were made. The lover of one of the girls, who had previously offered to marry her, threatened to kill any one who placed a rope round her neck, and a general excitement pervaded the place. For a long time the sheikh remained inexorable, but at last compounded the affair by having their heads shaved publicly in the market-place—a disgrace scarcely less endurable than death.

On another occasion the delinquents had exaggerated their offence by committing it during the fast of the Rhamadan. The man was sentenced to four hundred stripes, and the woman to half that number. The punishment was immediate. The woman was stripped of her ornaments and all her garments, except a cloth round the middle, and her head shaved. She was then suspended by the cloth, and the punishment inflicted.

Her partner was treated far worse. The whip was a terrible weapon, made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and having a metal knob on the end. Each blow was struck on the back, so that the lash curled round the body, and the heavy knob came with terrible violence on the breast and stomach. Before half the lashes were inflicted, blood flowed profusely from his mouth, and, a short time after the culprit was taken down, he was dead. Strange to say, he acknowledged the justice of the sentence, kissed the weapon, joined in the profession of faith which was said before the punishment began, and never uttered a cry.

Fierce in war, and, as we have seen, a savage fanatic in religion, the sheikh was no stranger to the softer emotions. Major Denham showed him a curious musical snuff-box, the sweetness of which entranced him. He sat with his head in his hands, as if in a dream; and when one of his courtiers spoke, he struck the man a violent blow for interrupting the sweet sounds.

His punishment for theft was usually a severe flogging and a heavy fine. But, in cases of a first offence of a young delinquent, the offender was buried in the ground up to his shoulders, and his head and neck smeared with honey. The swarms of flies that settled on the poor wretch's head made his existence miserable during the time that he was thus buried, and no one who had undergone such a punishment once would be likely to run the risk of suffering it again, even though it did no permanent injury, like the whip. Beheading is also a punishment reserved for Mahometans, while "Kaffirs" are either impaled or crucified, sometimes living for several days in torments.

The slaves of the Bornuese are treated

with great kindness, and are almost considered as belonging to their master's family, their condition being very like that of the slaves or servants, as they are called, of the patriarchal ages. Much of the marketing is done by female slaves, who take to market whole strings of oxen laden with goods or cowries, and conduct the transaction with perfect honesty. The market, by the way, in which these women buy and sell, is really a remarkable place. It is regulated in the strictest manner, and is divided into districts, in each of which different articles are sold. It is governed by a sheikh, who regulates all the prices, and gets his living by a small commission of about a half per cent. on every purchase that exceeds four dollars. He is aided by dylalas, or brokers, who write their private mark inside every parcel.

The whole place is filled with rows of stalls, in which are to be found everything that a Bornuese can want, and one great convenience of the place is, that a parcel need never be examined in order to discover whether any fraud has been perpetrated. Should a parcel, when opened at home, be defective, the buyer sends it back to the dylala, who is bound to find out the seller, and to force him to take back the parcel and refund the money. As an example of the strange things which are sold in this market, Major Denham mentions that a young lion was offered to him. It was perfectly tame, and was led about by a cord round his neck, walking among the people without displaying any ferocity. Tame lions seem to be fashionable in Bornu, as the sheikh afterward sent Major Denham another lion equally tame.

The architecture of the Bornuese is superior to that of Dahome. "The towns," writes Major Denham, "are generally large, and well built: they have walls thirty-five and forty feet in height, and nearly twenty feet in thickness. They have four entrances, with three gates to each, made of solid planks eight or ten inches thick, and fastened together with heavy clamps of iron. The houses consist of several courtyards between four walls, with apartments leading out of them for slaves, then a passage and an inner court leading into habitations of the different wives, which have each a square space to themselves, enclosed by walls, and a handsome thatched hut. From thence also you ascend a wide staircase of five or six steps, leading to the apartments of the owner, which consist of two buildings like towers or turrets, with a terrace of communication between them, looking into the street, with a castellated window. The walls are made of reddish clay, as smooth as stones, and the roofs are most tastefully arched on the inside with branches, and thatched on the outside with a grass known in Bombay by the name of *tidher*.

"The horns of the gazelle and antelope serve as a substitute for nails or pegs. These are fixed in different parts of the walls, and on them hang the quivers, bows, spears, and shields of the chief. A man of consequence will sometimes have four of these terraces and eight turrets, forming the faces of his mansion or domain, with all the apartments of his women within the space below. Horses and other animals are usually allowed an enclosure near one of the courtyards forming the entrance."

Such houses as these belong only to the wealthy, and those of the poor are of a much simpler description, being built of straw, reeds, or mats, the latter being the favorite material.

As is mostly the case in polygamous Africa, each wife has her own special house, or rather hut, which is usually of the kind called "coosie," i. e. one that is built entirely of sticks and straw. The wives are obliged to be very humble in presence of their husbands, whom they always approach on their knees, and they are not allowed to speak to any of the male sex except kneeling, and with their heads and faces covered. Marriage is later in Bornu than in many parts of Africa, the girls scarcely ever marrying until they are full fifteen, and mostly being a year or two older.

Weddings are conducted in a ceremonious and noisy manner. The bride is perched on the back of an ox, and rides to the bridegroom's house attended by her mother and friends, and followed by other oxen carrying her dowry, which mostly consists of tookadees and other raiment. All her male friends are mounted, and dash up to her at full gallop, this being the recognized salute on such occasions. The bridegroom is in the mean time parading the streets with a shouting mob after him, or sitting in his house with the same shouting mob in front of him, yelling out vociferous congratulations, blowing horns, beating drums, and, in fact, letting their African nature have its full sway.

In this country, the people have a very ingenious method of counteracting the effects of the rain storms, which come on suddenly, discharge the water as if it were poured from buckets, and then pass on. On account of the high temperature, the rain soon evaporates, so that even after one of these showers, though the surface of the ground is for the time converted into a marsh intersected with rivulets of running water, the sandy ground is quite dry at the depth of two feet or so.

As soon as the Bornuese perceive one of these storms approaching, they take off all their clothes, dig holes in the ground, bury the clothes, and cover them up carefully. The rain falls, and is simply a shower-bath over their naked bodies, and, as soon as the storm has passed over, they reopen the hole,

and put on their dry clothes. When they are preparing a resting-place at night, they take a similar precaution, digging deep

holes until they come to the dry sand, on which they make their beds.

THE KANEMBOOS.

If the reader will refer to the illustration on page 612, he will see that by the side of the Kanemboo warrior is his wife. The women are, like their husbands, dark and well-shaped. They are lively and brisk in their manners, and seem always ready for a laugh. Their clothing is nearly as limited as that of their husbands, but they take great pains in plaiting their hair into numerous little strings, which reach as far as the neck. The head is generally ornamented with a flat piece of tin or silver hanging from the hair. This custom is prevalent throughout the kingdom, and, indeed, the principal mode of detecting the particular tribe to which a woman belongs is to note the color and pattern of her scanty dress. Most of the Kanemboo women have a string of brass beads or of silver rings hanging upon each side of the face. In the latter case they mostly have also a flat circular piece of silver on their foreheads.

The architecture of the Kanemboos is very similar to that of the Kallrs of Southern Africa, the huts more resembling those of the Bechuana than the Zulu, Kosa, or Ponda tribes. They are compared to haystacks in appearance, and are made of reeds. Each house is situated in a neat enclosure made of the same reed, within which a goat or two, a cow, and some fowls are usually kept. The hut is divided into two portions, one being for the master and the other for the women. His bed is supported on a wooden framework and covered with the skins of wild animals. There is no window, and the place of a door is taken by a mat.

In this country, they subsist generally on fish, which they obtain from the great Lake Tchad in a very ingenious manner. The fisherman takes two large gourds, and connects them with a stout bamboo, just long enough to allow his body to pass easily between them. He then takes his nets, to the upper part of which are fastened floats made of cane, and to the lower edge are attached simple weights of sand tied up in leathern bags.

He launches the gourds, and, as he does so, sits astride the bamboo, so that one gourd is in front of him and the other behind. Having shot his nets, he makes a circuit round them, splashing the water so as to drive the fish against the meshes. When

he thinks that a sufficiency of fish has got into his net, he draws it up gently with one hand, while the other hand holds a short club, with which he kills each fish as its head is lifted above the water. The dead fish is then disengaged from the net, and flung into one of the gourds; and when they are so full that they can hold no more without running the risk of admitting water, the fisherman paddles to shore, lands his cargo, and goes off for another haul. He has no paddles but his hands, but they are efficient instruments, and propel him quite as fast as he cares to go.

The women have a very ingenious mode of catching fish, constituting themselves into a sort of net. Thirty or forty at a time go into the water, and wade up to their breasts. They then form in single file, and move gradually toward the muddy shore, which slopes very gradually, stamping and beating the water so as to make as much disturbance as possible. The terrified fishes retire before this formidable line, and at last are forced into water so shallow, that they can be scooped out by the hands and flung ashore.

The fish are cooked in a very simple manner. A fire is lighted; and when it has burnt up properly, each fish has a stick thrust down its throat. The other end of the stick is fixed into the ground close to the fire, and in a short time the fish is surrounded with a circle of fish, all with their heads downward and their tails in the air as if they were diving. They can be easily turned on the sticks, the tail affording an excellent leverage, and in a very short time they are thoroughly roasted.

The Kanemboos catch the large animals in pitfalls called "blaquas." These blaquas are laboriously and ingeniously made, and are often used to protect towns against the Tuaricks and other invaders, as well as to catch wild animals. The pits are very deep, and at the bottom are fixed six or seven perpendicular stakes, with sharpened points, and hardened by being partially charred. So formidable are they, that a Tuarick horse and his rider have been known to fall into one of them, and both to have been found dead, pierced through the body with the stakes.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE SHOOS, TIBBOOS, TUARICKS, BEGHARMIS, AND MUSGUESE.

THE SHOOA TRIBE—THEIR SKILL IN HORSEMANSHIP—A SHOOA BUFFALO-HUNT—CHASE OF THE ELEPHANT—TRACES OF THEIR ARABIC ORIGIN—SHOOA DANCES—APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE WOMEN—THE TIBBOO TRIBE—THEIR ACTIVITY—DRESS AND APPEARANCE OF BOTH SEXES—THEIR SKILL WITH THE SPEAR—TIBBOO DANCES—THEIR CITIES OF REFUGE—THE TUARICKS—THEIR THIEFISH CHARACTER AND GRAVE MANNERS—TUARICK SINGING—THE BEGHARMIS—LOCALITY OF THE PEOPLE—THE SULTAN AND HIS RETINUE—CURIOUS ARCHITECTURE—COSTUME AND WEAPONS OF THE LANCERS—WRESTLERS, BOXERS, AND DANCERS—THE MUSGU TRIBE—APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN—THE LIP ORNAMENT—A MUSGU CHIEF AND ATTENDANTS—A DISASTROUS BATTLE.

ONE of the most important of the many tribes which surround Lake Tchad is the Shooa tribe, which, like the Kanemboos, has been absorbed into the Bornuan kingdom. Their chief value is their soldierly nature, and, as they are splendid horsemen, they form the greater part of the cavalry. Arabs by descent, they preserve the Arabic language, and speak it nearly pure, only mixing with it certain words and phrases of Bornuan origin. They present a strong contrast to the pure Bornuese, who are peaceable, quiet, slow, and good-natured. They are absurdly timid, and, except in pursuing an already routed enemy, are useless in the field, running away when there is the least sign of danger.

The Shooas, on the contrary, are bold, active, energetic, and daring, passing a considerable part of their lives on horseback, and such admirable equestrians that man and horse look like one animal. They are mighty hunters, not being contented to dig pits and catch the animals that fall into them, but boldly chasing the fierce and dangerous buffaloes and killing them with the spear alone.

The Shooa hunter rides to the swampy grounds where the buffalo loves to wallow, and drives the animals upon the firm land. He then makes choice of one, and gives chase to it, getting on its off side and pressing it closely. His horse is trained to run side by side with the buffalo, and the rider then stands like a circus-rider upon the two

animals, one foot on his horse's back, and the other on that of the buffalo.

He then drives his spear through the shoulders of the buffalo toward the heart, and, if he has time, will fix another spear. He then drops on his horse, which leaps away from the wounded animal, so as to avoid the stroke of the horn which the buffalo is apt to give as it feels the pain of the wound. As a rule, the buffalo can run but a very short distance when thus injured, and, as soon as it staggers, the bold hunter dismounts, and gives the final stroke. Sometimes a badly-trained horse will be too eager, and press so far forward that the turn of the buffalo's head will wound it severely; but an old and experienced horse knows the danger as well as its rider, and just keeps itself far enough back to avoid the blow.

The Shooas chase the elephant in a similar manner, but, as the animal is so enormous, twenty or thirty hunters generally unite their forces, one always riding in front so as to draw the angry animal's attention, while the others follow it up, and inflict a series of wounds, under which it soon sinks. Sometimes, when the elephant is very active and savage, one of the hunters will dismount, and try to hamstring the animal, or will even creep under it and drive his spears into its belly.

It may be easily imagined that such hunters as these are likely to make good soldiers, and that the Bornuan sheikh was fully

justified in forming them into so large a contingent of his army.

Their constant practice in hunting the wild buffalo renders them bold and successful cattle managers. They are excellent drivers, and contrive to make whole herds of half-wild cattle obey them implicitly. In nothing is their skill shown so much as in forcing the cattle to cross the rivers in spite of their instinctive dread of the crocodiles that infest the water. One driver, or rather leader, enters the water first, dragging after him an ox by a cord tied to the ring through his nose. As soon as the timid cattle see that one of their number has ventured into the water, they are easily induced to follow its example, and whole herds of oxen and flocks of sheep are thus taken across in safety, the noise and splashing which they make frightening the crocodiles away. Even the women assist in cattle-driving, and not unfrequently the part of leader is taken by a woman.

As might be expected, the Shooas possess great numbers of cattle, and Major Denham calculated that this single tribe owned at least sixty thousand oxen, sheep, and goats, besides multitudes of horses. The Shooas, indeed, are the chief horsebreeders of the Soudan.

True to their origin, the Shooas have retained many of their Arabic characteristics. They build no houses, but live in tents, or rather movable huts, composed of a simple framework of sticks, covered either with leather or rush mats. They have, however, lost much of the nomad character of the Arabs, probably because the fertile soil permits their flocks to remain permanently in the same spot. They pitch their tents in a circle, each such circle representing a town, and having two openings or entrances for the cattle.

Even the governor or sultan of the largest settlement does not inhabit a house. The establishment of one of these potentates, who was visited by Dr. Oudney, consisted of a great quadrangular enclosure made of mats suspended on poles, within which were a number of small huts, or rather tents, with walls of the same materials, but with thatched roofs, and much like straw beehives in shape. The doorway, or opening of each tent, is always placed westward, because rain always comes from the east. The furniture of the tents is as simple as their architecture, and consists of a rude bed, some mats, and a few gourds and earthen jars. The dwelling of a man of rank is distinguished by an ostrich egg-shell.

Not only do they build no houses of their own, but they never inhabit those which others have built, and, though they have overcome many a district, they have never peopled or conquered towns. For the surrounding negro nations they have the supreme contempt, and yet, with strange

inconsistency, they are always tributary to one of the nations which they despise. Probably on this account, unless they are well offered, they do not care to fight even in the service of that nation which they serve; and although they are foremost when plunder seems within their reach, they are always apt to retire from the battle when it seems likely to go against them.

Their amusements consist principally of dances, one of which is very peculiar, and is performed exclusively by women. They advance by pairs at a time, and throw themselves into various attitudes, accompanied by the wild and rude music of the band. Suddenly they turn their backs on each other, stoop, and butt backward at each other, the object being to upset the adversary. "She who keeps her equilibrium and destroys that of her opponent is greeted with cheers and shouts, and is led out of the ring by two matrons, covering her face with her hands. They sometimes come together with such violence as to burst the belt of beads which all the women of rank wear round their bodies just above the hips, and showers of beads would fly in every direction. Some of these belts are twelve or sixteen inches wide, and cost fifteen or twenty dollars.

"Address, however, is often attended in these contests with better success than strength, and a well-managed feint exercised at the moment of the expected concussion, even when the weight of metal would be very unequal, often brings the more weighty tumbling to the ground, while the other is seen quietly seated on the spot where she had with great art and agility dropped herself. The Shooas are particularly happy in these feints, which were practised in different ways, either by suddenly stepping on one side, or by lying down."

The young girls are fond of skipping with a long rope, just as is practised in Europe. They display very great agility, which is not hindered by the presence of any garment. Major Denham once came on a party of girls amusing themselves in this manner, and enjoying the sport so thoroughly that nothing but the fear of losing dignity prevented him from joining them.

The manners of the Shooas are pleasing and gentle. They are a hospitable people, and give freely of the milk on which they almost entirely live, as is always the case with a pastoral tribe. Major Denham seems to have been particularly charmed with the manners of the Shooas, which he describes as peculiarly interesting and expressive. Even when bringing milk to their guests, the girls do so in a sort of punctilious way, each sitting down by the side of the bowl, and making a little ceremonious speech with her head wrapped in a mantle, which she afterward removes for the sake of freer conversation.

The Shooa women are remarkable for their beauty. Their color is a light ruddy copper, and they have fine open countenances, with aquiline noses and large eyes—all very remarkable among the negro tribes that surround them. The women are especially good-looking, and remind the observer of the gipsy women. Their dress (see engraving on page 631) consists of two wrappers, one round the waist and the other thrown over the shoulders. The latter is worn in different ways, sometimes like a shawl, sometimes tied under the arms so as to leave both shoulders bare, and some-

times thrown over one shoulder and under the other. On their feet they wear curious shoes without heels, but coming up the sides of the foot above the ankles. Their hair is dressed in rather a curious manner, being plaited into innumerable little tresses, which are first pressed tightly to the head, and then suddenly diverge.

Handsome as are the Shooa women, their beauty is held in great contempt by the negro tribes among which they live, and who naturally think that thick lips, flat noses, and black skins constitute the only real beauty in man or woman.

THE TIBBOOS.

ALLIED, in all probability, to the Shooas are the Tibboos.

They are a small and active race, and are admirable horsemen, always leaping on their horses at a single bound, aiding themselves with the shaft of a spear, which is used as a leaping-pole. Their saddles are of wood, lashed together with thongs of cowhide, and left open along the middle, so as to avoid galling the horse's back. They are well stuffed with camel's hair, and are comfortable enough when the rider is used to them. Both the girth and the stirrup leathers are of plaited leather, and the stirrups themselves are so small that they only admit of four toes. In fact, the Tibboo saddle is almost exactly like that of the Patagonian.

The men are very ugly, but the women are tolerably good-looking, and those who live in the country are better made and more active than those who live in the towns. The color is copper, but the noses are flat, and the mouth is very large, though without the thick lips of the negro.

Their dress is a tolerably large Soudan wrapper, folded round the body and tied on the left shoulder so as to leave the right side bare. It is, however, disposed in such a manner as to be a perfectly delicate as well as a graceful costume. A smaller wrapper is thrown over the head, and is drawn across the face or flung back at pleasure. The hair is dressed in triangular flaps, which fall on either side of the face; and they wear necklaces of amber, which they prize very highly, and bits of red coral in their noses. They invariably carry something by way of a sun-screen, such as a bunch of ostrich-feathers, a tuft of long grass, or even a leafy bough.

Ugly as the men are, they are exceedingly vain of their personal appearance; and on one occasion, when Major Denham had lent a Tibboo chief a small looking-glass, the man spent several hours in contemplating his own features, bursting every now and then into loud ejaculations of joy at his own beauty, and sometimes leaping in the air in the extremity of his delight.

They contrive to make their naturally ugly faces still less attractive by their inveterate habit of taking snuff, which they take both by the mouth and the nostrils, the latter becoming enormously extended by their habit of thrusting the snuff into their heads with their fingers. Their mouths are also distended by their custom of placing quantities of snuff between the lips and gums.

The dress of the Tibboos is generally a single tunic, or shirt. Close garments would only embarrass them by affording a lodgement for the sand, which has the effect of irritating the skin greatly, and making almost intolerable sores. They have, however, a mode of alleviating the pain of such sores by shampooing them with fat, a process which is always conducted by the women. The only article of dress about which they seem to trouble themselves is the turban, which is worn high on the head, and the ends brought under the chin and across the face, so as to conceal all but the nose, eyes, and part of the forehead. The turban is dyed of a dark indigo blue, and is mostly decorated with a vast number of charms, sewed in little leathern cases.

Their horses, though small, are very handsome, and are quite strong enough to carry the light and active men who ride them. They are kept in admirable condition, and are fed almost entirely on camel's milk, which they take both fresh and when clotted. This diet suits them admirably, and the animals are in excellent condition.

The Tibboos stand in great dread of the Arabs, who plunder them unmercifully when they have the chance. They are better riders and better mounted than their foes; but they do not possess fire-arms, which they look upon with absolute terror. Major Denham remarks that "five or six of them will go round and round a tree where an Arab has laid down his gun for a minute, stepping on tiptoe, as if afraid of disturbing it; talking to each other in whispers, as if the gun could understand their exclamations; and, I

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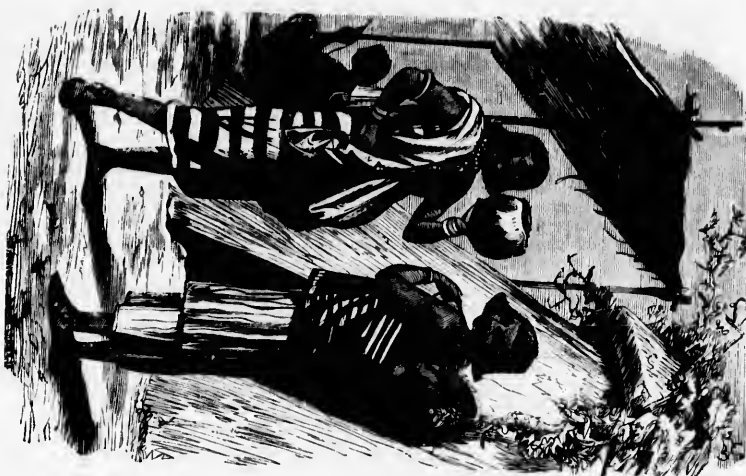
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(1.) SHOOA WOMEN.
(See page 630.)



(2.) TUARICKS AND TIBBOOS.
(See page 634.)



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dare say, praying to it not to do them any injury as fervently as ever Man Friday did to Robinson Crusoe's musket."

Though they have no guns, they are more formidable warriors than they seem to know, hurling the spear with deadly aim and wonderful force. In throwing it, they do not raise the hand higher than the shoulder; and, as it leaves the hand, they give it a twist with the fingers that makes it spin like a rifle bullet. The shaft is elastic, and, when the blade strikes the ground, the shaft bends nearly double. One young man threw his spear a good eighty yards; and, as each man carries two of these spears, it may be imagined that even the Arabs, with all their firearms, are not much more than a match for the Tibboos. They also carry the strange missile-sword which has already been mentioned. The warriors carry bows and arrows, as well as two daggers, one about eighteen inches long, stuck in the belt, and the other only six inches in length, and fastened to the arm by a ring. The Tibboos metaphorically term the long dagger their gun, and the short one their pistol.

The dances of the Tibboo women are not in the least like those of the Shooas. Dancing is among them one of the modes of greeting an honored guest; and when a man of rank approaches, the women meet him with dances and songs, just as Jephthah's daughter met her victorious father, and the women of Israel met David after he had killed Goliath.

Nor are these dances the slow, gliding movements with which we generally associate Oriental dances. The women display very great activity, and fling themselves about in an astonishing manner. They begin by swaying their heads, arms, and bodies from side to side, but gradually work themselves up to a great pitch of excitement, leaping in the air, gnashing their teeth, whirling their arms about, and seeming to be in a perfect frenzy.

Some of the Tibboo settlements, or villages, are ingeniously placed on the tops of rocks with almost perpendicular sides. The situation is an inconvenient one, but it is useful in warding off the attacks of the Tuaricks, who make raids upon the unfortunate Tibboos, sweep off all the cattle and other property that they can find, and carry away the inhabitants to be sold as slaves, sparing neither age nor sex. Consequently, as soon as the Tibboos have warning of the approach of their enemies, they take refuge on the top of the rock, carrying with them all their portable property, draw up the ladders by which they ascended, and abandon the cattle to the invaders.

Partly on this account, and partly from natural carelessness, the Tibboos are almost regardless of personal appearance, and even

their sultan, when he went to meet Major Denham, though he had donned in honor of his guests a new scarlet burnouse, wore it over a filthy checked shirt; and his cap and turban, which purported to be white, were nearly as black as the hair of the wearer.

One might have thought that the continual sufferings which they undergo at the hands of the Tuaricks would have taught the Tibboos kindness to their fellow creatures, whereas there are no people more reckless of inflicting pain. The Tibboo slave-dealers are notorious for the utter indifference to the sufferings of their captives whom they are conveying to the market, even though they lose many of them by their callous neglect. They often start on their journey with barely one quarter the proper amount of provisions or water, and then take their captives over wide deserts, where they fall from exhaustion, and are left to die. The skeletons of slaves strew the whole of the road. As the traveller passes along, he sometimes hears his horse's feet crashing among the dried and brittle bones of the dead. Even round the wells lie hundreds of skeletons, the remains of those who had reached the water, but had been too much exhausted to be revived by it. In that hot climate the skin of the dead person dries and shrivels under the sun like so much horn, and in many cases the features of the dead are preserved. Careless even of the pecuniary loss which they had suffered, the men who accompanied Major Denham only laughed when they recognized the faces of the shrivelled skeletons, and knocked them about with the butts of their weapons, laughing the while, and making jokes upon their present value in the market.

The Tibboos are, from their slight and active figures, good travellers, and are employed as couriers to take messages from Bornu to Moorzuk, a task which none but a Tibboo will undertake. Two are sent in company, and so dangerous is the journey, that they do not expect that both will return in safety. They are mounted on the swiftest dromedaries, and are furnished with parched corn, a little brass basin, a wooden bowl, some dried meat, and two skins of water. Not only do they have to undergo the ordinary perils of travel, such as the hot winds, the sand-storms, and the chance of perishing by thirst, but they also run great risk of being killed by Arab robbers, who would not dare to attack a caravan, but are glad of the opportunity of robbing defenceless travellers.

Such events do frequently occur, and the consequence is that the Tibboos and the Arabs are in perpetual feuds, each murdering one of the enemy whenever he gets a chance, and reckoning each man killed as a point on his own side.

THE TUARICKS.

We ought, before leaving the Tibboos, to give a few words to their enemies the Tuaricks. These are emphatically a nation of thieves, never working themselves, and gaining the whole of their subsistence by robbing those who do labor. They do not even plant or sow, and their whole education consists in the art of robbery, in the management of the dromedary, and the handling of the spear. They live in tents, which are something like those of the ordinary Bedouin Arabs, and have, like our gipsies, a supreme contempt for all who are so degraded as to live in houses and congregate in cities. In the engraving No. 2 on page 631, the artist has illustrated the characteristics of the Tuaricks and Tibboos.

Like the gipsies, the Tuaricks have their own language, into which they have only inserted occasional words of Arabic, and they have their own written alphabet, in which several letters are exactly the same as some of the Roman characters, though they do not express the same sounds, such as the H, the S, and the W. There are also the Greek ϵ and Δ , and the Hebrew Σ , while several letters are composed of dots grouped in various ways. These letters are either written from right to left, as the Arabic, or *vice versa*, as European languages, or perpendicularly, as the Chinese; and in their country almost every large stone is engraved with Tuarick characters. Yet they have no literature, and assert that no book exists in their language. In sound the Tuarick language is harsh, but it is expressive, and seems to be capable of strength.

In their manners the Tuaricks are grave and sedate, and before Denham and Clapperton visited them they were carefully lectured by the guide on their proper behavior, the demeanor of Captain Clapperton being considered too cheerful and humorous to suit the grave Tuaricks. This applies only to the men, the women being lively and amusing. They are very fond of singing, joining in little bands for the purpose, and continuing their songs until midnight. The men, however, never sing, considering the song to be essentially a feminine amusement, and, probably for the same reason, they are never heard to recite poetry like most Orientals. The women wear the usual striped blue and white dress, and they mostly carry earrings made of shells. Wives are conveniently valued at six camels each; and whether on account of their value, or whether from an innate courtesy, the men treat their wives with respect, and permit them a freedom of manner which denotes the admission of equality.

The depredations of the Tuaricks have

been mentioned when treating of the Tibboos, on whom the chief brunt of their attacks seems to fall. That they carry off all the cattle, and would seize even the Tibboos themselves for slaves, is a standing and reasonable grievance. But even the constant fear of these attacks does not seem to anger the Tibboos so much as the raids which the Tuaricks make on their salt-market. In the Tibboo country there are some large salt marshes, which are extremely valuable to the owners, salt being a marketable commodity, fetching a high price, indeed being itself used as a sort of currency; a cylinder of coarse brown salt, weighing eleven pounds, being worth four or five dollars. The purified salt, which they obtain in a beautifully clear and white state, is put into baskets, and brings a correspondingly high price.

Not choosing to take the trouble of procuring salt for themselves, the Tuaricks supply themselves as well as their market by robbing the Tibboos, and in one season these robbers carried off twenty thousand bags of salt, selling the greater part in the Soudan market. The Tibboos were particularly enraged at this proceeding. It was bad enough to have their property stolen, but it was still worse to take their remaining salt to the market, and then find that the price had fallen in consequence of the Tuaricks having filled the market with the twenty thousand bags which they had stolen, and which they could therefore afford to sell at a very low price.

Among these people medicine and surgery are necessarily at a very low ebb, shampooing and cauterizing being the chief remedies for almost every complaint. One man who was suffering from an enlarged spleen was advised to undergo the operation, and was laid on his back and firmly held down by five or six assistants. An iron was heated in the fire, and three spots burned on his side, just under the ribs. Each spot was about as large as a sixpence.

The iron was then replaced in the fire, and, while it was being heated, the assistants pinched him in the side with their thumbs, asking whether the pressure hurt him; and, as their hard thumbs bruised his flesh, he was obliged to admit that it did hurt him. So four more scars were made, close to the others. He was then burned on his face, and three large scars burned near the spine; and, by way of making the cure quite complete, a large burn was made on his neck, just above the collar-bone. The poor man endured the torture with great patience, and, when the operation was over, he drank a draught of water, and went on as usual with the camels.

THE BEGHARMIS.

WE now come to the curious Begharmi kingdom, between which and Bornu there rages a perpetual warfare. War was the ancient custom in 1824, when Denham and Clapperton visited the country, and many years afterward, when Dr. Barth travelled through the district, it was going on as fiercely as ever. Indeed, if they could, each kingdom would exterminate the other, and, even as it is, great loss of life takes place by the continual battles, in which no quarter is given, except to those prisoners who are to be qualified for the harem. Consequently, the wives of the Bornuan sultan are guarded by Begharmi eunuchs, and those of the Begharmi sultan by Bornuese.

Even the Bornuan sheikh had yielded to the prevailing custom, and maintained thirty of these unfortunate individuals. Major Deuham saw about a dozen of them shortly after their admission, and evidently showed pity by his countenance. The chief, seeing this, exclaimed, "Why, Christian, what signifies all this? They are only Begharmis! dogs! Kafirs! enemies! They ought to have been cut in four quarters alive; and now they will drink coffee, eat sugar, and live in a palace all their lives."

When Dr. Barth visited Begharmi, the sultan was absent on one of his warlike expeditions, and it was some time before he was allowed to proceed to Massena, the capital. At last he did so, and had an opportunity of seeing the sultan return after his expedition, in which he had been victorious. First rode the lieutenant-governor, surrounded by his horsemen, and next came another officer, behind whom was borne a long and peculiarly-formed spear, connected in some way with their religion. After him rode the commander-in-chief, and then the sultan himself, riding on a gray horse, wearing a yellow bernouse, and sheltered from the sun by two umbrellas, one green and one yellow, held over him by slaves. He was continually cooled by six slaves wielding long ostrich-feather fans, and having their right arms clothed in iron armor; and around him rode a few of the principal chiefs.

Then came the war camel, bearing the battle-drums, which were vigorously belabored by the drummer. Next came a long line of the sultan's wives, clothed in black; then the baggage, and then the soldiers. Prisoners are led in the triumphal procession, and are taken to the harem, where they are insulted by the inmates. The handsomest among them are selected for the service of the harem, and the remainder are put to death.

In this case the Begharmi sultan had been victorious; but in one battle witnessed by Major Denham the Bornuese won the day,

the sheikh having arranged his few firearms with such skill that the Begharmis, nearly five thousand strong, fell back in confusion, and were at once attacked by the Bornuan horse, who are ready enough to fight when the enemy seems to be running away. The slaughter was enormous, considering the number of the combatants. Of the two hundred Begharmi chiefs who came into the field, only one was said to have escaped, seven sons of the sultan were killed, together with some seventeen hundred soldiers, while many more were reported to have been murdered after the battle was over. They also lost nearly five hundred horses, and nearly two hundred women, who, according to the odd custom of the land, followed their lords to battle.

In the greater part of the country, as well as at Loggun, the houses are built in a very curious manner, being composed of cell within cell, like a nest of pill-boxes. This curious architecture is intended to keep out the flies, which at some seasons of the year swarm in such numbers that even the inhabitants dare not move out of their houses for several hours in the day. Major Denham would not believe the story until it was corroborated by the appearance of one of his men, who imprudently ventured into the open air, and came back with his eyes and head swollen up, and so bitten that he was laid up for three days.

The Begharmis, though they are always at war with the Bornuese, resemble them in so many points that a detailed description is not needed, and we will only glance at a few of their peculiarities.

As we have mentioned the constant warfare in which they are engaged, we will give a few words to the remarkable cavalry force which forms the chief strength of the Begharmi army. These men present a most remarkable appearance, as may be seen by reference to the illustration No. 1 on page 638. They carry a most curious spear, with a double head, something like a pitchfork with flattened prongs.

The most remarkable point is, however, the armor with which the Begharmi lancer is defended. It is made of quilted cloth or cotton, and is almost exactly identical with the quilted armor worn by the Chinese, and which caused the miserable deaths of so many soldiers by the cotton taking fire from the flash of their own muskets. The whole of the body and limbs of the rider are covered with this armor, while he wears on his head a helmet of the same material; and his horse is defended as well as himself. Although useless against fire-arms, the cotton quilting is proof against arrows, and is therefore useful in guarding the soldier against the poisoned weapons of his foes.

As this armor, though light, is very cumbersome, it is seldom worn except in actual combat, or when the general reviews his troops; and it may be doubted whether it is not such an impediment, both to horse and soldier, that the troops would be more efficient without it. Perhaps the confidence which it inspires is its chief use, after all. These men are always employed as heavy horse, to protect the van and guard the rear of the army, the archers being stationed just behind them, and shooting whenever they find a chance. The saddle is as awkward as the armor, rising both in front and behind to such a height that the soldier could hardly fall to the ground even if he were killed. In front it forms a sort of little table, on which the soldier can rest his bridle-arm, which might be fatigued with holding the reins and lifting the sleeve of the quilted coat.

The Begharmis may be almost reckoned as negroes, their skins being black, and their faces having much of the flatness and thickness of the negro. They are powerful and active men, and the sultans of other countries pride themselves on their trained Begharmi wrestlers, these men being chosen for their gigantic stature and well-knit muscles.

When two athletes contend, it is no child's play, the vanquished being sometimes killed on the spot, and frequently maimed for life. Their masters have a positive monomania on the subject, and urge on the wrestlers by loud cries, promising great rewards to the victor, and threatening the severest punishment to the vanquished. The great object of the wrestlers is to catch the opponent by the hips, and so to lift him off his feet and dash him to the ground. The master cares nothing for a wrestler who has been once conquered; and a man for whom his owner would refuse a couple of hundred dollars in the morning may be sold for a fiftieth of the sum before night.

Similar to these combats are the boxing-matches, in which the negroes from Haussa are thought to be the best that can be obtained. A spirited account of one of these matches is given by Major Denham:—

"Having heard a great deal of the boxers of Haussa, I was anxious to witness their performance. Accordingly I sent one of my servants last night to offer 2,000 whydah for a pugilistic exhibition in the morning. As the death of one of the combatants is almost certain before a battle is over, I expressly prohibited all fighting in earnest; for it would have been disgraceful, both to myself and my country, to hire men to kill one another for the gratification of idle curiosity.

"About half an hour after the 'massudub' were gone, the boxers arrived, attended by two drums and the whole body of butchers, who here compose 'the fancy.' A ring was soon formed by the master of the

ceremonies throwing dust on the spectators to make them stand back. The drummers entered the ring, and began to drum lustily. One of the boxers followed, quite naked, except a skin round the middle. He placed himself in an attitude as if to oppose an antagonist, and wrought his muscles into action, seemingly to find out that every sinew was in full power for the approaching combat; then, coming from time to time to the side of the ring, and presenting his right arm to the bystanders, he said, 'I am a hyæna'—'I am a lion'—'I am able to kill all that oppose me.' The spectators to whom he presented himself laid their hands on his shoulder, repeating, 'The blessing of God be upon thee'—'thou art a hyæna'—'thou art a lion.' He then abandoned the ring to another, who showed off in the same manner.

"The right arm and hand of the pugilists were then bound with narrow country cloth, beginning with a fold round the middle finger; when, the hand being first clenched with the thumb between the fore and mid fingers, the cloth was passed in many turns round the fist, the wrist, and the forearm.

"After about twenty had separately gone through their attitudes of defiance and appeals to the bystanders, they were next brought forward by pairs. If they happened to be friends, they laid their left breasts together twice, and exclaimed, 'We are lions'—'We are friends.' One then left the ring, and another was brought forward. If the two did not recognize one another as friends, the set-to immediately commenced.

"On taking their stations, the two pugilists first stood at some distance, parrying with the left hand open, and, whenever opportunity offered, striking with the right. They generally aimed at the pit of the stomach and under the ribs. Whenever they closed, one seized the other's head under his arm, and beat it with his fist, at the same time striking with his knee between his antagonist's thighs. In this position, with the head 'in chancery,' they are said sometimes to attempt to gouge or scoop out one of the eyes. When they break loose, they never fail to give a swinging blow with the heel under the ribs, or sometimes under the left ear. It is these blows that are so often fatal.

"The combatants were repeatedly separated by my orders, as they were beginning to lose their temper. When this spectacle was heard of, girls left their pitchers at the wells, the market-people threw down their baskets, and all ran to see the fight. The whole square before my house was crowded to excess. After six pairs had gone through several rounds, I ordered them, to their great satisfaction, the promised reward, and the multitude quietly dispersed."

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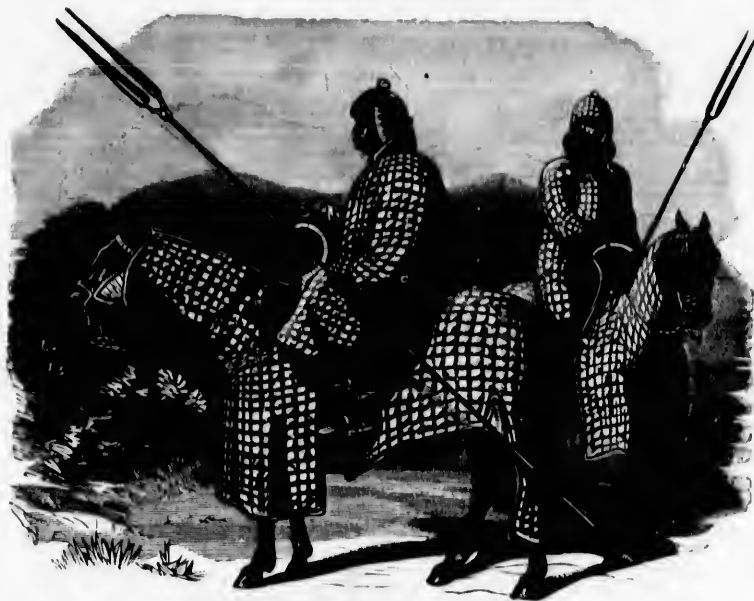
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1. BEGHARMI LANCERS. (See page 635.)



2. MUSGU CHIEF. (See page 639.)
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their movements being gentle and graceful. They make much use of their hands, sometimes crossing them on their breasts, sometimes clasping them together, and sometimes just pressing the tips of the fingers against those of the opposite hand. As they

dance, they sing in low and plaintive tones, swinging the body backward and forward, and bending the head from side to side, ending by sinking softly on the ground, and covering their faces.

MUSGU.

NEARLY, if not quite equal to the Begharimis in stature and strength are the Musgu tribe, which inhabit a district of Mandara. In consequence of their fine proportions, Musgu slaves are greatly valued by the surrounding nations, and are employed in various ways. The sultans and great chiefs are fond of having their male Musgu slaves as wrestlers; and next in interest to a match between two Begharimis is a contest between a Begharimi and a Musgu wrestler.

The female slaves are proportionately strong, but they are never purchased by the Fezzan traders, because they lack beauty of feature as much as they possess strength of muscle. Their faces are large and ugly, and they have a custom of wearing a silver ornament in the lower lip. This ornament is about as large as a shilling, and is worn exactly after the fashion of the "pelele," which has already been described and figured. In order to make room for this ugly appendage, the women knock out the two middle teeth of the lower jaw, and, in process of time, the lip is dragged down by the inserted metal, and has a very horrid and repulsive appearance. Their hair is dressed like that of the Bornu women, i.e. one large plait or roll from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and two others on each side.

They are very trustworthy, and are set to laborious tasks, from which weaker slaves would shrink. They do all the agricultural work,—digging the ground, planting the seed, and carrying home the crops. They also perform the office of watchers, by night as well as by day, and there is scarcely a year passes that one or two of these patient creatures are not carried off by the lions, who creep up to them under shelter of the corn, and then spring upon them.

The men are equally ugly. Only the chiefs wear any clothing, and even they are seldom clad in anything more than a goat-skin or leopard's hide, hung over the shoulders so as to bring the head of the animal on the wearer's breast. Their heads are covered with rather strange-looking caps, and their hair, as it straggles from under the caps, is thick and bristly. They wear on their arms large rings of bone or ivory, and round their necks hang trophies of their valor, being necklaces made of the strung teeth of slain enemies. They paint their bodies with red, and stain their teeth of the same color, so that they present a sin-

gularly wild and savage appearance. They are mounted on small but strong and active horses, which they ride without saddles and almost without bridles, a slight piece of cord being tied halter-wise round the animal's muzzle.

Their weapons consist mostly of the spear and the missile knives, similar to those which have been already described. The inferior men, though they are mounted, and carry the same weapons as the chief, wear no clothing except a leather girdle round the waist, and the same light attire is worn by the women. Though so liable to be enslaved themselves, they are great slave-dealers; and when they pay tribute to the sultan of Mandara, or wish to make a peace-offering, the greater part of it consists of slaves, both male and female.

In illustration No. 2, page 638, is seen a Musgu chief going to battle. He is one of the very great chiefs, as is shown from the fact that he wears a robe instead of a skin. In his right hand is a spear, and in his left a couple of the missile knives. Behind him ride his soldiers, naked men on naked horses. In the background is seen a party of women engaged in the water, with which element they are very familiar, and are not kept out of it by any fear of wetting their clothes. Near them is one of the mound-like tombs under which a dead chief has been buried—the Musguese being almost the only African tribe who erect such a monument.

The huts are seen a little farther back, and near them are two of the remarkable granaries, covered with projecting ornaments, and mostly kept so well filled that marauders are nearly as anxious to sack the granaries as to steal the people. On the branches of the trees is a quantity of grass which has been hung there to dry in the sun, and to be used as hay for the horses.

When Major Denham was near the Musgu territory, he was told that these strange and wild-looking people were Christians. He said that they could not be so, because they had just begged of him the carcass of a horse which had died during the night, and were at that time busily employed in eating it. The man, however, adhered to his opinion, saying that, although he certainly never had heard that Christians ate horse-flesh, they did eat swine's flesh, and that was infinitely more disgusting.

These people were unwittingly the cause of great loss to the Bornuese and Mandaras. The Arabs who had accompanied Denham and Clapperton from Tripoli were very anxious, before returning home, to make a raid on their own account, and bring back a number of Musgu slaves. The sheikh of Bornu thought that this would be a good opportunity of utilizing the fire-arms of the Arabs against the warlike and unyielding Fellatahs, and sent them off together with three thousand of his own troops.

As had been anticipated, when they reached Mandara, the sultan would not allow them to attack Musgu, which he looked upon as his own particular slave-preserve, but added some of his own troops to those of the Bornuan sheikh, and sent them to capture as many Fellatahs as they liked, doing them the honor of accompanying the expedition in person. It is also evident that both the sultan and the sheikh disliked as well as feared the Arabs, and were very willing to turn to account the terrible weapons which they carried, and by means of which they had made themselves so overbearing and disagreeable.

When they reached the first Fellatah town and attacked it, they found it to be strongly defended with *chevaux de frise* of sharpened stakes six feet in height, behind which were stationed their archers, who poured showers of poisoned arrows on the invaders. The Arabs, after a struggle, carried the fence and pursued the Fellatahs up the hill. Here they were received with more arrows, brought to the archers by the women, and with stones rolled down the hill. Had the Bornu and Mandara soldiers pushed forward, the whole town must have been taken, instead of which they prudently kept out of range of the poisoned arrows. The Fellatahs, seeing their cowardice, then assumed the offensive, whereupon the Bornu and Mandara soldiers at once ran away, headed by the sultan, who would have laid claim to the town had the Arabs taken it. The whole force was routed with great loss, the Bornu leader—a truly brave man—was killed with a poisoned arrow, and Major Denham was severely wounded, stripped of all his clothes, and barely escaped with his life.

CHAPTER LXIV.

ABYSSINIA.

ABYSSINIA, THE LAND OF MYSTERY—ORIGIN OF THE NAME—THE KINGDOM OF PRESTER JOHN—THE THREE ABYSSINIAN DISTRICTS OR KINGDOMS—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE ABYSSINIANS—DRESS OF THE MEN—THE QUARRY AND THE TROUSERS—GOING TO BED—THE DINO AND ITS FASHIONS—MEN'S ORNAMENTS—HOW THE JEWELLER IS PAID—WEAPONS OF THE ABYSSINIANS—THE SWORD OR SHOTEL, AND ITS SINGULAR FORM AND USES—THE SPEAR AND MOLE OF KEEPING IT IN ORDER—THE SHIELD AND ITS ORNAMENTS—APPEARANCE OF A MOUNTED CHIEF—SWORDSMANSHIP—THE ABYSSINIAN AS A SOLDIER—DRESS AND APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN—THEIR ORNAMENTS—TATTOOING—MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR—THE ABYSSINIAN PILLOW.

ABYSSINIA is one of the most wonderful nations on the face of the earth. It was long a land of mystery, in which the unicorn and the lion held their deadly combats, in which dragons flapped their scaly wings through the air, in which the mountains were of gold and the river-beds paved with diamonds, and, greatest marvel of all, in which Prester John, the priest and king, held his court, a Christian Solomon of the Middle Ages.

In this last tale there was this amount of truth, that a Christian Church existed in Abyssinia—a Church of extreme antiquity, which has remained to the present day, having accommodated itself in a most remarkable manner to the race-characteristics of the people. Setting aside the interest which has been excited in Abyssinia by the successful march of a British force to the military capital, Abyssinia deserves description in this volume. At first sight it would appear that a Christian country would find no place in a work which has nothing to do with civilization; but, as we proceed with the account, we shall find that Christianity in Abyssinia has done scarcely anything to civilize the nation, as we understand the word, and, instead of extirpating the savage customs of the people, has in a strange manner existed alongside of them, if such a term may be used.

It is my purpose in the following pages to give a succinct description of the uncivil-

ized manners and customs of the Abyssinians, together with a brief account of that peculiar system of Christianity which could survive for nearly fifteen hundred years, and yet leave the people in a scarcely better moral state than if they had never heard the name of Christ.

LIKE many other large communities, the great Abyssinian nation is composed of several elements, differing as much from each other as the Scotch, the Irish, the Welsh, and the other mixed races who together form the English nation. In Abyssinia, however, these different elements have not fused themselves so much together as is the case with this kingdom, and each principality is independent, having its own ruler and its own laws.

That such a state of things is injurious to the interests of the kingdom is evident to all students of history, and we find that every great ruler has attempted to unite them under one head. The peculiar character of the Africans is, however, strong in these people; and as soon as the strong hand that held them together is removed, they fly asunder, and resume their individuality. To the Abyssinian kingdom may be well applied the familiar epigram of a "concurrency of antagonistic atoms."

Their native name, "Habash," of which our word Abyssinia is a corruption, signifies "mixture," and is exceedingly appropriate

to them. Among the many mixtures which compose the Abyssinian nation, the natives reckon a considerable Jewish element. They say that the Sheba of Scripture was Abyssinia, and that their queen went to visit Solomon for the express purpose of introducing the blood of so eminent a sovereign into the royal succession of Abyssinia. She waited till she had borne a son, and through that son the successive kings of Abyssinia believe themselves to be lineal descendants of Solomon. Whether this story be true or not, it is thoroughly in consonance with the very lax morality of Abyssinian females. When the queen returned to her own country, she was followed by a number of Jews, and they say that at the time of the destruction of the Temple, and the captivity, a great multitude of fugitives followed their compatriots, and took refuge in Abyssinia.

Numbers of Greeks and Portuguese have at different times taken up their residence in Abyssinia, and, like the immigrant Jews, been absorbed into the country, so that the native name of Habash is seen to be well deserved.

Three of the districts or sub-kingdoms have the best claim to the title of Abyssinia, and are inhabited by Christians of that peculiar kind to which allusion has just been made. The first is the Tigré (pronounced Teegray) country, which takes its name as a province from a small district to which this name belongs. It extends to the Red Sea on the east, and to the Taccazy River on the west, and has a rather uncertain range between lat. 15° and 12° N. It is divided from Nubia by a number of independent tribes, while some of the Gallas and other tribes are on its northern boundary.

Westward of the Taccazy lies the second kingdom or province, called Amhara, in the middle of which is situated the city of Gondar; and the third is Shoon, which lies southward of Tigré and Amhara, and, strangely enough, is separated from them by Gallas and other tribes.

Of these three districts, Tigré seems to afford the best characteristic of the Abyssinians, and therefore the chief part of the account will be devoted to the Tigréans. Among these people Mr. Mansfield Parkyns lived for a considerable time, and to him we are indebted for the greater part of our information concerning this remarkable nation.

As a rule, the Abyssinians are of moderate stature, rather below than above the English average. Mr. Parkyns saw one or two men who attained the height of six feet two inches, but remarks that such examples were very rare.

As is often the case with Africans, the complexion is exceedingly variable, sometimes being of a very pale coppery brown, and sometimes almost as dark as the negro. This variation, which is often the effect of locality, is attributed by Mr. Parkyns to the

mixture of races. As, moreover, marriages are of the loosest description in Abyssinia, Christian though it be, a man may be often seen with a number of children by different wives, all unlike each other in point of complexion; a brother and sister, for example, being totally dissimilar, one short and black as a negro, and the other tall and fair as an European.

The negro element seems to expend itself chiefly in color, the peculiarity of the negro form having been nearly obliterated by continual mixture with other races. Now and then the negro conformation of leg shows itself, but even this evidence is rather uncommon.

The women of the higher class are remarkable for their beauty, not only of feature but of form, and possess singularly small and pretty hands and feet, all of which beauties their style of dress exhibits freely. Their features are almost of the European type, and the eyes are exceedingly large and beautiful—so large, indeed, that an exact drawing would have the appearance of exaggeration to persons who are unaccustomed to them. It is said, indeed, that the only women who can be compared with the Abyssinians are the French half-caste of the Mauritius. The engraving No. 2 on the next page will give a good idea of the features and general appearance of the Abyssinians.

Beginning at the top, we have first a profile view of a woman's head, to show the elaborate way in which the hair is plaited and arranged. Next comes a front view of a head, showing the appearance of the hair as it is teased and combed out before plaiting. The third figure gives a view of the head and bust of a lady of rank. This is drawn to show another mode of arranging the hair, as well as the elaborate tattoo with which the women love to decorate every inch of the body and limbs from the neck to the tips of the fingers and toes.

Below are the portraits of two men. One, a priest, has covered his shaven head with a white turban, the mark of the priesthood among the Abyssinians, among whom the laity wear no head covering save their highly-decorated and well-greased locks. The second portrait is the profile view of a man, and gives a good idea of the cast of countenance. The reader may scarcely believe that the Abyssinians have been cited by a certain school of philanthropists as examples of the intellectual capability of the negro.

Next to the personal appearance of the Abyssinians comes their dress. Varying slightly in different parts of the country, and changing in some of its details according to the fashion of the day, the dress of the Abyssinians is essentially the same throughout the kingdom. The principal articles of dress are trousers, and a large mantle or "quarry."

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(1.) DINNER PARTY. (See page 650.)



(2.) ABYSSINIAN HEADS. (See page 642.)

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The trousers are of soft cotton, and of two kinds, the one descending some three inches below the knee, and the other terminating the same distance above it. The trousers are very tight, and an Abyssinian dandy will wear them of so very close a fit that to get them on is nearly an hour's work.

Round the waist is rolled the sash or belt, about one yard in width. This is also of cotton, and varies in length according to the fineness of the material. A common belt will be about fifteen yards in length, but a very fine one, which only contains the same amount of material, will be from fifty to sixty yards long. From thirty to forty yards is the ordinary length for an Abyssinian gentleman's belt. It is put on by holding the end with one hand to the side, and getting a friend to spread it with his hands, while the wearer turns round and round, and so winds himself up in the belt, just as our officers did when the long silk sashes were worn round the waist.

These belts are not only useful in preserving health, but act as defensive armor in a country where all the men are armed, and where they are apt to quarrel terribly as soon as they are excited by drink. Even in war time, the belt often protects the wearer from a blow which he has only partially guarded with his shield.

Like the trousers and belt, the mantle or "quarry" is made of cotton, and is very fine and soft. It is made in a rather curious manner. The ordinary quarry consists of three pieces of cotton cloth, each fifteen feet long by three wide, and having at each end a red stripe, some five or six inches in width. These are put together after a rather curious and complicated manner. "One is first taken and doubled carefully, so that the red stripes of each end come exactly together. A second piece is then taken, and also folded, but inside out, and one half of it laid under and the other half over the first piece, so that the four red borders now come together. One edge of this quadruple cloth is then sewed from top to bottom, and the last-mentioned piece is turned back, so that the two together form one double cloth of two breadths. The third piece is now added in a similar manner, the whole forming a 'quarry' which, lest any reader should have got confused with the above description, is a white double cloth, with a red border near the bottom only." A completed quarry is seven feet six inches long, by nine feet wide. The quarries are seldom washed more than once a year, and, in consequence of the abundant grease used in the Abyssinian toilet, they become horribly dirty. The natives, however, rather admire this appearance. An Abyssinian dandy despises a clean quarry, and would no more wash his mantle than a fashionable lady would bleach a piece of old lace.

There are different qualities of quarry, the best being made of materials so fine that six pieces are required, and it is folded four times double. The colored stripe at the edge is of red, yellow, and blue silk, neatly worked together. It is worn in various modes, the most usual resembling that in which a Highlander wears his plaid, so as to leave the right arm at liberty.

The quarry forms the sleeping costume of the Abyssinians, who take off their trousers, and roll themselves up so completely in their mantles that they cover up their entire bodies, limbs, and heads. When they arrange themselves for the night, they contrive to remove their trousers, and even their belts, without exposing themselves in the least; and when we remember the extreme tightness of the former article of dress, and the inordinate length of the latter, it is a matter of some surprise that the feat should be accomplished so cleverly.

Married persons pack themselves up in a similar manner, but in pairs, their mantles forming a covering for the two. It is very curious to see how they manage to perform this seemingly impossible task. They seat themselves side by side, the man on the woman's right hand, and place the short end of the quarry under them. The long end is then thrown over their heads, and under its shelter the garments are removed. The quarry is rolled tightly round the couple, and they are ready for repose.

So large a mantle is, of course, inconvenient on a windy day, and in battle would be a fatal encumbrance. On the former occasion it is confined to the body by a short, cape-like garment called the "dino" or "lemd," and in war the quarry is laid aside, and the dino substituted for it. The dino is often a very elaborate garment, made of cloth, velvet, or, more frequently, the skin of some animal, cut in a peculiar manner so as to leave eight strips pendent from the lower edge by way of a fringe.

The skins of the lion and black leopard are most esteemed, and are only worn on gala days by chiefs and very great warriors. They are lined with scarlet cloth, and are fitted with a number of amulets which appear in front of the breast. A dino made of the black-maned lion skin will often be valued at eight or ten pounds, while a common one will scarcely cost one-tenth of that amount. A very favorite skin is that of the unborn calf, which takes a soft lustre like that of velvet, and accordingly can only be worn by dandies who are rich enough to purchase it, or kill a cow for the sake of this skin. An ordinary calf-skin is contemned, and would only be worn by a man of the lowest class. A peculiar kind of sheep is kept by the Abyssinians for the sake of its wool, which is sometimes more than two feet in length.

The sheep lead a very artificial life, are

kept day and night on couches, are fed with meat and milk, and their fleeces washed and combed regularly as if they were ladies' lap-dogs. The result of this treatment is, that they have beautiful fleeces, which are worth from twenty to thirty shillings each, but their flesh is utterly useless for consumption, being very small in quantity, and offensive in quality. The fleeces are generally dyed black, that being a fashionable color in Abyssinia.

The skin of the hyæna or the dog is never used for clothing, and the natives have a superstitious fear of the red jackal, thinking that if they should be wounded while wearing a dino of jackal skin, one of the hairs might enter the wound, and so prove fatal to the sufferer. The leopard skin is never worn by ordinary Abyssinians, being exclusively used by the Gallas and Shooas, and by a certain set of dervishes called the Za-châri.

Contrary to the habit of most African nations, the men wear but few ornaments, those which they employ being almost always signs of valor. Amulets are found on almost every man, and many of them wear whole strings of these sacred articles, crossed over the shoulders and falling as low as the knees. Most Abyssinians carry a pair of tweezers for extracting thorns from the feet and legs, and the wealthier among them place their tweezers in a highly ornamented silver case, which is hung from the handle of the sword.

Whenever an Abyssinian is seen wearing a silver chain, he is known to have killed an elephant, while those who have distinguished themselves in battle are known by a sort of silver bracelet, which extends from the wrist nearly as far as the elbow. It opens longitudinally by hinges, and is fastened with a clasp. This ornament is called the "bitoa," and is often very elegantly engraved, and adorned with gilded patterns. The silversmiths who make these and similar articles are rather oddly treated. They are considered as slaves, are not allowed to leave the country, and yet are treated with considerable kindness, save and except the payment for their labor.

Consequently, the silversmith, finding that he has to wait a very long time for his money, and probably will not get it at all, is forced to pay himself by embezzling a quantity of the gold and silver which are given him for the manufacture of the bracelet, and substituting an equal amount of less precious metal. Mr. Parkyns mentions that he has known a man to receive silver equal to thirty sequins, and to use in the work rather less than eight. Many of these bracelets are ornamented with little bell-like pieces of silver round the edge, which tinkle and clash as the wearer moves. Similar bells are attached to a sort of silver coronet worn by very great men, and, together with the

silver chains to which they are attached, hang over the ears and neck of the wearer.

As to the weapons of the Abyssinians, they consist chiefly of the sword, spear, and shield. In later days fire-arms have been introduced, but, as this work treats only of the uncivilized part of mankind, these weapons will not be reckoned in the Abyssinian armory.

The sword, or "Shotel," is a very oddly-shaped weapon. The blade is nearly straight for some two feet, and then turns suddenly like a sickle, but with a more angular bend. The edge is on the inside, and this peculiar form is intended for striking downward over the enemy's shield. In order to give weight to the blow, the blade is much wider and heavier toward the point than at the hilt. As if this form of blade did not make the sword feeble enough, the hilt is so constructed that it prevents all play of the wrist. The handle is made of a pyramidal piece of rhinoceros horn, five inches wide at one end, and three at the other. It is made into the proper shape for a handle by cutting out semicircular pieces along the sides, leaving the four sharp corners in their previous form. When the sword is grasped, one of the four angles must come under the wrist, so that if the weapon were allowed to play freely, as in ordinary swordsmanship, the point would be driven into the wrist.

As with the natives of Southern Africa, the Abyssinians prefer soft iron to tempered steel, the former admitting of being straightened when bent, but the latter being apt to snap. The sword is always hung on the right side, in order to be out of the way of the shield, especially when, as in travelling, it is swung backward and forward with the play of the left arm.

The sheath of the sword is made of leather or red morocco, and is ornamented by the great men with a number of silver plates. At the end of the sheath is a metal ball, called "lomita." This curious ornament is mostly of silver, and is almost as large as a billiard ball. The sword-belt is of the same material as the scabbard.

The spear is from six to seven feet in length, and the head is squared like that of a pike. The four sides are mostly grooved, so that the head of the weapon looks something like a quadrangular bayonet. This spear is used both as a lance and as a javelin, a good soldier being able to strike a man at thirty or forty yards' distance. The cavalry always carry two spears, one of which is thrown, and the other retained to be used as a lance. They have rather a curious mode of using the lance, aiming it at the adversary as if they meant to throw it, but only letting the shaft slip through the hand, and catching it by the butt.

The shafts of the spears are very neatly made, and much pains are bestowed upon

them. They are made of very young trees, which are cleared of the bark by fire, and are then straightened and dried. This operation requires a very skilful manipulator, as, if the wood be too much dried, it is brittle and snaps; if irregularly heated, it never will remain straight; and if not dried sufficiently, it warps with every change of weather. When properly straightened, the shafts are greased and hung over the fire for several months, until they assume the proper reddish-yellow hue.

When not in use, each lance is kept in a sheath, to the top of which is fastened a loop by which it can be hung to the end of the cow's horn which does duty for a peg in Abyssinian houses, and which is just long enough to allow the lance to hang straight without touching the wall.

The Abyssinian shield is made of buffalo hide, and is strong enough to resist any sword cut, and to throw off a spear if received obliquely upon it. If, however, a good spear should strike the shield fairly, it will pierce it. In order to preserve the needful obliquity, the shield is made like the segment of a sphere, and has a projecting boss in the centre. The shield is almost always ornamented, the most valued decorations being the mane, tail, and paw of a lion, arranged in various ways according to the taste of the owner. To some shields is attached the skin of the Guereza monkey, which, with its bold contrast of long jetty-black and snowy-white hair, has really a striking and artistic effect. This, however, is always discarded when the native kills a lion.

Chiefs always have their shields nearly covered with silver plates and bosses, a fashion which is imitated in brass by the poorer soldiers. Still, if a common soldier had a good shield, he would not hide its beauties with brass plates. A chief is distinguished not only by his silver-mounted shield, but by his silver-plated sword-scabbard. On his head he wears a silver frontlet, called "akodamir," having silver chains hanging from it, and a white feather stuck in the hair behind the frontlet. If a man of notable courage, he also wears the lion-skin dingo.

Round the edge of the shield are pierced a number of holes, through which is passed the thong that suspends it to the wall when not in use. Each day, as it hangs on the wall, the owner takes it down and shifts the thong from one hole to another, so that the shield may not be warped, and lose its prized roundness. The shield must swing quite clear of the wall.

To a good swordsman the shield would be an encumbrance, and not a means of safety. On account of the necessity of holding out the shield with the left arm, the sword becomes of little value as an offensive weapon, the owner not daring to strike lest he should expose himself to a counter blow.

Whereas he who, like Fitz-James, finds his "blade both sword and shield," makes very light of an Abyssinian warrior's prowess. Mr. Parkyns says on this subject, that any ordinary swordsman, without a shield, can easily beat the best Abyssinian armed with sword and shield also. The best mode of fighting the Abyssinian warrior is to make a feint at his head. Up goes his heavy shield, which certainly guards his head, but prevents the owner from seeing that his adversary is making a sweeping cut at his legs. Should the cut 5 or 6 feet, make another feint at the head, and follow it up with a real blow. Anticipating a feint, the Abyssinian lowers his shield to protect his legs, and, as he does so, receives the edge of the sword full on his unprotected crown.

Although he is well armed, looks very fierce, and is of a quarrelsome disposition, the Abyssinian soldier is not remarkable for courage, and prefers boasting to fighting. He never seems to enter the battle with the idea of merely killing or routing the enemy, but is always looking out for trophies for himself. As with many nations, and as was the case with the Israelites in the earlier times, the Abyssinian mutilates a fallen enemy, and carries off a portion of his body as a trophy, which he can exhibit before his chief, and on which he can found a reputation for valor for the rest of his life.

So much do the Abyssinians prize this savage trophy that, just as American Indians have feigned death and submitted to the loss of their scalps without giving the least sign of life, men wounded in battle have suffered an even more cruel mutilation, and survived the injury. An Abyssinian has even been known to kill a comrade in order to secure this valued trophy, when he has been unable, either from mischance or want of courage, to kill an enemy.

WE come now to the women and their dress.

Young girls are costumed in the simplest possible style, namely, a piece of cotton stuff wrapped round the waist, and descending half way to the knee. Should the girl be rich enough to afford a large wrapper, she brings one end of it upward and throws it over the left shoulder. In Tigre the girls prefer a black goatskin, ornamented with cowries. A married woman wears a sort of loose shirt, and a mantle, or quarry, similar to that which is worn by the men, but of finer materials. Should she be able to own a mule, she wears trousers, which are very full at the waist, and decrease gradually to the ankle, where they fit like the skin.

As to their ornaments, they are so numerous as to defy description. That which costs the least, and is yet the most valued, is the tattoo, which is employed with a profusion worthy of the New Zealander. "The Tigrean ladies," so writes Mr. Par-

kyns, "tattoo themselves; though, as this mode of adorning the person is not common excepting among the inhabitants of the capital and persons who have passed some time there, I should judge it to be a fashion imported from the Amhara.

"The men seldom tattoo more than one ornament on the upper part of the arm, near the shoulder, while the women cover nearly the whole of their bodies with stars, lines, and crosses, often rather tastefully arranged. I may well say nearly the whole of their persons, for they mark the neck, shoulders, breasts, and arms, down to the fingers, which are enriched with lines, to imitate rings, nearly to the nails. The feet, ankles, and calves of the legs are similarly adorned, and even the gums are by some pricked entirely blue, while others have them striped alternately blue and the natural pink.

"To see some of their designs, one would give them credit for some skill in the handling their pencil; but, in fact, their system of drawing the pattern is purely mechanical. I had one arm adorned; a rather blind old woman was the artist; her implements consisted of a small pot of some sort of blacking, made, she told me, of charred herbs, a large home-made iron pin, about one-fourth of an inch at the end of which was ground fine, a bit or two of hollow cane, and a piece of straw. The two last-named items were her substitutes for pencils.

"Her circles were made by dipping the end of a piece of cane of the required size into the blacking, and making its impression on the skin; while an end of the straw, bent to the proper length, and likewise blackened, marked all the lines, squares, diamonds, &c., which were to be of equal length. Her design being thus completed, she worked away on it with her pin, which she dug in as far as the thin part would enter, keeping the supply of blacking sufficient, and going over the same ground repeatedly to insure regularity and unity in the lines. With some persons the first effect of this tattooing is to produce a considerable amount of fever, from the irritation caused by the punctures, especially so with the ladies, from the extent of surface thus rendered sore. To allay this irritation, they are generally obliged to remain for a few days in a case of vegetable matter, which is plastered all over them in the form of a sort of green poultice. A scab forms over the tattooing, which should not be picked off, but allowed to fall off of itself. When this disappears, the operation is complete, and the marks are indelible; nay, more, the Abyssinians declare that they may be traced on the person's bones even after death has bared them of their fleshy covering."

The women also wear a vast number of silver ornaments, such as several chains round the neck, three pairs of silver or gilt bracelets, a number of little silver orna-

ments hung like bells to the ankles, above which are a series of bangles of the same metal. A wealthy woman has also a large flat silver case, containing talismans, and ornamented with bells of the same metal, suspended by four silver chains; while her hair is decorated with a large silver pin, elaborately made, and furnished with a number of pendent ornaments.

The illustration No. 1, 617th page, exhibits the costume of an Abyssinian lady, and the difference in dress between herself and her servants. The latter—who, of course, are her slaves, no other idea of servitude entering the Abyssinian mind—are washing clothes in a brook, in preparation for the Feast of St. John, the only day in the year when the Abyssinians trouble themselves to wash either their clothes or themselves. Other slaves are carrying water-jars on their backs—not on their heads; and in the foreground stands their mistress giving her orders. The reader will note the graceful way in which the mantle is put on, and the string of leathern amulet cases which hangs by her side.

As to the hair itself, it is dressed in a peculiar manner. It is gathered into a multitude of plaits, beginning at the very top of the head, and falling as low as the neck. Both sexes have the hair plaited in this manner, but the men wear their plaits in various ways. According to strict Abyssinian etiquette, which has greatly faded in later years, a youth who has not distinguished himself ought to wear his hair unplaited. As soon as he has killed a man in battle, he shaves his head, with the exception of a single plait, and for every additional victim a fresh plait is added. When he kills the fifth, he is allowed to wear the whole of his hair in tresses.

This mode of dressing the hair occupies a vast amount of time, but time is of no value to an Abyssinian, who expends several hours upon his head once every fortnight or so. The plaits are held in their places by a sort of fixture made of boiled cotton-seeds, and are plentifully saturated with butter. Vast quantities of this latter article are consumed in Abyssinian toilets, and it is considered a mark of fashion to place a large pat of butter on the top of the head before going out in the morning, and to allow it to be melted by the heat of the sun and run over the hair. Of course it drips from the ends of the long tresses on the neck and clothes of the wearer, but such stains are considered as marks of wealth. Sometimes it runs over the face, and is apt to get into the eyes, so that in hot weather the corner of the quarry is largely used in wiping away the trickling butter.

In order to preserve the arrangement of the hair during the night, they use instead of a pillow a sort of short crutch, looking very like a common scraper with a rounded top.

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CHAPTER LXV.

ABYSSINIA—*Continued.*

GOVERNMENT OF ABYSSINIA—THE EMPEROR AND HIS OENEALOGY—THE THREE DISTRICTS AND THEIR RULERS—THE MINOR CHIEFS AND THEIR DISTINGUISHING EMBLEMS—KING THEODORE—A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—CAREER FROM THE RANKS TO THE THRONE—HIS ATTEMPTS AT REFORM—ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE—A MODERN SOLOMON—MODES OF PUNISHMENT—THE LADIES' GAME—ABYSSINIAN PLEADING—THE TRIAL BY WAGER—QUARRELSOME CHARACTER OF THE ABYSSINIANS—THEIR VANITY AND BOASTFULNESS—THE LAW OF DEBT—HOSPITALITY AND ITS DUTIES—COOKERY AND MODES OF EATING—THE RAW FLESH FEAST—PEPPER SAUCE—THE USE OF THE SHOTEL—A WEDDING FEAST—ABYSSINIAN DIGESTION.

THE government of the Abyssinians has varied several times, but has mostly settled down into a sort of divided monarchy.

There is an Emperor, supreme king, or Negust, who must be a lineal descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and who must be crowned by the high priest or Abuna, an ecclesiastic who corresponds very nearly with the Greek Patriarch. Mostly, the king holds but nominal sway over the fierce and insubordinate chiefs of provinces, and, as is likely, the fiercest, cleverest, and most unscrupulous chief generally contrives to manage the king much as he likes. Should the king be strong-minded enough to hold his own opinions, the chiefs become dissatisfied, and by degrees fall into a state of chronic rebellion, as was the case during the last years of Theodore's life.

Each of the great districts has its own Ras, chief, or prince, according to the title that may be used, and his authority is absolute in his own province. The Ras appoints under him a number of great chiefs, who bear the title of Dejasmach (commonly contracted into Dejatch), corresponding in some degree with our ducal rank. Under these great chiefs are lesser officers, and each of them is appointed by beat of the great drum of ceremony and proclamation by the heralds. Men so appointed have the privilege of drums beating before them on a march or in battle, and their rank, that of "addy

negarie," or men of honor, confers the same practical power as that of Dejasmach, the title alone being wanting.

It may be as well to mention that the late King Theodore held the title of Dejasmach before he had himself named King of Ethiopia; and as the history of this remarkable man gives some idea of the Abyssinian mode of government, a very brief sketch will be given of his progress to the throne.

Putting together the various histories that have appeared, and rejecting their many discrepancies, we come to the following series of events.

Kassai, for such was his name before he changed it to Theodoros, was the son of a very small chief named Hailu Weleda Georgis, whose only distinction seems to have been his reputed descent from the Queen of Sheba, a tradition of which Kassai afterward took advantage. When he died, his little property was seized by his relations, and his widow was forced to support herself by selling the "kosso," the popular remedy for the tape-worm, a creature which is singularly prevalent in this country. Kassai, then a boy, took refuge in a monastery, where he might have remained until this day, had not a Dejasmach, who had turned rebel after their custom, attacked the monastery, burned the huts of which it was composed, and killed the boys who inhabited it by way of avenging himself on their parents. Kassai, however,

escaped the massacre, and fled to a powerful and warlike relation, the Dejasmatch Coulu, under whom he learned the management of arms, and as much of the art of war as was known.

His uncle however died, and his two sons immediately fought for the patrimony; and, while they were quarrelling, another powerful Dejasmatch saw his opportunity, swept down suddenly upon them, and made himself master of the best and most fertile part of the district.

Again ejected from a home, Kassai contrived to get together a band of followers, whom we should not wrong very greatly by calling robbers, and for some years lived a wandering life marvellously resembling that of David in his earlier years. By degrees his band increased until some of the petty chiefs joined him with their followers, and he became a man of such importance that the well-known Waisoro Mennen, the crafty and ambitious mother of Ras Ali, finding that he could not be beaten in the field, gave him in marriage the daughter of the Ras. She, however, proved a faithful wife to him, and would have nothing to do with the schemes of her grandmother. At last Kassai and Waisoro Mennen came to an open rupture, and fought a battle, in which the former was victorious, and captured both the lady and her fine province of Dembea. The latter he kept, but the former he set at liberty.

Ras Ali then tried to rid himself of his troublesome son-in-law by assigning Dembea to Berru Goshu, a powerful Dejasmatch, who accordingly invaded the district, and drove Kassai out of it. This happened in 1850. In less than two years, however, Kassai reorganized an army, attacked the camp of Berru Goshu, shot him with his own hand, and got back his province. Thinking that matters were now becoming serious, Ras Ali took the field in person and marched against Kassai, who conquered him, drove him among the Gallas for safety, and took possession of the whole of Amhara.

Having secured this splendid prize, he sent to Ras Oubi, the Prince of Tigré, and demanded tribute. Oubi refused, led his army against Kassai, and lost both his province and his liberty. The conqueror kept him in prison until 1860, when his first wife died, and he married the daughter of Oubi, whom he released and made a tributary vassal.

Being now practically master of the whole country, he sent for Abba Salama, the then Abuna or Patriarch, and had himself crowned by the title of Theodorus, King of the kings of Ethiopia. This event took place in 1855; and from that time to his death Theodore maintained his supremacy, his astonishing personal authority keeping in check the fierce and rebellious spirits by whom he was surrounded. How he really tried to do the best for his country we all

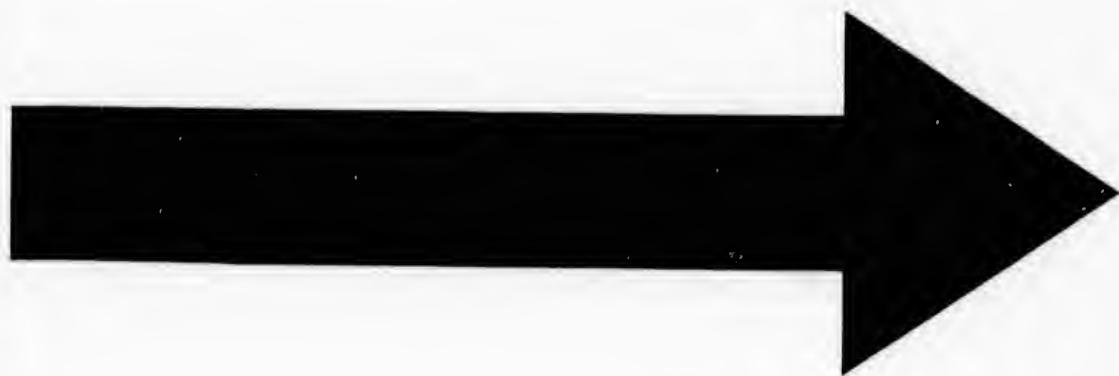
know. Semi-savage as he was by nature, he possessed many virtues, and, had he known his epoch better, would still have been on the throne, the ruler of a contented instead of a rebellious people. But he was too far ahead of his age. He saw the necessity for reforms, and impatiently tried to force them on the people, instead of gently paving the way for them. The inevitable results followed, and Theodore's mind at last gave way under the cares of empire and the continual thwartings of his many schemes. Still, even to the last he never lost his self-reliance nor his splendid courage, and, though the balance of his mind was gone, and he alternated between acts of singular kindness and savage cruelty, he fought to the last, and not until he was deserted by his soldiers did he die by his own hand at the entrance of his stronghold.

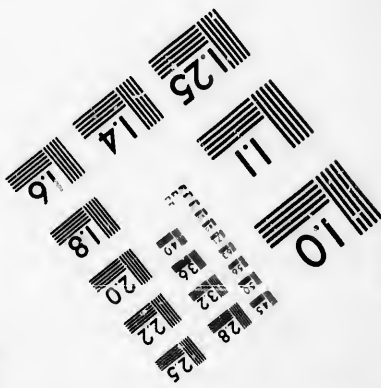
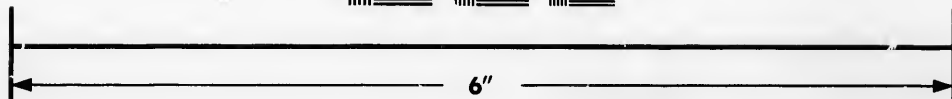
He saw very clearly that the only way to establish a consolidated kingdom was to break the power of the great chiefs or princes. This he did by the simple process of putting them in chains until they yielded their executive powers, and contented themselves rather with the authority of generals than of irresponsible rulers. He was also desirous of doing away with the custom that made every man an armed soldier, and wished to substitute a paid standing army for the miscellaneous horde of armed men that filled the country. He was anxious to promote agriculture, and, according to his own words, not only to turn swords into reaping-hooks—a very easy thing, by the way, with an Abyssinian sword—but to make a ploughing ox more valuable than a war-horse. To his own branch of the Church he was deeply attached, and openly said that he had a mission to drive Islamism from his country, and for that reason was at war with the Gallas, who, as well as the Shooas and other tribes, profess the religion of Mohammed. That being done, he intended to march and raze to the ground Mecca and Medina, the two sacred cities of Islam; and even projected a march to Jerusalem itself.

His most difficult task, however, was the suppression of the immorality that reigns throughout Abyssinia, and which, according to Mr. Parkyns, has a curious effect on the manners of the people. Neither men nor women seem to have any idea that the least shame can be attached to immorality, and the consequence is that both in word and manner they are perfectly decorous. To cope with so ingrained a vice seems an impracticable task, and such it turned out to be. He set the example to his people by only taking one wife, and when she died he had many scruples about the legality of taking another, and did not do so until after consultation with European friends and careful examination of the Bible. He could not, however, keep up the fight against

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(1.) THEODORE AND THE LIONS. (See page 651.)



(2.) PLEADERS. (See page 651.)
(652)

nature, and in his last years he had resorted to the old custom of the harem.

As the reader would probably like to see what kind of a man was this Theodorus, I give a portrait on page 652, taken from a sketch made of him while he was in the enjoyment of perfect health of body and mind, and while he was the irresponsible ruler of his country, knowing of none greater than himself, and having his mind filled with schemes of conquest of other lands, and reform of his own. The portrait was taken by M. Lejean, some ten years before the death of Theodorus; and, in spite of the loss of his hair, which he wore short in the last years of his life, and of the ravages which time, anxiety, and misdirected zeal had made in his features, the face is essentially the same as that of the dead man who lay within the gates of Magdala on the fatal Good Friday of 1868.

Knowing the character of the people over whom he reigned, Theodore made liberal use of external accessories for the purpose of striking awe into them, such as magnificent robes and weapons adorned with the precious metals. Among the most valued of these accessories were four tame lions, of which he was very fond. These animals travelled about with him, and even lived in the same stable with the horses, never being chained or shut up in cages, but allowed to walk about in perfect liberty. They were as tame and docile as dogs, and M. Lejean states that the only objection to them was the over-demonstrative affection of their manuers. Like cats they delighted to be noticed and made much of, and were apt to become unpleasantly importunate in soliciting caresses.

They were, however, somewhat short-tempered when travelling over the mountain ranges, the cold weather of those elevated regions making them uncomfortable and snappish. With an idea of impressing his subjects with his importance, an art in which he was eminently successful, Theodore was accustomed to have his lions with him when he gave audience, and the accompanying portrait was taken from a sketch of the Lion of Abyssinia seated in the audience-chamber, and surrounded with the living emblems of the title which he bore, and which he perpetuated in his royal seal.

JUSTICE is administered in various modes, sometimes by the will of the chief, and sometimes by a sort of court or council of elders. The former process is generally of a very summary character, and is based on the old Mosaic principle of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. If one man murders another, for example, and the culprit be detected, the Ras will direct the nearest relation of the murderer to kill him in precisely the same manner that he killed

his victim. One very odd case was investigated by Oubl, the Ras or Prince of Tigre.

Two little boys, the elder eight and the younger five years of age, had been walking together, when they saw a tree laden with fruit. After some difficulty, the elder climbed into the tree, and, standing on a branch, plucked the fruit and threw it to his little companion who stood below him. By some accident or other he fell from the tree upon the head of his playfellow, and killed him on the spot. The parents of the poor child insisted that the boy who killed him should be arraigned for murder, and, after a vast amount of consultation, he was found guilty. Ras Oubi then gave sentence. The culprit was to stand under the branch exactly where had stood the poor little boy. The eldest brother was then to climb up the tree and fall on the other boy's head until he killed him.

Theft is generally punished with flogging, the whip being a most formidable weapon, made of hide, and called, from its length and weight, the "giraffe." A thief is sometimes taken into the market-place, stripped to the waist, and led by two men, while a third delivers a terrific series of blows with the giraffe whip. After each blow the delinquent is forced to exclaim, "All ye who see me thus, profit by my example."

Many other offences, such as sacrilege, rebellion, and the like, are punished by the loss of a hand or a foot, sometimes of both. The forfeited member is amputated in a very clumsy way, with a small curved knife, so that a careless or maladroit executioner can inflict frightful suffering. The culprit generally gives a fee to the executioner, who will then put as keen an edge as possible on the knife, and tell the sufferer how to arrange his hand, and spread his fingers, so that the tendons may be stretched, and the joint separated easily. One man of rank, who had been condemned to lose his left hand, suffered the operation without moving a muscle of his countenance, and when the hand was severed, he took it up with his right, and flung it in the face of the presiding chief, with the exclamation that he still had a hand wherewith to fling a spear. With the same equanimity he dipped the bleeding stump into the boiling oil which is generally used as a styptic. Sometimes, however, the use of the hot oil is forbidden, and the sufferer is left to bleed to death.

The Abyssinians, however, are as little sensitive to pain as most African tribes, and endure with ease injuries which would kill an European. The young men have a curious amusement, which well exemplifies their insensibility to pain. "When a party of young men are seated together, the ladies present will bring bits of the pith of millet stems, cut to about an inch long, and of the thickness of a man's thumb, or, what is bet-

ter still, pieces of old rag, rolled tight, so as to form a pellet of similar dimensions. These are arranged in patterns by each lady on the extended arm of any one whom she may choose, and their tops lighted.

"The only merit in the man is to allow them to burn themselves out entirely, without moving his arm so as to cause them to fall, or evincing the slightest consciousness of pain either by word, look, or gesture. On the contrary, he must continue a flow of agreeable conversation, as if nothing were occurring. The lady operator usually blows her fires to keep them going, and the material, whether pith or rag, being of a very porous nature, and burning slowly like tinder, the action of the fire is felt on the skin long before it actually reaches it. It is, in fact, an operation similar to the 'moxa' of European surgery. When the pellets are completely burned out, the lady rubs her hand roughly over the cauterized parts, so as to remove the burnt skin. On a copper-colored person the scars, when well healed, assume a polished black surface, which contrasts very prettily with the surrounding skin."

The courts of justice, to which allusion has been made, are composed of elders; or not unfrequently the chief of the district acts as the magistrate. When two persons fall into a dispute and bring it before the court, an officer comes for the litigants, and ties together the corner of their quarries. Holding them by the knot, he leads them before the magistrate, where each is at liberty to plead his own cause. From the moment that the knot is tied, neither is allowed to speak, under penalty of a heavy fine, until they have come before the magistrate; and when the trial has begun, (see engraving No. 2, p. 652.) the plaintiff has the first right of speech, followed by the defendant in reply. Neither is allowed to interrupt the other under pain of a fine; but, in compassion to the weakness of human nature, the non-speaker may grunt if he likes when the adversary makes any statement that displeases him.

The oddest part of the proceeding is the custom of betting, or rather paying forfeits, on the result of the investigation. A plaintiff, for example, offers to bet one, two, or more mules, and the defendant feels himself bound to accept the challenge, though he may sometimes modify the amount of the bet. When the case is determined, the loser pays the sum, not to the winner, but to the chief who decides the case. A "mule," by the way, does not necessarily mean the animal, but the word is used conventionally to represent a certain sum of money, so that a "mule" means ten dollars, just as among English sporting men a "pony" signifies £25.

This practice is carried on to such an extent that Mr. Parkyns has seen ten mules betted upon the payment of a small quantity of

corn, worth only two or three shillings. The object of the "bet" seems to be that the offer binds the opposite party to carry out the litigation, and when it is offered, the chief forces the loser to pay under the penalty of being put in chains.

It may be seen from the foregoing observations that the Abyssinians are rather a quarrelsome people. This arises chiefly from their vanity, which is extreme, and which culminates to its highest point when the brain is excited and the tongue loosened by drink. It was this national characteristic which induced King Theodore to imagine himself the equal of any monarch on the face of the earth, and to fancy that he could cope successfully with the power of England.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns gives a very amusing account of this national failing.

"Vanity is one of the principal besetting sins of the Abyssinians, and it is to this weakness, when brought out by liquor, that the origin of most of their quarrels may be traced. I remember more than once to have heard a remark something like the following made by one of two men who, from being 'my dear friends,' had chosen to sit next to each other at table: 'You're a very good fellow, and my very dear friend; but (hiccup) you aren't half so brave or handsome as I am!' The 'very dear friend' denies the fact in a tone of voice denoting anything but amity, and states that his opinion is exactly the reverse. The parties warm in the argument; words, as is usual when men are in such a state, are bandied about without any measure, and often without much meaning; insults follow; then blows; and if the parties round them be in a similar condition to themselves, and do not immediately separate them, it frequently happens that swords are drawn.

"Dangerous wounds or death are the consequence; or, as is not uncommon, others of the party, siding with the quarrellers, probably with the idea of settling the affair, are induced to join in the row, which in the end becomes a general engagement. I have noticed this trait of vanity as exhibiting itself in various ways in a drunken Abyssinian. I always found that the best plan for keeping a man quiet, when in this state, was to remark to him that it was unbecoming in a great man to behave in such a way, that people of rank were dignified and reserved in their manners and conversation. And thus I have argued very successfully with my own servants on more than one occasion, flattering them while they were tipsy, and then paying them off with a five-foot male bamboo when they got sober again.

"I recollect one fellow who was privileged, for he had asked my leave to go to a party and get drunk. On returning home in the evening, he staggered into my room in as dignified a manner as he could, and, seating

himself beside me on my couch, embraced me with tears in his eyes, made me a thousand protestations of attachment and affection, offering to serve me in any way he could, but never by a single expression evincing that he considered me as other than a dear friend, and that indeed in rather a patronizing fashion, although the same fellow was in the habit of washing my feet, and kissing them afterward, every evening, and would, if sober, have no more thought of seating himself, even on the ground, in my presence, than of jumping over the moon.

"With his fellow-servants, too, he acted similarly; for though he knew them all, and their characters and positions, he addressed them as his servants, ordering them about, and upbraiding them for sundry peccadilloes which they had doubtless committed, and which thus came to my knowledge. In fact, in every point he acted to perfection the manners and language of a great man; and so often have I seen the same mimicry, that it has led me to believe that the chief mental employment of the lowest fellow in the country is building castles in the air, and practising to himself how he would act, and what he would say, if he were a great man."

The law of debt is a very severe one. The debtor is thrown into prison, and chained to the wall by the wrist. The ring that encloses the wrist is a broad hoop or bracelet of iron, which is forced asunder far enough to permit the hand to enter, and is then hammered together tightly enough to prevent the hand from being withdrawn. After a while, if the sum be not paid, the bracelet is hammered a little tighter; and so the creditor continues to tighten the iron until it is driven into the flesh, the course of the blood checked, and the hand finally destroyed by mortification.

Should the Government be the creditor for unpaid tribute, a company of soldiers is quartered on the debtor, and he is obliged to feed them with the best of everything under pain of brutal ill-treatment. Of course this mode of enforcing payment often has the opposite effect, and, when a heavy tax has been proclaimed in a district, the people run away *en masse* from the villages. In such a case the headman of the village is responsible for the entire amount, and sometimes is obliged to make his escape with as much portable property as he can manage to carry off.

When rightly managed, the Abyssinians are a hospitable people. Some travellers take a soldier with them, and demand food and lodging. These of course are given, through fear, but without a welcome. The right mode is, that when a traveller comes to a village, he sits under a tree, and waits. The villagers soon gather round him, question him, and make remarks on his appear-

ance with perfect candor. After he has undergone this ordeal, some one is sure to ask him to his house, and, should he happen to be a person of distinction, one of the chief men is certain to be his host.

When Mr. Parkyns was residing in Abyssinia, he always adopted this plan. On one occasion the headman invited him to his house, and treated him most hospitably, apologizing for the want of better food on the ground that he had lately been made liable for the tribute of a number of persons who had run away, and was consequently much reduced in the world. It proved that sixteen householders had escaped to avoid the tax, and that the unfortunate man had to pay the whole of it, amounting to a sum which forced him to sell his horse, mule, and nearly all his plough oxen, and, even when he was entertaining his visitor, he was in dread lest the soldiers should be quartered on him.

The question of hospitality naturally leads us to the cooking and mode of eating as practised in Abyssinia, about which so many strange stories have been told. We have all heard of Bruce's account of the eating of raw meat cut in the limbs of a living bullock, and of the storm of derision which was raised by the tale. We will see how far he was borne out by facts.

The "staff of life" is prepared in Abyssinia much after the same fashion as in other parts of Africa, the grain being ground between two stones, and then made into a sort of very thin paste, about the consistency of gruel. This paste is allowed to remain in a jar for a day and night in order to become sour, and is then taken to the oven. This is a very curious article, being a slab of earthenware in which a concave hollow is made, and furnished with a small cover of the same material. A fire is made beneath the oven, or "magogo," as it is termed, and when it is hot the baker, who is always a woman, proceeds to work.

She first rubs the hollow with an oily seed in order to prevent the bread from adhering to it, and then with a gourd ladle takes some of the thin dough from the jar. The gourd holds exactly enough to make one loaf, or rather cake. With a rapid movement the woman spreads the dough over the entire hollow, and then puts on the cover. In two or three minutes it is removed, and the bread is peeled off in one flat circular piece, some eighteen inches in width, and about the eighth of an inch in thickness. This bread, called "teff," is the ordinary diet of an Abyssinian. It is very sour, very soft, and very spongy, and requires an experienced palate to appreciate it. There are several other kinds of bread, but the teff is that which is most valued.

As to the meat diet of the Abyssinians, it may be roughly divided into cooked and

uncooked meat. Cooked meat is usually prepared from the least valued parts of the animal. It is cut up into little pieces, and stewed in a pot together with other ingredients, a considerable quantity of butter, and such an amount of capsicum pods that the whole mess is of a light red color, and a drop of it leaves a red stain on any garment on which it may happen to fall. This paste is called "dillikh," and is made by grinding together a quantity of capsicum pods and an equal amount of onions, to which are added ginger, salt, black pepper, and other herbs, according to the taste of the preparer. The poorer class, who cannot afford meat, can still make dillikh paste, and live almost entirely on teff, clotted milk, and dillikh.

But the great treat for an Abyssinian epicure is the "broudo," or raw meat, about which he is as fastidious as the European *bon vivant* about his sauces and ragouts. Not an Abyssinian will eat any animal which has incisor teeth in its upper jaw, and, like the Jews, they even reject the camel, because it has not a cloven hoof.

According to the account given by Bruce, when a dinner party is assembled, a cow is brought to the door of the house, bound, flung down, and a few drops of its blood poured on the ground in order to save the letter of the Mosaic law. The butchers then cut large strips of meat from the poor beast, taking care to avoid the vital parts and larger vessels, and managing so as to remove the flesh without much effusion of blood.

The still warm flesh is taken within the house, where it is sliced into strips by the men, and handed to the women who sit by their side. The women cut it up into small squares, lay it on the "teff" bread, season it plentifully with the dillikh paste, roll it up into balls, and push the balls into the mouth of their companion, who eats until he is satisfied, and then reciprocates the attention by making up a couple of similar balls, and putting them into the mouths of the women. (See page 643.) Mead and tedge are then consumed as largely as the meat, and, according to Bruce, a scene of the most abominable licentiousness accompanies the conclusion of the festival.

These statements have been much controverted, but there is no doubt that, in the main, the narrative of Bruce was a truthful one. Many of the facts of which he wrote have since been corroborated, while the changes to which Abyssinia has been subjected will account for unimportant variations. Later travellers, for example, have not witnessed such a scene as has been narrated by Bruce, but that is no reason why such a scene should not have occurred. The most important part of it, namely, the eating of raw flesh, has been repeatedly corroborated, especially by Mansfield Parkyns, who lived

so long with the Abyssinians, dressed like them, fed like them, and accommodated himself in most respects to their mode of life.

He found that meat was always, if possible, eaten in the raw state, only the inferior qualities being made fit for consumption by cookery. His description of the mode of eating tallies exactly with that of Bruce. The meat is always brought to the consumer while still warm and quivering with life, as it becomes tough and stringy when suffered to become cold. Each guest is furnished with plenty of teff and the invariable pepper sauce. His fingers take the place of a fork, and his sword, or shotel, does duty for a knife. Holding the broudo in his left hand, he takes into his capacious mouth as much as it can accommodate, and then, with an adroit upward stroke of the sword, severs the piece of meat, and just contrives to avoid cutting off his nose. He alternates the pieces of meat with teff and dillikh, and, when he has finished, refreshes himself copiously with drink.

Such food as this appears to be indescribably disgusting, and very unfit for a nation that prides itself on its Christianity. Many persons, indeed, have said that no one could eat raw meat except when pressed by starvation, and have therefore discredited all accounts of the practice.

Perhaps my readers may remember that after Bruce's return a gentleman was making very merry with this account in the traveller's presence, treating the whole story as a fabrication, on the ground that to eat raw meat was impossible. Bruce said nothing, but quietly left the room, and presently returned with a piece of beef rolled and peppered after the Abyssinian fashion, and gave his astonished opponent the choice of eating the meat or fighting him on the spot. As Bruce was of gigantic strength and stature, and an accomplished swordsman to boot, the meat was eaten, and the fact proved to be possible.

Mr. Parkyns, who, when in Abyssinia, very wisely did as the Abyssinians do, found that he soon became accustomed to the taste of raw meat, and learned how to prefer one part of an animal to another. He discovered that a very good imitation of an oyster could be made by chopping up a sheep's liver very fine, and seasoning it with pepper, vinegar, and a little salt, provided that the consumer shut his eyes while eating it. He even learned to appreciate a dish called *chogera*, which seems to be about the very acme of abomination. It consists of the liver and stomach chopped up fine, mixed with a little of the half-digested grass found in the stomach, flavored with the contents of the gall bladder, plentifully seasoned with pepper, salt, and onions, and eaten uncooked.

An Abyssinian's digestion is marvellous,

and almost rivals that of a pike, which will digest half of a fish in its stomach while the other half is protruding from its mouth. He will go to any number of feasts in a day, and bring a fine fresh appetite to each of them, consuming at a meal a quantity that would suffice seven or eight hungry Englishmen. Mr. Parkyns once gave a breakfast to fourteen guests, thinking that, as they were engaged for three or four other feasts on the same day, they would perhaps eat but little.

Keeping up, however, the old hospitable customs, he killed a cow and two fat sheep, and provided many gallons of mead and an infinite quantity of "teff." To his astonishment, the whole of this enormous supply vanished, as he says, "like smoke," before his guests, who left scarcely a scrap for their servants. And, after this feast, the whole of the party proceeded to another house, where they were treated in a similarly liberal manner, and employed the day in a series of four or five such banquets.

The Abyssinians are very fastidious respecting the part of the animal from which the broundo is cut, and have a vast number of names to express the different qualities of meat. The most valued portion is the lump of the shoulder, the first cut of which is always given to the man of the highest rank. Consequently, when several men of nearly equal rank meet, a polite controversy is carried on for some time, each offering the cut of honor to his neighbor.

On one occasion this piece of etiquette produced fatal results. Several Amhara chiefs were present, together with one Tigraean. The latter, in order to assert the superiority of his own province, drew his sword and helped himself to the first cut, whereupon he was immediately challenged by two Amhara warriors. He accepted the challenge, fought them both, killed them both, and so vindicated the course which he had taken.

The quantity which an Abyssinian will eat when he gets the chance must be seen to be appreciated. See for example Mr. Parkyns' account of a feast at an Abyssinian wedding:—

"The Abyssinian guests were squatted round the tables in long rows, feeding as if their lives depended on the quantity they could devour, and washing it down with floods of drink. I never could have believed that any people could take so much food, and certainly, if the reader wishes to see a curious exhibition in the feeding line, he has only to run over to Abyssinia, and be present at a wedding-feast.

"Imagine two or three hundred half-naked men and women all in one room, eating and drinking in the way I have described in a former chapter, but with this difference—that the private party is well ordered and arranged, while the public 'hang-out' is a scene of the most terrible confusion. Here all decorum is lost sight of; and you see the waiters, each with a huge piece of raw beef in his hands, rushing frantically to and fro in his desire to satisfy the voracious appetites of the guests, who, as he comes within their reach, grasp the meat, and with their long crooked swords hack off a lump or strip, as the case may be, in their eagerness not to lose their share.

"One man was reported on this occasion to have eaten 'tallak' and 'tamash' of raw beef (each weighing from four to five pounds) and seven cakes of bread, and to have drunk twenty-six pints of beer and 'tedge.' From what I saw I can believe a good deal, but this appears rather a 'stretcher.'

"We of the Frank sect were presented with our share of the 'broundo'; but as our thoughtful host had informed us that a dinner, cooked by his own hands in the Turkish style, was awaiting us in an inner apartment, we merely, for formality's sake, tasted the offered delicacies, and then handed them over to our servants, who, standing behind us, were ready enough to make away with them. The silversmith Michael, before coming to the feast, had, it would appear, been pouring a tolerably copious libation to some god or other, for he was considerably elevated, and, being anxious to show off, commenced eating in the Abyssinian fashion, nor did he stop until he had cut a large gash in his nose."

The hands are always carefully washed both before and after a meal. Just before the feast is over, the servants come round with baskets to the guests, each of whom places in the basket a portion of his food. As to the little boys, they crawl about under the tables, and among the legs of the guests, and are always ready for any fragments that may be accidentally dropped or intentionally given to them.

The beer, or "tedge," and mead, which have been mentioned, are favorite drinks among the Abyssinians. The former is very thick and gruel-like, and to a European is very repulsive. The latter, however, is tolerably good, and is kept carefully in large jars. The mouth of each jar is covered with a piece of cotton cloth drawn tightly over it. This is not removed when the mead is poured out, and acts as a strainer.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ABYSSINIA—*Concluded.*

BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF THE ABYSSINIANS—CEREMONIES AT BIRTH—THE CIRCUMCISION AND BAPTISM—CARE AS TO THE EXACT DATE OF EACH RITE—MARRIAGE, CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS, AND THEIR DIFFERENT CHARACTERS—THE CIVIL MARRIAGE AND ITS ATTENDANT CEREMONIES—DEATH AND FUNERAL—SHAPE OF THE GRAVE—THE HIRED MOURNERS—THE SUCCESSIVE COMMEMORATIONS OF THE DEAD—RAISING THE IIAI-HO—THE RELIGION OF ABYSSINIA—FASTING AND FEASTING BOTH CARRIED TO EXTREMES—ST. JOHN'S DAY AND THE ANNUAL WASHING—FRIENDLY SKIRMISHES—ABYSSINIAN CHURCHES—THE SANCTUARY AND THE ARK—THE ARK IN BATTLE—IGNORANCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD—THE BIBLE A SEALED BOOK TO PRIESTS AND LAYMEN—LIFE OF A SAINT—SUPERSTITION—TRANSFORMATION—THE BOUDA AND THE THORIYA—EXAMPLES SEEN BY MR. PARKYNS—ABYSSINIAN ARCHITECTURE.

WE will now cursorily glance at the life of an Abyssinian from his birth to his funeral.

As soon as the birth of a child is expected, all the men leave the house, as they would be considered as polluted if they were under the same roof, and would not be allowed to enter a church for forty days. The women take immediate charge of the new comer, wash and perfume it, and mould its little features in order to make them handsome. Should it be a boy, it is held up to the window until a warrior thrusts a lance into the room and pokes it into the child's mouth, this ceremony being supposed to make it courageous. The throat of a fowl is then cut in front of the child, and the women utter their joy-cries—twelve times for a boy and three times for a girl. They then rush tumultuously out of the house, and try to catch the men. If they succeed, they hustle their captives about, and force them to ransom themselves by a jar of mead, or some such present.

Next come the religious ceremonies; and it is not the least curious point in the religious system of the Abyssinians that they have retained the Jewish rite, to which they superadded Christian baptism. Eight days after birth the child is circumcised, twenty days afterward the priests enter the house, and perform a purification service which restores it to general use, and forty days afterward the baptism takes place, should the child be a boy, and eighty days if a girl.

A plaited cord of red, blue, and white silk is then placed round the child's neck, as a token that it has been baptized, which is afterward exchanged for the blue cord, or "match," worn by all Christian Abyssinians. There is a curious law that, if either of the sponsors should die without issue, his godchild becomes the heir to his property.

The priests are very particular about the date of the baptism. They believe that Adam and Eve did not receive the spirit of life until they had been created forty and eighty days. Should the father miscalculate the date, he would be sentenced to a year's fasting; while the priest is liable to a similar penalty if he should happen to assign the wrong day.

As to their marriages, the Abyssinians manage them very easily. As soon as betrothal takes place, which is mostly at a very early age, the couple are not allowed to see each other, even though they may have enjoyed the greatest liberty beforehand. So rigidly is this practice carried out in Tigre, that the bride never leaves her father's house until her marriage, believing that if she did so she would be bitten by a snake.

Just before the wedding-day, a "dass," or marquee, is built of stakes and reeds for the reception of the wedding-party, in which the marriage-feast is prepared. Certain distinguished guests have special places

reserved for them; but any one is at liberty to enter and eat to his heart's content. A scene of great turmoil always occurs on these occasions, a crowd of men who have already been fed trying to gain re-admission, whilst another crowd of hungry applicants is fighting and pushing toward the entrance. Order is kept to some extent by a number of young men who volunteer their services, and are allowed to exorcise their office as they think best, hitting about at the crowd, and no man returning their blows. As soon as one batch of guests have eaten as much as they can be expected to consume, the door-keepers turn them out by main force and admit a fresh batch.

After the feast, the bride is carried in upon a man's back, and put down, like a sack of coals, on a stool. Music and dancing then take place, while the bridegroom, attended by his groomsmen, or "arkees," is proceeding to the house, accompanied by his friends, and preceded by music. When he arrives, the marriage—which is a civil rather than a religious ceremony—takes place, an address being delivered to the married couple by a priest, should one happen to be present; if not, by an elder; and the actual ceremony is at an end.

The arkees have a number of curious offices to perform, among which is the custom of collecting gifts for the newly-married couple, begging with songs and drum-beating before the houses. If nothing be given them, they take whatever they wish; and, after a wedding the robberies are countless, the arkees being privileged persons during their term of office. They are even allowed to perjure themselves—a crime which is held in the deepest abhorrence by all Abyssinian Christians. Should a person from whom anything is stolen offer a present as a ransom, the arkees are obliged to give up the stolen property; but should they have taken fowls or any other edibles, there is no restitution possible, the arkees taking care to have them cooked and eaten at once.

Such marriages, being merely civil ceremonies, are dissolved as easily as they are made, the slightest pretext on either side being considered as sufficient for the separation. Should there be children, the father takes the boys, and the mother the girls, and each will probably marry again almost immediately.

In consequence of this very easy arrangement, it often happens that, in one family of children, two may be by one mother, two by another, and one or two more by a third; and it is almost invariably the case that the children of one father by different mothers hate each other cordially, while the children of one mother by different fathers live together in amity.

Besides these civil marriages, which are really no marriages at all, there are ecclesiastical marriages, which are held to be

indissoluble. These, however, are very seldom contracted except between persons who have been civilly married, and have found, after many years of experience, that they cannot be better suited. They therefore go to the church, are married by the priest, and receive the Communion together.

When an Abyssinian dies, the funeral takes place within a very short time, the same day being preferred if possible. The death being announced from the house-top by the relatives, and by messengers to the neighboring villages, a grave is at once dug by volunteers. There are no professional grave-diggers in Abyssinia, but, as the act of burying the dead is considered as a meritorious one, plenty of assistance is always found. The body is then placed on a couch and carried to the grave, the whole of the Psalter being repeated as the procession makes its way. Six halts are made during the progress of the body to the church, at each of which incense is burned over it, and certain portions of the Scriptures are read, or rather gabbled, as fast as the words can be repeated. In order to save time, each priest or scribe who is present has a certain portion assigned to him, and they all read at once, so that not a word can be caught by the mourners. These, however, are making such a noise on their own account that they do not trouble themselves about hearing the Scriptures.

The bearers of the corpse manage so that their seventh halt is made at the church gate. Here more portions of Scripture are read in the same time-saving fashion, while the body is wrapped in a cloth made of palm leaves, this being emblematical of the palms thrown before our Lord on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. When the grave is ready, the priest descends into it and censes it, after which the body is lowered and the earth filled in.

In consequence of the rapidity with which burial follows death, the mourning ceremonies are postponed for three days, so as to give time for assembling the mourners, and making the corresponding preparations.

On that day the mourners proceed to a spot near the church, on which is placed a couch containing a rude figure of a human being, supposed to represent the deceased person. The relations appear with their heads shaven like those of the priests, and among the Tigréans they rub their foreheads and temples with the borders of their robes until they take off the skin, and produce sores which often occupy many weeks in healing. Mostly the injury is so great, that when the skin is renewed it is blacker than the rest of the body, and remains so during life, giving to the face a very singular expression. The Amharas do not employ this mode of showing their grief.

Each of the mourners then advances, and pronounces a sort of eulogy on the deceased,

generally uttering their panegyrics in a sort of rude verse. In case, however, the relatives should not be good poets, a number of professional mourners attend the funeral, some being hired, but the greater number coming merely in hope of a fee and a share in the funeral banquet which concludes the proceedings. According to Mr. Parkyns, these people will give minute details of the history of the dead man, his deeds, character, and even his property; and this to a great length, thus: "O Gabron, son of Welda Mousa, grandson of Itta Garra Raphael, &c. &c.; rider of the bay horse with white feet, and of the grey ambling mule; owner of the Damascus barrel-gun, and bearer of the silver-mounted shield, why have you left us?" &c., entering with astonishing readiness into every particular of the deceased's life and actions. All the bystanders, at the end of each verse, break in with a chorus of sobbing lamentations, adapted to a mournful chant, "Monil wall wall! wailay! wailay! wailay!" &c., which has a pretty plaintive sound, especially when, as is usually the case, a number of soft female voices join in.

"The 'ambilta' and the 'eundan' keep time with them, and add not a little to the effect. This continues until all the expected friends have arrived, and had their fill of wailing; and about noon the whole party retire to the house, where a cow is killed, and a quantity of provisions provided for those who have come from a distance. Everything, except the cow, is usually furnished by the neighbors, as the mourners are supposed to be so overwhelmed with grief as to be unable to attend to such preparations."

The "ambilta," which is mentioned above, is a musical instrument composed of a set of six pipes, each performer having one pipe, and each pipe only having one note. The "eundan melakhat" is made of four long cane tubes, each having a bell, and a reed mouth-piece, like that of a clarinet. They are played in succession like the ambilta, and give forth very harsh and unpleasant notes. Both instruments are generally accompanied by a small drum. Although the immediate ceremonies of the funeral terminate with this feast, they are not totally completed. Indeed, for a whole year, masses are said regularly for forty days, and another mass is said on the eightieth day. A second and larger edition of the funeral feast, called the "teskar," is held six months after the burial, and sometimes lasts for several days.

To this feast come all the poor, who claim for themselves the right of being helped before any of the regular guests. They seat themselves in the "dass," and pour out loud invocations, until an official comes round, and slightly taps each one on the head with a stick. The man who has been thus signalled holds

out his hands, and receives in them a portion of meat rolled up in "teff" bread. When all have been served, they hold the food under their mouths, and call, in a very loud voice, "Hai . . . oh!" the last liable being protracted until they have no more breath.

"This 'Hai . . . oh!' is thought to be a sort of benediction, and very few would dare to omit it. Such an omission would be taken as a drawing down of the maledictions of the poor, and would excite the greatest contempt. If such a man were to quarrel, his opponent would be sure to say to him, 'Ah! you are the man who made no 'Hai . . . oh!' for his brother.'"

On the next day the priests and men of highest rank assemble, and day by day the rank of the guests diminishes, until the seventh day is contemptuously given to the women. Six months after the teskar another feast, but of a larger kind, is held, and on every anniversary of the funeral food is sent to the priests.

WE now naturally come to the religion of the Abyssinians.

This is a kind of Christianity which consists chiefly in fasting, so that an Abyssinian life oscillates between alternate severe fasts and inordinate gluttony. The fasts of the Abyssinian Church occupy nearly two-thirds of the year, and are measured in duration by the length of the shadow. One fast, for example, must be kept until a man's shadow measures in length nine and a half of his own feet, another until it is nine feet, and a third until it is ten feet long. And these fasts are real ones, no food of any kind being taken until the prescribed time, and no such modifications as fish, &c., being allowed to mitigate their severity. During Good Friday and the following Saturday the clergy, and all who have any pretensions to religion, fast for forty-eight hours; and, altogether, including the Wednesdays and Fridays, two hundred and sixty days of fasting occur in the year. During the long fasts, such as that of Lent, which lasts for fifty-five days, the people are allowed to eat on the mornings of Saturday and Sunday, but, even in that case, meat in any form is strictly forbidden.

As soon as the lengthening shadow proclaims the end of the fast, the feasting sets in, and during the season of Epiphany the whole night is passed in a succession of eating, drinking, singing, dancing, and praying, each being considered equally a religious duty. Then there is a sort of game, much resembling our "hockey," at which all the people play, those from one district contending against those of another, much as the Ashburne North and South football match used to be conducted on Shrove Tuesday.

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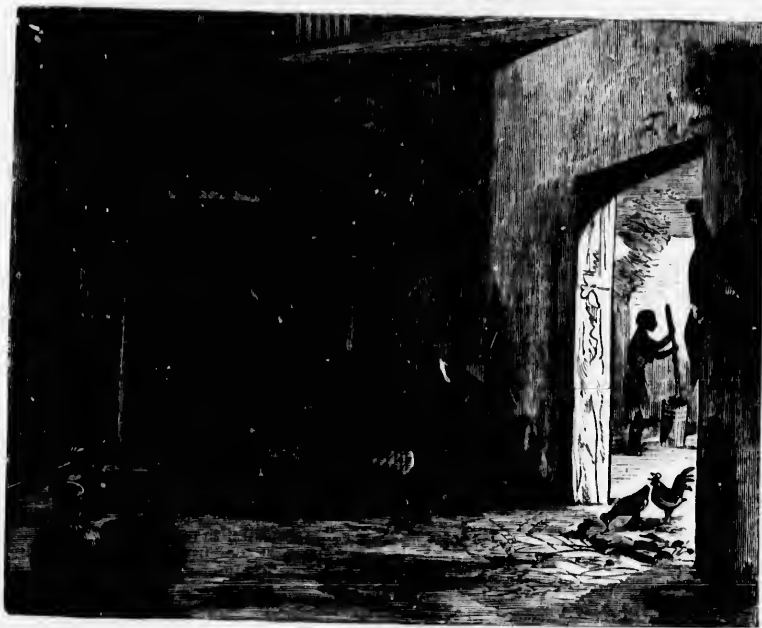
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(1.) THE BATTLE FIELD. (See page 661.)



(2.) INTERIOR OF AN ABYSSINIAN HOUSE. (See page 667.)

Abyssinians, and has this pre-eminence over the others, that all the people not only wash themselves, but their clothes also. It is the only day when the Abyssinians apply water externally, with the exception of washing the hands before and after meals, and the feet after a journey. In fact, they consider that washing the body is a heathenish and altogether un-Christian practice, only to be practised by the Mohammedans and such like contemptible beings.

Between St. John's Day and the feast of Mascal, or the Cross, the young people of both sexes keep up a continual skirmishing. In the evening they all leave their houses, the boys with bunches of nettles, and the girls with gourds filled with all kinds of filth. When they meet, they launch volleys of abuse at each other, the language being not the most delicate in the world, and then proceed to active measures, the girls flinging the contents of the gourds at the boys, while the latter retaliate by nettling the girls about their naked shoulders.

The day on which the greatest ceremonies take place is the feast of Mascal. On the eve of Mascal every one goes about with torches, first carrying them over the houses, and peering into every crevice like the Jews looking for leaven, and then sallying into the air. The play which ensues mostly turns into a fight, which reminded Mr. Parkyns of the town and gown rows at college, and which begin in the same way, i. e. with the mischievous little boys. These begin at first to abuse each other, and then to fight. Next, a man sees his son getting rather roughly handled, drags him out of the fray, and pommels his antagonist. The father of the latter comes to the rescue of his son, the friends of each party join in the struggle, and a general fight takes place. Mostly these contests are harmless, but, if the combatants have been indulging too freely in drink, they are apt to resort to their weapons, and to inflict fatal injuries.

During the night great fires of wood are built by the chiefs on the highest hills near the towns, and set on fire before daybreak. Oxen and sheep are then led three times round the fires, slaughtered, and left to be eaten by the birds and beasts of prey. This is distinctly a heathen custom, both the position of the altar and the mode of sacrifice designating clearly the fire-worshipper. When, therefore, the people awake in the morning after the fatigue and dissipation of the night, they find the whole country illuminated with these hill-fires.

They then go to their several chiefs, and all the soldiers boast before him of their prowess, some describing the feats which they have done before the enemy, and others prophesying the feats that they intend to do when they happen to meet an enemy. Gifts are mostly presented at this time, and feasting goes on as usual; every

chief, however petty, slaughtering as many cows as he can afford, and almost every householder killing at least one cow.

The churches of Abyssinia are not in the least like those edifices with which we generally associate the name of church, being small, low, flat-roofed, and, indeed, very much like the old Jewish tabernacle transformed into a permanent building. Some of the more modern churches are oblong or square, but the real ancient Abyssinian buildings are circular, and exactly resemble the ordinary houses, except that they are rather larger. They are divided into three compartments by concentric walls. The space between the first and second wall is that in which the laity stand, the priests alone having the privilege of entering the holy place within the second wall.

In the very centre is a small compartment, sometimes square and sometimes circular. This is the Most Holy Place, and contains the ark, which is venerated almost as much by the Abyssinians as the ancient ark was revered by the Jews. The ark is merely a wooden box, in many churches being of extreme antiquity, and within it is placed the Decalogue. Over the ark is a canopy of silk or clintz, and around it are a vast number of silken and cotton rags. They even fancy that the original ark of the Jews is deposited within a rock-shrine in Abyssinia.

The Abyssinians also follow the old Jewish custom of taking their sacred shrine into battle.

In an illustration on page 662, which represents a battle between the Abyssinians and Gallas, is seen the king, shaded with his umbrellas, giving orders to a mounted chief, whose ornamented shield and silver coronal denote his rank. In the distance may be seen villages on fire, while on the right an attack is being made on one of the lofty strongholds in which the people love to entrench themselves. Several dead Gallas are seen in the foreground, and in front of the king are some of the fallen prisoners begging for mercy. In the right-hand corner of the illustration is seen a conical object on the back of a mule. This is one of their shrines, which accompanies them as the ark used to accompany the Israelites to battle. The shrine mostly contains either a Bible or the relics of some favorite saint, and the covering of the mule is always of scarlet cloth. Two priests, with their white robes and turbans, are seen guarding the mule.

Paintings of the rudest possible description decorate the walls of the church, and are looked upon with the greatest awe, though they are no better in execution than the handiwork of a child of six. Their subjects are generally the Crucifixion and conventional portraits of saints, St. George being, perhaps, the greatest favorite, and having the most numerous representations.

The priesthood are, as may be imagined, no very good examples either of piety or letters. Some of them, but by no means all, can read; and even of those who do possess this accomplishment, very few trouble themselves to understand what they read, but gabble the words in parrot fashion, without producing the least impression on the brain.

Such being the education of the teachers, that of the taught may be inferred; in fact, no Abyssinian layman can read. The late King Theodore was a brilliant exception to this general rule; but then it must be remembered that he had passed several years in a monastery, and had partaken of the same educational privileges as those who were intended for the priesthood. Consequently, the Bible is a sealed book to all the laity and to a very large proportion of the priests, and the lives of the saints, and the various written charms which they purchase so freely, are by the Abyssinians valued far above the sacred volume itself.

As moreover the scribes, who are the most educated men in the country, gain their living by writing copies of the Bible, of the lives of the saints, and by writing charms, it is their interest to keep the people in ignorance, even though the laity were to manifest any desire to think for themselves. As, however, thinking is far too troublesome a process for them, they very contentedly leave all their religious matters in the hands of their clergy. Each man to his own business, say they—the warriors to fight, the priests to pray.

As for these lives of the saints, they are a collection of the most marvellous tales, often ludicrous and puerile, mostly blasphemous according to our ideas on the subject, but sometimes highly poetic and even touching, the sublime. There is one tale of St. Gabro Memfus Kouddos, i. e. Slave of the Holy Spirit, which contrives to comprise in itself all these elements. He was born a saint, stood up and repeated the threefold invocation three days after his birth, and was so very holy that for his entire life he took no nourishment of any kind. Once he fell over a precipice three hundred feet deep, and when the angels spread their wings under him he declined their assistance, giving his reasons at such length that the fall must have been a very slow one. The apparently blasphemous portions of his life I omit, and proceed to the end of it.

He would go on living for such an unconscionable time that at last the angel of death was sent personally to fetch him. The saint, however, declined the invitation, and logically argued that, as he had neither eaten nor drunk, his body did not belong to earth, therefore could not be restored to earth, and that, on the whole, any change must be for the worse. All the previous saints came and tried to persuade him, and at last he

found himself obliged to die. But then there was a great controversy as to the destination of his body. Air, of course, would not take it; and as the saint had never eaten nor drunk nor used a fire, neither of the elements could receive his body; and so he was again restored to it, and, still living, was taken up to heaven. Any of our readers who have perused the Talmud will remember a similar legend, which is doubtless the origin of the above-mentioned story.

This being a sample, and a very mild one, of the religion of the Abyssinians, we may easily imagine what must be their superstitions. These are of the genuine African cast, and have survived with undiminished strength in spite of the system of Christianity which has so long existed in Abyssinia.

The people fully believe in the power of transformation. There is a sort of demon, called Bouda, who possesses this power, and is supposed to be the special demon of blacksmiths. Now in Abyssinia the trade of blacksmith is hereditary, and is considered a disgraceful one, all smiths being looked upon as sorcerers. This idea has evidently taken its rise from times of great antiquity, when the power of smelting, forging, and welding iron was thought to be too wonderful to be possessed by ordinary human beings.

Mr. Parkyn narrates several instances of this belief in transformation. He knew, for example, of two little girls who had been in the forest to gather wood, and came back in a great fright. They had met a blacksmith, and had begun to jeer at him for a wizard, asking him as a proof of his power to turn himself into a hyæna. The man took them at their word, united a corner of his robe, took out some ashes, and sprinkled them over his shoulders. Immediately his head changed into that of a hyæna, hair spread itself over his body, and, before they could recover from the terror which paralyzed them, the now complete hyæna grinned and laughed at them, and then trotted into the neighboring bush.

Another story curiously resembles some of the transformation tales of the Arabian Nights. Two Bouda brothers used to make a good living by their powers of transformation. One of them would change himself into a horse, mule, or some other valuable animal, and was then sold by his brother. In the middle of the night the transformed man resumed his human shape, and walked home to join his brother. This went on for some time, but at last no one would buy from them, as they kept no stock. No one knew where they obtained the animals which they sold, and, moreover, no one liked to buy animals which had a knack of always escaping before twenty-four hours. At last one man determined to solve the mystery. One of the Bouda brothers offered for sale a peculiarly handsome horse. The

man bought it, and as soon as he got the animal out of the town, he drove his lance through its heart, and killed it on the spot.

He then threw himself in the way of the seller, and uttered loud lamentations over his hasty temper, which had caused him to kill so splendid an animal. The Bouda contrived to hide his emotion until he reached his home, and then began the usual lamentations for the dead, rubbing the skin off his temples and wailing loudly. On being questioned, he said that he was mourning the death of his brother, who had been robbed and murdered by the Gallas, from whom he had been buying horses for sale.

It seems also that the Boudas can transform other persons into animals, even without their consent. A woman had died, and, immediately after the funeral, a blacksmith came to the priest in charge of the cemetery, and bribed him to give up the newly-buried corpse. This was done, and the neighbors all remarked that the blacksmith had purchased a remarkably fine donkey, on which he always rode. There was this peculiarity about the animal, that it always wanted to run into the house where the dead woman had lived, and whenever it met any of the young people brayed loudly, and ran toward them.

The eldest son being a very intelligent young man, suddenly declared that the animal in question must be his mother, and insisted on bridging the ass and its rider into the hut. Here the animal seemed quite at home; and the smith was charged with being a Bouda, and with changing the body of the woman into an ass. At first he repudiated the assertion, but at last, by dint of mingled threats and promises, he confessed that he had indeed wrought the change. The woman was not dead, but was only in a trance into which he had thrown her, and could be restored to her own form again. Being promised forgiveness, he began his incantation, when the ass gradually threw off the furry coat and assumed the human form. The transformation was nearly complete, when one of the sons, in a sudden access of fury, drove his spear through the blacksmith and stopped the transformation, so that ever afterward the woman had one human foot and one ass's hoof. Many persons told Mr. Parkyns that they had actually seen the hoof in question.

The Bouda exhibits his power in various modes, one of which is a kind of possession, in which the afflicted person is, as it were, semi-demoniacal, and performs feats which are utterly impossible to the human body in the normal condition. Men and women are alike seized with the Bouda madness, although the females are naturally more liable to its attacks than the men, generally accounting for the fact by stating that they have rejected the love of some Bouda or other. The chief object of the Bouda seems

to be to lay a spell on the afflicted persons which will cause them to come at his call. Consequently, he assumes the shape of the hyena, calls the victims at night, and, if they are not bound and carefully watched, they are forced to go to the hyena, and are then devoured.

A remarkable example of this Bouda illness was watched by Mr. Parkyns with the greatest care. The afflicted person was a servant woman of Rohabaita. The complaint began by languor and headache, and then changed into an ordinary fit of hysterics, together with great pain.

"It was at this stage that the other servants began to suspect that she was under the influence of the Bouda. In a short time she became quiet, and by degrees sank into a state of lethargy, approaching to insensibility. Either from excellent acting and great fortitude, or from real want of feeling, the various experiments which were made on her seemed to have no more effect than they would have had on a mesmeric somnambulist. We pinched her repeatedly; but, pinch as hard as we could, she never moved a muscle of her face, nor did she otherwise express the least sensation. I held a bottle of strong sal-volatile under her nose, and stopped her mouth; and this having no effect, I steeped some rag in it, and placed it in her nostrils; but, although I would wager any amount that she had never either seen, smelt, or heard of such a preparation as liquid ammonia, it had no more effect on her than rosewater.

"She held her thumbs tightly inside her hands, as if to prevent their being seen. On my observing this to a bystander, he told me that the thumbs were the Bouda's particular perquisite, and that he would allow no person to take them. Consequently, several persons tried to open her hands and get at them; but she resisted with what appeared to me wonderful strength for a girl, and bit their fingers till in more than one instance she drew blood. I, among others, made the attempt, and, though I got a bite or two for my pains, yet either the devil had great respect for me as an Englishman and a good Christian, or she had for me as her master, for the biting was all a sham, and struck me as more like kissing than anything else, compared with the fearful wounds she had inflicted on the rest of the party.

"I had a string of ornamental amulets which I usually wore, having on it many charms for various maladies; but I was perfectly aware that none for the Bouda was among them. Still, hoping thereby to expose the cheat, I asserted that there was a very celebrated one, and laid the whole string on her face, expecting that she would pretend to feel the effects, and act accordingly; but, to my surprise and disappointment, she remained quite motionless. Sev-

eral persons had been round the village to look for some talisman, but only one was found. On its being applied to her mouth she for an instant sprang up, bit at it, and tore it, but then laughed, and said it was weak, and would not vex him.

"I here use the masculine gender, because, although the patient was a woman, the Bouda is supposed to speak through her medium; and, of whatever sex they be, the sufferers, or rather the spirits, when speaking of themselves, invariably use that gender. I deluged her with bucketfuls of water, but could not either elicit from her a start or a pant, an effect usually produced by water suddenly dashed over a person.

"At night she could not sleep, but became more restless, and spoke several times. She even remarked, in her natural tone of voice, that she was not ill, nor attacked by the Bouda, but merely wished to return to Adoun. She said this so naturally that I was completely taken off my guard, and told her that of course she might go, but that she must wait till the morrow. The other people smiled, and whispered to me that it was only a device of the Bouda to get her out into the forest, and then devour her."

By one of those curious coincidences that sometimes occur, a hyæna, who, according to the popular ideas was the transformed Bouda, was heard hooting and laughing close to the village for the whole of the night, that being the only time that Mr. Parkyns had known the animal do so during the whole of his stay at Rohabalta. In consequence of the presence of the animal, the young woman was tightly bound, and sentinels were placed within and without the door of the hut. Whenever the hyæna called, the woman moaned and started up, and once, after she had been quiet for nearly an hour, and the inner sentinel had dropped off to sleep, the hyæna came close to the hut, and the woman rose, *without her bonds*, crept on all-fours to the door, and had partly succeeded in opening it when one of the sentinels made a noise, and she went back to her place. In this way she was kept under the strictest watch for three days, during which time she would neither eat nor drink, rejecting even a small piece of bread when she had swallowed it, and on the third evening she mended and gradually recovered.

If this were imposture, as Mr. Parkyns remarks, it is difficult to find a motive. She had scarcely any work to do, and the wonder is what could make her voluntarily prefer three days confinement, with pluches, cords, cold water, and other ill-treatment—not to mention that severest of all punishments to an Abyssinian, total abstinence from food and drink.

According to the people, this enchantment is caused by a Bouda, who has learned the

baptismal name of the affected person. This is always concealed, and the Abyssinians are only known by a sort of nickname, which is given by the mother as they leave the church. When, however, a Bouda learns the baptismal name, he takes a straw, bends it into a circle, mutters charms over it, and puts it under a stone. As the straw is bent, the illness begins; and should it break, the victim dies.

Charms of certain kinds have a potent effect on the Bouda. On one occasion a poor weakly girl was lying apparently senseless, on whom Mr. Parkyns had uselessly tried, by the application of false charms, to produce an effect. Suddenly the woman flew into violent convulsions, screaming and struggling so that four strong men could scarcely hold her. Just then an Amhara soldier entered the outer court, and she cried out, "Let me alone and I will speak." This man, it appeared, had heard that a patient was ill of the Bouda, and had brought with him a charm of known power.

After much threatening with the amulet, accompanied by fierce and frantic rage on the part of the possessed, the Bouda promised to come out if food were given him. It is remarkable by the way, that the Bouda is always of the male sex, and, whether the possessed be a man or a woman, always uses the masculine gender in language. The rest must be told in Mr. Parkyns' own words:—

"A basin was fetched, in which was put a quantity of any filth that could be found (of fowls, dogs, &c.), and mixed up with a little water and some ashes. I took the basin myself, and hid it where I was positive that she could not see me place it, and covered it up with some loose stones which were heaped in the corner. The Bouda was then told that his supper was prepared, and the woman rose and walked down the court on all-fours, smelling like a dog on either side, until, passing into the yard where the basin was, she went straight up to it, and, pulling it out from the place where it was hidden, devoured its abominable contents with the utmost greediness. The Bouda was then supposed to leave her, and she fell to the ground, as if fainting. From this state she recovered her health in a few days."

A somewhat similar sort of possession is called Tigrityia. In this case the patient falls into a sort of wasting away, without apparent cause, and at last sits for several days together without eating or speaking. Music is the only means of curing a patient, who will then spring from the couch on which he has lain, apparently without strength to sit up, and will dance with the most violent contortions, keeping up the exercise with a vigor and pertinacity that would tire the strongest man in perfect

health. This is a sign that the demon may be driven out; and when the music ceases, the patient falls to the ground, and then begins to speak (always in the person of the demon), demanding all kinds of ornaments—sometimes, even if a peer woman, asking for the velvet robes and silver-mounted weapons of a chief. These cannot be obtained without much expense, but at last are procured, when the dancing is resumed, and, after several accessions of the fit, the patient takes off all the borrowed ornaments, and runs at full speed until the demon suddenly departs, and the possessed person loses all the fictitious strength that had animated him, and falls to the earth in a swoon. The demon takes his leave, and is deterred from returning by the firing of guns, and a guard with drawn swords that surrounds the prostrate form of the moaning patient.

THE architecture of the Abyssinians is simple, but characteristic. Houses differ in form according to the means of their owner, these of the commonalty being merely circular huts, while those of the wealthy are square and flat-roofed.

A rich man's house is rather a complicated piece of architecture. It stands in an enclosure, like an Indian compound, and the principal gateway is covered and flanked on either side by a porter's lodge, in which sleep the actual gate-keeper and other servants. Within the enclosure are generally a few slight huts of straw, for the reception of strangers or servants. About one-fourth of the compound is divided by a wall, and contains the kitchen, store-houses, &c. At the end opposite the gateway is the Adderash, or reception room, which is square or oblong, and often of considerable size. The roof is flat; but when the room is too large to be crossed by beams, only the angles are roofed in the ordinary way, so as to leave an octagonal opening in the centre. A wooden wall about four or five feet high is next built round the opening, and there is then no difficulty in roofing it.

The Adderash is divided into three rooms, the largest of which is the reception room. At the end is the stable, the horses and mules passing into it through the reception room. The "medeb," or bed-room (if it may be so called), is merely a strip of the apartment, about eight feet wide, separated by a partition wall; and if the owner of the house should be a married man, the entrance of the medeb is closed by a curtain. This apartment takes its name from the medeb, or divan, which is simply a part of the floor raised a foot or so above the rest, about five feet in width, and extending for the whole length of the room. Opposite the medeb is a small alcove, in which is placed the couch of the master of the house. This couch, or "arat," is a stout wooden framework, across which is stretched a network of raw hide

things, an inch or two in width. These contract when drying, and form a tolerably elastic bed.

In warm weather the arat is placed out of doors, and is only covered with a slight cloth roof. One of these outdoor beds may be seen in the illustration No. 2, on page 662.

The floor of the reception room is covered with grass, just as in the olden times even palace floors were strewn with rushes. Whenever a visitor enters, fresh grass is strewn to make a clean seat for him, but no one thinks of removing that which already has become discolored. Consequently, what with the continual washing of hands by pouring water over them, the spilling of beer and mead, and the mud that clings to the horses' feet as they pass to and from their stable, the flooring of the house becomes nothing more or less than a fermenting manure-heap. At last, when even the Abyssinian nose can endure it no longer, the room is cleared, and left empty for a day or two in order to rid it of the intolerable odor which still clings to it.

Round the walls of the reception room are a number of cows' horns by way of pegs, on which are hung the spears, shields, horse-accoutrements, drinking-horns, and other property of the owner.

The store-houses contain huge earthenware jugs, the mouths of which nearly reach the roof of the house, though their bases are sunk a yard or so in the ground. The Abyssinians value these jars highly, inasmuch as they are evidences of wealth.

As to the other two provinces, Shoa and Amhara, there is so little difference between them and Tigré that there is no need to occupy space with them. Practically they form one kingdom, just as England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and there is among them a very strong provincial jealousy, analogous to that which still prevails among the uneducated members of our own United Kingdom. Even Mr. Parkyns could not resist the feeling, and was a strenuous admirer of Tigré, considering the Amharas as ferocious and overbearing boors, and despising the Shoas altogether.

The province of Shoa, however, is by no means a despicable one, as may be seen from the following description of the great annual feast which is given by the king or prince at Easter. This hospitable banquet is on a truly royal scale, and is continued for a whole week, so that every free man who can attend the capital may have an opportunity of taking part in it.

The banqueting room is a very large and lofty chamber, having on one side a curtained alcove, in which the prince sits. Fresh grass is daily strewn on the floor, and round the room are set the tables, which are low, circular pieces of wickerwork. It is only in such houses that the tables are uni-

form in shape or size. Behind the tables and ranged along the wall are the body guards of the prince, armed with shields and a sword much resembling the old Roman weapon. Troops of servants are in waiting, and before the banquet begins they bring in the bread in piles, and place it on the tables. Sometimes as many as thirty loaves will be placed for each guest, the finest bread being always at the top and the coarsest below.

The object of this arrangement is to suit the different ranks of the party. Those of highest rank come first, and eat the finest, using the second-class bread as table-napkins. When they have finished, the guests of the next rank come in, eat the second-class bread, and wipe their fingers on the third-class bread, and so on until the whole is consumed.

Round the room are hung rows of shields, lion skins, and mantles of honor to be conferred by the prince on his subjects, while above them is a wide carpet, on which are depicted lions, camels, horses, and other animals.

All being ready, the guests assemble, and the prince takes his seat in the alcove, where he gives audience. Professional musicians enliven the scene with their instruments, and professional dancers aid their efforts. In the mean time, the guests are eating as fast as they can, the servants carrying meat from one guest to the other, and making up neat little sausages of meat, bread, and pepper, which they put adroitly into the mouths of the guests. As in more civilized lands, it is always better to propitiate the servants, because they can give the best parts of the meat to those whom they like, and reserve the gristle and toughest parts for those who displease them.

The politer guests, having by means of two or three pounds of meat, a pile of bread, and a gallon or so of mead, taken the edge off their own appetites, make up similarly seasoned balls, and put them into their neighbors' mouths. This is done with such rapidity that a man who happens to have made himself agreeable to his right and left hand neighbors is nearly choked by the haste with which etiquette requires that he shall despatch the highly-spiced morsels.

After this preliminary portion of the feast, in which cooked mutton is mostly employed, acting as a provocative to the real banquet which is to follow, the servants bring in raw meat still warm with life, and cut from a cow that has been slaughtered at the door while the mutton and bread has been consumed.

The giver of the feast sits in his alcove, and below him are the armed guards. The guests sit at wickerwork tables, using their curved swords with the national adroitness, and servants wait on the guests carrying great pieces of raw beef about. The liquors, by the way, are drunk from horns, which are

always served by women. In the centre are the musicians, playing the curious fiddle and harp of Shoa, and a little further on are the dancers.

As to the other tribes which are either in or about Abyssinia, a very few words must suffice for them.

There is one curious and very wild tribe, known by the name of BAREA. They are inborn marauders, executing their raids with marvellous rapidity and skill. So clever are they at concealing themselves, that even on an open plain, where there is not the least cover, they manage to dispose of themselves in such a way as to deceive an eye unpractised in their arts.

Once Mr. Parkyns was passing through a district over which one of the bush fires had swept, when he was astonished by the exclamation of his guide, that Barea were in sight, pointing at the same time to a dead tree, standing on an eminence at a distance of several hundred yards, and charred black by last year's fires. "All I saw was a charred stump of a tree, and a few blackened logs or stones lying at its foot. The hunter declared that neither the tree nor the stones were there the last time that he passed, and that they were simply naked Barea, who had placed themselves in that position to observe us, having no doubt seen us for some time, and prepared themselves.

"I could scarcely believe it possible that they should remain so motionless, and determined to explore a little. The rest of the party advised me to continue quietly in the road, as it was possible that, from our presenting a rather formidable appearance, we should pass unmolested; but, so confident was I of his mistake, that, telling the rest to go on slowly as if nothing had happened, I dropped into the long grass and stalked toward them. A shot from my rifle, at a long distance (I did not venture too close), acted on the tree and stones as promptly as the fiddle of Orpheus, but with the contrary effect, for the tree disappeared, and the stones and logs, instead of running after me, ran in the opposite direction.

"I was never more surprised in my life, for so complete was the deception, that even up to the time I fired I could have declared the objects before me were vegetable or mineral—anything but animal. The fact was that the cunning rascals who represented stones were lying flat, with their little round shields placed before them as screens."

Some of the wild tribes of India act in the same manner. There is a well-known story of an officer on the march, who was so completely deceived that he stood close by one of these metamorphosed men for some time, and at last hung his helmet on a projecting bough. This was nothing more than a

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(1.) BUFFALO DANCE. (See page 671.)



(2.) BEDOUIN CAMP. (See page 682.)
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leg of the dark savage, who was standing on his head, with his limbs fantastically disposed to represent the branches of an old tree-stump, the illusion being heightened by the spear-shafts, which did duty for the smaller branches. This mark of confidence was too much for the gravity of the savage, who burst into a shriek of laughter, turned head-over-heels, and disappeared into the jungle, the helmet still attached to his leg.

These clever and withal amusing marauders are very thorns in the side of the Abyssinians, who never know when the Barea may not be upon them. In many respects they resemble the warlike tribes of the Red Indians, though they are certainly superior to them in size and strength. They will follow a travelling party for days, giving not an indication of their presence, and speaking to one another wholly by signs, of which they have an extensive vocabulary. But they will never show themselves until the

time comes for striking the long-meditated blow, when they will make their attack, and then vanish as mysteriously as they had come. On one occasion nearly two hundred Barea came overnight to the outskirts of a village, and there lay in wait. In the early morning, two of the principal men of the village, one a man who was celebrated for his majestic and somewhat pompous demeanor, took a walk toward their cotton-fields, and found themselves in the midst of the Barea, who captured them, and carried them off to be sold as slaves to the Arabs, who would probably sell them again to the Turks.

When the Barea encamp round a village, they keep themselves warm for the night by the ingenious plan of each man digging a hole in the ground, making a small fire in it, and squatting over it enveloped in his cloth, so as to retain the heat and to prevent the fire from being seen.

THE GALLAS.

SURROUNDING a very considerable portion of Abyssinia proper are various tribes of the fierce and warlike GALLAS.

The Galla men are a fine and even handsome race, extremely variable in the hue of their skiu, as may be supposed from the very large extent of ground which is inhabited by their tribes. Moreover, they have mixed considerably with the Abyssinians proper, and are often employed as slaves by them. Female Galla slaves are frequently kept in the households of Abyssinians, and the consequence is, that a mixed progeny has sprung up which partakes of the characteristics of both parents. This has taken place considerably in Shoa, where the Galla element is very conspicuous among the population. As a rule, however, they are much darker than the Abyssinians, a circumstance which has induced Mr. Johnstone to derive their name from the word "calla," or black. Their language is a dialect of the Amhara tongue, but varied, like their skins, according to the precise locality of the tribe.

The features of the Gallas have none of the negro characteristics, such as the length of the skull, the contracted (though not receding) forehead, and the full development of the lips and jaws. The hair resembles that of the Abyssinians, and is dressed in various modes. Sometimes it is formed into long, narrow plaits, hanging nearly to the shoulders, and in others it is frizzed out into tufts. The most singular way of dressing the hair is to collect it into three divisions, one occupying the top of the head, and one crossing each temple. The divided tresses being then combed and frizzed to the greatest possible extent, the whole head

has a most comical aspect, and has been likened to the ace of clubs.

The young women are bold and handsome, but are anything but good-looking when they grow old. Three old women who visited Mr. Johnstone, and evidently acted as spies, were remarkable for their ugliness. They wore the hair in the usual multitudinous plaits, which they had connected by means of threads, so as to form them into a continuous curtain, and had been exceedingly lavish of butter. They wore a sort of soft leather petticoat, and had on their feet a simple sandal of ox-hide, fastened to the foot by a lap passing over the great toe, and a thong over the instep. They came ostensibly to sell tobacco and ropes. The latter articles they made even while they were bargaining, a bundle of hemp being fastened to their girdles in front, and the ropes, as fast as they were twisted, being coiled round their waists.

The Gallas are a warlike race, and far more courageous than the Abyssinians, who are more given to vaporing than fighting. When they return home after a victory they celebrate a curious and violent dance, called the Buffalo Dance. A head and the attached skin of a buffalo is laid on the ground, and the men assemble round it armed as if for war, with their spears and crooked swords. They then dance vigorously round the buffalo skiu, leaping high in the air, striking with their swords, and thrusting with their spears, and going through all the manoeuvres of killing the animal. The women take an active part in the dance. It is illustrated in the engraving No. 1, on the preceding page.

THE DANKALLI AND SOMAULI.

THEN there are the Dankalli and Somauli tribes, each of them subdivided into a number of smaller tribes, and having some traits peculiar to themselves, and others common to the Abyssinians proper. Indeed, Mr. Johnstone remarks that he has no doubt that, although they are now distinct nations, they are derived from a common origin.

The Somaulis are a warlike people, and, instead of the spears and shields which are almost the universal weapons through this part of Africa, they carry light bows and large quivers, which hang under the left arm by a broad strap passed over the same shoulder. The bow, though light, is very strong, and is much after the classical or Cupid's bow form. In consequence of this shape, when the arrow is discharged, the string comes quickly against the handle, and if the archer be unexpert his thumb gets a violent blow.

The quiver is made of an emptied gourd, the mouth of which is closed with a cover like that which is represented on several of the African quivers mentioned in this work. It contains about a dozen arrows, about a foot in length, and made of a hollow reed. Each is armed with a head of blue steel, shaped something like the ace of spades, and having its neck lengthened into a spike about an inch and a half long; this is not attached to the arrow, but is loose, and when wanted for use the spike is simply slipped into the unfeathered end of the hollow shaft. Of course, when the weapon strikes its object, the shaft falls off, and the head, which is poisoned, remains in the wound, and soon causes death.

Instead of the sword, they carry a knife with a blade about eight inches in length, the handle being merely a piece of wood

rounded, and slightly hollowed to give a firmer grasp.

The dress of the men consists of a "fetah," or waist cloth, and a robe called the "sarree." Differing in use, these cloths are of exactly the same shape and size, i. e. about eleven feet in length. The fetah is wound twice round the waist, the end being tucked in behind, and the whole garment made secure by the broad belt which holds the knife. The sarree is worn in robe fashion, round the body, and a man of taste disposes it so as to show off the two broad stripes of blue or scarlet at the end.

The women also wear the fetah, over which, when out of doors, they wear a long blue skirt without sleeves, and very open down the front. This is laid aside in the house, where nothing but the fetah is worn. The mode of dressing the hair into a continuous veil has been already mentioned, and Mr. Johnstone was fortunate enough to witness the process of dressing "this entangled mass, which reminded me of the hair of Samson, interwoven with the web of the loom. The lady whose hair was to be operated upon sat upon a stone in the court beneath one of our windows, and behind her, on her knees, was a stout slave-girl, who held in both hands a long-handled wooden fork-like comb, having four very strong prongs, which she dragged through the woolly, greasy, and black hair of her mistress, with the force of a groom currying a horse's tail."

The particular sub-tribe to which the people belong is denoted by sundry incised marks, which are cut with a fragment of obsidian, and are formed into patterns which sometimes extend over the whole back and breast.

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CHAPTER LXVII.

NUBIANS AND HAMRAN ARABS.

TINT OF THE NUBIAN SKIN—DRESS AND WEAPONS OF THE MEN—PECULIAR SWORD AND SHIELD—
DRESS OF THE WOMEN—RAHAT, OR THONG APRON—AMULETS—NUBIAN ARCHITECTURE—THE
HAMRAN ARABS—WEAPONS OF THE MEN—CARE TAKEN OF THE WEAPONS—ELEPHANT HUNT-
ING—ADMIRABLE HORSEMANSHIP—CATCHING BARBOONS—HUNTING THE LION—CATCHING A
BUFFALO BY THE TAIL—MARPOONING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

INASMUCH as, in spite of the continual contact with civilization, caused by their locality on the Nile bank, the Nubians have preserved their ancient style of dress and much of their ancient manners, they deserve a place in this work.

In color the Nubians are mostly black, some being of quite a jetty hue, while others are of much lighter color. Even in the blackest Nubian, however, the tint of the skin is not that of the tropical negro, but there is a certain transparency about it, which, in the sunbeams, gives a sort of amber hue to the limbs. Besides being a fine and well-built race, the Nubians possess pleasing features, the only fault being that the lower part of the face is somewhat apt to project.

While young the boys wear no clothing whatever, but when adult they wear short trousers, a shirt, and a kind of large scarf which passes over the left shoulder, and is fastened by a girdle round the waist. Being Mahometans, they shave the hair except one tuft on the crown, and cover their bare heads with a white cotton cap.

The Nubian men mostly go armed according to their ability. The usual weapons are the sword, dagger, spear, and shield. The sword is shaped somewhat like that of the Abyssinian, but the curve is not so abrupt. The general style of the weapon, however, and the shape of the handle, proclaim a common origin. With some of the Nubians the favorite weapon is the straight sword, like that of the Hamran Arabs, which will be described in a future page.

Perhaps on account of the facility which the Nile affords for travelling into South Central Africa, they wear a dagger fastened to the left arm just above the elbow, exactly as do several of the tribes that are found near the sources of the Nile. This dagger is short and crooked, and is kept in a red leathern sheath, and, on account of its position on the arm, is covered by the garments. The spear is simply the ordinary wooden shaft with an iron head, and has nothing about it specially worthy of notice.

The shield, however, is remarkable for its structure. It is generally made of the hide of the hippopotamus or of crocodile skin, and is easily known by the projecting boss in the centre. The hide is stretched on a wooden framework, and the boss is made of a separate piece of skin. The Nubians value these shields very highly, and, in consequence, it is extremely difficult to procure them.

The women are dressed after the usual African manner. As girls they wear nothing but a little apron of leathern thongs called a rahat. This apron is about nine inches or a foot in width, and perhaps six or seven in depth, and in general appearance resembles that of the Kafir girl. Instead of being cut from one piece of leather, each thong is a separate strip of hide, scarcely thicker than packthread, and knotted by the middle to the thong which passes round the waist. The apron is dyed of a brick-red color, and, after it has been in use for any time, becomes so saturated with the castor-oil which stands these primitive belies in lieu of clothing, that

the smell is unendurable. Travellers often purchase them from the Nubian girls, who, as a rule, are perfectly willing to sell them; but the buyers are obliged to hang their purchases on the top of the mast for a month or so, before they can be taken into the cabin. One of these aprons in my collection has still the familiar castor-oil odor about it, though many years have passed since it was purchased from a Nubian girl.

Of course they wear as many ornaments as they can procure; and some of these, which are handed down from one generation to another, are of great value. Few characteristics are more striking to an observant traveller than the fact that a Nubian girl whose whole dress may perhaps be worth three-pence, and who really could not afford to wear any clothing at all if it cost sixpence, will yet carry on her neck, her wrists, her ankles, and in her ears, a quantity of gold sufficient to purchase a handsome equipment.

It is rather a remarkable point that these aprons always become narrower toward the left side. The daughters of wealthy parents, though they wear no clothing except the apron, still contrive to satisfy the instinctive love of dress by covering the leathern thongs with beads, white shells, and pieces of silver twisted round them. When the girls marry, they retain the apron, but wear over it a loose garment, which passes over one shoulder, and hangs as low as the knee.

The ornaments with which they profusely decorate their persons are of various materials, according to the wealth of the woman who owns them. Those of the wealthy are of gold and silver, while those of the poorer class are of buffalo horn, brass, and similar materials. The metal amulets are of a crescent shape, and are open at one side, so as to be clasped on the arm or removed, according to the wearer's pleasure.

The hair is dressed in a way that recalls the ancient Egyptian woman to the traveller. It is jetty black and tolerably long, and is twisted with hundreds of small and straight tresses, generally finished off at the tips with little knobs of yellow clay, which look at a distance as if they were little lumps of gold. Amulets of different kinds are woven into the locks, and the whole is so saturated with castor-oil that an experienced traveller who wishes to talk to a Nubian woman takes care to secure the windward side, and not to approach nearer than is absolutely needful. As a rule, the Nubian women are not so dark as the men, but approach nearly to a coffee tint.

"Two beautiful young Nubian women visited me in my boat, with hair in the little plaits finished off with lumps of yellow clay, burnished like golden tags, soft deep bronze skins, and lips and eyes fit for Iris and Athor. Their very dress and ornaments were the same as those represented in the tombs, and I felt inclined to ask them how many thou-

sand years old they were." (Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt.")

The same writer well remarks that the whole country is a palimpsest, in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over the Bible. In the towns the Koran is most visible; in the country, Herodotus.

One of these graceful Nubian girls is represented in the frontispiece to this volume.

The amulets which have been just mentioned are worn by men and women alike, and are sewed up in red leather cases like those of the Bornuans. It is an essential part of their efficacy that their contents should not be known, and if once a case be opened, the enclosed amulet loses its power. The men often wear great numbers of them, tying them on their arms above the elbows.

The houses in which the Nubians live, or rather in which they sleep, are of very simple construction. Residing among the ruins of palaces, the Nubians have never learned to build anything better than a mud hut. These huts are of much the same shape as the old Egyptian buildings, being squared towers, large at the base, and decreasing toward the top, which is square, and in the better class of house answers as a terrace. The roof is covered with palm branches, and every good house possesses a sort of courtyard surrounded by walls, in which the women can pursue their different vocations while sheltered from the sun.

Granaries are seen near every village, and consist of shallow pits sunk in the ground and covered with a sort of white plaster. The villages also possess a shed for the reception of strangers, and each house has a jar of fresh water always kept ready for use.

Fortunately for themselves, the Nubians are both proud and fond of their country; and, although they are despised by the Arabs to such an extent that a Nubian always tries to pass himself off as an Arab whenever he has the opportunity, they are ever boasting of the many perfections of the land which they thus reject.

How long the Nubians may possess this land is doubtful. The Turk, "under whose foot no grass grows," is doing his best to depopulate the country. The men are pressed for soldiers, as many as thirty per cent. having been carried off in one conscription, and they are always being seized for forced labor — i. e. a life somewhat worse than that of plantation slaves. Consequently, as soon as they take alarm, they leave their village and escape into the interior, abandoning their crops and allowing them to perish rather than serve under the hated rule of the Turk. The least resistance, or show of resistance, is punished by death, and several travellers have related incidents of cold-blooded cruelty which seem almost too hor-

rible to tell, but which were taken quite as matters of ordinary occurrence. Taxation, too, is carried out to a simply ruinous extent, and the natural result is fast taking

place, namely, the depopulation of the land, and the gradual lessening of the number of tax-payers.

THE HAMRAN ARABS.

To describe, however briefly, all the tribes which inhabit the vast district called Arabia, would be a task far beyond the pretensions of this work. Some have advanced very far in civilization, while others have retained, with certain modifications, their pristine and almost savage mode of life. I shall therefore select these latter tribes as examples of the Arab life, and shall briefly describe one or two of the most characteristic examples.

SOUTH of Cassala there is a remarkable tribe of Arabs known as the Hamrans, who are celebrated through all the country for their skill in hunting. They possess the well-cut features and other characteristics of the Arab race, and are only to be distinguished by the style of wearing the hair. They permit the hair to grow to a great length, part it down the middle, and carefully train it into long curls. Each man always carries the only two weapons he cares about, namely, the sword and shield. The latter is of no very great size, is circular in shape, and about two feet in diameter, with a boss in the centre much like that of the Nubian shield already described. It is made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and, being meant for use and not for show, is never ornamented.

As to the sword, it is the chief friend of the Hamran Arab's life, and he looks upon it with a sort of chivalric respect. It is straight, double-edged, and is furnished with a cross-handle, like that of the ancient Crusaders, from whom the fashion seems to have been borrowed. The blades are of European make, and the Arabs are excellent judges of steel, valuing a good blade above everything. They keep both edges literally as sharp as razors, and prove the fact by shaving with them. When a Hamran Arab is travelling and comes to a halt, the first thing he does after seating himself is to draw his sword and examine both edges with the keenest attention. He then sharpens the weapon upon his leathern shield, and when he can shave the hair on his own arm with both edges, he carefully returns the blade into the sheath.

The length of the blade is three feet, and the handle is about six inches long, so that the weapon is a very weighty one, and a fair blow from its keen edge will cut a man in two. Still, it is not serviceable in single combat, as, although its weight renders a successful blow fatal, it prevents

the recovery of the sword after an unsuccessful blow. Sir S. Baker, to whom we are indebted for an account of this remarkable tribe, says that a Hamran Arab, with his sword and shield, would be at the mercy of an ordinary swordsman. He can cut and slash with wonderful energy, but knows nothing of using the point or parrying, so that, if a feint be made at his head, he will instinctively raise the shield, and lay his whole body open to the point of his adversary's sword.

The scabbard in which the sword is carried is very ingeniously made of two strips of soft and elastic wood, slightly hollowed to receive the blade, and covered with leather. The absurd metal scabbards still in use in our army would be scorned by an Arab, who knows the value of a keen edge to his weapon. On the scabbard are fitted two projecting pieces of leather. When the Arab is on the march, he slings the sword on the pommel of his saddle, and passes his leg between these leather projections, so that the sword is held in its place, and does not jump and bang against the sides of the horse.

Armed with merely the sword, these mighty hunters attack all kinds of game, and watch themselves with equal coolness against the elephant, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the lion, or the antelope. Their mode of procedure is almost invariably the same. They single out some particular animal, and contrive to cut the tendon of the hind leg with a blow of the sword, thus rendering the unfortunate beast helpless.

When they chase the elephant, they proceed in the following manner. The elephant hunters, or aggageers, as they call themselves, convert their swords into two-handed weapons by wrapping thin cord very closely round the blade, for about nine inches from the handle. The guarded portion of the blade is held in the right hand, and the hilt in the left.

Two hunters generally set out in chase of the elephant. Having selected the bull with the largest tusks, they separate it from its fellows, and irritate it until it charges them. One of the aggageers takes on himself this duty, and draws the attention of the elephant upon himself. The irritated animal makes its furious onset, and goes off at full speed after the aggageer, who carefully accommodates his pace to that of the elephant, so that it always thinks it is going to catch him, and forgets that he has a companion.

Meanwhile, the other aggageer rides close to the side of the elephant, draws his sword, springs to the ground, bounds alongside of the elephant, delivers one tremendous cut on the nuckle of the hind foot, and springs again on his horse. As soon as the elephant puts the injured foot on the ground, the joint becomes dislocated, and the foot turns up like an old shoe. The animal is now helpless, and, while its attention is still engaged by the aggageer whom it has been pursuing, the swordsman passes to its other side, slashes the nuckle of the remaining leg, and brings the animal to a dead halt. The sword is carefully wiped, sharpened, and returned to the sheath, while the wounded elephant sinks to the ground, and in a short time dies from loss of blood. Thus one man will kill an elephant with two blows of a sword.

It is evident that such hunting as this requires the most perfect horsemanship, and it is accordingly found that the Hamran Arabs are among the best horsemen in the world. They and their steeds seem to be actuated by one spirit, and they sit as if the horse and his rider were but one animal. In his travels in Abyssinia Sir S. Baker gives a very graphic account of their mode of riding.

"Hardly were we mounted and fairly started, than the monkey-like agility of our aggageers was displayed in a variety of antics, that were far more suited to performance in a circus than to a party of steady and experienced hunters, who wished to reserve the strength of their horses for a trying journey.

"Abon Do was mounted on a beautiful Abyssinian horse, a gray; Sulehman rode a rough and inferior-looking beast; while little Jali, who was the pet of the party, rode a gray mare, not exceeding fourteen hands in height, which matched her rider exactly in fire, spirit, and speed. Never was there a more perfect picture of a wild Arab horseman than Jali on his mare. Hardly was he in the saddle, than away flew the mare over the loose shingles that formed the dry bed of the river, scattering the rounded pebbles in the air from her flinty hoofs, while her rider in the vigor of delight threw himself almost under her belly while at full speed, and picked up stones from the ground, which he flung, and again caught as they descended.

"Never were there more complete Centaurs than these Hamran Arabs; the horse and man appeared to be one animal, and that of the most elastic nature, that could twist and turn with the suppleness of a snake; the fact of their separate being was proved by the rider springing to the earth with his drawn sword while the horse was in full gallop over rough and difficult ground, and, clenching the mane, he again reared into the saddle with the agility of a monkey, without once checking the speed.

"The fact of being on horseback had suddenly altered the character of these Arabs; from a sedate and proud bearing they had become the wildest examples of the most savage disciples of Nimrod; excited by enthusiasm, they shook their naked blades aloft till the steel trembled in their grasp, and away they dashed, over rocks, through thorny bush, across ravines, up and down steep inclinations, engaging in a mimic hunt, and going through the various acts supposed to occur in the attack of a furious elephant."

This capability of snatching up articles from the ground stands the hunters in good stead. If, for example, they should come across a flock of sheep, each man will dash through the flock, stoop from his saddle, pick up a lamb, and ride off with it. They can even catch far more active prey than the lamb or kid. On one occasion, as the party were travelling along, they came upon a large troop of baboons, who had been gathering gum arabic from the mimosas. "Would the lady like to have a baboon?" asked Jali, the smallest and most excitable of the party.

Three of the hunters dashed off in pursuit of the baboons, and in spite of the rough ground soon got among them. Stooping from their saddles, two of the aggageers snatched each a young baboon from its mother, placed it on the neck of the horse, and rode off with it. Strange to say, the captive did not attempt to escape, nor even to bite, but clung convulsively to the mane of the horse, screaming with fear. As soon as they halted, the hunters stripped some mimosa bark from the trees, bound the baboons, and with their heavy whips inflicted a severe flogging on the poor beasts. This was to make them humble, and prevent them from biting. However, in the course of the next halt, when the baboons were tied to trees, one of them contrived to strangle itself in its struggles to escape, and the other bit through its bonds and made off unseen.

For such work as this, the hunter must be able to stop his horse in a moment, and accordingly the bit must be a very severe one. The saddle is a very clumsy affair, made of wood and unstuffed, while the stirrups are only large enough to admit the great toe.

The rhinoceros gives far more trouble to the hunters than the elephant. It is much swifter, more active, and can turn more rapidly, spinning round as if on a pivot, and baffling their attempts to get at its hind leg. Unlike the elephant, it can charge on three legs, so that a single wound does not disable it. Still the Hamran Arabs always kill the rhinoceros when they can, as its skin will produce hide for seven shields, each piece being worth two dollars, and the horn is sold to the Abyssinians as material for

sword hits, the best horn fetching two dollars per pound.

Lion-hunting is not a favorite pursuit with the Hamraus, as they gain little if successful, and they seldom come out of the contest without having suffered severely. They always try to slash the animal across the loins, as a blow in that spot disables it instantly, and prevents it from leaping. Sometimes the lion springs on the crupper of the horse, and then a back-handed blow is delivered with the two-edged sword, mostly with fatal effect.

The buffalo, fierce and active as it is, they hunt with the sword. Nothing, perhaps, shows the splendid horsemanship and daring courage of the Hamraus better than a scene which was witnessed by Sir S. Baker.

A large herd of buffaloes was seen and instantly charged by the agageers, and, while the buffaloes and hunters were mixed together in one mass, the irrepressible little Jali suddenly leaped forward, and seized the tail of a fine young buffalo, some twelve hands high. Two other hunters leaped from their horses, snatched off their belts, and actually succeeded in taking the animal alive. This was a great prize, as it would be sold for a considerable sum at Cassala. Now as Jali was barely five feet three inches in height, and very slightly made, such a feat as seizing and finally capturing a powerful animal like a buffalo bull was really a wonderful one.

They are as active on foot as on horseback. On one occasion, three of them, Jali of course being one, were so excited with the chase of a wounded elephant that they actually leaped from their horses and pursued the animal on foot. The elephant was mad with rage, but seemed instinctively to know that his enemies wanted to get behind him, and always turned in time to prevent them. Active as monkeys, the agageers managed to save themselves from the charges of the elephant, in spite of deep sand, which impeded them, while it had no effect on the elephant. Time after time he was within a yard or so of one of the hunters, when the other two saved him by dashing upon either flank, and so diverting his attention.

They hunt the hippopotamus as successfully as they chase the elephant, and are as mighty hunters in the water as upon land. In this chase they exchange the sword and shield for the harpoon and lance. The former weapon is made on exactly the same principle as that which has already been described when treating of the hippopotamus hunters of South Central Africa, but it is much lighter. The shaft is a stout bamboo about ten feet in length, and the head is a piece of soft steel about a foot long, sharply pointed at one end and having a single stout barb. One end of a rope, about twenty feet in length, is firmly at-

tached to the head, and to the other end is fastened a float made of a very light wood called ambatch, which is also used for making canoes and rafts.

When the hunter sees a hippopotamus, and means to attack it, he puts on his hunting dress, *i. e.* he braces a leathern belt round his waist, and takes off all his clothes. He then fixes the iron head on the bamboo shaft, winds the rope round the latter, and boldly enters the water, holding the harpoon in the right hand and the ambatch float in the left. As soon as he comes within striking distance of his victim, the harpoon is hurled, and the hunter tries to find a spot in which the infuriated animal cannot reach him. The wounded hippopotamus dashes about, first in the river, then on the bank, and then in the river again, always trailing after it the rope and float, and so weakening itself, and allowing its enemies to track it. Sooner or later they contrive to seize the end, drag the animal near the bank, and then with their lances put it to death.

Often, when they have brought the hippopotamus to the shore, it charges open-mouthed at its tormentors. Some of them receive it with spears, while others, though unarmed, boldly await its onset, and fling handfuls of sand into its eyes. The sand really seems to cause more pain and annoyance than the spears, and the animal never can withstand it, but retreats to the water to wash the sand out of its eyes. In the mean time, weapon after weapon is plunged into its body, until at last loss of blood begins to tell upon it, and by degrees it yields up its life.

Sir S. Baker gives a most animated description of one of these strange hunts.

One of the old Hamrau hunters, named Abou Do—an abbreviated version of a very long string of names—was celebrated as a howarti, or hippopotamus hunter. This fine old man, some seventy years of age, was one of the finest conceivable specimens of humanity. In spite of his great age, his tall form, six feet two in height, was as straight as in early youth, his gray locks hung in thick curls over his shoulders, and his bronze features were those of an ancient statue. Despising all encumbrances of dress, he stepped from rock to rock as lightly as a goat, and, dripping with water, and bearing his spear in his hand, he looked a very Neptune. The hunters came upon a herd of hippopotami in a pool, but found that they were too much awake to be safely attacked.

"About half a mile below this spot, as we clambered over the intervening rocks through a gorge which formed a powerful rapid, I observed, in a small pool just below the rapid, an immense head of a hippopotamus close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river, about six feet

above the surface. I pointed out the hippo to old Abou Do, who had not seen it.

"At once the gravity of the old Arab disappeared, and the energy of the hunter was exhibited as he motioned us to remain, while he ran nimbly behind the thick screen of bushes for about a hundred and fifty yards below the spot where the hippo was unconsciously basking, with his ugly head above the surface. Plunging into the rapid torrent, the veteran hunter was carried some distance down the stream, but, breasting the powerful current, he landed upon the rocks on the opposite side, and, retiring to some distance from the river, he quickly advanced toward the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. I had a fine view of the scene, as I was lying concealed exactly opposite the hippo, who had disappeared beneath the water.

"Abou Do now stealthily approached the ledge of rock beneath which he had expected to see the head of the animal; his long, sinewy arm was raised, with the harpoon ready to strike as he carefully advanced. At length he reached the edge of the perpendicular rock, the hippo had vanished, but, far from exhibiting surprise, the old Arab remained standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude.

"No figure of bronze could have been more rigid than that of the old river-king, as he stood erect upon the rock with the left foot advanced, and the harpoon poised in his ready right hand above his head, while in the left he held the loose coils of rope attached to the ambatch buoy. For about three minutes he stood like a statue, gazing intently into the clear and deep water beneath his feet.

"I watched eagerly for the reappearance of the hippo; the surface of the water was still barren, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the harpoon shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arrow. What river-fier answered to the summons? In an instant an enormous pair of open jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head

and form of the furious hippopotamus, who, springing half out of the water, lashed the river into foam, and, disdaining the concealment of the deep pool, he charged straight up the violent rapids. (See engraving No. 1, on the next page.) With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream; gaining a footing in the rapids, about five feet deep, he ploughed his way against the broken waves, sending them in showers of spray upon all sides, and upon gaining broader shallows he tore along through the water, with the buoyant float hopping behind him along the surface, until he landed from the river, started at full gallop along the dry shingly bed, and at length disappeared in the thorny nabbuk jungle."

During one of these flights, the hippopotamus took it into his head that the ambatch float was the enemy that was damaging him, and attacked it furiously. Taking advantage of his pre-occupation, two hunters swam across the river, carrying with them a very long and tough rope, and holding one end on each bank and "sweeping," as the sailors say, they soon caught the float in the centre of the rope and brought it ashore. The hippopotamus then made a charge, and the slackened line was immediately coiled round a rock, while two hunters fixed additional harpoons in the animal; and though he made six charges at his foes, bit one of the ropes asunder, and crushed the lance-shafts between his teeth like straws, the hardy hunters got the better of him, and his death was a mere matter of time.

The hippopotamus is nearly as great a prize as the rhinoceros, as it affords an almost unlimited supply of food, and the hide is extremely valuable, being cut into strips two inches in width, which are used in the manufacture of the koorbash, or hide whip, so universally employed throughout Africa.

In the water, the crocodile is even a more dangerous antagonist than the hippopotamus, and yet the Hamrans attack it with their harpoons, boldly entering the water, and caring no more for crocodiles than for so many frogs.

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(1.) HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. (See page 678.)



(2.) TRAVELLERS AND THE MIRAGE. (See page 689.)

CHAPTER LXVIII.

BEDOUIHS, HASSANIYEHHS, AND MALAGASY.

SIGNIFICATION OF THE NAME—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE BEDOUIHS—THEIR ROBBER NATURE—HOSPITALITY AND ITS DUTIES—LIFE AMONG THE BEDOUIHS—THE BEDOUIH WOMEN—SIMPLE MODE OF GOVERNMENT—CONSTANT FEUDS—MODE OF COOKING—THE DATE AND ITS USES—THE HASSANIYEHHS—GENERAL APPEARANCE—THEIR VILLAGES—STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS—A HASSANIYEH DANCE—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ARABS—THE HAUNTED HOUSE—NOTIONS OF THE MIRAGE—THE INK MIRROR—THE MALAGASY AND THEIR TRIBES—THE FIRST BEEF-EATER—THE HOVA TRIBE—ARCHITECTURE—THE TRAVELLER'S TREE AND ITS USES—TREATMENT OF SLAVES—NOTIONS OF RELIGION—THE BLACKSMITH TRIBE.

Of all the many tribes which are designated by the common title of Arab, the typical tribes are those which are so well known by the name of BEDOUIH, or BEDAWEEH. The former is the more familiar mode of spelling the word, and it will therefore be employed. The name is a most appropriate one, being derived from an Arabic word which signifies the desert, and meaning, therefore, a man of the wilderness. The Bedouins are indeed men of the desert. True Ishmaelites, their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them. They build no houses, they cultivate no lands, they conduct no merchandise; but are nomad and predatory, trusting chiefly for their living to the milk of their camels, and looking upon their horses and dromedaries as means whereby they can plunder with greater security.

As Mr. Palgrave pithily remarks, while treating of the character of the Bedouin: "The Bedouin does not fight for his home, he has none; nor for his country, that is anywhere; nor for his honor, he has never heard of it; nor for his religion, he owns and cares for none. His only object in war is the temporary occupation of some bit of miserable pasture-land, or the use of a brackish well; perhaps the desire to get such a one's horse or camel into his own possession."

In person the Bedouins are fine specimens of the human race. They are tall, stately, with well-cut features, and have feet and hands that are proverbial for their beauty. Their demeanor in public is grave and haughty, and every man walks as if he were

monarch of the world. While other Arab tribes have lost their distinctive manners by contact with civilization, the Bedouins alone have preserved them, and, even when they visit the cities which they hate so much, they can be at once distinguished by their demeanor. Lady Duff-Gordon was greatly struck with it. "To see a Bedawee and his wife walk through the streets of Cairo is superb. Her hand resting on his shoulder, and scarcely deigning to cover her haughty face, she looks down on the Egyptian veiled woman, who carries the heavy burden and walks behind her lord and master."

The dress of the Bedouins is simple enough. The men wear a sort of a tunic or shirt, covered with a large thick mantle called the *haik*. Another cloth is disposed over the head, and falls on either side of the face so as to shield it from the sun, and is kept in its place by a cord of camel's hair, that is wound several times across the brows. As for the women, they wear a blue shirt, much open at the bosom, and care for no other clothing.

Being a predatory race, the Bedouins are always armed, their chief weapon being the spear, which is of enormous length, and often so weighty that a powerful as well as a practised arm is required to wield it. At the present day those who can afford fire-arms carry guns of such length of barrel that they seem to have been made in emulation of the spear shafts. These weapons are of very indifferent quality, and the Bedouin is never a good marksman, his clumsy weapon taking a long time to load, and the

owner taking a long time to aim, and then aiming very badly.

In consequence of the robber nature of the Bedouins, no one will venture to pass through their districts without being well armed, or protected by a sufficient escort. At the present day, Europeans can travel with comparative safety, as they have a way of fighting when attacked, and of generally hitting their mark when they fire, so that even the wandering Bedouins have conceived a respect for such incomprehensible beings, and would rather receive them as guests than fight them as enemies.

If, however, they come upon a solitary traveller, they pounce upon him, and rob him of everything, even of his clothes. Still, they are not brutal about it, except perhaps in enforcing haste by a menacing gesture with a spear. They seldom accompany robbery with murder, and have been known to take the traveller whom they have robbed into their tents, feed him, give him old clothes instead of the new which they have taken from him, keep him all night, and send him on his journey, even taking the trouble to accompany him for some distance, lest he should lose his way. The robber feels no enmity toward the man, and simply looks on him as a providential benefit cast in his way, and as such rather respects him than otherwise.

The reader will remember that the Bedouin takes the man to his tent *after* he has robbed him. Had he begun operations by allowing the traveller to enter his tent, and partake of his food, he could not have robbed his guest afterward. There is a chivalrous sort of feeling in the Arab mind that the person of a guest is sacred; and if the fiercest Bedouin had received a man under the shadow of his tent, he would be bound to protect that man as if he were his own son. So far is this feeling carried, that instances have been known where a strange Arab has taken refuge in a tent and received protection, though the owner discovered that his guest had killed one of his nearest relations.

The only habitations of the Bedouins are their tents. These tents, on which so much poetry has been lavished, are about as unpoetical as anything can be. Any one can make a Bedouin tent in five minutes. He has only to take a few sticks, some five feet in length, thrust one end into the ground, throw over them a piece of black and very dirty sackcloth, peg the edges to the ground, and there is the tent. Being only some four feet in height in the middle, no one can stand upright in it, and only in the middle can any one even sit upright. But as the tent is not regarded as we regard a house, and is only used as a sort of convenient shelter in which the Arabs can sleep, height is of no importance. The engraving No. 2, on page 670, illustrates a "Bedouin camp."

These low, dark tents are almost invariably pitched in the form of a semicircle, the openings eastward, and just enough space left between each hut for the passage of their camels and horses. The area inclosed between the arms of the crescent is intended for the children, as a place wherein they may disport themselves while still under the mother's eye. When new, the tents are mostly striped in broad bands of two or three feet in width, but the rough usage to which they are subjected soon destroys the color.

Such are the tents of the ordinary Bedouins. The sheikh, or chief of each clan, has a larger and better tent, which is divided into compartments by curtains, so disposed as to leave a set of rooms on the outside, and one or more rooms in the centre. Those on the outside are for the men, and those in the interior for the women belonging to the sheikh's family. A certain amount of privacy is gained, which belongs, however, only to the eye and not to the ear, the partitions being nothing more than curtains, and the Arabs all speaking in the loudest of voices—a bawling nation, as a French traveller described them.

The furniture is suitable to the dwelling, and consists merely of a mat or two and a few pots. Some of the wealthier are very proud of possessing brass mortars in which they pound their coffee, and every morning is heard the musical tinkle of the coffee-maker. Even the men condescend to make coffee, and the sheikh himself may be seen at work in the morning, pounding away at the berries, and rejoicing equally in the musical sound of the pestle and the fragrant odor of the freshly-roasted coffee.

Thus bred entirely in the open air, the only shelter being the tattered sackcloth of the tent, the true Bedouin can endure no other life. He is as miserable within the walls of a town as a wolf in a trap. His eyes, accustomed to range over the vast expanse of desert, are affronted by the walls over which he cannot see. The streets oppress him, and within the atmosphere of a room he can scarcely breathe. Both he and his camel are equally out of their element when among civilized people, and they are ever looking forward to the happy moment when they may again breathe the free air of the desert.

Life among the Bedouins is not pleasant to a European, and is by no means the sort of paradisaical existence that we are often led to think. It is certainly a free life in its way, and has that peculiar charm which is felt by all civilized beings when first allowed to do as they like. But it has its drawbacks, not the least being that every one is equally free; and if a stronger man should choose to assert his freedom by plundering the traveller, he is at perfect liberty to do so.

Then the "Arab maids," who look so picturesque—in a painting—are not quite so pleasant in reality. Dirt, evil odors, screaming voices and detestable manners are not seen in a picture, but in reality force themselves on more senses than one. Even in youth the Bedouin girls are not so handsome as is generally thought. They are tall, well made, and graceful, but are deficient in that gentleness and softness which we naturally associate with the feminine nature. They are fond of tattooing themselves, and cover their arms and chins with blue patterns, such as stars or arabesque figures. Some of them extend the tattoo over the breast nearly as low as the waist. The corners of the eyes are sometimes decorated with this cheap and indestructible ornament. They are fond of ornaments, especially of ear-rings, which can scarcely be too large for them.

Unlike the more civilized Mahometans, they care little about veiling their faces, and, in fact, pass a life nearly as free as that of the men. Even the women's apartment of the tent is thrown open by day for the sake of air, and any one can see freely into it.

Feminine beauty differs as much among the Arabs as among other people. Mr. Palgrave says wittily that if any one could invent an instrument which could measure beauty—a kalometer, as he calls it—the Bedouin would be "represented by zero, or at most 1°." A degree higher would represent the female sex of Nejed; above them rank the women of Shomer, who are in their turn surmounted by those of Djowf. The fifth or sixth degree symbolizes the fair ones of Hasa; the seventh those of Katar; and lastly, by a sudden rise of ten degrees at least, the seventeenth or eighteenth would denote the pre-eminent beauties of Oman.

"Arab poets occasionally languish after the charmers of Hejaz; I never saw any one to charm *me*, but then I only skirted the province. All bear witness to the absence of female loveliness in Yemen; and I should much doubt whether the mulatto races and dusky complexions of Hadramout have much to vaunt of. But in Hasa a decided improvement in this important point is agreeably evident to the traveller arriving from Nejed, and he will be yet further delighted on finding his Calypos much more conversible, and having much more too in their conversation, than those he left behind him in Seideys and Aared."

It is popularly thought that Arab manners are like those of the Turk,—grave, polite, and majestic. The fact is far different. Though, like the American Indian, the Arab has a proud and stately walk, and knows well enough how to assume a regally indifferent demeanor on occasion, he is by nature lively and talkative, not caring very much what he talks about; and fond of sing-

ling Arab songs in that curious mixture of high screaming falsetto and guttural intonation which he is pleased to consider vocal music.

Then the general manners are by no means dignified, even when the Bedouins want to do special honor to a guest. Mr. Palgrave spent much time among them, and has drawn a vivid picture of life in a Bedouin encampment. It is no unfavorable one, the inmates being described as "ajaweed," or gentlemen—though the author remarks rather wickedly that, if they were gentlemen, he very much wondered what the blackguards were like.

"The chief, his family (women excepted), his intimate followers, and some twenty others, young and old, boys and men, came up, and, after a kindly salutation Bedouin-wise, seated themselves in a semicircle before us. Every man held a short crooked stick for camel-driving in his hand, to gesticulate with in speaking, or to play with in the intervals of conversation; while the younger members of society, less prompt in discourse, politely employed their leisure in staring at us, or in plucking up dried pellets of dirt from the sand, and tossing them about.

"But how am I to describe their conversation, their questions and answers, their manners and jests? 'A sensible person in this city is like a man tied up among a drove of mules in a stable,' I once heard from a respectable stranger in the Syrian town of Homs, a locality proverbial for the utter stupidity of its denizens. But among Bedouins in the desert, where the advantages of the stable are wanting, the guest rather resembles a man in the middle of a field among untied mules, frisking and kicking their heels in all directions around him.

"Here you may see human nature at its lowest stage, or very nearly. One sprawls stretched out on the sand, another draws unmeaning lines with the end of his stick, a third grins, a fourth asks purposeless or impertinent questions, or cuts jokes meant for wit, but in fact only coarse in the extreme. Meanwhile the boys thrust themselves forward without restraint, and interrupt their elders (their betters I can hardly say) without the smallest respect or deference.

And yet, in all this, there is no real intention of rudeness, no desire to annoy—quite the reverse. They sincerely wish to make themselves agreeable to the new comers, to put them at their ease, nay, to do them what good service they can, only they do not exactly know how to set about it. If they violate all laws of decorum or courtesy, it is out of sheer ignorance, not *malice prepense*. And, amid the aimlessness of an utterly uncultivated mind, they occasionally show indications of considerable tact and shrewdness; while, through all the fickleness proper to man accustomed to no

moral or physical restraint, there appears the groundwork of a manly and generous character, such as a Persian, for instance, seldom offers.

"Their defects are inherent in their condition, their redeeming qualities are their own—they have them by inheritance from one of the noblest races of earth, from the Arabs of inhabited lands and organized governments. Indeed, after having travelled much and made pretty intimate acquaintance with many races, African, Asiatic, and European, I should hardly be inclined to give the preference to any over the genuine unmixed clans of Central and Eastern Africa. Now these last-mentioned populations are identical in blood and tongue with the myriads of the desert, yet how immeasurably inferior! The difference between a barbarous Highlander and an English gentleman, in 'Rob Roy' or 'Waverley,' is hardly less striking."

The resemblance between the gipsy and the Bedouin is almost too evident to need mention, and the author of this passage has here drawn attention to the singular resemblance between the Bedouin and the Highlander, as described by Scott. There is, however, in the "Legend of Montrose," a passage which is worthy of being quoted in this place, so strangely close is the parallel. It occurs in the scene where the wounded Mac-Eogh is dying in prison, and is giving his last commands to his grandson. "Keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not, neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down. Son of the Mist, be free as thy forefathers. Own no land—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—inclose no pasture—sow no grain. . . . Begone—shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or war." Shift the scene from Scotland to Arabia, and no more appropriate words could have been put into the mouth of a dying Bedouin chief.

With characters so impatient of control, it is evident that there can be no government worthy of the name. Like the Son of the Mist, they acknowledge no lord, and there is no one who bears even by courtesy the title of King of the Bedouins. Each clan is governed by its own sheikh, and occasionally a few clans unite for some raid under the presidency of the eldest or most important sheikh, and remain united for some time. But his rule only lasts as long as the others choose to obey him, and instead of being a sovereign, or even a commander-in-chief, he is but *primus inter pares*.

The clans themselves vary exceedingly in numbers, and, as a general rule, each clan consists of one family, gathered together after the patriarchal system. Then if one of the men should happen to excel his fellows

he is sure to get together a band of followers, to separate in time from his family, and found a clan of his own.

In consequence of this insubordinate nature, war, as we understand it, is impossible, simply because discipline cannot be maintained. If, for example, several clans unite under the presidency of one of their number, should one of the confederated sheikhs feel dissatisfied with the commander, he will go off together with his people, and probably join another who is more to his mind.

Though war is unknown, the Bedouins live in a chronic state of feud, no one knowing whether his encampment may not be assailed by another clan, all his little property—dress included—torn from him, if he submits, and his throat very probably cut if he resists. No one ever thinks of giving notice of attack, or of fighting anything like equal numbers. Should they not be far superior in numbers, they contrive to project their assault secretly, and to take their victims by surprise, and the man who is most ingenious in planning such raids, and the most active and courageous in carrying them out, is sure to be the man who will rise to a sort of eminence in his own clan, and finish by founding one of his own. The only object of such a raid is the acquisition of property; and even a handsome horse, or a remarkably swift dromedary, will cause the destruction of a whole clan.

Living in the desert, and only travelling from one fertile spot to another, they cannot be expected to be very delicate in regard to provisions, nor to possess any great skill in cookery. Their greatest luxury is a feast on boiled mutton and the whole process of cooking and serving is almost ludicrously simple. The body of a sheep is cut up and thrown into a pot, together with a sufficiency of water. The pot is then placed on the fire, and in process of time it boils. When it is about two-thirds cooked, according to our ideas, the hungry Bedouins can wait no longer; it is all turned into a large wooden bowl, and the guests assemble round it. Their hands are plunged into the bowl, the scalding and half-raw meat is quickly torn to pieces, and in five minutes nothing is left but the cleanly picked bones. No vegetables are added to it, and no condiments are thought needful. Water is then passed round in another bowl or pail, a deep draught is taken, and the feast is over.

The bread of the Bedouin is as simple as the cookery. The baker pours a few handfuls of flour upon a circular piece of leather, pours a little water upon it, and kneads it into dough. Another man has in the mean time been preparing a fire, and, as soon as it burns up, the dough is patted into a thin circular cake, about one inch thick and six inches diameter. This is laid on the fire and covered with embers, and after being

turned once or twice, and the ashes brushed off, it is taken from the fire, broken up, and eaten as it is — "half-kneaded, half-fraw, half-roasted, and burnt all round." Were it not eaten while still hot, it would become so tough and leathery that not even a Bedouin could eat it. In fact, it very much resembles the rough-and-ready bread of the Australian shepherds, which is so well known under the name of "damper." One advantage of this style of bread is, that it can be readily cooked on a journey, and, on special occasions, a camel-rider can even bake his bread while on the back of his dromedary.

The date is, however, the chief resource of the Bedouin, and on that fruit alone he can exist for a long time, even through the many hardships which he has to endure in his journeying through the desert. In England we do not know what the date really is, nor can we understand the rich lusciousness of the fruit before it is dried and preserved. In the latter state it is very heating to a European, and slightly so even to a native, whereas in its fresh state it has no such evil qualities. It contains a marvellous amount of nourishment, and when fresh does not cloy the palate, as is always the case when it is dried.

In consequence of this nourishing property of the fruit, the date tree is not only valued, but absolutely honored. The Arab addresses it as his mother, and treats it with as much reverence as if it were really his parent. A single date tree is a valuable property among all Arab tribes, and, although the genuine Bedouins own none, they reverence it as much as their more stationary brethren. Cutting down the date trees of an enemy is looked upon as the last extremity of cruelty, while planting the trees on a new piece of ground is a sign of peace and prosperity.

The date is eaten in various ways. It is usually preferred while fresh and full of its own sweet juices, but, as it cannot be kept fresh very long, it is dried, pressed together, and so stored for future use. When the dried date forms a portion of a feast, the fruit is served in a large wooden bowl, in the middle of which is a cup containing melted butter. Each guest then picks out the dates singly from the mass, and dips each slightly into the butter before eating it.

There are many qualities of dates, and the best, which grow at Kaseem, are in great estimation, and are largely imported to the non-producing parts of Arabia. At Kaseem, the date-palm is cultivated to a great extent, and probably owes its peculiar excellence to the constant presence of water

six or seven feet below the surface of the ground. The ripening season corresponds with our autumn, extending through the latter part of August and the beginning of September.

Some connoisseurs, however, prefer the Khalas date. It grows only in Hasa, and fully deserves its name, which signifies quintessence. It is smaller than the Kaseem date, semi-transparent, and of a rich amber color. The sale of this particular date brings in a large income to Hasa, the fruit being exported as far as Bombay and Zanzibar.

Of religion, the genuine Bedouin has not the least idea. He is nominally a Mahometan, and will repeat certain formulæ with perfect accuracy. He will say his Bismillahs, and Mashallahs, and other pious ejaculations as well as any one, but he has not the least idea who Allah may be, neither does he care. As far as Mr. Palgrave could ascertain, their only idea of Allah was that of a very great sheikh, who would have about the same authority over them in the next world as their own sheikh in this sphere. That is to say, they consider that they will be quite as independent after death as before, and that they will acknowledge allegiance to this great sheikh as long as they choose, and no longer.

Like all men who are ignorant of religion, they are superstitious in proportion to their ignorance. Profoundly illiterate themselves, they have the greatest reverence for book-learning, and any one who can read a book is respected, while he who can write as well as read is regarded with a curious mixture of admiration, envy, and fear. The latter feeling is excited by his presumed ability of writing saphies, or charms, which are mostly sentences from the Koran, and are supposed to possess every imaginable virtue.

Before leaving the Bedouin Arabs, a few words must be said about the Arab and his horse. Many tales are told of the love that exists between the animal and its master, of the attention which is lavished on a favorite mare, and how she and her colt inhabit the tent together with the children, and are all playfellows together. This certainly may be the case occasionally, but not invariably. That they are brought up in close contact is true enough, and that the animal thereby acquires an intelligence which it never could possess under less sociable treatment. But the Arab has no more real affection for his steed than has many an English gentleman for his favorite horse; and, if he be angered, he is capable of treating the animal with hasty cruelty.

THE HASSANIYEH.

WE are come to a branch of the Arabs called the Hassaniyeh, who inhabit a large tract of land south of Khartoum. They are paler in complexion than those of whom we have already treated, having a decided tinge of yellow in their skins. They are slight, tall, and straight-featured. The men part their hair in the middle, plait it into long braids, and fasten it at the back of the head, so that they have rather a feminine aspect.

The villages of the Hassaniyeh are mere assemblages of slight huts, circular in shape, and having conical roofs, with a hole in the centre by way of a chimney. The walls are made of sticks and reeds, and the roofs of straw, and at a little distance the huts look more like tents than houses. Each hut is surrounded with a fence of thorns.

As among other Arab tribes, the sheikh's house is much larger and better than those of the commonalty, and is divided into several chambers. Sometimes a sort of second hut is placed in the interior, is made of fine yellow grass, and is inhabited by the women. Now and then a sheikh has his tent covered with camel's-hair cloth, and one of them, seen by Mr. Bayard Taylor, was thirty feet in length, and contained two inner chambers. The walls were covered with skins, gourds, and similar articles; the principal chamber contained a large bedstead or angarep; and the cloth roof was decorated with great quantities of cowrie shells, sewed upon it in crosses, stars, and other patterns.

The people have some very strange customs, among which is one that is almost peculiar to themselves, though an analogous custom prevails in one or two parts of the world. A woman when she marries does not merge her identity entirely in that of her husband, but reserves to herself one-fourth of her life. Consequently, on every fourth day she is released from her marriage vows; and, if she happens to take a fancy to any man, the favored lover may live with her for four-and-twenty hours, during which time the husband may not enter the hut. With this curious exception, the Hassaniyeh women are not so immoral as those of many parts of the world. When a traveller passes through the country, they are bound to fulfil the rites of hospitality by assigning him a house during the time of his visit, and lending him a wife for the same period. Mr. Taylor suggests that if the Hassaniyeh would also lend him a family of children their generosity would be complete.

When a stranger of rank visits their domains, they perform a curious dance of welcome by way of salutation. Mr. Bayard Taylor has well described one of these dances which he witnessed on his voyage to Khartoum. He had won the hearts of the people by presenting them with a hand-

ful of tobacco and fourpence in copper. "In a short time I received word that the women of the village would come to perform a dance of welcome and salutation, if I would allow them. As the wind was blowing strongly against us and the sailors had not finished skinning the sheep, I had my carpet spread on the sand in the shade of a group of mimosas, and awaited their arrival.

"Presently we heard a sound of shrill singing and the clapping of hands in measured bent, and discerned the procession advancing slowly through the trees. They came two by two, nearly thirty in all, singing a shrill, piercing chorus, which sounded more like lamentation than greeting.

"When they had arrived in front of me, they ranged themselves into a semicircle, with their faces toward me, and, still clapping their hands to mark the rhythm of the song, she who stood in the centre stepped forth, with her breast heaved almost to a level with her face, which was thrown back, and advanced with a slow undulating motion, till she had reached the edge of my carpet. Then, with a quick jerk, she reversed the curve of her body, throwing her head forward and downward, so that the multitude of her long twists of black hair, shining with butter, brushed my cap. This was intended as a salutation and sign of welcome; I bowed my head at the same time, and she went back to her place in the ranks.

"After a pause the chorus was resumed and another advanced, and so in succession, till all had saluted me, a ceremony which occupied an hour. They were nearly all young, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, and some were strikingly beautiful. They had the dark-olive Arab complexion, with regular features, teeth of pearly whiteness, and black, brilliant eyes. The coarse cotton robe thrown over one shoulder left free the arms, neck, and breasts, which were exquisitely moulded. Their bare feet and ankles were as slender as those of the Venus of Cleomenes."

All the women took their part successively in this curious dance, and by far the most beautiful and graceful of them was the wife of the sheikh, a young woman barely twenty years old, with features compared by Mr. Taylor to those of Guido's Cleopatra, the broad round forehead, full oval face, and regal bearing all adding to the resemblance. Her hair was plaited into at least fifty braids, and was thickly plastered with butter, and upon her head was a diadem of white beads. She moved with a stately grace down the line, and so charmed were the guests with her mode of performing the curious salutation, that she repeated it several times for their gratification.

Even the men took part in the dance, and one of them, a splendid example of the purest Arab blood, possessed so perfect a form, and moved in the dance with such entire and absolute grace, that he even drew away the traveller's attention from the women.

WE now come to some of the manners and customs of the Arabs, which are not restricted to certain tribes, but are characteristic of the Arab nature. Some of them are remarkable for the fact that they have survived through many centuries, and have resisted the influence of a comparatively new religion, and the encroachments of a gradually advancing civilization.

As may be expected, their superstitions have undergone but little change, and the learned and most civilized Arab acknowledges their power in his heart as well as the ignorant and half-savage Arab who never saw a book or entered a house. He will not openly admit that he believes in these superstitions, but he does believe in them very firmly, and betrays his belief in a thousand ways. Educated though he be, he has a lingering faith in the efficacy of written charms; and if he should happen to see in the possession of another man a scrap of paper covered with characters he does not understand, he will feel uneasy as often as the mysterious writing occurs to him. Should he get such a piece of paper into his own possession, he cherishes it fondly, and takes care to conceal it from others.

In consequence of this widely-diffused superstition, travellers have passed safely through large tracts of country, meeting with various tribes of Arabs, all at variance with each other, in true Arab fashion, and yet have managed to propitiate them by the simple process of writing a sentence or two of any language on a scrap of paper. One favors the "saphies," as these writers are called, exhibits a curious mixture of science and literature. A man who is sick, or who wants a charm to prevent him from being ill, brings to the saphie writer a board, a pen and ink. The saphie is written on the board, and the happy possessor takes it home, washes off every vestige of the writing, and then drinks the blackened water.

Even at the present day, the whole of the Arabian tribes have the full and implicit belief in the Jinns, Efreet, Ghouls, and other super-human beings, that forms the chief element in the "Arabian Nights." This belief is inbred with them, and no amount of education can drive it out of them. They do not parade this belief, nor try to conceal it, but accept the existence of these beings as an acknowledged fact which no one would dream of disputing.

According to their ideas, every well has its peculiar spirit, mostly an efreet or semi-

evil genius, and every old tower is peopled with them, and there is scarcely a house that has not at least one spirit inmate. Many of the Arabs say that they have seen and conversed with the efreet, and relate very curious adventures. Generally, the efreet is harmless enough, if he be only let alone, but sometimes he becomes so troublesome that strong measures must be used. What was done in the way of exorcism before the discovery of fire-arms is not known, but in the present day, when an efreet can be seen, he can be destroyed by a bullet as if he were a human being.

Mr. Lane relates a most curious story of such an encounter. It is so interesting, and is so well told, that nothing but our very limited space prevents its insertion. The gist of it, however, is as follows:—

An European lady had been looking after a house in Cairo, and at last had found a very handsome one, with a large garden, for a very low rent—scarcely more than £12 per annum. She took the house, which pleased her well enough, though it did not have the same effect on the maid-servants, all of whom left it as soon as possible. At last the reason came out. The house was haunted by an efreet, which lived mostly in the bath, and at night used to go about the house, banging at the doors, knocking against the walls, and making such a perpetual riot, that he had frightened tenant after tenant out of it, and kept the house to himself. The family had heard the noises, but attributed them to the festivities which had been going on for some time at the next house.

In spite of the change of servants, the noises continued, and rather increased than decreased in violence. "Very frequently the door of the room in which we were sitting, late in the evening within two or three hours of midnight, was violently knocked at many short intervals. At other times it seemed as if something very heavy fell upon the pavement, close under the windows of the same room or one adjoining; and, as these rooms were on the top of the house, we imagined at first that some stones or other things had been thrown by a neighbor, but we could find nothing outside after the noise I have mentioned. The usual sounds continued during the greater part of the night, and were generally varied with a heavy tramping, like the walking of a person in large clogs, varied by knocking at the doors of many of the apartments, and at the large water-jars, which are placed in recesses in the galleries."

During the fast of Ramadhan the house was free from noises, as efreet are supposed to be imprisoned during that season, but as soon as it was over they recommenced with added violence. After a while, the efreet began to make himself visible, and a new door-keeper was greatly amazed by hearing and seeing the figure walking nightly round

the gallery. He begged to be allowed to fire at it, and at last he was permitted to do so, provided that he only used blank cartridge. The man, however, not only put balls into his pistol, but loaded it with two bullets and a double charge of powder. Just about midnight the report of the pistol rang through the house, followed by the voice of the door-keeper, crying out, "There he lies, the accursed!" and accompanied by sounds as of a wounded creature struggling and gasping for breath.

The man continued to call to his fellow-servants to come up, and the master of the house ran at once to the spot. The door-keeper said that the efreit had appeared in his usual shape, a tall white figure, and on being asked to leave the house, refused to do so. He then passed as usual down the passage, when the man fired at him and struck him down. "Here," said he, "are the remains." So saying, he picked up, under the spot where the bullets had entered the wall, a small mass of something that looked like scorched leather, perforated by fire in several places, and burnt to a cinder. This, it appears, is always the relic which is left when an efreit is destroyed. Ever afterward the house was free from disturbance.

The reader will notice the curious resemblance to the efreit stories in the "Arabian Nights," more especially to the story of the Second Calender, in which the efreit and the princess who fought him were both reduced to ashes. The idea, too, of the wells being inhabited by efreits repeatedly occurs in those wonderful tales.

Another curious tale of the efreit was told to Mr. Taylor by an Arab of some rank. He was walking one night near Cairo, when he saw a donkey near him. The animal seemed to be without an owner, and, as he happened to be rather tired, he mounted, and rode on his way pleasantly. In a short time, however, he became startled by finding that the donkey was larger than it was when he mounted it, and no sooner had he made this discovery than the animal increased rapidly in size, and in a few minutes was as large as a camel. Of course he was horribly frightened, but he remembered that a disguised efreit could be detected by wounding him with a sharp instrument. Accordingly, he cautiously drew his dagger, and was about to plunge it into the animal's back. The efreit, however, was too clever for him, and, as soon as he saw the dagger, suddenly shrank to his former size, kicked off his rider, and vanished with a peal of laughter and the exclamation, "Oh, you want to ride, do you?"

According to the Arab belief, the spirit of man is bound to pass a certain time on earth, and a natural death is the token of reaching that time. Should he be killed by violence, his spirit haunts the spot where his body was buried, and remains there until

the term on earth has been fulfilled. The same Arab told Mr. Taylor that for many years, whenever he passed by night over the place where Napoleon defeated the Mamelukes, the noise of battle was heard, the shouts of the soldiers, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. At first the sounds were loud, as of a multitude; but year by year they gradually decreased, as the time of earthly sojourn expired, and at the time when he told the story but few could be heard.

Among some of the tribes they have a rather odd superstition. A traveller was struck with the tastefulness of a young girl's headdress, and wanted to buy it. She was willing enough to sell it for the liberal price which was offered, but her father prohibited the sale, on the ground that from the headdress could be made a charm which would force the girl to fly to the possessor, no matter in what part of the world he might be.

It is not wonderful that, saturated as they are with these ideas, many of the wonders of nature appear to them to be of supernatural origin. Chief among them is that extraordinary phenomenon, the mirage, in which a place far below the horizon is suddenly made visible, and appears to be close at hand. Even in our own country we have had examples of the mirage, though not in so striking a manner as is often seen among the sandy plains of Arabia. Water is a favorite subject of the mirage, and the traveller, as he passes over the burning plains, sees before him a rolling river or a vast lake, the palm trees waving on its edge and reflected on its surface, and the little wavelets rippling along as driven by the wind. Beasts as well as men see it, and it is hardly possible to restrain the thirsty camels from rushing to the seeming water.

The Arabs call the mirage, "Water of the Jinns," and believe that it is an illusion caused by the jinns—our old friends the geni of "The Arabian Nights." A very vivid account of this phenomenon is given in St. John's "Egypt and Nubia":—

"I had been riding along in a reverie, when, chancing to raise my head, I thought I perceived, desertward, a dark strip on the far horizon. What could it be? My companion, who had very keen sight, was riding in advance of me, and, with a sudden exclamation, he pulled up his dromedary and gazed in the same direction. I called to him, and asked him what he thought of yonder strip, and whether he could make out anything in it distinctly. He answered that water had all at once appeared there; that he saw the motion of the waves, and tall palms and other trees bending up and down over them, as if tossed by a strong wind. An Arab was at my side, with his face muffled up in his burnous; I roused his attention, and pointed to the object of our inquiry. 'Mashallah!' cried the old man, with a face

as if he had seen a ghost, and stared with all his might across the desert.

"All the other Arabs of the party evinced no less emotion; and our interpreter called out to us, that what we saw was the evil spirit of the desert, that led travellers astray, luring them farther and farther into the heart of the waste, ever retreating before them as they pursued it, and not finally disappearing till its deluded victims had irrecoverably lost themselves in the pathless sands. This, then, was the mirage. My companion galloped toward it, and we followed him, though the Arabs tried to prevent us, and ere long I could with my own eyes discern something of this strange phenomenon. It was, as my friend reported, a broad sheet of water, with fresh green trees along its banks; and yet there was nothing actually before us but parched yellow sand. The apparition occasioned us all very uncomfortable feelings, and yet we congratulated ourselves in having seen for once the desert wonder.


"The phenomenon really deserves the name the Arabs give it, of *Goblin of the Desert*; an evil spirit that beguiles the wanderer from the safe path, and mocks him with a false show of what his heated brain paints in glowing colors. Whence comes it that this illusion at first fills with uneasiness—I might even say with dismay—those even who ascribe its existence to natural causes? On a spot where the bare sands spread out for hundreds of miles, where there is neither tree nor shrub, nor a trace of water, there suddenly appeared before us groups of tall trees, proudly girdling the running stream, on whose waves we saw the sunbeams dancing. Hills clad in pleasant green rose before us and vanished; small houses, and towns with high walls and ramparts, were visible among the trees, whose tall boles swayed to and fro in the wind like reeds.

"Far as we rode in the direction of the apparition, we never came any nearer to it; the whole seemed to recoil step by step with our advance. We halted, and remained long in contemplation of the magic scene, until whatever was unpleasant in its strangeness ceased by degrees to affect us. Never had I seen any landscape so vivid as this seeming one, never water so bright, or trees so softly green, so tall and stately. Everything seemed far more charming there than in the real world; and so strongly did we feel this attraction that, although we were not driven by thirst to seek for water where water there was none, still we would willingly have followed on and on after the phantom; and thus we could well perceive how the despairing wanderer, who with burning eyes thinks he gazes on water and human dwellings, will struggle onward to his last gasp to reach them, until his fearful, lonely doom befalls him." This singular illusion and its effect

upon travellers is well illustrated by the artist, on the 679th page.

"We returned slowly to our Arabs, who had not stirred from the spot where we left them. Looking back once more into the desert, we saw the apparition gradually becoming fainter, until at last it melted away into a dim land, not unlike a thin mist sweeping over the face of a field (*Hochländer*). It was probably this phenomenon, which is beheld as well in Hadramaut and Yemen as in the deserts of Egypt, which gave rise to the fable of the Garden of Irem, described in the story of the Phantom Camel, in the '*Tales of the Ramadan*.'

I cannot part from the Arab superstitions without mentioning one which is of very great antiquity, and which has spread itself widely over the world. I allude to the celebrated ink-mirror of the Arab magicians, in which they see, through the eyes of another, the events of the future and the forms of persons far distant.

The mirror is made as follows:—The magician calls a very young boy, not old enough, according to their ideas, to be tainted with sin, and makes him sit on the ground. The magician sits opposite him, holding the boy's opened right hand in his, and after repeating prayers, and burning incense, he draws a crossed square on the palm of the hand—thus —writes cabalistic words in all the angles, and pours about a spoonful of ink into the centre. More prayers and suffumigations follow, and the boy is then directed to look closely into the ink. Should he be really pure, and a fit subject for the magic art, he sees a series of figures, always beginning with a man sweeping the ground, and ending with a camp, with the sultan's tent and flag in the centre. These vanish, and the mirror is left clear for any figure which may be invoked.

All parties seem to have the most implicit belief in the proceeding; and though several boys in succession may fail to see anything but the reflection of their own faces, the failure is set down to their bad moral character, and others are tried until one is found who possesses the requisite vision. It is a curious fact that the magician himself never pretends to this inner sight, the sins which he has committed being an effectual hindrance. Educated Europeans have often witnessed this curious ceremony, and have given different accounts of it. With some it has been an utter failure, the boy evidently trying to deceive, and inventing, according to his ability, scenes which are supposed to be represented in the mirror. With others it has been as singular a success, European scenes and persons have been described accurately by the boy, though the greatest care was taken that no clue should be given either to the magician or the boy.

MADAGASCAR.

WE complete the account of African tribes with a brief notice of some of the tribes which inhabit the island of Madagascar. For my information I am chiefly indebted to Ellis's well-known work, and to a valuable paper read by Lieutenant Oliver, R. A., before the Anthropological Society of London, on March 3, 1868.

The name of Madagascar is entirely of European invention, the native name for this great island being Noshudambo, i.e. the island of wild hogs. The inhabitants are known by the general name of Malagasy, and they are divided into several tribes. These tribes differ from each other in their color, mode of dress, and other particulars, and may be roughly divided according to their color into the fair and the dark tribes, each consisting of four in number, and ranging through almost every shade of skin, from the light olive of the Hovas to the black tribes of the south. According to Ellis the entire population is only three millions, while Lieutenant Oliver, who gives the approximate numbers of each tribe, estimates them at five millions.

The origin of the Malagasy is rather obscure, and, although so close to the continent of Africa, they have scarcely anything in common with the African races. The hypothesis which has been generally accepted is that they are of Malay origin, their ancestors having been in all probability blown out to sea in their canoes, and eventually landed on the island. That they are not of African origin has been argued from several points, while they have many habits belonging to the oceanic race. For example, although they are so close to Africa, they have never adopted the skin dresses which are generally found throughout the savage races of the continent, but, on the contrary, make use of the hibiscus bark beaten out exactly after the fashion of the Polyne- sians.

"It is evident," writes Lieutenant Oliver, "that the Malagasy have never deteriorated from any original condition of civilization, for there are no relics of primeval civilization to be found in the country. Yet the Malagasy seem to have considerably advanced themselves in the art of building houses, and originating elaborate fortifications, which they have themselves modified to suit their offensive and defensive weapons, previous to any known intercourse with civilized people. They had domesticated oxen, and pigs, and made advances in the cultivation of rice, yams, &c.; but whether by their own unaided intellect, or by external example, we cannot say."

With regard to the domestication of cattle, they themselves refer it to a very recent date, and even state that the use of beef was

accidentally discovered during the last century. A chief named Rabiby was superintending the planting of his rice, when he noticed that one of his men was remarkable for his increase in strength and corpulence, and interrogated him on the subject. The man told him that some time previously he happened to kill a bullock, and had the curiosity to cook some of the meat. Finding it to be remarkably good, he continued to kill and eat, and so improved his bodily condition. Rabiby very wisely tried the experiment for himself, and, finding it successful, had a bullock killed, and gave a feast to his companions. The general impression was so favorable that he gave orders for building folds in which the cattle might be collected, and he further extended the native diet by the flesh of the wild hog. The original folds built by his orders are still in existence.

Chief among the Malagasy are the HOVA tribe, who have gradually extended themselves over a considerable portion of the island, and are now virtually its masters. They are the lightest in color of all the tribes, and have more of the Spanish than the negro expression. The hair is black, long, and abundant, and is worn in several fashions. The men usually cut the hair rather short, and arrange it over the forehead and temples much after the style that was prevalent in the days of the Regency. The women spend much time over their hair, sometimes frizzing it out until they remind the spectator of the Fiji race, and sometimes plaiting it into an infinity of braids, and tying them in small knots or bunches all over the head.

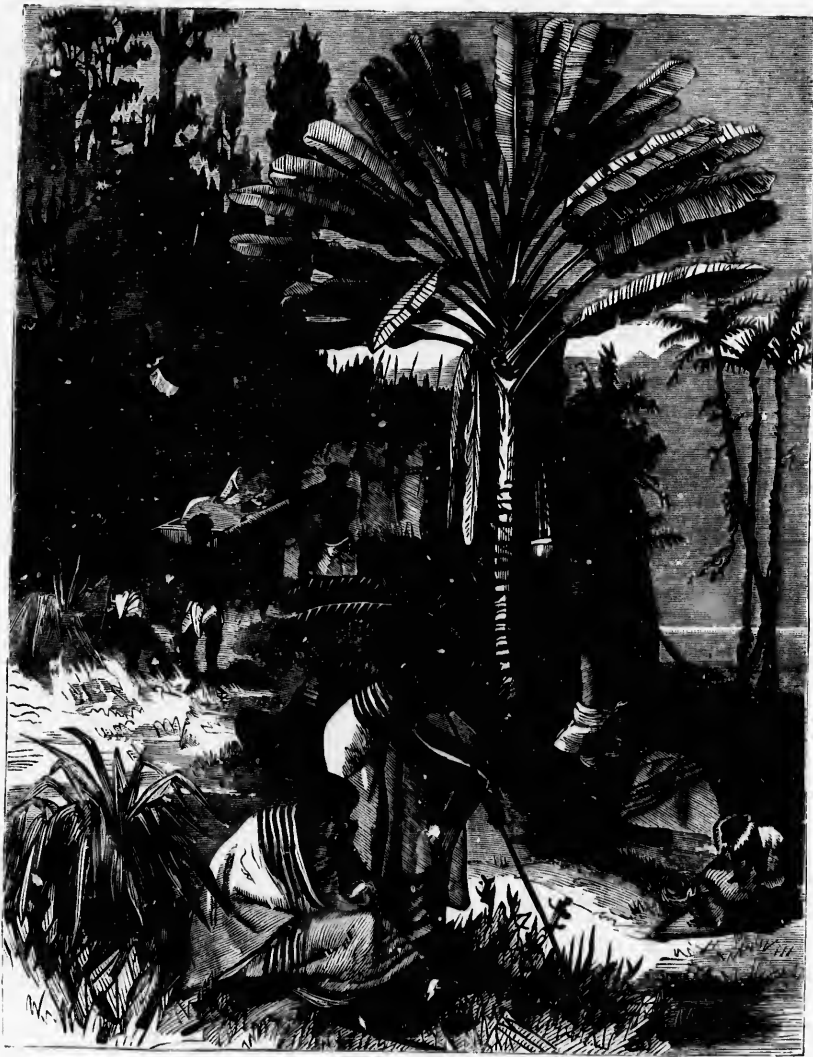
Their dress has something of the Abyssinian type. Poor people wear little except a cloth twisted round their loins, while the more wealthy wear a shirt covered with a mantle called a lamba. This article of apparel is disposed as variously as the Abyssinian's tobe. The Hovas are distinguished by having their lambas edged with a border of five broad stripes. Their houses, to which allusion has already been made, are formed exclusively of vegetable materials. The walls are formed by driving rows of posts into the ground at unequal distances, and filling in the spaces with the strong leaf-stalks of the "traveller's tree." Each leaf-stalk is about ten feet in length, and they are fixed in their places by flat laths. The roof is thatched with the broad leaves of the same tree, tied firmly on the very steep rafters. The eaves project well beyond the walls, so as to form a veranda round the house, under which the benches are placed. The floor is covered with a sort of boarding made of the traveller's tree. The bark is stripped off and beaten flat, so as to form boards of twenty feet or so in length, and fifteen inches in width. These boards are laid on the floor,

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TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR.

(See page 003.)

and, although they are not nailed, they keep their places firmly.

This traveller's tree is one of the most useful plants in Madagascar. It is a sort of palm, and its broad leaves, besides supplying thatch and walls for the houses, furnish a copious supply of fresh water. The water is found in the hollow formed by the manner in which the base of the leaf-stem embraces the trunk from which it springs, and the liquid is obtained by piercing the leaf-stem with a spear. A full quart of water is obtained from each leaf, and it is so pure that the natives will rather walk a little distance to a traveller's tree, than supply themselves with water from a stream at their feet.

The Malagasy have some knowledge of musical sounds, and have invented some instruments which are far superior to those of the African tribes. One of the best is the violin. It is played with a bow equally rude in character, and, although the sounds which it produces are not particularly harmonious to English ears, they are at all events quite as agreeable as those produced by the stringed instruments of China, Japan, or Turkey.

Slavery exists among the Malagasy, but is not of a very severe character, and may possibly, through the exertions of the missionaries, become extinguished altogether. The slaves do all the hard work of the place, which is really not very hard, and, as they take plenty of time over everything that they do, their work would be thought very light by an ordinary English laborer. Drawing water is perhaps the hardest labor the female slaves undergo, and it is not such very hard work after all. They draw the water by means of cows' horns tied to ropes, and pour it into ingenious pails made of bamboo. The hardest work which the men do is acting as bearer to their master's hammock or litter, and, as the roads often lie through uncleared forests, and are very rough and rocky, they have a fatiguing task. These litters are very convenient, and are covered with a roof to shield the occupant from the sun. They are rather unwieldy, and sometimes as many as twenty or thirty men are attached to each litter, some bearing the poles on their shoulders, and others dragging it by ropes, while the whole proceedings are directed by a superintendent. The engraving on the preceding page illustrates the mode of travelling in Madagascar.

Within the last few years, Christianity has made wonderful progress among the Malagasy, although at first missionaries were driven out, and the native converts put to death with frightful tortures. The old superstitions, however, still remain, but they are of a more harmless character than is generally the case with the superstitious

of a people who are only beginning to emerge out of the savage state. All reptiles, especially snakes, are regarded with great veneration. Whether any of the serpents are poisonous is not clearly ascertained, though the natives deny that venomous snakes are found on the island. Bo this as it may, they never kill a snake, and, even if a large serpent should come into their house, they merely guide it through the doorway with sticks, telling it to go away.

They do not appear to possess idols, though Mr. Ellis found certain objects to which a sort of worship was paid. These were simply "pieces of wood about nine feet high, not square and smooth at the base, but spreading into two or three branches at about five feet from the ground, and gradually tapering to a point." Near them was a large basaltic stone, about five feet high, and of its natural prismatic form, and near it was another stone, smooth and rounded, and about as large as a man's head. The natives said that blood was poured on one stone, and fat burned on the other, but they were very averse to any conversation on the subject, and very probably did not tell the truth.

Some of their domestic superstitions — if we may use such a term — are rather curious. Mr. Ellis had noticed that on several occasions a spot of white paint had been placed on the forehead, or a white circle drawn round the eye. One morning, he found these marks adorning nearly the whole of his bearers. On inquiring into the cause of this decoration, he found that it was a charm to avert the consequences of bad dreams. As, however, they had partaken copiously of beef on the preceding evening, the cause of the bad dreams was clearly more material than spiritual.

Partly connected with their superstitious ideas is the existence of a distinct class, the Zanakambony. They are hereditary blacksmiths, and are exempt from forced labor except in their own line, so that, as Lieutenant Oliver writes, they will make a spade, but cannot be compelled to use it. They have the right of carrying deceased kings to the grave, and building monuments over them. They are very proud, and behave most arrogantly to other clans, refusing to associate with them, to eat with them, or even to lend them any article to be defiled by the touch of plebeian hands. As they will not even condescend to the ordinary labor of their countrymen, and think that even to build a house is a degradation, they are very poor; as they refuse to associate with others, they are very ignorant, but they console themselves for their inferiority in wealth and learning by constantly dwelling on their enormous superiority in rank.



CHAPTER LXIX.

AUSTRALIA.

THE NATIVE AUSTRALIANS—THE GENERAL CONFORMATION OF THE HEAD AND FEATURES—THEIR AVERAGE STATURE AND FORM—THE WOMEN AND THEIR APPEARANCE—CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—THEIR THIEVISH PROPENSITIES—THEIR CUNNING, AND POWER OF DISSIMULATION—A PAIR OF CLEVER THIEVES—THE "GOOD NATIVE"—A CLEVER OLD WOMAN—INCENTIVES TO ROBBERY—HIDEOUS ASPECT OF THE OLD WOMEN—A REPULSIVE SUBJECT FOR AN ARTIST—YOUNGER WOMEN OF SAME TRIBE—THEIR STRANGE DRESS—THE CIRCULAR MAT CLOAK AND ITS USES—THE NATIVE BASKET—TREACHEROUS CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—MR. BAINES'S NARRATIVE—THE OUTRIGGER CANOE OF NORTH AUSTRALIA, AND ITS PROBABLE ORIGIN—PIPE, AND MODE OF SMOKING—THE MAMMALS OF AUSTRALIA, AND THEIR MARSUPIAL CHARACTER—CONFUSION OF NOMENCLATURE—EFFECT OF THE ANIMALS ON THE HUMAN INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTRY—PRIMARY USE OF WEAPONS.

FOLLOWING up the principle of taking the least civilized races in succession, we naturally pass to the great continent of Australia and its adjacent islands.

This wonderful country holds a sort of isolated position on the earth, owing to the curious contrast which reigns between it and all the lands with which we are familiar. It is situated, as my readers will see by reference to a map, just below the equator, and extends some forty degrees southward, thus having at its northern extremity a heat which is tropical, and at its southern point a climate as cold as our own. But there is perhaps no country where the temperature is so variable as Australia, and there is one instance recorded where the thermometer registered a change of fifty degrees in twenty-five minutes. This sudden change is owing to the winds, which if they blow from the sea are cool, but if they blow toward the coast, after passing over the heated sand-wastes of the interior, raise the temperature in the extraordinary manner which has been mentioned. Still, the climate, changeable though it be, is a pleasant one; and the colonists who visit England nearly always grumble at the damp climate of the mother country, and long to be back again in Australia. Both the animal and vegetable products of this country are strangely unlike those of other lands, but, as we shall have occasion to describe them in the course of the following pages, they will not be mentioned at present; and we will proceed

at once to the human inhabitants of Australia.

It is exceedingly difficult, not to say impossible, to treat of the aborigines of Australia with much accuracy of system. Differing as do the tribes with which we are acquainted in many minor particulars, they all agree in general characteristics; and, whether a native be taken from the north or south of the vast Australian continent, there is a similitude of habits and a cast of features which point him out at once as an Australian.

The plan that will be adopted will therefore be to give a general sketch of the natives, together with an account of those habits in which they agree, and then to glance over as much of Australia as travellers have laid open to us, and to mention briefly the most interesting of the manners and customs which exist in the several tribes.

In color the Australians are quite black, as dark indeed as the negro, but with nothing of the negro character in the face. The forehead does not recede like that of the negro; and though the nose is wide, the mouth large, and the lips thick, there is none of that projection of jaw which renders the pure negro face so repulsive. The eye is small, dark, and, being deeply sunken, it gives to the brows a heavy, overhanging sort of look. The hair is by no means close and woolly, like that of the negro, but is plentiful, rather long, and disposed to curl, mostly

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A REPRESENTATION OF UNCIVILIZED ISLANDERS AND INDIANS.

undulating, and sometimes even taklug the form of ringlets. In texture it is very coarse and harsh, but cannot be described as wool.

The beard and moustacho are very thick and full, and the men take a pride in these ornaments, sometimes twisting the beard into curious shapes. Indeed, as a rule they are a hairy race. There is now before me a large collection of photographs of native Australians, in many of which the men are remarkable for the thickness of the beard, and some of them have their faces so heavily bearded that scarcely the nose is perceptible among the mass of hair that covers the cheeks nearly up to the eyes. Several of the elder men are very remarkable for the development of the hair, which covers the whole of the breast and arms with a thick coating of pile, and looks as if they were clothed with a tightly-fitting fur garment. The illustration No. 1, on the 698th page, will give a good idea of the features of the Australian. It is exactly copied from photographic portraits; and although the subjects have disfigured themselves by putting on European dress, and the woman has actually combed her hair, the general cast of the features is well preserved.

In stature the Australian is about equal to that of the average Englishman—say five feet eight inches, although individuals much below and above this height may be seen. The bodily form of the Australian savages is good, and their limbs well made. There are several well-known drawings of Australians, which have been widely circulated on account of their grotesqueness, and which have been accepted as the ordinary form of this curious people, and they have given the idea that the native Australian is distinguished by a very large head, a very small body, and very long and attenuated limbs; in fact, that he is to the European what the spider-monkey is to the baboon.

Such drawings are, however, only taken from exceptional cases, and give no idea of the real contour of the native Australian. Indeed, Mr. Pickering, who traversed the greater part of the world in search of anthropological knowledge, writes in very strong terms of the beautiful forms which can be seen among these natives. "The general form, though sometimes defective, seemed on the average better than that of the negro, and I did not find the undue slenderness of limb which has been commonly attributed to the Australians. Strange as it may appear, I would refer to an Australian as the finest model of human proportions I have ever met with, in muscular development combining perfect symmetry, activity, and strength; while his head might have compared with an antique bust of a philosopher."

Those of my readers who happened to see the native Australians that came over to England as cricketers and athletes in general must have noticed the graceful forms

for which some of the men were remarkable, while all were possessed of great elegance of limb.

The disadvantageous effect of European clothing on the dark races was well shown in these men, who seemed to undergo a positive transformation when they laid aside their ordinary clothes for a costume which represented, as far as possible, the light and airy apparel of the native Australian. Dressed in gray, or clad in the cricketer's costume, there was nothing remarkable about them, and in fact they seemed to be very ordinary persons indeed. But with their clothes they threw of their commonplace look, and, attired only in tight "fleshings," dyed as nearly as possible the color of their black skins, with a piece of fur wrapped round their loins and a sort of fur cap on their heads, they walked with a proud, elastic step that contrasted strangely with their former gait.

It may perhaps be said that this change of demeanor was only the natural result of removing the heavy clothing and giving freedom to the limbs. This was not the case, for several professional English athletes contended with the Australians, and, when they came to run or leap, wore the usual light attire of the professional acrobat. In them, however, no such improvement took place, and, if anything, they looked better in their ordinary dress.

The women are, as a rule, much inferior to the men in appearance. Even when young, although they possess symmetrical forms, their general appearance is not nearly so pleasing as that of the young African girl, and, when the woman becomes old, she is, if possible, even more hideous and hag-like than the African. This deterioration may partly be due to the exceedingly hard life led by the women, or "gins"—in which word, by the way, the *g* is pronounced hard as in "giddy." That they have to do all the hard work, and to carry all the heavy weights, including the children, while their husbands sit or sleep, or, if on the march, burden themselves with nothing more weighty than their weapons, is to be expected, as it is the universal practice among natives. But it is not so much the hard work as the privation which tells upon the woman, who is treated with the same contemptuous neglect with which a savage treats his dog, and, while her husband, father, or brother, is feasting on the game which she has cooked, thinks herself fortunate if they now and then toss a nearly cleaned bone or a piece of scorched meat to her.

Like most savages, the Australian natives are adroit and daring thieves, displaying an amount of acuteness in carrying out their designs which would do honor to the most expert professional thief of London or Paris. In his interesting work entitled "Savage Life and Scenes," Mr. G. F. Angus has re-

lated several anecdotes respecting this propensity.

"Leaving Rivoli Bay, we fell in with two very droll natives, the only ones who had made bold to approach our camp; both were in a state of nudity. One of these fellows was a perfect supplejack; he danced and capered about as though he were filled with quicksilver. We mounted them on horses, from which they were continually tumbling off, and they travelled with us all day.

"When we encamped at an old resting-place, near Lake Howden, they, by signs, requested permission to remain by our fires, which we allowed them to do, and gave them for supper the head and refuse of a sheep that was just killed and hung up to a tree near the tents. They showed great surprise on seeing our various utensils and articles of cookery. So modest and well-behaved did these artful gentlemen appear, that they would not touch the slightest article of food without first asking permission by signs; and they so far gained our confidence that one of them was adorned with a tin plate, suspended round his neck by a string, on which was inscribed 'Good Native.'

"In the dead of the night we were all aroused by the unusual barking of the dogs. At first it was supposed that the wild dogs were 'rushing' the sheep; but as the tumult increased, the Sergeant-Major unwrapped his opossum rug, and looked around for his hat, to go and ascertain the cause of the disturbance. To his surprise, he found that his hat had vanished. The hat of his companion, who lay next him near the fire, was also nowhere to be found; and, casting his eyes to the spot where the sheep hung suspended from the tree, he saw in a moment that our fond hopes for to-morrow's repast were blighted, for the sheep too had disappeared. The whole camp was roused, when it was ascertained that forks, spoons, and the contents of the Governor's canteen, pannikins and other articles, were likewise missing, and that our two remarkably docile natives had left us under cover of the night.

"A council of war was held. Black Jimmy protested that it was useless to follow their tracks until the morning, and that from the nature of the country they had doubtless taken to the swamps, walking in the water, so that pursuit was in vain. We had been completely duped by these artful and clever fellows, who probably had a large party of their colleagues lying in ambush amid the surrounding swamps, ready to assist in carrying away the stolen property. Retaliation was useless; and we contented ourselves by giving utterance to our imprecations and commenting on the audacity and cunning of the rogues until daybreak."

Another instance of the theft—in this case single-handed—occurred not long before the robbery which has just been recorded. While the exploring party was on the march,

they fell in with a number of natives who were cooking their food.

"At our approach, they flew down the descent, and hid among the bulrushes; but one old woman, unable to escape as speedily as the rest, finding flight useless, began to chatter very loud and fast, pointing to her blind eye, and her lean and withered arms, as objects of commiseration. Dampier was given to her and she continued in terror to chew it very fast without swallowing any, until she was almost choked; when suddenly she got hold of Gisborne's handkerchief and made off with it. With a vigorous leap she plunged into the mud and reed bed, effecting her escape by crawling through the swamp and joining her wild companions, to whom she doubtless recounted her adventures that night over a dish of fried tadpoles."

The dish of fried tadpoles, to which allusion has been made, is quite a luxury among this wretched tribe, and, when the exploring party pushed on to the spot where the people had been cooking, it was found that they had been engaged in roasting a dish of water-beetles over a fire.

It is impossible to withhold admiration for the skill displayed by these sable thieves in stealing the property which they coveted, and, in excuse for them, it must be remembered that the articles which were stolen were to the blacks of inestimable value. Food and ornaments are coveted by the black man as much as wealth and titles by the white man, and both these articles were ready to hand. The temptation to which these poor people was exposed seems very trifling to us, but we must measure it, not from our own point of view, but from theirs.

The strange visitors who so suddenly appeared among them possessed abundance of the very things which were dearest to them. There was a whole sheep, which would enable them to enjoy the greatest luxury of which they could form any notion, *i. e.* eating meat to repletion; and there was store of glittering objects which could be worn as ornaments, and would dignify them forever in the eyes of their fellows. The happy possessor of a spoon, a fork, or a tin plate, which would be hung round the neck and kept highly polished, would be exalted above his companions like a newly ennobled man among ourselves, and it should not be expected that such an opportunity, which could never again be looked for, would be allowed to pass. The temptation to them was much as would be a title and a fortune among ourselves, and there are many civilized men who have done worse than the savage Australian when tempted by such a bait.

Reference has been made to the haggard appearance of the old woman who so ingeniously stole the handkerchief, the love of finery overcoming the dread of the white man in spite of her age and hideous aspect, which would only be made more repulsive

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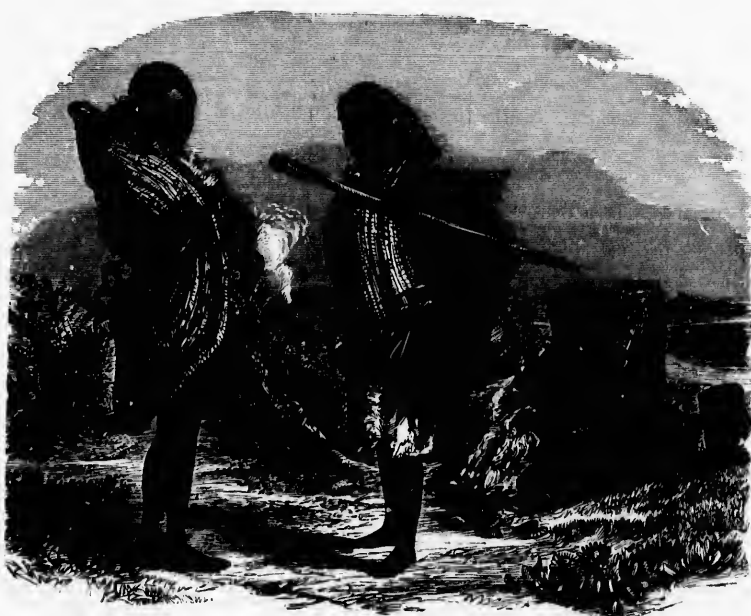
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(1.) AUSTRALIAN MAN AND WOMAN.

(See page 696.)



(2.) WOMEN AND OLD MAN OF THE LOWER MURRAY AND THE LAKES.

(See page 699.)

by any attempt at ornament. It is scarcely possible to imagine the depths of ugliness into which an Australian woman descends after she has passed the prime of her life. As we have seen, the old woman of Africa is singularly hideous, but she is quite passable when compared with her aged sister of Australia.

The old Australian woman certainly does not possess the projecting jaws, the enormous mouth, and the sausage-like lips of the African, but she exhibits a type of hideousness peculiarly her own. Her face looks like a piece of black parchment strained tightly over a skull, and the mop-like, unkempt hair adds a grotesque element to the features which only makes them still more repulsive. The breasts reach to the waist, flat, pendent, and swinging about at every movement; her body is so shrunken that each rib stands out boldly, the skin being drawn deeply in between them, and the limbs shrivel up until they look like sticks, the elbows and knees projecting like knots in a gnarled branch.

Each succeeding year adds to the hideous look of these poor creatures, because the feebleness of increasing years renders them less and less useful; and accordingly they are neglected, ill-treated, and contemptuously pushed aside by those who are younger and stronger than themselves, suffering in their turn the evils which in their youth they carelessly inflicted on those who were older and feebler.

Mr. Angus has among his sketches one which represents a very old woman of the Port Fairy tribe. They had built their rude huts or miam-miams under some gum-trees, and very much disgusted the exploring party by their hideous appearance and neglected state. There was one old woman in particular, who exemplified strongly all the characteristics which have just been described; and so surpassingly hideous, filthy, and repulsive was she, that she looked more like one of the demoniacal forms that Callot was so fond of painting than a veritable human creature. Indeed, so very disgusting was her appearance, that one of the party was made as ill as if he had taken an emetic.

Not wishing to shock my readers by the portrait of this wretched creature, I have introduced on page preceding, two younger females of the same tribe.

The remarkable point about this and one or two other tribes of the same locality and the neighborhood, is the circular mat which is tied on their backs, and which is worn by both sexes. The mat is made of reeds twisted into ropes, coiled round, and fastened together very much as the archer's targets of the present day are made. The fibres by which the reed ropes are bound together are obtained from the chewed roots of the bulrush. The native name for this

mat is *paingkoont*. One of the women appears in her ordinary home dress, i. e. wearing the *paingkoont* and her baby, over whose little body she has thrown a piece of kangaroo skin. The mat makes a very good cradle for the child, which, when awake and disposed to be lively, puts its head over the mat and surveys the prospect, but when alarmed pops down and hides itself like a rabbit disappearing into its burrow. The old woman, whose portrait is withheld, was clothed in the *paingkoont*, and wore no other raiment, so that the full hideousness of her form was exposed to view.

The woman standing opposite is just starting upon a journey. She is better clad than her companion, having beside the *paingkoont* a rude sort of petticoat. On her back she has slung the net in which she places the roots which she is supposed to dig out of the ground, and, thrust through the end which ties it, she carries the digging-stick, or *katta*, which serves her for a spade. She has in her hand the invariable accompaniment of a journey,—namely, the fire-stick, smouldering amid dry grass between two pieces of bark, and always ready to be forced into a flame by whirling it round her head.

Behind them is seated an old man, also wearing the mat-cloak, and having by his side one of the beautifully constructed native baskets. These baskets are made, like the mat, of green rushes or reeds, and are plaited by the women. One of these baskets is illustrated in an engraving on the 722d page. The reader will doubtless observe that the mode of plaiting it is almost identical with that which is employed by the natives of Southern Africa, the rushes being twisted and coiled upon each other and bound firmly together at short intervals by strong fibrous threads. They are rather variable in shape; some, which are intended to stand alone, being flat-bottomed, and others, which are always suspended by a string, ending in a point.

In common with other savage races, the Australians are apt to behave treacherously to the white man when they find themselves able to do so with impunity. This behavior is not always the result of ferocity or cruelty, though an Australian can on occasion be as fierce and cruel as any savage. Oftentimes it is the result of fear, the black people standing in awe of the white stranger and his deadly weapons, and availing themselves of their native cunning to deprive him of his unfair advantages as soon as possible.

Ignorant of the object of travel, and having from infancy been accustomed to consider certain districts as the property of certain tribes, and any man who intruded into the district of another as an enemy, it is but natural that when they see, especially for the first time, a man of different color from

themselves travelling through the country, such strangers must necessarily be enemies, come for the purpose of using against the aborigines the weapons which they possess. Again, a feeling of acquisitiveness has much to do with the treachery.

Add to their ideas of the inimical character of the strangers the cupidity that must be excited by the sight of the valuable property brought into their country by those whom they consider as enemies delivered into their hand, and there is no reason for wonder that they should take both the lives and the property of the strangers, and thus secure the valued trophies of war at the same time that they rid their country of strange and powerful enemies, and attain at one stroke an amount of wealth which they could not hope to gain through the labors of a life.

This phase of their character is well shown by Mr. T. Baines, in a letter which he has kindly allowed me to transfer to these pages. He was one of an exploring expedition, which had also undertaken to convey a number of sheep and horses. "While making the inner passage along the coast, we fell in with several canoes, some of very rude construction, being in fact mere logs capable of carrying a couple of men, who, perhaps in terror of the telescopes pointed at them, did not approach us.

"Others were of greater size and power, being large hollowed logs, very straight and narrow, and steadied on either side by other logs, pointed at the ends, and acting as outriggers, neatly enough attached by pegs driven into them through a framing of bamboo. Others again were strictly double canoes, two of the narrow vessels being connected by a bamboo platform so as to lie parallel to each other at some little distance apart.

"They were manned by crews of from six to twelve, or even more in number, all tolerably fine fellows, perfectly naked, with shock heads of woolly hair and scanty beards. They were ornamented with scars and raised cicatrices tastefully cut on their shoulder and elsewhere. They were armed with long spears, some of them tipped with wood, others with bone, and having from one to four points. They also had bows and arrows, as well as their curious paddles, the looms of which were barbed and pointed, so as to be useful as spears. When these weapons were thrown at a fish, the owner always plunged into the water after his weapon, so as to secure the fish the moment that it was struck.

"Their arrival caused various emotions among our party. One gentleman ruined his revolver by hurriedly trying to load it, while a little girl, so far from being afraid of them, traded with them for almost everything they had in their canoes. Just as they dropped astern after reaching us, the cap-

tain's little daughters were being bathed in a tub on the main-batch, and, naturally enough, jumped out of their bath, and ran aft wet and glistening in the sunlight, to hide themselves from the strange black fellows who were stretching themselves to look over our low bulwarks at the little naked white girls.

"We bought spears, bows, arrows, tortoise-shell, &c., for hats, handkerchiefs, and other things; and they were greatly interested in the white baby, which, at their express request, was held up for them to look at."

Up to this point we find the natives mild and conciliatory, but we preceded with the letter, and find an unexpected change in their demeanor.

"We had here an instance of the capriciousness of the natives. We met about a dozen on shore, and endeavored by all friendly signs to induce them to come to terms with us. We showed them that we had no guns, but our attempts were useless. They fell into regular battle array, with their long spears ready slipped on the throwing sticks, six standing in front, and the rest acting as supports behind. As it was unsafe to parley longer, we mounted our horses, and again tried to make them understand that we wished to be on friendly terms. It was all useless, and the only thing that we could do was to ride straight at them. They ran like antelopes, and gained the thick bush where we could not follow them. B—— wanted to shoot one of them, but I would not allow it.

"The prospect of killing and eating our horses seemed to be their great temptation. They made constant war upon our stud for a fortnight or three weeks, in my camp at Depot Creek, and I had to patrol the country with B—— daily, to keep them from ringing the horses round with fire.

"The character of the Australian canoe-men is variously spoken of, some reporting them as good-natured and peaceable, while others say that they are treacherous and savage. Both speak the truth from their own experience. A fellow artist, who generally landed from a man-of-war's boat, with the ship in the offing, found them peaceable enough, but poor Mr. Strange, the naturalist, was murdered on one of the islands.

"While we were on board our vessels, they were quite friendly; and even during my boat's voyage of 750 miles, while we had a dashing breeze and the boat well under command, we found the groups we met with civil enough. But when we were helplessly becalmed at the entrance of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and supposed by the natives to be the unarmed survivors of some vessel wrecked in Torres Straits, we were deliberately and treacherously attacked.

"We watched the preparations for nearly an hour through the telescope, and refrained

from giving them the slightest ground even to suspect that we looked on them otherwise than as friends. As soon as they thought they had us in their power, they began to throw spears at us, so I put a rifle-bullet through the shoulder of the man who threw at us, to teach him the danger of interfering with supposed helpless boats, but did not fire again. The wounded man was led on shore by one of his mates, and we were not molested again.

"These people are very capricious. They have the cunning and the strong passions of men, but in reason they are only children. Life is not held sacred by them, and, when their thirst for blood is raised, they revel in cruelty."

These Australian canoes, with outriggers attached, indicate a Polynesian origin, as indeed do the bows and arrows, which will be fully described on a future page. The tobacco pipes in use in that part of Australia are curious. One form consists of a hollow tube as thick as a man's arm, stopped at the ends and having one hole near the bottom into which is introduced the stem of a pipe, and another hole near the top through which the smoke is imbibed. Their use of the pipe is rather singular. When a party desires to smoke, the chief man lights the pipe, places his mouth to the orifice, and continually inhales until the interior of the hollow stem is filled with smoke. The bowl is then removed, and the aperture stopped with a plug which is kept in readiness. The first smoker closes with his thumb the hole through which he has been imbibing the smoke, and passes the pipe to his neighbor, who applies his lips to the hole, fills his lungs with smoke, and then passes the pipe to the next man. In this way, the tobacco is made to last as long as possible, and the greatest possible amount of enjoyment is got out of the least possible amount of material. The exterior of the stem is generally carved into the simple patterns which are found on nearly all Australian weapons and implements.

BEFORE proceeding further with the character and habits of the natives, we will cast a glance at the country which they inhabit, and the peculiarities which have contributed toward forming that character.

It is a very strange country, as strange to us as England would be to a savage Australian. Its vegetable and animal productions are most remarkable, and are so strange that when the earlier voyagers brought back accounts of their travels they were not believed; and when they exhibited specimens of the flora and fauna, they were accused of manufacturing them for the purpose of deception.

In the first place, with a single exception, the mammalia are all marsupials, or edentates. The solitary exception is the dingo,

or native dog, an animal which somewhat resembles the jackal, but is altogether a handsomer animal. Whether it be indigenous, or a mere variety of the dog modified by long residence in the country, is rather doubtful, though the best zoologists incline to the latter opinion, and say that the marsupial type alone is indigenous to this strange country. Of course the reader is supposed to know that the young of a marsupial animal is born at a very early age, and attains its full development in a supplementary pouch attached to the mother, into which pouch the teats open.

The animal which is most characteristic of Australia is the kangaroo. Of this singular type some forty species are known, varying in size from that of a tall man to that of a mouse. Some of them are known as kangaroos, and others as kangaroo-rats, but the type is the same in all. As their form implies, they are made for leaping over the ground, their enormously long legs and massive development of the hind quarters giving them the requisite power, while their long tails serve to balance them as they pass through the air.

Nearly all the so-called "rats" of Australia belong to the kangaroo tribe, though some are members of other marsupial families. Here I may mention that the nomenclature of the colonists has caused great perplexity and labor to incipient zoologists. They are told in some books that the dingo is the only Australian animal that is not a marsupial or an edentate, and yet they read in books of travel of the bear, the monkey, the badger, the wolf, the cat, the squirrel, the mole, and so forth. The fact is, that, with the natural looseness of diction common to colonists all over the world, the immigrants have transferred to their new country the nomenclature of the old. To the great trouble of index-searchers, there is scarcely a part of the world inhabited by our colonists where London, Oxford, Boston, and fifty other places are not multiplied. The first large river they meet they are sure to call the Thames, and it is therefore to be expected that natural history should suffer in the same way as geography.

Thus, should, in the course of this account of Australia, the reader come across a passage quoted from some traveller in which the monkey or bear is mentioned, he must remember that the so-called "monkey" and "bear" are identical, and that the animal in question is neither the one nor the other, but a marsupial, known to the natives by the name of koala, and, as if to add to the confusion of names, some travellers call it the sloth.

The so-called "badger" is the wombat, probably called a badger because it lives in holes which it burrows in the ground. The Australian "wolf" is another marsupial, belonging to the Dasyures, and the "cat"

belongs to the same group. The "squirrels" are all marsupials, and by rights are called phalangists, and it is to this group that the koala really belongs. As to the "hedgehog," it is the spiny ant-eater or echidna, and the "mole" is the celebrated duck-bill or ornithorhynchus.

With few exceptions these animals are not easily captured, many of them being nocturnal, and hiding in burrows or hollow trees until the shades of night conceal their movements; while others are so shy, active, and watchful, that all the craft of the hunter must be tried before they can be captured. Much the same may be said of the birds, the chief of which, the emu, is nearly as large as an ostrich, and is much valued by the natives as food. It is evident, therefore, that the existence of these peculiar animals must exercise a strong influence on the character of the natives, and must make them more active, wary, and quicksighted than the creatures on which they live.

Possessing, as he does, the most minute acquaintance with every vegetable which can afford him food, and even knowing where to obtain a plentiful supply of food and water in a land where an European could not find a particle of anything eatable, nor discover a drop of moisture in the dry and parched expanse, the Australian native places his chief reliance on animal food, and supports himself almost entirely on the creatures which he kills. His appetite is very indiscriminate; and although he prefers the flesh of the kangaroo and the pigeon, he will devour any beast, bird, reptile, or fish, and will also eat a considerable number of insects. Consequently the life of the Australian savage is essentially one of warfare, not against his fellow-man, but against the lower animals, and, as the reader will see in the course of the following pages, the primary object of his weapons is the hunt, and war only a secondary use to which they are directed.

CHAPTER LXX.

AUSTRALIA—Continued.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES—DRESS AND ORNAMENTS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA—MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR—THE "DIBBI-DIBBI"—TATTOOING AND CICCATRIZING—PATTERN OF THE SCARS—SIGNIFICATION OF THE VARIOUS PATTERNS—POMF AND VANITY—THE NOSE-BONE—NECKLACES—THE GIRDLE AND TASSEL—TATTOOS AND SCARS AMONG THE WOMEN—THE TURTLE SCAR—HIGH SHOULDERS OF THE AUSTRALIANS—INDIFFERENCE TO DRESS—THEIR FUR MANTLES, AND THEIR USES—THE SEA-GRASS MANTLE—FOOD OF THE AUSTRALIANS—VEGETABLE FOOD—MODE OF PROCURING ROOTS—THE BIVU—THE NARDOO PLANT AND ITS USES—THE "HURKE AND WILLS" EXPEDITION—THE BULRUSH ROOT, ITS USE FOR FOOD AND ROPE MAKING—SUBTERRANEAN WATER STORES—MOLLUSCS, AND MODE OF COLLECTING THEM—HARD WORK FOR THE WOMEN—DIVING FROM THE RAFT—RELAXATION WHEN THEY RETURN HOME—COOKING THE MOLLUSCS AND CRUSTACEA—FISH CATCHING WITH LINE, NET, AND SPEAR—INSECT FOOD—THE BEE CATCHERS—TREE AND EARTH GRUBS, AND MODE OF CATCHING THEM—THE PILEYAH—THE DUGONG—ITS LOCALITIES, AND MODES OF TAKING AND COOKING IT—CAPTURING AND COOKING THE GREEN TURTLE—CURIOUS USE OF THE SUCKING FISH—TAMING THE TURTLE—THE HAWKSHILL TURTLE, AND MODE OF CATCHING IT—TURTLE OIL AND DRIED FLESH—SALE OF TORTOISE-SHELL—TWO FORMS OF AUSTRALIAN OVENS—COOKING AND EATING SNAKES—CATCHING THE SNAKE ALIVE—THE CLOAK AND THE SHIELD—THE DUGONG, AND ITS CAPTURE—SMALL TENACITY OF LIFE—A SAVORY FEAST.

WE will now proceed to the various manners and customs of the Australians, not separating them into the arbitrary and fluctuating distinctions of tribes, but describing as briefly as is consistent with justice, the most interesting of their habits, and mentioning those cases where any particular custom seems to be confined to any one tribe or district.

We have in the illustration No. 1, on page 707, a good example of a native of North Western Australia. The sketch was kindly made by Mr. T. Baines. A profile of the man is given, in order to show the peculiar contour of the face, which, as the reader may see, has nothing of the negro character about it; the boldly prominent nose, the full beard, and the long hair fastened up in a top-knot being the distinguishing features. The man carries in his belt his provisions for the day, namely, a snake and one of the little kangaroo-rats, and having these he knows no cure, though of course he would prefer larger game.

Round his neck may be seen a string. This supports an ornament which hangs upon his breast. Several forms of this ornament, which is called in the duplicative

Australian language a "dibbi-dibbi," are employed, and there are in my collection two beautiful specimens made from the shell of the pearl-oyster. The ordinary dibbi-dibbi is fan-shaped, and does not depart very much from the original outline of the shell. There is, however, one kind of dibbi-dibbi which is valued exceedingly, and which is shaped like a crescent. The specimen in my possession is almost as large as a cheese plate, and must have been cut from an enormous shell, economy, whether of material or time, not being understood by these savages. Owing to the shape of the shell, it is slightly convex, and was worn with the concave side next the body.

Not being satisfied with the natural smooth polish of the nautilus, the native has ornamented the dibbi-dibbi with a simple but tolerably effective pattern. Along the margin of the scooped edge he has bored two parallel rows of small and shallow holes about half an inch apart, and on either side of each row he has cut a narrow line. From the outer line he has drawn a series of scalloped patterns made in a similar fashion; and, simple as this pattern is, its effect is

really remarkable. The man has evidently begun a more elaborate pattern on the broad surface of the shell, but his mind seems to have misgiven him, and he has abandoned it. The cord by which it is suspended round the neck is nearly an inch wide, and is made of string and a sort of rattan plaited together.

On the shoulder of the man may be seen a number of raised marks. These are the scars of wounds with which the Australians are in the habit of adorning their bodies, and which they sometimes wear in great profusion. The marks are made by cutting deeply into the skin, and filling the wounds with clay and other substances, so that when the wound heals an elevated scar is made. These scars are made in patterns which partly differ according to the taste of the individual, and partly signifying the district to which the tattooed person belongs. For example, the scars as shown in the illustration are the mark of a Northern Australian; and, although he may have plenty other scars on his body and limbs, these will always appear on his shoulder as the distinguishing mark of his tribe.

In my photographs, which represent natives from various parts of the continent, these scars are very prominent, and there is not an individual who does not possess them. Some have them running longitudinally down the upper arm, while others have them alternately longitudinal and transverse. They occasionally appear on the breast, and an old man, remarkable for the quantity of hair which covered his breast and arms, has disposed them in a fan shape, spreading from the centre of the body to the arms. He has evidently spent a vast amount of time on this adornment, and suffered considerable pain, as scars, although not so large as in many other instances, are exceedingly numerous; the man has adorned his arms and shoulders with little scars of the same character arranged in regular lines.

In some parts of Australia the scars assume a much more formidable appearance, being long and heavy ridges. One chief, who was very proud of his adornments, — as well he might be, seeing that their possession must nearly have cost him his life, — was entirely covered from his neck to his knees with scars at least an inch broad, set closely together, and covering the whole of the body. The front of the chest and stomach was adorned with two rows of these scars, each scar being curved, and reaching from the side to the centre of the body, where they met. The man was so inordinately proud of this ornament that nothing could induce him to wear clothing of any kind, and he stalked about in his grandeur, wearing nothing but his weapons. The photograph of this man has a very singular aspect, the light falling on the polished

ridge of the scars having an effect as if he were clad in a suit of some strange armor.

By way of adding to the beauty of their countenances, they are in the habit of perforating the septum of the nose, and of thrusting through it a piece of bone or stick, the former being preferred on account of its whiteness. It is almost impossible to describe the exceedingly grotesque appearance presented by an Australian dandy, who has his body covered with scars, and his face crossed by a wide piece of bone some six inches in length, making his naturally broad nose wider, and seeming as it were to cut his face in half. The hole through which this ornament is thrust is made when a child is a fortnight old.

As to other ornaments, they consist of the usual necklaces, bracelets, and anklets which are common to savage tribes in all parts of the world. Some of these necklaces which are in my collection are really pretty, and some skill is shown in their manufacture. One is made of pieces of yellow reed as thick as quills and almost an inch in length, strung alternately with scarlet reeds; another is made entirely of the same reeds, while a third is, in my opinion, the handsomest, though not the most striking of them. At first sight it appears to be made entirely of the reeds already mentioned, but on a closer examination it is seen to be composed entirely of the antennæ of lobsters, cut into short lengths and strung together. To the necklaces is attached a small mother-of-pearl dibbi-dibbi four inches long and one inch wide, and the pieces of lobster antennæ are so disposed that the thinner parts of the antennæ, taken from the extremities, come next to the dibbi-dibbi and hang on the breast, while the larger and thicker parts, taken from the base of the antennæ, come on the neck. The native basket in which these necklaces were kept is more than half filled with bright colored seeds of various hues, that are evidently intended for the manufacture of necklaces.

Girdles of finely twisted human hair are often worn by the men, and the native who is represented in the engraving No. 1, on page 707, is wearing one of these girdles. Sometimes, as in the present instance, a small tassel made of the hair of a phalangist or "flying-squirrel," as it is wrongly termed, is hung to the front of the girdle, by no means as a covering, but as an ornament.

The scars are so highly valued that the women wear them nearly as profusely as the men. In my photographs, there are portraits of many women of all ages, not one of whom is without scars. They do not wear them so large as the men, but seem to be more careful in the regularity of the pattern.

Taking a series of three women, the first has three cuts on the shoulder, showing her

northern extraction, and a row of small horizontal and parallel scars along the front of the body from the breast-bone downward. The second, in addition to the shoulder cuts, has several rows of scars extending from the breast to the collar-bones, together with a central line as already described, and some similar rows of cuts on the ribs and sides. The third woman, a mere girl of fourteen or so, has been very careful in the arrangement of the scars, which descend in regular and parallel rows from the breast downward, and then radiate fan-wise in six rows from the breast upward to the collar bones.

Mr. McGillivray, who accompanied H. M. S. *Rattlesnake* in her voyage, writes as follows concerning the scar ornaments and their uses:—"The Torres Straits islanders are distinguished by a large complicated oval scar, only slightly raised, and of neat construction. This, which I have been told has some connection with a turtle, occupies the right shoulder, and is occasionally repeated on the left. (See engraving at foot of page 722.) At Cape York, however, the cicatrices were so varied that I could not connect any particular style with an individual tribe. At the same time, something like uniformity was noticed among the Katchialaigas, nearly all of whom had, in addition to the horned breast mark, two or three long transverse scars on the chest, which the other tribes did not possess.

"In the remaining people the variety of marking was such that it appeared fair to consider it as being regulated more by individual caprice than by any fixed custom. Many had a simple two-horned mark on each breast, and we sometimes saw upon them a clumsy imitation of the elaborate shoulder mark of the islanders."

Well-shaped as are these women, they have one defect in form, namely, the high and square shoulder, which detracts so much from feminine beauty, and which is equally conspicuous in the child of six, the girl of thirteen or fourteen, and the old woman. The men also exhibit the same defective form.

The reader will have noticed the elaborate manner in which the hair of the Australian savage is sometimes dressed. The style of hair-dressing varies with the locality, and often with the time, fashion having as absolute a reign among the native Australians, and being quite as capricious, as among ourselves. Sometimes the hair is twisted up into long and narrow ringlets, and, if the savage should not happen to have enough hair for this fashion, he straightway makes a wig in imitation of it. Now and then the head is shaved, except a transverse crest of hair, and sometimes the natives will take a fashion of rubbing red ochre and turtle-fat into their heads until they are saturated with the compound, and will then twist up the hair into little strands.

The men of this part of Australia never wear any dress, and the women are often equally indifferent to costume. At Cape York, however, they mostly wear an apology for a petticoat, consisting of a tuft of long grass or split pandanus leaves suspended to the front of the girdle. On great occasions, and especially in their dances, they wear over this a second petticoat mostly made of some leaf, and having the ends woven into a sort of waistband. The material of the petticoat is generally pandanus leaf, but, whatever may be the material, the mode of plaiting it and the general form are the same among all the tribes of Torres Straits. From this useful leaf, the women also make the rude sails for their canoes, which serve the double purpose of sails and coverings under which the natives can sleep in wet weather.

The women have rather a curious mode of wearing one of their ornaments. This is a very long belt, composed of many strands of plaited or twisted fibre, and passed round the body in such a manner that it crosses on the breast like the now abolished cross-belts of the soldier. It is drawn rather tight, and may perhaps be of some service in supporting the bosom. In neither case does clothing seem to be worn as a mode of concealing any part of the body, but merely as a defence against the weather or as an ornament. Even when dress is worn it is of a very slight character, with one or two exceptions. These exceptions are the fur cloaks, with which the women sometimes clothe themselves, and a remarkable garment which presently will be described.

The fur cloaks are made almost universally from the skin of the opossum, and, as the animal is a small one, a considerable number are sewed together to make a single robe. The mode of manufacture is exactly similar to that which was described when treating of the kaross of the Kafir tribes, the skins being cut to the proper shape, laid side by side, and sewed laboriously together with threads formed of the sinews of the kangaroo's tail, or often with those which are drawn out of the tails of the very creatures which furnish the skin.

Sometimes a piece of kangaroo skin is used for the same purpose, but in neither case does it fulfil the office of a dress according to our ideas. The cloak is a very small one in proportion to the size of the women, and it is worn by being thrown over the back and tied across the chest by a couple of thongs, so as to leave the whole front of the body uncovered. If the garment in question be the skin of the kangaroo, it is slung over one shoulder, and allowed to fall much as it likes, the only object seeming to be that it shall cover the greater part of the back and one shoulder. Occasionally a man wears a fur cloak, but he seems to be very indifferent as to the manner in which it hangs upon his

body, sometimes draping it about his shoulders, sometimes letting it fall to his waist and gathering it about his loins, and sometimes, especially if walking, holding two corners together with his left hand in front of his breast, while his right hand grasps his bundle of weapons.

Mr. Angas mentions one instance of a singularly perfect dress in use among the Australians—the only dress in fact that is really deserving of the name. It is a large cloak made from the zosteria or sea grass, a plant that is remarkable for being the only true flowering plant that grows in the sea. It has very long grass-like blades, and is found in vast beds, that look in a clear sea like luxuriant hay-fields just before mowing.

The fibre of the zosteria is long, and wonderfully tough, and indeed the fibre is so good, and the plant so abundant, that the uses to which it is now put, such as packing and stuffing, are far below its capabilities, and it ought to be brought into use for purposes for which a long and strong fibre are needed. Some time ago, when the supply of rags for paper seemed to be failing, there was an attempt made to substitute the zosteria for rags; and, although it was not a perfectly successful experiment, it had at all events the elements of success in it.

With this long grass the Australian native occasionally makes a large cloak, which will cover the whole body. It is made by laying the fibres side by side, and lashing them together at regular intervals, much as the well-known New Zealand mantle is made from the phormium. Anxious to avoid trouble, the native only fastens together a sufficient quantity to make a covering for his body as low as the knees, the loose ends of the zosteria being left as a kind of long fringe that edges the mantle all round, and really has a very graceful effect.

The illustration No. 2, on the next page, shows one of these curious mantles, which was sketched while on the body of the wearer. As the manufacture of such a mantle involves much trouble, and the Australian native has the full savage hatred of labor, very few of these cloaks are to be seen. Indeed, nothing but a rather long inclement season will induce a native to take the trouble of making a garment which he will only use for a comparatively short period, and which is rather troublesome to carry about when not wanted.

WE now come to the food of the natives. As has already been stated, they eat almost anything, but there are certain kinds of food which they prefer, and which will be specially mentioned.

As to vegetable food, there are several kinds of yams which the more civilized tribes cultivate—the nearest approach to labor of which they can be accused. It is almost exclusively on the islands that cultivation is

found, and Mr. McGillivray states that on the mainland he never saw an attempt at clearing the ground for a garden. In the islands, however, the natives manage after a fashion to raise crops of yams.

When they want to clear a piece of ground, they strew the surface with branches, which are allowed to wither and dry; as soon as they are thoroughly dried, fire is set to them, and thus the space is easily cleared from vegetation. The ground is then peeked up with a stick sharpened at the point and hardened by fire; the yams are cut up and planted, and by the side of each hole a stick is thrust into the ground, so as to form a support for the plant when it grows up. The natives plant just before the rainy season. They never trouble themselves to build a fence round the simple garden, neither do they look after the growth of the crops, knowing that the rains which are sure to fall will bring their crops to perfection.

There are also multitudes of vegetable products on which the natives feed. One of them, which is largely used, is called by them "biyu." It is made from the young and tender shoots of the mangrove tree. The sprouts, when three or four inches in length, are laid upon heated stones, and covered with bark, wet leaves, and sand. After being thoroughly stewed, they are beaten between two stones, and the pulp is scraped away from the fibres. It then forms a slimy gray paste, and, although it is largely eaten, the natives do not seem to like it, and only resort to it on a necessity. They contrive, however, to improve its flavor by adding large quantities of wild yams and other vegetable products.

Perhaps the most celebrated wild food of the Australians is the "nardoo," which has become so familiar to the British reader since the important expedition of Burke and Wills. The nardoo is the produce of a cryptogamous plant which grows in large quantities, but is rather local. The fruit is about as large as a pea, and is cleaned for use by being rubbed in small wooden troughs. It is then pounded into a paste, and made into cakes, like oatmeal.

The nardoo plant is one of the ferns, and those of my readers who are skilled in botany will find it in the genus *Marsilea*. Like many of the ferns, the plant presents a strangely unfernlike aspect, consisting of upright and slender stems, about twelve inches high, each having on its tips a small quadruple frond, closely resembling a flower. The fruit, or "sporangium," of the nardoo is the part that is eaten; and it is remarkable for its powers of absorbing water, and so increasing its size. Indeed, when the fruit is soaked in water, it will in the course of a single hour swell until it is two hundred times its former size.

The nardoo is useful in its way, and, when mixed with more nutritious food, is a val-

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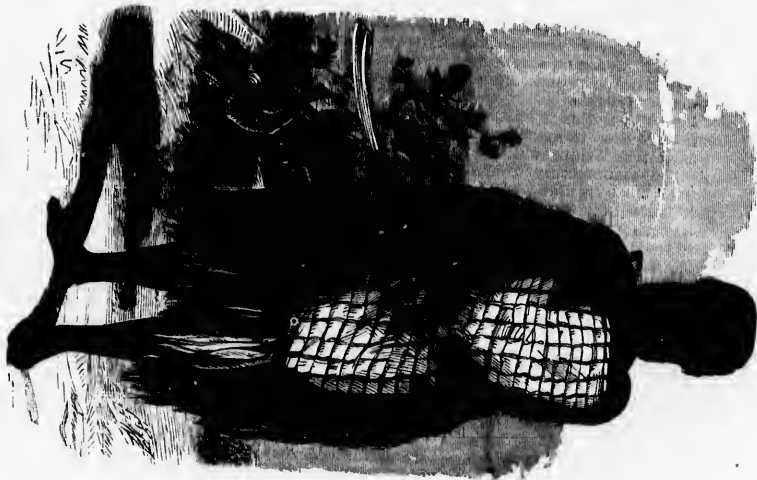
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(1) THE HUNTER AND HIS DAYS PROVISIONS.
(See page 704.)



(2) THE SEA GRASS CLOAK.
(See page 704.)



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able article of diet. Taken alone, however, it has scarcely the slightest nutritive powers, and though it distends the stomach, and so keeps off the gnawing sense of hunger, it gives no strength to the system. Even when eaten with fish, it is of little use, and requires either fat or sugar to give it the due power of nourishment. With the wonderful brightness of spirit which Mr. Wills managed to keep up, even when suffering the severest hardships, and feeling himself gradually dying, he gives in his diary a curiously accurate picture of the effects of living for a length of time on an innutritious substance. He liked the nardoo, and consumed considerable quantities of it, but gradually wasted away, leaving a record in his diary that "starvation on nardoo is by no means unpleasant but for the weakness one feels, and the utter inability to rouse one's self; for as far as appetite is concerned, it gives the greatest satisfaction."

The death of this fine young man affords another proof of the disadvantage at which a stranger to the country is placed while traversing a new land. Many native tribes lived on the route along which the travellers passed, and, from their knowledge of the resources of the country, were able to support themselves; whereas the white travellers seem to have died of starvation in the midst of plenty.

The chief vegetable food, however, is furnished by the bulrush root, which is to the Australians who live near rivers the staff of life. As the task of procuring it is a very disagreeable one, it is handed over to the women, who have to wade among the reeds and half bury themselves in mud while procuring the root.

It is cooked after the usual Australian manner. A heap of limestones is raised, and heated by fire. The roots are then laid on the hot stones, and are covered with a layer of the same material. In order to produce a quantity of steam, a heap of wet grass is thrown on the upper layer of stones, and a mound of sand heaped over all.

As the root, however well cooked, is very fibrous, the natives do not swallow it, but, after chewing it and extracting all the soft parts, they reject the fibres, just as a sailor throws aside his exhausted quid; and great quantities of these little balls of fibre are to be found near every encampment. The same fibre is convertible into string, and is used in the manufacture of fishing lines and nets.

The singular knowledge of vegetable life possessed by the natives is never displayed with greater force than in the power which they have of procuring water. In an apparently desert place, where no signs of water are to be found, and where not even a pigeon can be seen to wing its way through the air, as the guide to the distant water toward which it is flying, the native will

manage to supply himself with both water and food.

He looks out for certain eucalypti or gum-trees, which are visible from a very great distance, and makes his way toward them. Choosing a spot at three or four yards from the trunk, with his katta he digs away at the earth, so as to expose the roots, tears them out of the ground, and proceeds to prepare them. Cutting them into pieces of a foot or so in length, he stands them upright in the bark vessel which an Australian mostly carries with him, and waits patiently. Presently a few drops of water ooze from the lower ends of the roots, and in a short time water pours out freely, so that an abundant supply of liquid is obtained.

Should the native be very much parched, he takes one of the pieces of root, splits it lengthwise, and chews it, finding that it gives as much juice as a water-melon. The youngest and freshest-looking trees are always chosen for the purpose of obtaining water, and the softest-looking roots selected. After the water has all been drained from them, they are peeled, pounded between two stones, and then roasted; so that the eucalyptus supplies both food and drink.

As, however, as has been stated, the chief reliance of the natives is upon animal food and fish, molluscs, crustacea, reptiles, and insects form a very considerable proportion of their food. Collecting the shell-fish is the duty of the women, chiefly because it is really hard work, and requires a great amount of diving. Throughout the whole of this vast continent this duty is given to the women; and whether in the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the extreme north, or in the island of Van Diemen's Land, in the extreme south, the same custom prevails. During Labillardiere's voyage in search of La Perouse, the travellers came upon a party of the natives of Van Diemen's Land while the women were collecting shell-fish, and the author gives a good description of the labors to which these poor creatures were subjected:—

"About noon we saw them prepare their repast. Hitherto we had but a faint idea of the pains the women take to procure the food requisite for the subsistence of their families. They took each a basket, and were followed by their daughters, who did the same. Getting on the rocks that projected into the sea, they plunged from them to the bottom in search of shell-fish. When they had been down some time, we became very uneasy on their account; for where they had dived were seaweeds of great length, among which we observed the *fucus pyrifera*, and we feared that they might have been entangled in these, so as to be unable to regain the surface.

"At length, however, they appeared, and convinced us that they were capable of remaining under water twice as long as our

ablest divers. An instant was sufficient for them to take breath, and then they dived again. This they did repeatedly till their baskets were nearly full. Most of them were provided with a little bit of wood, cut into the shape of a spatula, and with these they separated from beneath the rocks, at great depths, very large sea-eels. Perhaps they chose the biggest, for all they brought were of a great size.

"On seeing the large lobsters which they had in their baskets, we were afraid that they must have wounded these poor women terribly with their large claws; but we soon found that they had taken the precaution to kill them as soon as they caught them. They quitted the water only to bring their husbands the fruits of their labor, and frequently returned almost immediately to their diving till they had procured a sufficient meal for their families. At other times they stayed a little while to warm themselves, with their faces toward the fire on which their fish was roasting, and other little fires burning behind them, that they might be warmed on all sides at once.

"It seemed as if they were unwilling to lose a moment's time; for while they were warming themselves, they were employed in roasting fish, some of which they laid on the coals with the utmost caution, though they took little care of the lobsters, which they threw anywhere into the fire; and when they were ready they divided the claws among the men and the children, reserving the body for themselves, which they sometimes ate before returning into the water.

"It gave us great pain to see these poor women condemned to such severe toil; while, at the same time, they ran the hazard of being devoured by sharks, or entangled among the weeds that rise from the bottom of the sea. We often entreated their husbands to take a share in their labor at least, but always in vain. They remained constantly near the fire, feasting on the best bits, and eating broiled fucus, or fern-roots. Occasionally they took the trouble to break boughs of trees into short pieces to feed the fire, taking care to choose the driest.

"From their manner of breaking them we found that their skulls must be very hard; for, taking hold of the sticks at each end with the hand, they broke them over their heads, as we do at the knee, till they broke. Their heads being constantly bare, and often exposed to all weathers in this high latitude, acquire a capacity for resisting such efforts; besides, their hair forms a cushion which diminishes the pressure, and renders it much less painful on the summit of the head than any other part of the body. Few of the women, however, could have done as much, for some had their hair cut pretty short, and wore a string several times round the head; others had only a simple crown of hair. We made the same observa-

tion with respect to several of the children, but none of the men. These had the back, breast, shoulders, and arms covered with downy hair."

Sometimes a party of women will go out on a raft made of layers of reeds, pushing themselves along by means of very long poles. When they arrive at a bed of mussels, they will stay there nearly all day diving from the raft, with their nets tied round their necks, and, after remaining under water for a considerable time, come up with a heavy load of mussels in their nets.

They even manage to cook upon this fragile raft. They make a heap of wet sand upon the reeds, put a few stones on it, and build their fire on the stones, just as if they had been on shore. After remaining until they have procured a large stock of mussels, they pole themselves ashore, and in all probability have to spend several hours in cooking the mussels for the men. The mussels are usually eaten with the bulrush root.

There is a sort of crayfish which is found in the mud-flats of rivers and lakes. These are also caught by the women, who feel for them in the mud with their feet, and hold them down firmly until they can be seized by the hand. As soon as the creatures are taken, the claws are crushed to prevent them from biting, and they are afterward roasted, while still alive, on the embers of the fire. Tadpoles are favorite articles of diet with the Australians, who fry them on grass.

The ordinary limpet, mussel, and other molluscs, are largely eaten by the natives, who scoop them out by means of smaller shells, just as is done by boys along our own coasts—a plan which is very efficacious, as I can testify from personal experience. Sometimes they cook the molluscs by the simple process of throwing them on the embers, but as a general rule they eat them in a raw state, as we eat oysters.

Fish they catch in various ways. The usual method is by a hook and line; the former of which is ingeniously cut out of the shell of the hawksbill turtle. Two of these hooks are now before me, and raise a feeling of wonder as to the fish which could be induced to take such articles into its mouth. It is flat, very clumsily made, and there is no barb, the point being curved very much inward, so as to prevent the fish from slipping off the hook. In fact the whole shape of the hook is almost exactly identical with that of the hook which is found throughout Polynesia and extends to New Zealand.

The hook is fastened to a long and stout line, made by chewing reeds, stripping them into fibres, and rolling them on the thighs. Two of these strings are then twisted together, and the line is complete. My own specimen of a line is about as thick as the fishing lines used on our coasts, and it is very long, having a hook at either end. The hook is lashed to the line by a very firm but

rather clumsy wrapping. Sometimes the line is made of scraped rattan fibres.

Another mode of fishing is by the net. This requires at least two men to manage it. The net is many feet in length, and about four feet in width. It is kept extended by a number of sticks placed a yard or so apart, and can then be rolled up in a cylindrical package and be taken to the water. One man then takes an end of the net, unrolls it, and with the assistance of his comrade drops it into the water. As soon as the lower edge of the net touches the bottom, the men wade toward the shore, drawing with them the two ends of the net and all the fish that happen to be within its range. As soon as they near the shore, they bring the two ends of the net to the land, fix them there, and are then able to pick up and throw ashore all the fish that are in the net. Some of the more active fish escape by leaping over the upper edge of the net, and some of the mud-loving and crafty wriggle their way under the lower edge; but there is always a sufficiency of fish to reward the natives for their labor.

Like the fishing line, the net is made of chewed reeds, and the labor of chewing and twisting the string belongs exclusively to the women.

A third mode of fishing is by employing certain traps or baskets, ingeniously woven of rattan, and made so that the fish can easily pass into them, but cannot by any possibility get out again. Sometimes fish are speared in the shallow water, the native wading in, and with unerring aim transfixing the fish with his spear. Even the children take part in this sport, and, though armed with nothing better than a short stick, sharpened at one end, contrive to secure their fish. With the same stick they dig molluscs out of the mud, and turn crustacean out of their holes; and when they can do this, they are supposed to be able to shift for themselves, and their parents take no more trouble about feeding them.

They are not more fastidious in the cooking of fish than of crustacea or molluscs, but just throw them on the fire, turn them once or twice with a stick, and when they are warmed through and the outside scorched, they pick them out of the fire, scrape off the burnt scales, and eat them without further ceremony.

Insect food is much used among the Australians. As might be expected, honey is greatly valued by them, and they display great ingenuity in procuring it. When a native sees a bee about the flowers, and wishes to find the honey, he repairs to the nearest pool, selects a spot where the bank shelves very gradually, lies on his face, fills his mouth with water, and patiently awaits the arrival of a bee. These insects require a considerable amount of moisture, as every one knows who has kept them, and the bee-

hunter reckons on this fact to procure him the honey which he desires. After a while a bee is sure to come and drink, and the hunter, hearing the insect approaching him, retains his position and scarcely breathes, so fearful is he of alarming it. At last it alights, and instantly the native blows the water from his mouth over it, stunning it for the moment. Before it can recover itself, he seizes it, and by means of a little gum attaches to it a tuft of white down obtained from one of the trees.

As soon as it is released, the insect flies away toward its nest, the white tuft serving the double purpose of making it more conspicuous and retarding its flight. Away goes the hunter after it at full speed, running and leaping along in a wonderful manner, his eyes fixed on the guiding insect, and making very light of obstacles. (See illustration No. 1, on the 716th page.) Sometimes a fallen tree will be in his way, and if he can he jumps over it; but at all risks he must get over without delay, and so he dashes at the obstacle with reckless activity. Should he surmount it, well and good; but if, as often happens, he should fall, he keeps his eyes fixed, as well as he can, on the bee, and as soon as he spruags to his feet he resumes the chase. Even if he should lose sight of it for a moment, he dashes on in the same direction, knowing that a bee always flies in a straight line for its home; and when he hears it, the angry hum of the hampered insect soon tells him that he has recovered the lost ground.

The reader will see that this mode of tracking the bee to its home is far inferior to that of the American bee-hunters, and is rather a business of the legs than of the head. The Australian bee-hunter waits until a bee happens to come to the spot where he lies; the American bee-hunter baits an attractive trap, and induces the insect to come to the spot which he selects. Then the Australian bee-hunter only runs after the single bee; whereas the American bee-hunter economizes his strength by employing two bees, and saving his legs.

He puts honey on a flat wooden slab, having drawn a circle of white paint round it. The bee alights on the honey, and, after filling its crop, crawls through the white paint and sets off homeward. The hunter follows the "bee-line" taken by the insect, and marks it by scoring or "blazing" a few trees. He then removes his honeyed trap to a spot at an angle with his former station and repeats the process. There is no need for him to race after the flying bee, and to run considerable risk of damaging himself more or less seriously; he simply follows out the lines which the two bees have taken, and, by fixing on the point at which they meet, walks leisurely up to the nest.

Having found his bee nest, the Australian loses no time in ascending to the spot,

whether it be a cleft in a rock, or, as is usually the case, a hole in a tree. This latter spot is much thrived by the bees, as well as by many of the arboreal mammals, of which there are so many in Australia. The sudden and violent tempests which rage in that part of the world tear off the branches of trees and hurl them to the ground. During succeeding rainy seasons, the wet lodges in the broken branch, and by degrees rots away the wood, which is instantly filled with the larvæ of beetles, moths, flies, and other insects that feed upon decaying wood. Thus, in a few years, the hollow extends itself until it burrows into the tree itself, and sometimes descends nearly from the top to the bottom, thus forming an admirable locality for the bees.

Taking with him a hatchet, a basket, and a quantity of dry grass or leaves, the native ascends, lights the grass, and under cover of the smoke chops away the wood until he can get at the combs, which he places in the basket, with which he descends. Should he be too poor to possess even a basket, he extemporizes one by cutting away the bark of the tree; and should the nest be a very large one, he is supplied by his friends from below with a number of vessels, and passes them down as fast as they are filled.

Perhaps some of my readers may remark that honey cannot be rightly considered as insect food, and that it ought to have been ranked among the vegetable productions. The Australian, however, does not content himself with extracting the honey from the comb, but eats it precisely in the state in which it is brought from the nest. As the bees are not forced, as amongst English bee-masters, to keep their honey-cells distinct from those which contain the board and the "bee-bread," each comb contains indiscriminately bee-bread, young bee-grubs, and honey, and the Australian eats all three with equal satisfaction.

Another kind of insect food is a grub which inhabits the trunks of trees, and of which the natives are inordinately fond. They have a wonderful faculty of discovering the presence of this grub, and twist it out of its hole with an odd little instrument composed of a hook fastened to the end of a slender twig. This implement is carried in the hair so as to project over the ear, like a clerk's pen, and for a long time puzzled travellers, who thought it to be merely an ornament, and could not understand its very peculiar shape.

The larva is the caterpillar of a moth which is closely allied to the goat-moth of our own country, and has the same habit of burrowing into the wood of living trees. The hooked instrument which is used for drawing them out of their holes is called the "pileyah," and is employed also for hooking beetles, grubs, and other insects out of their holes in the ground. When the

pileyah is used for extracting grubs from the earth, the ground is first loosened by means of a wooden scoop that looks something like a hollowed waddy. The pileyah is then tied to the end of a polygonum twig of sufficient length, and by such means can be introduced into the holes.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the various insect banquets in which the Australians delight is that which is furnished by the bugong moth, as the insect is popularly, but wrongly, called. Instead of belonging to the moth tribe, it is one of the butterflies, and belongs to the graceful family of the Heliconidae. Its scientific name is *Euplara hamata*. The bugong is remarkable for the fact that its body, instead of being slender like that of most butterflies, is very stout, and contains an astonishing amount of oily matter. The color of the insect is dark brown, with two black spots on the upper wings. It is a small insect, measuring only an inch and a half across the wings.

It is found in the New South Wales district, and inhabits a range of hills that are called from the insect the Bugong Mountains. The Australians eat the bugong butterflies just as locusts are eaten in many parts of the world, and, for the short time during which the insect makes its appearance, feast inordinately upon it, and get quite fit. The following account is given by Mr. G. Bennett:—

"After riding over the lower ranges, we arrived a short distance above the base of the Bugong Mountain, tethered the horses, and ascended on foot, by a steep and rugged path, which led us to the first summit of the mountain: at this place, called Ginandery by the natives, enormous masses of granite rock, piled one upon another, and situated on the verge of a wooded precipice, excited our attention. An extensive and romantic view was here obtained of a distant, wooded, mountainous country.

"This was the first place where, upon the smooth sides or crevices of the granite blocks, the bugong moths congregated in such incredible multitudes; but, from the blacks having recently been here, we found but few of the insects remaining. At one part of this group of granite rocks were two pools, apparently hollowed naturally from the solid stone, and filled with cool and clear water; so, lighting a fire, we enjoyed a cup of tea previous to recommencing our further ascent. On proceeding we found the rise more gradual, but unpleasant, from the number of loose stones and branches of trees strewn about; several of the deserted bark huts of the natives (which they had temporarily erected when engaged in collecting and preparing the bugong) were scattered around. Shrubs and plants were numerous as we proceeded, but, with few exceptions, did not differ from those seen in other parts of the colony.

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"Near a small limpid stream a species of *Lycopodium* grew so dense as to form a carpet over which we were able to walk. The timber trees towered to so great an elevation that the prospect of the country we had anticipated was impeded. At last we arrived at another peculiar group of granite rocks in enormous masses and of various forms; this place, similar to the last, formed the locality where the bugong moths congregate, and is called 'Warrogon' by the natives. The remains of recent fires apprised us that the aborigines had only recently left the place for another of similar character a few miles further distant.

"Our native guides wished us to proceed and join the tribe, but the day had so far advanced that it was thought more advisable to return, because it was doubtful, as the blacks removed from a place as soon as they had cleared it of the insects, whether we should find them at the next group, or removed to others still further distant.

"From the result of my observations it appears that the insects are only found in such multitudes on these insulated and peculiar masses of granite, for about the other solitary granite rocks, so profusely scattered over the range, I did not observe a single moth, or even the remains of one. Why they should be confined only to these particular places, or for what purpose they thus collect together, is not a less curious than interesting subject of inquiry. Whether it be for the purpose of emigrating, or any other cause, our present knowledge cannot satisfactorily answer.

"The bugong moths, as I have before observed, collect on the surfaces, and also in the crevices, of the masses of granite in incredible quantities. To procure them with greater facility, the natives make smothered fires underneath these rocks about which they are collected, and suffocate them with smoke, at the same time sweeping them off frequently in bushelfuls at a time. After they have collected a large quantity, they proceed to prepare them, which is done in the following manner.

"A circular space is cleared upon the ground, of a size proportioned to the number of insects to be prepared; on it a fire is lighted and kept burning until the ground is considered to be sufficiently heated, when, the fire being removed, and the ashes cleared away, the moths are placed upon the heated ground, and stirred about until the down and wings are removed from them; they are then placed on pieces of bark, and winnowed to separate the dust and wings mixed with the bodies; they are then eaten, or placed into a wooden vessel called 'walbum,' or 'calibum,' and pounded by a piece of wood into masses or cakes resembling lumps of fat, and may be compared in color and consistence to dough made from smutty wheat mixed with fat.

"The bodies of the moths are large and filled with a yellowish oil, resembling in taste a sweet nut. These masses (with which the 'nothula,' or 'talabata,' of the native tribes are loaded during the season of feasting upon the bugong) will not keep more than a week, and seldom even for that time; but by smoking they are able to preserve them for a much longer period. The first time this diet is used by the native tribes, violent vomiting and other debilitating effects are produced, but after a few days they become accustomed to its use, and then thrive and fatten exceedingly upon it.

"These insects are held in such estimation among the aborigines, that they assemble from all parts of the country to collect them from these mountains. It is not only the native blacks that resort to the bugong, but crows also congregate for the same purpose. The blacks (that is, the crows and the aborigines) do not agree about their respective shares; so the stronger decides the point; for, when the crows (called 'arabul' by the natives) enter the hollows of the rocks to feed upon the insects, the natives stand at the entrance and kill them as they fly out; and they afford them an excellent meal, being fat from feeding upon the rich bugong. No eagle are the feathered blacks or arabuls after this food that they attack it even when it is preparing by the natives; but as the aborigines never consider any increase of food a misfortune, they lay in wait for the arabuls with waddies or clubs, kill them in great numbers, and use them as food."

REPTILES form a very considerable part of an Australian's diet, and he displays equal aptitude in capturing and cooking them. Turtle is an especial favorite with him, not only on account of its size, and of the quantity of meat which it furnishes, but on account of the oil which is obtained from it.

On the coast of Australia several kinds of turtle are found, the most useful of which are the ordinary green turtle and the hawk-bill. They are caught either in the water, or by watching for them when they come on shore for the purpose of laying their eggs, and then turning them on their backs before they can reach the sea. As, however, comparatively few venture on the shore, the greater number are taken in the water. Along the shore the natives have regular watchtowers or cairns made of stones and the bones of turtles, dugongs, and other creatures. When the sentinel sees a turtle drifting along with the tide, he gives the alarm, and a boat puts out after it. The canoe approaches from behind, and paddles very cautiously so that the reptile may not hear it. As soon as they come close to it, the chief hunter, who holds in his hand one end of a slight but tough rope, leaps on the turtle's back, and clings to it with both

hands on its shoulders. The startled reptile dashes off, but before it has got very far the hunter contrives to upset it, and while it is struggling he slips the noose of the rope over one of its flippers. The creature is then comparatively helpless, and is towed ashore by the canoe.

In some districts the turtle is taken by means of a harpoon, which is identical in principle with that which is used by the hippopotamus hunters of Africa. There is a long shaft, into the end of which is loosely slipped a movable head. A rope is attached to the head, and a buoy to the other end of the rope. As soon as the reptile is struck, the shaft is disengaged, and is picked up by the thrower; while the float serves as an indication of the turtle's whereabouts, and enables the hunters to tow it toward the shore.

One of the natives, named Gi'om, told Mr. McGillivray that they sometimes caught the turtle by means of the remora, or sucking-fish. One of these fish, round whose tall a line has been previously made fast, is kept in a vessel of water on board the boat, and, when a small turtle is seen, the remora is dropped into the sea. Instinctively it makes its way to the turtle, and fastens itself so firmly to the reptile's back that they are both hauled to the boat's side and lifted in by the fishermen. Only small turtles can be thus taken, and there is one species which never attains any great size which is generally captured in this curious manner.

The hawksbill turtle is too dangerous an antagonist to be chased in the water. The sharp-edged scales which project from its sides would cut deeply into the hands of any man who tried to turn it; and even the green turtle, with its comparatively blunt-edged shell, has been known to inflict a severe wound upon the leg of the man who was clinging to its back. The native, therefore, is content to watch it ashore, and by means of long, stout poles, which he introduces leverwise under its body, turns it over without danger to himself.

When the Australians have succeeded in turning a turtle, there are great rejoicings, as the very acme of human felicity consists, according to native ideas, in gorging until the feasters can neither stand nor sit. They may be seen absolutely rolling on the ground in agony from the inordinate distension of their stomachs, and yet, as soon as the pain has abated, they renew their feasting. Mostly they assemble round the turtle, cook it rudely, and devour it on the spot; but in Torres Straits they are more provident, and dry the flesh in order to supply themselves with food during their voyages. They cut up the meat into thin slices, boil the slices, and then dry them in the sun.

During the process of cooking, a considerable amount of oil rises to the surface, and is skimmed off and kept in vessels made of

bamboo and turtles' bladders. The cook, however, has to exercise some vigilance while performing his task, as the natives are so fond of the oil that, unless they are closely watched, they will skim it off and drink it while in an almost boiling state. The boiling and subsequent drying render the flesh very hard, so that it will keep for several weeks; but it cannot be eaten without a second boiling.

The shell of the hawksbill turtle is doubly valuable to the natives, who reserve a little for the manufacture of hooks, and sell the rest to shippers or traders, who bring it to Europe, where it is converted into the "tortoise-shell" with which we are so familiar. There is in my collection a beautiful specimen of one of these scales of tortoise-shell as it was purchased from the natives. It is about eleven inches in length and seven in width, and has a hole at one end by which they string the scales together. There are the scars of eight large limpet shells upon it, showing the singular appearance which the animal must have presented when alive.

The cooking of turtle is a far more important process than that of boiling fish, and a sort of oven is required in order to dress it properly. In principle the oven resembles that which is in use in so many parts of the world, and which has been already described when showing how the hunters of South Africa cook the elephant's foot. Instead, however, of digging a hole and burning wood in it, the Australian takes a number of stones, each about the size of a man's fist, and puts them into the fire. When they are heated, they are laid closely together, and the meat placed upon them. A second layer of heated stones is arranged upon the meat, and a rim or bank of tea-tree bush, backed up with sand or earth, is built round this primitive oven. Grass and leaves are then strewn plentifully over the stones, and are held in their places by the circular bank. The steam is thus retained, and so the meat is cooked in a very effectual manner.

In some parts of the country, however, a more elaborate oven is used. It consists of a hole some three feet in diameter and two feet in depth, and is heated in the following manner:—It is filled to within six inches of the top with round and hard stones, similar to those which have already been described, and upon them a fire is built and maintained for some time. When the stones are thought to be sufficiently heated, the embers are swept away, and the food is simply laid upon the stones and allowed to remain there until thoroughly cooked.

This kind of oven is found over a large range of country, and Mr. McGillivray has seen it throughout the shores of Torres Straits, and extending as far southward as Sandy Cape on the eastern side.

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(1.) BEE HUNTING.
(See page 711.)



(2.) COOKING A SNAKE.
(See page 717.)

not eat eels because they look like snakes, the Australian knows better, and considers a snake as one of the greatest delicacies which the earth produces. And there is certainly no reason why we should repudiate the snake as disgusting while we accept the turtle and so many of the tortoise kind as delicacies, no matter whether their food be animal or vegetable. The Australian knows that a snake in good condition ought to have plenty of fat, and to be well flavored, and is always easy in his mind so long as he can catch one.

The process of cooking (see page 716) is exactly like that which is employed with fish, except that more pains are taken about it, as is consistent with the superior character of the food. The fire being lighted, the native squats in front of it and waits until the flame and smoke have partly died away, and then carefully coils the snake on the embers, turning it and recoiling it until all the scales are so scorched that they can be rubbed off. He then allows it to remain until it is cooked according to his ideas, and eats it deliberately, as becomes such a dainty, picking out the best parts for himself, and, if he be in a good humor, tossing the rest to his wives.

Snake hunting is carried on in rather a curious manner. Killing a snake at once, unless it should be wanted for immediate consumption; would be extremely foolish, as it would be unfit for food before the night had passed away. Taking it alive, therefore, is the plan which is adopted by the skillful hunter, and this he manages in a very ingenious way.

Should he come upon one of the venomous serpents, he cuts off its retreat, and with his spear or with a forked stick he irritates it with one hand, while in his other he holds the narrow wooden shield. By repeated blows he induces the reptile to attack him, and dexterously receives the stroke on the shield, flinging the snake back by the sudden repulse. Time after time the snake renews the attack, and is as often foiled; and at last it yields the battle, and lies on the ground completely beaten. The hunter then presses his forked stick on the reptile's neck, seizes it firmly, and holds it while a net is thrown over it and it is bound securely to his spear. It is then carried off, and reserved for the next day's banquet.

Sometimes the opossum-skin cloak takes the place of the shield, and the snake is allowed to bite it.

The carpet snake, which sometimes attains the length of ten or twelve feet, is favorite game with the Australian native, as its large size furnishes him with an abundant supply of meat, as well as the fat in which his soul delights. This snake mostly lives in holes at the foot of the curious grass-tree, of which we shall see several figures in the course of the following pages, and in many places it is so plentiful that there is scarcely a grass-tree without its snake.

As it would be a waste of time to probe each hole in succession, the natives easily ascertain those holes which are inhabited by smearing the earth around them with a kind of white clay mixed with water, which is as soft as putty. On the following day they can easily see, by the appearance of the clay, when a snake has entered or left its hole, and at once proceed to induce the reptile to leave its stronghold. This is done by putting on the trunk of the tree immediately over the hole a bait, which the natives state to be honey, and waiting patiently, often for many hours, until the serpent is attracted by the bait and climbs the tree. As soon as it is clear of the hole, its retreat is cut off, and the result of the ensuing combat is a certainty. The forked spear which the native employs is called a bo-bo.

All the tribes which live along the eastern coast, especially those which inhabit the northern part of the country, are in the habit of capturing the dugong. This animal is very fond of a green, branchless, marine alga, and ventures to the shore in order to feed upon it. The natives are on the watch for it, and, as soon as a dugong is seen, a canoe puts off after it.

Each canoe is furnished with paddles and a harpooner, who is armed with a weapon very similar to that which is used by the turtle catchers, except that no buoy is required. It is composed of a shaft some twelve or fifteen feet in length, light at one end, and heavy at the other. A hole is made at the heavy end, and into the hole is loosely fitted a kind of spear head made of bone, about four inches in length, and covered with barbs. One end of a stout and long rope is made fast to this head, and the other is attached to the canoe.

As soon as he is within striking distance, the harpooner jumps out of the boat into the water, striking at the same time with his weapon, so as to add to the stroke the force of his own weight. Disengaging the shaft, he returns to the canoe, leaving the dugong attached to it by the rope. The wounded animal dives and tries to make its way seaward. Strange to say, although the dugong is a large animal, often eight feet in length, and very bulky in proportion to its length, it seldom requires to be struck a second time, but rises to the surface and dies in a few minutes from a wound occasioned by so apparently insignificant a weapon as a piece of bone struck some three inches into its body. When it is dead, it is towed ashore, and rolled up the bank to some level spot, where preparations are at once made for cooking and eating it.

Those who are acquainted with zoölogy are aware that the dugong is formed much after the manner of the whale, and that it is covered first with a tough skin and then with a layer of blubber over the muscles. This structure, by the way, renders its suc-

cumbing to the wound of the harpoon the more surprising. The natives always cut it up in the same manner. The tail is sliced much as we carve a round of beef, while the body is cut into thin slices as far as the ribs, each slice having its own proportion of meat, blubber, and skin. The blubber is esteemed higher than any other portion of the animal, though even the tough skin can be rendered tolerably palatable by careful cooking.

Of all Australian animals, the kangaroo is most in favor, both on account of the excellent quality of the flesh, and the quantity which a single kangaroo will furnish. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that with the Australian, as with other savages, quantity is considered rather than quality. A full grown "boomah" kangaroo will, when standing upright, in its usual attitude of defence, measure nearly six feet in height, and is of very considerable weight. And, when an Australian kills a kangaroo, he performs feats of gluttony to which the rest of the world can scarcely find a parallel, and certainly not a superior. Give an

Australian a kangaroo and he will eat until he is nearly dead from repletion; and he will go on eating, with short intervals of rest, until he has finished the entire kangaroo.

Like other savage creatures, whether human or otherwise, he is capable of bearing deprivation of food to a wonderful extent; and his patient endurance of starvation, when food is not to be obtained, is only to be excelled by his gluttony when it is plentiful. This curious capacity for alternate gluttony and starvation is fostered by the innately lazy disposition of the Australian savage, and his utter disregard for the future. The animal that ought to serve him and his family for a week is consumed in a few hours; and, as long as he does not feel the pain of absolute hunger, nothing can compel the man to leave his rude couch and go off on a hunting expedition. But when he does make up his mind to hunt, he has a bulldog sort of tenacity which forbids him to relinquish the chase until he has been successful in bringing down his game.

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CHAPTER LXXI.

AUSTRALIA—Continued.

WEAPONS OF THE AUSTRALIANS, THEIR FORMS AND USES—THE CLUB OR WADDY, AND ITS VARIOUS FORMS—USES OF THE WADDY—A DOMESTIC PANACEA—AN AUSTRALIAN DUEL—THICK SKULLS OF THE NATIVES—LOVE OF THE NATIVE FOR HIS WADDY—THE BLACK POLICE FORCE—THE MISSILE WADDY—THE KATTA, OR DIGGING-STICK, AND ITS VARIOUS USES—HOW AN AUSTRALIAN DIGS A HOLE—THE STONE TOMAHAWK AND ITS USE—THE ASCENT OF TREES—HOW AN AUSTRALIAN KNOWS WHETHER AN ANIMAL IS IN A TREE—SMOKING OUT THE PREY—THE BLACK-BOY GUM—THE GRASS-TREE OF AUSTRALIA—THE AUSTRALIAN SAW.

As in the course of the following pages all the weapons of the Australian will have to be mentioned, we will take the opportunity of describing them at once, without troubling ourselves as to the peculiar locality in which each modification is found.

We will begin with the club, the simplest of all weapons. Several examples of the club are to be seen in the illustration entitled "Australian Clubs," on the 722d page. All the figures are drawn from actual specimens, some belonging to my own collection, some being sketched from examples in the British Museum, and others being taken from the fine collection of Colonel Lane Fox.

The simplest form of Australian club is that which is known by the name of "waddy," and which is the favorite weapon of an Australian savage, who never seems to be happy without a waddy in his hands, no matter what other weapons he may happen to carry. One of these waddies may be seen at fig. 4, and another at fig. 5. The latter is a specimen in my own collection, and affords a very good example of the true Australian waddy. It is made of the tough and heavy wood of the gum-tree, and is really a most effective weapon, well balanced, and bears marks of long usage. The length is two feet eight inches, and, as the reader may see from the illustration, it is sharpened at the point, so that in close combat it can be used for stabbing as well as for striking. It weighs exactly twenty-one ounces.

Four deep grooves run along the waddy, from the point to the spot where it is grasped, and seem to be intended as edges whereby a blow may cut through the skin as well as inflict a bruise. Besides these grooves, there are sundry carvings which the native evidently has thought to be ornamental. On two of the sides the pattern is merely the double-headed T seen in the illustration, but on the other two sides the pattern is varied. In every case the top figure is the double T; but on one side there is first a T, then a cross with curved arms, then a T, and then a pattern that looks something like a key, having a bow at each end. The fourth side is evidently unfinished, there being only two patterns on it; the second, evidently an attempt to imitate the letter B, showing that the maker had some acquaintance with civilization.

With this waddy the native is better armed than most men would be with the keenest sword that ever was forged, and with it he strikes and stabs with marvellous rapidity, seeming to be actuated, when in combat, by an uncontrollable fury. He can use it as a missile with deadly effect; and if, as is generally the case, he has several of these waddies in his hand, he will hurl one or two of them in rapid succession, and, while the antagonist is still attempting to avoid the flying weapon, precipitate himself upon the foe, and attack him with the waddy which he has reserved for hand-to-hand combat.

The waddy is the Australian panacea for

domestic troubles, and if one of his wives should presume to have an opinion of her own, or otherwise to offend her dusky lord, a blow on the head from the ever-ready waddy settles the dispute at once by leaving her senseless on the ground. Sometimes the man strikes the offender on a limb, and breaks it; but he does not do this unless he should be too angry to calculate that, by breaking his slave's arm or leg, he deprives himself of her services for a period.

With the Australian man of honor the waddy takes the place which the pistol once held in England and the United States, and is the weapon by which disputes are settled. In case two Australians of reputation should fall out, one of them challenges the other to single combat, sending him a derisive message to the effect that he had better bring his stoutest waddy with him, so that he may break it on the challenger's head.

Thickness of skull—a reproach in some parts of the world—is among the Australians a matter of great boast, and one Australian can hardly insult another in more contemptuous words than by comparing his skull to an emu's egg-shell. I have examined several skulls of Australian natives, and have been much surprised by two points: the first is the astonishing thickness and hardness of the bone, which seems capable of resisting almost any blow that could be dealt by an ordinary weapon; and the second is the amount of injury which an Australian skull can endure. Owing to the thickness of the skull, the Australian puts his head to strange uses, one of the oddest of which is his custom of breaking sticks on his head instead of snapping them across the knee.

In due time the combatants appear on the ground, each bearing his toughest and heaviest waddy, and attended by his friends. After going through the usual gesticulations and abuse which always precede a duel between savages, the men set definitely to work.

The challenged individual takes his waddy, and marches out into the middle of the space left by the spectators. His adversary confronts him, but unarmed, and stooping low, with his hands on his knees, he offers his head to the opponent. The adversary executes a short dance of delight at the blow which he is going to deal, and then, after taking careful aim, he raises his waddy high in the air, and brings it down with all his force on the head of his foe.

The blow would fell an ordinary ox; but the skull of an Australian is made of sterner stuff than that of a mere ox, and the man accordingly raises himself, rubs his head, and holds out his hand to his nearest friend, who gives him the waddy, which he is about to use in his turn. The challenged man now takes his turn at stooping, while the challenger does his best to smash the skull of

the antagonist. Each man, however, knows from long experience the hardest part of his own skull, and takes care to present it to the enemy's blow. In this way they continue to exchange blows until one of them falls to the ground, when the victory is decided to remain with his antagonist.

In consequence of the repeated injuries to which the head of a native Australian is subjected, the skull of a warrior presents, after death, a most extraordinary appearance, being covered with dents, fractures, and all kinds of injuries, any one of which would have killed an European immediately, but which seems to have only caused temporary inconvenience to the Australian.

So fond is the Australian of his waddy, that even in civilized life he cannot be induced to part with it. Some of my readers may be aware that a great number of captives are now enrolled among the police, and render invaluable service to the community, especially against the depredations of their fellow-blacks whom they persecute with a relentless vigor that seems rather surprising to those who do not know the singular antipathy which invariably exists between wild and tamed animals, whether human or otherwise. In fact, the Australian native policeman is to the colonist what the "Totty" of South Africa is to the Dutch and English colonists, what the Ghoorka or Sikh of India is to the English army, and what the tamed elephant of Ceylon or India is to the hunter.

These energetic "black fellows" are armed with the ordinary weapons of Europeans, and are fully acquainted with their use. But there is not one of them who thinks himself properly armed unless he has his waddy; and, when he enters the bush in search of native thieves, he will lay aside the whole of his clothing, except the cap which marks his office, will carry his gun with him, buckle his cartouch-pouch round his naked waist, and will take his waddy as a weapon, without which even the gun would seem to him an insufficient weapon.

This form of waddy (fig. 4), although it is often used as a missile, is not the one which the native prefers for that purpose. His throwing waddy or "wadna," is much shorter and heavier, and very much resembles the short missile club used so effectively by the Polynesians. Two other forms of waddy are shown at figs. 3 and 5, the latter of which is generally known by the name of "piecanniny waddy," because it is generally smaller and lighter than the others, and can be used by a child.

Nos. 1 and 2 are also clubs, but are made in a different form, and used in a different manner. If the reader will refer to the account of the Abyssinian curved sword, or shotel, he will see that in general form it much resembles this club, the long pointed

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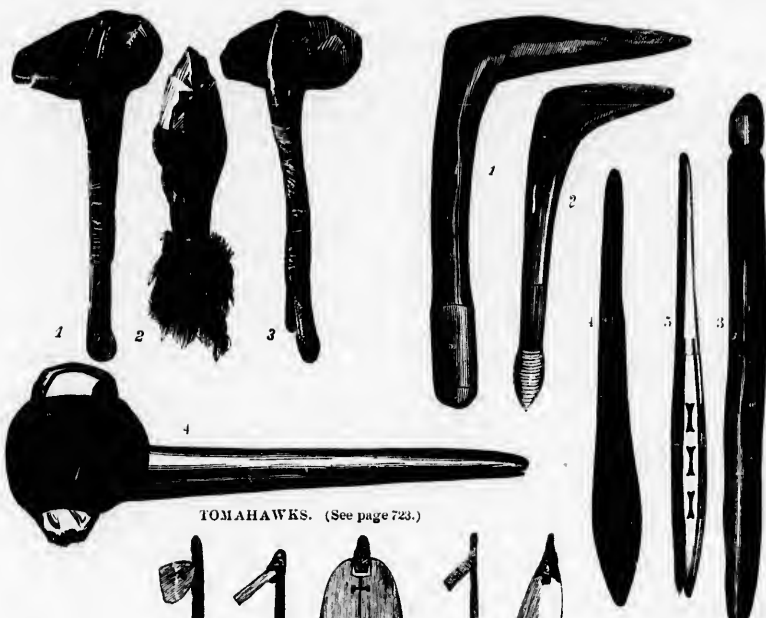
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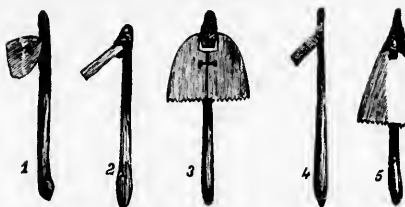
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TOMAHAWKS. (See page 723.)



AUSTRALIAN CLUBS.
(See page 719.)

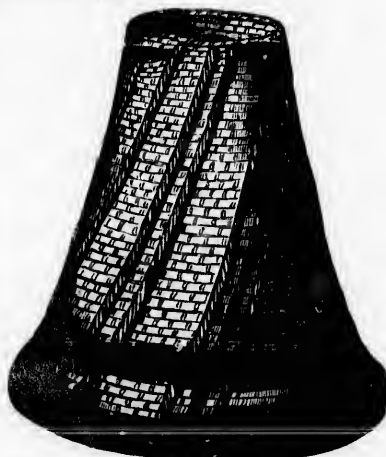
TATTOOING CHISELS. (See page 801.)



AUSTRALIAN SAW. (See page 726.)



MAN OF TORRES STRAIT See page 705



BASKET. (See page 699.)

head of each being equally useful in striking downward over a shield. This weapon is not only used in combat, but is employed in the native dances to beat time by repeated strokes on the shield.

The reader will notice that many of these clubs have the ends of the handles pointed. This formation is partly for the purpose of increasing their efficiency as offensive weapons, and partly for another object. As was the case with the warriors of the Iliad, both combatants will occasionally rest, and give each other time to breathe, before renewing the fight. During these intervals the Australian combatants squat down, dig up the earth with the handle of the club, and rub their hands with the dusty soil, in order to prevent the weapons from slipping out of their grasp.

This club is made in a very ingenious way, the artificer taking advantage of some gnarled branch, and cutting it so that the grain of the wood follows the curve, or rather the angle of the head, which adds greatly to its strength. A club of almost the same shape, and cut similarly from the angle of a branch, is used in New Caledonia, and, but for the great superiority of the workmanship, might easily be mistaken for the angular club of the Australian.

This particular form of club has a tolerably wide range, and among the tribes which inhabit the shores of Encounter Bay is called Marpangye.

In many parts of Australia the natives have a curious weapon which much resembles a sword. It is from three to four feet in length, is flat, about three inches in width, and has the outer edge somewhat sharpened. Being made of the close-grained wood of the gum-tree, it is very heavy in proportion to its size, and in practised hands is a most formidable weapon.

The Australian women carry an instrument which is sometimes thought to be a spear, and sometimes a club, but which in the hands of a woman is neither, though a man will sometimes employ it for either purpose. It is simply a stick of variable length, sharpened at one end and the point hardened by fire. It is called by the natives the "katta," and is popularly known by the appropriate name of the digging-stick.

With this stick the natives contrive to dig up the ground in a most astonishing manner, and an English "navvy," with his pick, spade, and barrow, would feel considerably surprised at the work which is done by the naked black, who has no tools except a pointed stick. Let, for example, a navvy be set to work at the task of digging out an echidna from its hole, and he would find his powers of digging baffled by the burrowing capabilities of the animal, which would make its way through the earth faster than could the navvy. In order to sink some six feet deep into the ground, the white man would

be obliged to make a funnel-shaped hole of very large size, so as to allow him to work in it, and to give the pick and spade free play as he threw out the soil.

The black man, on the contrary, would have no such difficulty, but knows how to sink a hole without troubling himself to dig a foot of needless soil. This he does by handling the katta precisely as the Bojesman handles his digging-stick, i. e. by holding it perpendicularly, jobbing the hardened point into the ground, and throwing out with his hands the loosened earth.

In digging out one of the burrowing animals, the black hunter pushes a long and flexible stick down the hole, draws it out, measures along the ground to the spot exactly above the end of the burrow, replaces the stick, and digs down upon it. By the time that he has reached it, the animal has gone on digging, and has sunk its burrow still further. The stick is then pushed into the lengthened burrow, and again dug down upon; and the process is repeated until the tired animal can dig no more, and is captured. The katta also takes the part of a weapon, and can be wielded very effectively by a practised hand, being used either for striking or thrusting.

We now come to a curious instrument which is often thought to be a weapon, but which, although it would answer such a purpose very well, is seldom used for it. This is the tomahawk, or hammer, as it is generally called. Three varieties of the tomahawk are given in the illustration "Tomahawks" on the 722d page. In all of them the cutting part is made of stone and the handle of wood, and the head and the handle are joined in several different ways, according to the fashion of the locality in which the instrument is made. The simplest plan is that which is shown in fig. 1. In this instrument, a conveniently shaped piece of stone has been selected for a head, and the handle is made of a flexible stick bent over it, and the two ends firmly lashed together, just as the English blacksmith makes handles for his punches and cold chisels. This weapon was made in New South Wales.

At fig. 3 is shown a tomahawk of a more elaborate construction. Here the stone head has been lashed to the shaft by a thong, which is wrapped over it in a way that exactly resembles the lashing employed by the New Zealander or the Dyak for the same purpose. The tomahawk at fig. 4 is, however, the best example of the instrument, and is taken from a specimen in the British Museum. The handle and head are shaped much like those of fig. 3, but the fastening is much more elaborate.

In the first place, the head is held to the handle by lashings of sinews, which are drawn from the tail of the kangaroo, and always kept in readiness by the Australian savage. The sinews are steeped in hot

water, and pounded between two stones, in order to separate them into fibres; and, while still wet and tolerably elastic, they are wrapped round the stone and the handle. Of course, as they dry, they contract with great force, and bind the head and handle together far more securely than can be done with any other material. Even raw hide does not hold so firmly as sinew.

When the sinew lashing is perfectly dry, the native takes a quantity of the peculiar substance called "black-boy" wax, and kneads it over the head and the end of the handle, so as to bind everything firmly together.

Another instrument is shown at fig. 2, in which the combination of stone and vegetable is managed in another way. The blade is formed from a piece of quartz about as long as a man's hand, which has been chipped into the form of a spear-head. The handle, instead of being a piece of wood, is simply a number of fibres made into a bundle. The base of the stone head has been pushed among the loose ends of the fibres, and then the whole has been bound firmly together by a lashing of string made of reeds. This is a sort of dagger; and another form of the same instrument is made by simply sharpening a stick about eighteen inches in length, and hardening the sharpened end in the fire. It is, in fact, a miniature katta, but is applied to a different purpose.

These axes and daggers have been mentioned together, because they are used for the same purpose, namely, the ascent of trees.

Active as a monkey, the Australian native can climb any tree that grows. Should they be of moderate size, he ascends them, not by clasping the trunk with his legs and arms (the mode which is generally used in England), and which is popularly called "swarming." Instead of passing his legs and arms round the tree-trunk as far as they can go, he applies the soles of his feet to it in front, and presses a hand against it on either side, and thus ascends the tree with the rapidity of a squirrel. This mode of ascent is now taught at every good gymnasium in England, and is far superior to the old fashion, which has the disadvantage of slowness, added to the certainty of damaging the clothes.

Those who have seen our own acrobats performing the feat called *La Perche*, in which one man balances another on the top of a pole, or the extraordinary variations on it performed by the Japanese jugglers, who balance poles and ladders on the soles of their feet, will be familiar with the manner in which one of the performers runs up the pole which is balanced by his companion. It is by this method that the Australian ascends a tree of moderate dimensions, and, when he is well among the boughs, he traverses them with perfect certainty and quickness.

Trees which will permit the man to ascend after this fashion are, however, rather scarce in the Australian forests, and, moreover, there is comparatively little inducement to climb them, the hollows in which the bees make their nests and the beasts take up their diurnal abode being always in the branch or trunk of some old and decaying tree. Some of these trees are so large that their trunks are veritable towers of wood, and afford no hold to the hands; yet they are ascended by the natives as rapidly as if they were small trees.

By dint of constant practice, the Australian never passes a tree without casting a glance at the bark, and by that one glance he will know whether he will need to mount it. The various arboreal animals, especially the so-called opossums, cannot ascend the tree without leaving marks of their claws in the bark. There is not an old tree that has not its bark covered with scratches, but the keen and practised eye of the native can in a moment distinguish between the ascending and descending marks of the animal, and can also determine the date at which they were made.

The difference between the marks of an ascending and descending animal is easy enough to see when it has once been pointed out. When an animal climbs a tree, the marks of its claws are little more than small holes, with a slight scratch above each, looking something like the conventional "tears" of heraldry. But, when it descends, it does so by a series of slippings and catchings, so that the claws leave long scratches behind them. Nearly all arboreal animals, with the exception of the monkey tribe, leave marks of a similar character, and the bear hunter of North America and the possum hunter of Australia are guided by similar marks.

Should the native hunter see an ascending mark of more recent date than the other scratches, he knows that somewhere in the tree lies his intended prey. Accordingly, he lays on the ground everything that may impede him, and, going to the tree-trunk, he begins to deliver a series of chopping blows with his axe. These blows are delivered in pairs, and to an Englishman present rather a ludicrous reminiscence of the postman's double rap. By each of these double blows he chops a small hole in the tree, and manages so as to cut them alternately right and left, and at intervals of two feet or so.

Having cut these notches as high as he can reach, he places the great toe of his left foot in the lowermost hole, clasps the tree with his left arm, and strikes the head of the tomahawk into the tree as high as he can reach. Using the tomahawk as a handle by which he can pull himself up, he lodges the toe of his right foot in the second hole, and is then enabled to shift the toe of the left foot into the third hole. Here he waits for a moment, holding tightly by both his feet and

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the left hand and arm, while he cuts more notches; and, by continuing the process, he soon reaches the top of the tree.

When he reaches the first branch, he looks carefully to find the spot toward which the tell-tale scratches are directed, and, guided by them alone, he soon discovers the hole in which the animal lies hidden. He tests the dimensions of the hollow by tapping on the trunk with the axe, and, if it should be of moderate depth, sets at work to chop away the wood, and secure the inmate.

Should, however, the hollow be a deep one, he is obliged to have recourse to another plan. Descending the tree by the same notches as those by which he had climbed it, he takes from his bundle of belongings a fire-stick, i. e. a sort of tinderlike wood, which keeps up a smouldering fire, like that of the willow "touchwood" so dear to schoolboys. Wrapping up the fire-stick in a bundle of dry grass and leaves, he reascends the tree, and, when he has reached the entrance of the burrow, he whirls the bundle round his head until the fire spreads through the mass, and the grass bursts into flame.

As soon as it is well inflamed, he pushes some of the burning material into the burrow, so as to fall upon the enclosed animal, and to rouse it from the heavy sleep in which it passes the hours of daylight. He also holds the rest of the torch at the entrance of the burrow, and manages to direct the smoke into it. Did he not rouse the animal by the burning leaves, he would run a chance of suffocating it in its sleep. This may seem to be a very remote contingency, but in fact it is very likely to happen. I have known a cat to be baked alive in an oven, and yet not to have awaked from sleep, as was evident by the attitude in which the body of the animal was found curled up, with its chin on its paws, and its tail wrapped round its body. Yet the slumber of a domesticated cat, which can sleep as often as it likes in the day or night, is not nearly so deep as that which wraps in oblivion the senses of a wild animal that is abroad all night, and whose whole structure is intended for a nocturnal life.

The chopping holes, and getting the toes into them, seems in theory to be rather a tedious business, but in practice it is quite the contrary, the native ascending almost as quickly as if he were climbing a ladder. As the large trees are so capable of containing the animals on which the Australians feed, there is scarcely one which does not exhibit several series of the notches that denote the track of a native. Strange to say, the Australian hunters will not avail themselves of the notches that have been made by other persons, but each man chops a new series of holes for himself every time that he wants to ascend a tree.

Sometimes a man sees the track of an

animal or the indication of a bee's nest on a tree when he happens not to have an axe in hand. In such a case he is still able to ascend the tree, for he can make use of the dagger which has been already described, punching holes in the bark, and pulling himself up exactly as if he had a tomahawk, the only difference being that the holes are smaller and the work is harder.

When the hunter has once found the entrance of the burrow, the capture of the inmate is simply a matter of time, as the heat and smoke are sure to force it into the air, where it has the double disadvantage of being half-choked with smoke and being blind with the flame and the daylight, to which its eyes are unaccustomed. A blow on the head from the tomahawk, or a stab from the dagger, renders it senseless, when it is flung on the ground, and the successful hunter proceeds to traverse the tree in case some other animal may be hidden in it.

The skill of the natives in tree climbing is also exercised for another purpose besides hunting for bees and animals. The well-known cabbage-palm grows to a very great height, and, like other palms, never grows quite straight, but has always a bend in the trunk. After the manner of the palm-tribe, it grows by a succession of buds from the top, and this bud, popularly called the "cabbage," is a favorite article of food. It has been called the prince of vegetables, and one enthusiastic traveller declares that it must have been the ambrosia of the Olympic gods. The removal of the bud causes the death of the tree, and for that reason the vegetable is forbidden in civilized regions under penalty of a heavy fine. The savage, however, who has no idea of care for the morrow, much less of looking forward to future years, takes the bud wherever he meets it, caring nothing for the death of the useful tree. He ascends by means of a little wooden dagger, or warpoo, or makes use of the tomahawk. The quartz dagger which was shown in a previous illustration would not be used for tree climbing, unless the owner could not procure a tomahawk or warpoo. Its chief use is as a weapon, and it can be also employed as a knife, by means of which the savage can mutilate a fallen enemy, after the manner which will be described when we come to treat of warfare in Australia.

The "black-boy" gum, which plays so large a part in the manufacture of Australian weapons and implements, is obtained from the grass-tree, popularly called the "black boy," because at a distance it may easily be mistaken for a native, with his spear and cloak. It is very tenacious in its own country, but when brought to England it becomes brittle, and is apt to break away from the weapon in fragments, just as does a similar preparation called "kurumanni" gum, which is made by the natives of Gui-

ana. It is quite black, and when dry is extremely hard.

The grass-tree is one of the characteristic plants of Australia, and partakes of the strange individuality of that curious country. The trunk is cylindrical, and looks like that of a palm, while an enormous tuft of long leaves starts from the top and droops in all directions, like a gigantic plume of feathers. The flower shoots up straight from the centre; and the long stalk becomes, when dried, so hard, tough, and light, that it is made into spear shafts.

There is in my collection an Australian saw (illustrated on page 722), in the manufacture of which the black-boy gum plays a considerable part. No one would take it for a saw who did not know the implement, and indeed it looks much more like a rude dagger than a saw. It is made from a piece of wood usually cut from a branch of the gum-tree, and about as thick as a man's finger at the thickest part, whence it tapers gradually to a point. The average length of the saw is fourteen inches, though I have seen them nearly two feet long.

Along the thicker end is cut a groove, which is intended to receive the teeth of the saw. These teeth are made from chips of quartz or obsidian, the latter being preferred; and some makers, who have been brought in contact with civilization, have taken to using fragments of glass bottles. A number of flat and sharp-edged chips are selected as nearly as possible of the same

size, and being on an average as large as a shilling. These the natives insert into the groove with their sharp edges uppermost. A quantity of black-boy wax is then warmed and applied to them, the entire wood of the saw being enveloped in it, as well as the teeth for half their depth, so as to hold them firmly in their places. As the chips of stone are placed so as to leave little spaces between them, the gaps are filled in with this useful cement.

For Australian work this simple tool seems to answer its purpose well enough. Of course it is very slow in its operation, and no great force can be applied to it, lest the teeth should be broken, or twisted out of the cement. The use of this saw entails a great waste of material, time, and labor; but as the first two of these articles are not of the least value to the natives, and the third is of the lightest possible kind, the tool works well enough for its purpose. A perfect specimen of this saw is not often seen in this country, as the black-boy wax flakes off, and allows the teeth to drop out of their place. Even in my own specimen, which has been carefully tended, the wax has been chipped off here and there, while in instruments that have been knocked about carelessly scarcely a tooth is left in its place. Owing to the pointed end of the handle, the saw can be used after the fashion of a dagger, and can be employed, like the war-pole, for the ascent of trees.

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CHAPTER LXXII.

AUSTRALIA—Continued.

THE AUSTRALIAN SPEAR AND ITS MANY FORMS—THE THROWING-SPEAR OR JAVELIN—A GROUP OF AUSTRALIAN SPEARS—THE LIGHTNESS OF THE SHAFT—THE MANY-POINTED FISH-SPEAR—INGENIOUS MODE OF TIPPING THE POINTS WITH BONE, AND FASTENING THEM TO THE SHAFT—ELASTICITY OF THE POINTS—DOUBLE USE AS FADDER AND SPEAR—AN ELABORATELY-MADE WEAPON—FLINT-TIPPED SPEARS—EXCELLENCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN AS A THROWER OF MISSILES—THE CLUB, THE STONE, AND THE "KANGAROO-RAT"—THE THROW-STICK, MIDLAIL, OR WUMMERAH—PRINCIPLE ON WHICH IT IS CONSTRUCTED—MODES OF QUIVERING THE SPEAR—DISTANCE TO WHICH IT CAN BE THROWN—THE UNDERHAND THROW—ACCURACY OF AIM—SPEARING THE KANGAROO—THE HOW AND ARROW—STRENGTH OF THE BOW—THE HATTAN STRING AND INGENUOUS KNOT—CAREFUL MANUFACTURE OF THE ARROWS—PHYSED ORIGIN OF THE WEAPONS—THE HOOMERANG AND ITS VARIOUS FORMS—MODE OF THROWING THE WEAPON—ITS PROBABLE ORIGIN—STRUCTURE OF THE HOOMERANG—THE AUSTRALIAN SHIELD, ITS FORMS AND USES—THE WOODEN AND THE BARK SHIELDS.

WE now come to the various forms of the spears which are used by the native Australians.

The usual weapon is slight, and scarcely exceeds in diameter the assagai of Southern Africa. It is, however, considerable longer, the ordinary length being from nine to eleven feet. As a general rule, the spear is constructed after a very rude fashion, and the maker seems to care but little whether the shaft be perfectly straight, so that the weapon be tolerably well balanced. There are several specimens of Australian spears in my collection, one of which (a weapon that has evidently been a favorite one, as it shows marks of long usage) is twice bent, the second bend counteracting the former, and so bringing the weapon tolerably straight.

The butt of the Australian spear, like that of the South African assagai, is very slight, the shaft tapering gradually from the head, which is about as large as a man's finger, to the butt, where it is hardly thicker than an artist's pencil. This, being one of the common spears, is simply sharpened at the end, and a few slight barbs cut in the wood. I have, however, specimens in which there is almost every variety of material, dimensions, and structure that can be found in Australia.

Some of these are made on the same principle as that which has just been described, but differ from it in having a separate head,

made of hard and heavy wood. This is deeply cut with barbs; so that the weapon is a more formidable one than that which is made simply from one piece of wood. The head of one of these spears is shown at fig. 7 in the illustration "Heads of Spears," on page 731.

Several of the spears are perfectly plain, being simply long sticks, pointed at the larger end. These, however, have been scraped very carefully, and seem to have had more pains bestowed upon them than those with more elaborate heads. These spears are about eight feet in length.

Then there are other spears with a variable number of heads, and of variable dimensions. The commonest form of multihheaded spears has either three or four points; but in every other respect, except number, the spear heads are constructed in the same manner. One of these spears, now before me, has a shaft about nine feet in length, and rather more than an inch in diameter at the thickest part, which, as is usual with Australian spears, is just below the head. The wood of which it is made is exceedingly light and porous; but this very quality has unfortunately made it so acceptable to the pillinix beetles that they have damaged it sadly, and rendered it so brittle that a very slight shock would snap it. Indeed, the shaft of one of them was broken into three pieces by a little child stumbling against it while coming down stairs.

The four points which constitute the head are cut from the gum-tree, the wood of which is hard and durable, and can be trimmed to a very sharp point without danger of breakage. Each of them is twenty inches in length, and they are largest in the middle, tapering slightly at one end so as to permit of their being fastened to the shaft, and being scraped to a fine point at the other end.

On examination I find that the large end of the shaft has been cut into four grooves, in each of which is placed the butt end of one of the points, which is fixed temporarily by black-boy gum. Wedgelike pegs have then been pushed between the points, so as to make them diverge properly from each other, and, when they have assumed the proper position, they have been tightly bound together with cord. A layer of black-boy gum has then been kneaded over the string, so as to keep all firmly together.

So much for the mode of putting on the points, the end of one of which may be seen at fig. 3 in the illustration. My own specimen, however, is better made than that from which the sketch has been taken. The reader will perceive that there is a barb attached to the point, and lashed in its place by string. In my specimen the barb is made of a piece of bone about as long as a skewer, and sharply pointed at both ends. In the example shown in the illustration, the barb merely projects from the side of the point, whereas in my specimen the bone answers the purpose both of point and barb. In order to enable it to take the proper direction, the top of the wooden point is bevelled off, and the piece of bone lashed to it by the middle, so that one end becomes the point of the weapon, and the other end does duty for the barb. Wishing to see how this was done, I have cut away part of the lashings of one of the four points, and have been much struck with the ingenuity displayed by the maker in fastening the bone to the point, so as to make it discharge its double duty. The barbs are all directed inward, so that, when the native makes a stroke at a fish, the slippery prey is caught between the barbs, and held there just as is an eel between the prongs of the spear. The elasticity of the four long points causes them to diverge when they come upon the back of a fish, and to contract tightly upon it, so that the points of the barbs are pressed firmly into its sides.

This spear also stands the native instead of a paddle, and with it he contrives to guide his fragile bark with moderate speed. How he manages to stand erect in so frail a vessel, to paddle about, to strike the fish, and, lastly, to haul the struggling prey aboard, is really a marvel. The last-mentioned feat is the most wonderful, as the fish are often of considerable size, and the mere leverage of their weight at the end of a

ten-foot spear, added to the violent struggles which the wounded fish makes, seems sufficient to upset a far more stable vessel.

Yet the natives manage to pass hour after hour without meeting with an accident, and in one of their tiny boats, which seem scarcely large enough to hold a single European, even though he should be accustomed to the narrow outrigger skiff, or the comparatively modern canoe, two men will be perfectly comfortable, spearing and hauling in their fish, and even cooking them with a fire made on an extemporized hearth of wet sand and stones in the middle of the canoe.

Night is the favorite time for fish spearing, and then the sight of a number of natives engaged in the watery chase is a most picturesque one. They carry torches, by means of which they see to the bottom of the water, and which have also the advantage of dazzling the fish; and the effect of the constantly moving torches, the shifting glare on the rippled water, and the dark figures moving about, some searching for fish, others striking, and others struggling with the captured prey, is equally picturesque and exciting. The torches which they use are made of inflammable bark; and the whole scene is almost precisely like that which is witnessed in "burning the water," in North America, or, to come nearer home, "leistering" in Scotland.

In the daytime they cannot use the torch, and, as the slightest breeze will cause a ripple on the surface of the water that effectually prevents them from seeing the fish, they have an ingenious plan of lying flat across the canoe, with the upper part of the head and the eyes immersed in the water, and the hand grasping the spear ready for the stroke. The eyes being under the ripple, they can see distinctly enough.

I have often employed this plan when desirous of watching the proceedings of sub-aquatic animals. It is very effectual, though after a time the attitude becomes rather fatiguing, and those who are not gymnasts enough to be independent as to the relative position of their heads and heels are apt to find themselves giddy from the determination of blood to the head.

Another spear, also used for fishing, and with an elaborate head, is seen at fig. 8. In this spear one point is iron, and the other two are bone. The weapon is remarkable for the manner in which the shaft is allowed to project among the points, and for the peculiar mode in which the various parts are lashed together. This specimen comes from the Lower Murray River.

There is in my collection a weapon which was brought from Cape York. It is a fishing spear, and at first sight greatly resembles that which has just been described. It is, however, of a more elaborate character, and deserves a separate description. It is seven feet in length, and very slender, the

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thickest part of the shaft not being more than half an inch in diameter. It has four points, two of which are iron and without barbs, the iron being about the thickness of a crow-quill, and rather under three inches in length. The two bone points are made from the flat tail-bone of one of the rays, and, being arranged with the point of the bone in front, each of these points has a double row of barbs directed backward, one running along each edge.

At fig. 6 of the same illustration is seen a very formidable variety of the throwing-spear. Along each side of the head the native warrior has cut a groove, and has stuck in it a number of chips of flint or quartz, fastened in their places by the black-boy gum, just as has been related of the saw. The workmanship of this specimen is, however, far ruder than that of the saw, the pieces of flint not being the same size, nor so carefully adjusted. Indeed, it seems as if the saw maker laid aside the fragments of flint which he rejected for the tool, and afterward used them in arming the head of his spear. One of these weapons in my collection is armed on one side of the head only, along which are arranged four pieces of obsidian having very jagged edges, and being kept in their places by a thick coating of black-boy gum extending to the very point of the spear.

At figs 4 and 5 of the same illustration are seen two spear heads which remind the observer of the flint weapons which have of late years been so abundantly found in various parts of the world, and which belonged to races of men now long extinct. The spear heads are nearly as large as a man's hand, and are made of flint chipped carefully into the required shape. They are flat, and the maker has had sufficient knowledge of the cleavage to enable him to give to each side a sharp and tolerably uniform edge. It will be observed that fig. 5 is much darker than fig. 4. This distinction is not accidental, but very well expresses the variety in the hue of the material employed, some of the spear heads being pale brown, and some almost black. The weapons are, in fact, nothing but elongations of the dagger shown in fig. 2, of the "tomahawks," on page 722.

If the reader will look at figs. 1 and 2 of the illustration, he will see that there are two heads of somewhat similar construction, except that one is single and the other double. These spears were brought from Port Essington.

Specimens of each kind are in my collection. They are of great size, one being more than thirteen feet in length, and the other falling but little short of that measurement. In diameter they are as thick as a man's wrist; and, however light may be the wood of which they are made, they are exceedingly weighty, and must be very in-

ferior in efficiency to the light throwing-spears which have already been described. Of course such a weapon as that is meant to be used as a pike, and not as a missile. Besides these, I have another with three heads, and of nearly the same dimensions as the two others.

In every case the head and the shaft are of different material, the one being light and porous, and the other hard, compact, and heavy. Instead of being lashed together with the neatness which is exhibited in the lighter weapons, the head and shaft are united with a binding of thick string, wrapped carefully, but yet roughly, round the weapon, and not being covered with the coating of black-boy gum, which gives so neat a look to the smaller weapons. In the three-pointed spear, the maker has exercised his ingenuity in decorating the weapon with paint, the tips of the points being painted with red and the rest of the head white, while the lashing is also painted red.

In his wild state the Australian native never likes to be without a spear in his hand, and, as may be expected from a man whose subsistence is almost entirely due to his skill in the use of weapons, he is a most accomplished spear thrower. Indeed, as a thrower of missiles in general the Australian stands without a rival. Putting aside the boomerang, of which we shall presently treat, the Australian can hurl a spear either with his hand or with the "throw-stick," can fling his short club with unerring aim, and, even should he be deprived of these missiles, he has a singular faculty of throwing stones. Many a time, before the character of the natives was known, has an armed soldier been killed by a totally unarmed Australian. The man has fired at the native, who, by dodging about, has prevented the enemy from taking a correct aim, and then has been simply cut to pieces by a shower of stones, picked up and hurled with a force and precision that must be seen to be believed. When the first Australian discoverer came home, no one would believe that any weapon could be flung and then return to the thrower, and even at the present day it is difficult to make some persons believe in the stone-throwing powers of the Australian. To fling one stone with perfect precision is not so easy a matter as it seems, but the Australian will hurl one after the other with such rapidity that they seem to be poured from some machine; and as he throws them he leaps from side to side, so as to make the missiles converge from different directions upon the unfortunate object of his aim.

In order to attain the wonderful skill which they possess in avoiding as well as in throwing spears, it is necessary that they should be in constant practice from childhood. Accordingly, they are fond of get-

ting up sham fights, armed with shield, throw-stick, and spear, the latter weapon being headless, and the end blunted by being split and scraped into filaments, and the bushy filaments then turned back, until they form a soft fibrous pad. Even with this protection, the weapon is not to be despised; and if it strike one of the combatants fairly, it is sure to knock him down; and if it should strike him in the ribs, it leaves him gasping for breath. This mimic spear goes by the name of "matamoodlu," and is made of various sizes according to the age and capabilities of the person who uses it.

There is one missile which is, I believe, as peculiar to Australia as the boomerang, though it is not so widely spread, nor of such use in war or hunting. It is popularly called the "kangaroo-rat," on account of its peculiar leaping progression, and it may be familiar to those of my readers who saw the Australian cricketers who came over to England in the spring of 1868. The "kangaroo-rat" is a piece of hard wood shaped like a double cone, and having a long flexible handle projecting from one of the points. The handle is about a yard in length, and as thick as an artist's drawing-pencil, and at a little distance the weapon looks like a huge tadpole with a much elongated tail. In Australia the natives make the tail of a flexible twig, but those who have access to the resources of civilization have found out that whalebone is the best substance for the tail that can be found.

When the native throws the kangaroo-rat, he takes it by the end of the tail and swings it backward and forward, so that it bends quite double, and at last he gives a sort of underhanded jerk and lets it fly. It darts through the air with a sharp and menacing hiss like the sound of a rifle ball, its greatest height being some seven or eight feet from the ground. As soon as it touches the earth, it springs up and makes a succession of leaps, each less than the preceding, until it finally stops. In fact, it skims over the ground exactly as a flat stone skims over the water when boys are playing at "ducks and drakes." The distance to which this instrument can be thrown is really astonishing. I have seen an Australian stand at one side of Kennington Oval, and throw the "kangaroo-rat" completely across it. Much depends upon the angle at which it first takes the ground. If thrown too high, it makes one or two lofty leaps, but traverses no great distance; and, if it be thrown too low, it shoots along the ground, and is soon brought up by the excessive friction. When properly thrown, it looks just like a living animal leaping along, and those who have been accustomed to traverse the country say that its movements have a wonderful resemblance to the long leaps of a kangaroo-rat fleeing in alarm, with its long tail trailing as a balance behind it.

A somewhat similarly shaped missile is used in Fiji, but the Fijian instrument has a stiff shaft, and it is propelled by placing the end of the forefinger against the butt, and throwing it underhanded. It is only used in a game in which the competitors try to send it skimming along the ground as far as possible.

To return to our spears. It is seldom that an Australian condescends to throw a spear by hand, the native always preferring to use the curious implement called by the aborigines a "wummerah," or "midlah," and by the colonists the "throw-stick." The theory of the throw-stick is simple enough, but the practice is very difficult, and requires a long apprenticeship before it can be learned with any certainty.

The principle of this implement is that of the sling; and the throw-stick is, in fact, a sling made of wood instead of cord, the spear taking the place of the stone. So completely is the throw-stick associated with the spear, that the native would as soon think of going without his spear as without the instrument whereby he throws it. The implement takes different forms in different localities, although the principle of its construction is the same throughout. In the illustration entitled "Throw-sticks," on page 731, the reader may see every variety of form which the throw-stick takes. He will see, on inspecting the figures, that it consists of a stick of variable length and breadth, but always having a barblike projection at one end. Before describing the manner in which the instrument is used, I will proceed to a short notice of the mode of its construction, and the various forms which it takes.

In the first place, it is always more or less flattened; sometimes, as in fig. 3, being almost leaf-shaped, and sometimes, as in fig. 6, being quite narrow, and throughout the greater part of its length little more than a flattened stick. It is always made of some hard and elastic wood, and in many cases it is large and heavy enough to be serviceable as a club at close quarters. Indeed, one very good specimen in my collection, which came from the Swan River, was labelled, when it reached me, as an Indian club. This form of the throw-stick is shown at fig. 3.

This particular specimen is a trifle under two feet in length, and in the broadest part it measures four inches and a half in width. In the centre it is one-sixth of an inch in thickness, and diminishes gradually to the edges, which are about as sharp as those of the wooden sword already mentioned. Toward the end, however, it becomes thicker, and at the place where the peg is placed it is as thick as in the middle. Such a weapon would be very formidable if used as a club—scarcely less so, indeed, than the well-known "merai" of New Zealand.

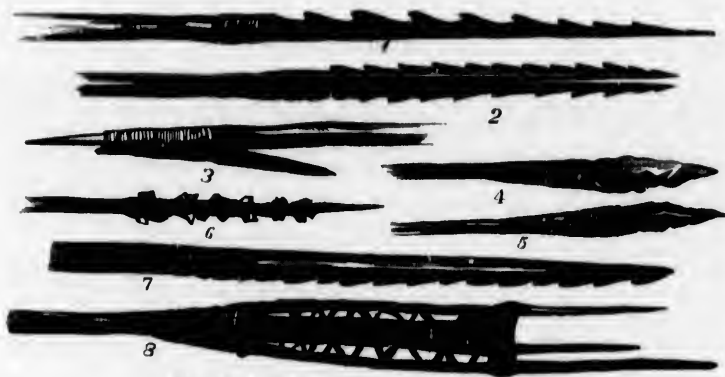
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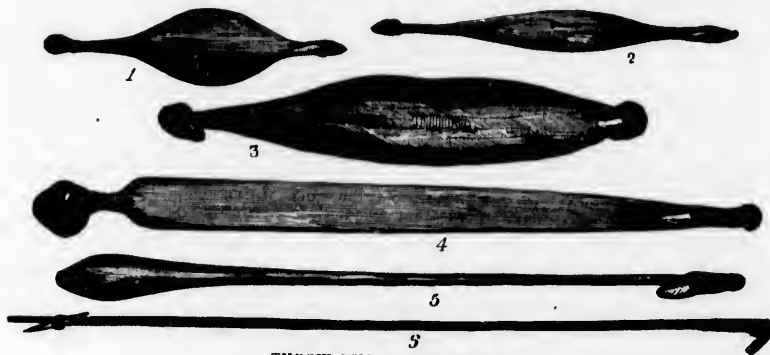
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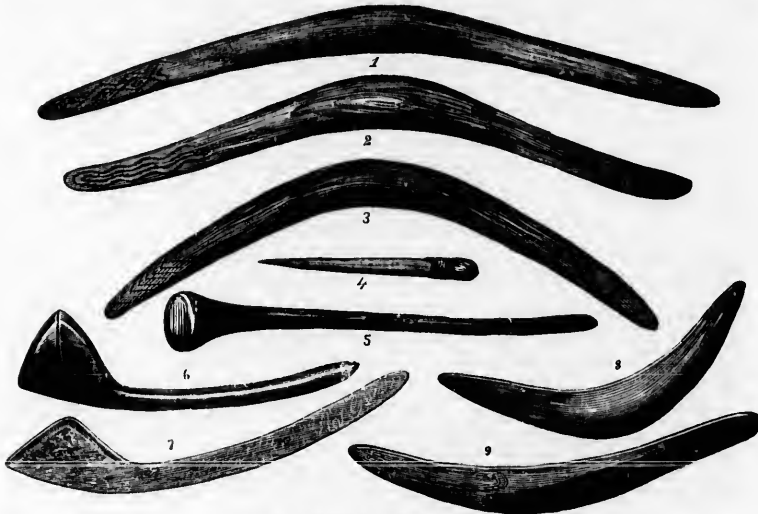
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HEADS OF AUSTRALIAN SPEARS. (See page 727.)



THROW-STICKS. (See page 730.)



BOOMERANGS. (See page 737.)

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That it has been used for this purpose is evident from a fracture, which has clearly been caused by the effect of a severe blow. The wood is split from one side of the handle half along the weapon, and so it has been rendered for a time unserviceable. The careful owner has, however, contrived to mend the fracture, and has done so in a singularly ingenious manner. He has fitted the broken surfaces accurately together, and has then bound them with the kangaroo-tail sinews which have already been mentioned. The sinews are flat, and have been protected by a thick coating of black-boy gum. Perhaps the reader may be aware that, when catgut is knotted, the ends are secured by seorching them, which makes them swell into round knobs. The sinew has the same property, and the native has secured the ends precisely as an English artisan would do.

The wood is that of the tough, hard, wavy-grained gum-tree. Whether in consequence of much handling by greasy natives, or whether from other causes, I do not know, but I cannot make a label adhere to it. To each of the specimens in my collection is attached a catalogue number, and though I have tried to affix the label with paste, gum, and glue, neither will hold it, and in a few days the label falls off of its own accord. This specimen has been cut from a tree which has been attacked by some boring insect, and the consequence is, that a small hole is bored through it edgewise, and has a very curious appearance. The hole looks exactly like that of our well-known insect, the great *Sirax*.

The peculiarly-shaped handle is made entirely of black-boy gum, and, with the exception of a tendency to warp away from the wood, it is as firm as on the day when it was first made. The peg which fits into the butt of the spear is in this case made of wood, but in many throw-sticks it is made of bone. Figs. 1 and 2 are examples of this flattened form of midlah, and were drawn from specimens in Southern Australia. At figs. 4 and 5 may be seen examples of the throw-stick of Port Essington, one of which, fig. 4, is remarkable for the peculiarly-shaped handle. That of fig. 5 seems to be remarkably inconvenient, and almost to have been made for the express purpose of preventing the native from taking a firm hold of the weapon. Fig. 6 is an example of the throw-stick of Queensland, and, as may easily be seen, can be used as a club, provided that it be reversed, and the peg end used as a handle.

There is another form of throw-stick used in Northern Australia, an example of which may be seen at fig. 6. It is a full foot longer than that which came from the Murray, and is one of the "flattened sticks" which have been casually mentioned. It has a wooden spike for the spear-butt, and a most remarkable handle. Two pieces of melon-shell

have been cut at rather long ovals, and have been fixed diagonally across the end of the weapon, one on each side. Black-boy gum has been profusely used in fixing these pieces, and the whole of the interior space between the shells has been filled up with it. A diagonal lashing of sinew, covered with the same gum, passes over the shells, and the handle is strongly wrapped with the same material for a space of five inches.

We will now proceed to see how the native throws the spear.

Holding the throw-stick by the handle, so that the other end projects over his shoulder, he takes a spear in his left hand, fits a slight hollow in its butt to the peg of the midlah, and then holds it in its place by passing the forefinger of the right hand over the shaft. It will be seen that the leverage is enormously increased by this plan, and that the force of the arm is more than doubled.

Sometimes, especially when hunting, the native throws the spear without further trouble, but when he is engaged in a fight he goes through a series of performances which are rather ludicrous to an European, though they are intended to strike terror into the native enemy. The spear is jerked about violently, so that it quivers just like an African assagai, and while vibrating strongly it is thrown. There are two ways of quivering the spear: the one by merely moving the right hand, and the other by seizing the shaft in the left hand, and shaking it violently while the butt rests against the peg of the throw-stick. In any case the very fact of quivering the spear acts on the Australian warrior as it does upon the African. The whirring sound of the vibrating weapon excites him to a pitch of frenzied excitement, and while menacing his foe with the trembling spear, the warrior dances and leaps and yells as if he were mad—and indeed for the moment he becomes a raving madman.

The distance to which the spear can be thrown is something wonderful, and its aspect as it passes through the air is singularly beautiful. It seems rather to have been shot from some huge bow, or to be furnished with some innate powers of flight, than to have been flung from a human arm, as it performs its lofty course, undulating like a thin black snake, and writhing its graceful way through the air. As it leaves the throw-stick, a slight clashing sound is heard, which to the experienced ear tells its story as clearly as the menacing clang of an archer's bowstring.

To me the distance of its flight is not nearly so wonderful as the precision with which it can be aimed. A tolerably long throw-stick gives so powerful a leverage that the length of range is not so very astonishing. But that accuracy of aim should be attained as well as length of flight is really

wonderful. I have seen the natives, when engaged in mock battle, stand at a distance of eighty or ninety yards, and throw their spears with such certainty that, in four throws out of six, the antagonist was obliged to move in order to escape the spears.

Beside the powerful and lofty throw, they have a way of suddenly flinging it underhand, so that it skims just above the ground, and, when it touches the earth, proceeds with a series of ricochets that must be peculiarly embarrassing to a novice in that kind of warfare.

The power of the spear is never better shown than in the chase of the kangaroo. When a native sees one of these animals engaged in feeding, he goes off to a little distance where it cannot see him, gathers a few leafy boughs, and ties them together so as to form a screen. He then takes his spears, throw-stick, and waddy, and goes off in chase of the kangaroo. Taking advantage of every cover, he slips noiselessly forward, always taking care to approach the animal against the wind, so that it shall not be able to detect his presence by the nostrils, and gliding along with studied avoidance of withered leaves, dry twigs, and the other natural objects which, by their rustling and snapping, warn the animal that danger is at hand.

As long as possible, the hunter keeps under the shelter of natural cover, but when this is impossible, he takes to his leafy screen, and trusts to it for approaching within range. Before quitting the trees or bush behind which he has been hiding himself, he takes his spear, fits it to the throw-stick, raises his arm with the spear ready poised, and never moves that arm until it delivers the spear. Holding the leafy screen in front of him with his left hand, and disposing the second spear and other weapons which cannot be hidden so as to look like dead branches growing from the bush, he glides carefully toward the kangaroo, always advancing while it stoops to feed, and crouching quietly behind the screen whenever it raises itself, after the fashion of kangaroos, and surveys the surrounding country.

At last he comes within fair range, and with unerring aim he transfixes the unsuspecting kangaroo. Sometimes he comes upon several animals, and in that case his second spear is rapidly fixed in the midrib and hurled at the dying animals, and, should he have come to tolerably close quarters, the short missile club is flung with certain aim. Having thrown all the missiles which he finds available, he proceeds to despatch the wounded animals with his waddy.

In the illustration No. 1, on the 739th page, the action of the throw-stick is well shown, and two scenes in the hunt are depicted. In the foreground is a hunter who has succeeded in getting tolerably close to the kangaroos

by creeping toward them behind the shadow of trees, and is just poised his spear for the fatal throw. The reader will note the curious bone ornament which passes through the septum of the nose, and gives such a curious character to the face. In the background is another hunter, who has been obliged to have recourse to the bough screen, behind which he is hiding himself like the soldiers in "Macbeth," while the unsuspecting kangaroos are quietly feeding within easy range. One of them has taken alarm, and is sitting upright to look about it, just as the squirrel will do while it is feeding on the ground.

The reader will now see the absolute necessity of an accurate aim in the thrower—an accomplishment which to me is a practical mystery. I can hurl the spear to a considerable distance by means of a throw-stick, but the aim is quite another business, the spear seeming to take an independent course of its own without the least reference to the wishes of the thrower. Yet the Australian is so good a marksman that he can make good practice at a man at the distance of eighty or ninety yards, making due allowance for the wind, and calculating the curve described by the spear with wonderful accuracy; while at a short distance his eye and hand are equally true, and he will transfix a kangaroo at twenty or thirty yards as certainly as it could be shot by an experienced rifleman.

In some parts of Australia the natives use the bow and arrow; but the employment of such weapons seems to belong chiefly to the inhabitants of the extreme north. There are in my collection specimens of bows and arrows brought from Cape York, which in their way are really admirable weapons, and would do credit to the archers of Polynesia. The bow is more than six feet long, and is made from the male, *i. e.* the solid bamboo. It is very stiff, and a powerful as well as a practised arm is needed to bend it properly.

Like the spear shaft, this bow is greatly subject to being worm-eaten. My own specimen is so honeycombed by these tiny borers that when it arrived a little heap of yellow powder fell to the ground wherever the bow was set, and, if it were sharply struck, a cloud of the same powder came from it. Fortunately, the same looseness of texture which enabled the beetle to make such havoc served also to conduct the poisoned spirit which I injected into the holes; and now the ravages have ceased, and not the most voracious insect in existence can touch the weapon. The string is very simply made, being nothing but a piece of rattan split to the required thickness. Perhaps the most ingenious part of this bow is the manner in which the loop is made. Although unacquainted with the simple yet effective bowstring knot, which is so well known to our archers, and which would not suit the stiff and harsh rattan, the native has invented a knot which is

quite as efficacious, and is managed on the same principle of taking several turns, with the cord round itself just below the loop. In order to give the rattan the needful flexibility it has been beaten so as to separate it into fibres and break up the hard, fluty coating which surrounds it, and these fibres have then been twisted round and round into a sort of rude cord, guarded at the end with a wrapping of the same material in order to preserve it from unravelling.

The arrows are suitable to the bow. They are variable in length, but all are much longer than those which the English bowmen were accustomed to use, and, instead of being a "cloth yard" in length, the shortest measures three feet seven inches in length, while the longest is four feet eight inches from butt to point. They are without a vestige of feathering, and have no nock, so that the native archer is obliged to hold the arrow against the string with his thumb and finger, and cannot draw the bow with the fore and middle finger, as all good English archers have done ever since the bow was known.

The shafts of the arrows are made of reed, and they are all headed with long spikes of some dark and heavy wood, which enable them to fly properly. Some of the heads are plain, rounded spikes, but others are elaborately barbed. One, for example, has a single row of six barbs, each an inch in length, and another has one double barb, like that of the "broad arrow" of England. Another has, instead of a barb, a smooth bulb, ending gradually in a spike, and serving no possible purpose, except perhaps that of ornament. Another has two of these bulbs; and another, the longest of them all, has a slight bulb, and then an attempt at carving. The pattern is of the very simplest character, but it is the only piece of carving on all the weapons. The same arrow is remarkable for having the point covered for some two inches with a sort of varnish, looking exactly like red sealing-wax, while a band of the same material encircles the head about six inches nearer the shaft. The sailor who brought the weapons over told me that this red varnish was poison, but I doubt exceedingly whether it is anything but ornament.

The end of the reed into which the head is inserted is guarded by a wrapping of rattan fibre, covered with a sort of dark varnish, which, however, is not the black-boy gum that is so plentifully used in the manufacture of other weapons. In one instance the place of the wrapping is taken by an inch or so of plaiting, wrought so beautifully with the outside of the rattan ent into that strips scarcely wider than ordinary twine, that it betrays the Polynesian origin of the weapons, and confirms me in the belief that the bow and arrow are not indigenous to Australia, but have only been imported from New Guinea, and have not

made their way inland. The natives of Northern Australia have also evidently borrowed much from Polynesia, as we shall see in the course of this narrative.

The bow is usually about six feet in length, though one in my possession is somewhat longer. Owing to the dimensions of the bow and arrows, a full equipment of them is very weighty, and, together with the other weapons which an Australian thinks it his duty to carry, must be no slight burden to the warrior.

Ferocity of countenance is very characteristic of the race, and, as we shall see when we come to the canoes and their occupants, the people are very crafty; mild and complaisant when they think themselves overmatched, insolent and menacing when they fancy themselves superior, and tolerably sure to commit murder if they think they can do so with impunity. The only mode of dealing with these people is the safe one to adopt with all savages; *i. e.* never trust them, and never cheat them.

We now come to that most wonderful of all weapons, the boomerang. This is essentially the national weapon of Australia, and is found throughout the West country. As far as is known, it is peculiar to Australia, and, though curious missiles are found in other parts of the world, there is none which can be compared with the boomerang.

On one of the old Egyptian monuments there is a figure of a bird-catcher in a canoe. He is assisted by a cat whom he has taught to catch prey for him, and, as the birds fly out of the reeds among which he is pushing his canoe, he is hurling at them a curved missile which some persons have thought to be the boomerang. I cannot, however, see that there is the slightest reason for such a supposition.

No weapon in the least like the boomerang is at present found in any part of Africa, and, so far as I know, there is no example of a really efficient weapon having entirely disappeared from a whole continent. The harpoon with which the Egyptians of old killed the hippopotamus is used at the present day without the least alteration; the net is used for catching fish in the same manner; the spear and shield of the Egyptian infantry were identical in shape with those of the Kameboo soldier, a portrait of whom may be seen on page 612; the bow and arrow still survive; and even the whip with which the Egyptian task masters beat their Jewish servants is the "khorbash" with which the Nubian of the present day beats his slave.

In all probability, the curved weapon which the bird-catcher holds in his hand, and which he is about to throw, is nothing more than a short club, analogous to the knob-kerry of the Kaffir, and having no returning power. Varying slightly in some of its details, the boomerang is identical in

principle wherever it is made. It is a flat-fish curved piece of wood, various examples of which may be seen in the illustration on the 731st page; and neither by its shape nor material does it give the least idea of its wonderful powers.

The material of which the boomerang (or hommereng, as the word is sometimes rendered) is made is almost invariably that of the gum-tree, which is heavy, hard, and tough, and is able to sustain a tolerably severe shock without breaking. It is slightly convex on the upper surface, and flat below, and is always thickest in the middle, being scraped away toward the edges, which are moderately sharp, especially the outer edge. It is used as a missile, and it is one of the strangest weapons that ever was invented.

In the old fairy tales, with which we are more or less acquainted, one of the strange gifts which is presented by the fairy to the hero is often a weapon of some wonderful power. Thus we have the sword of sharpness, which cut through every thing at which it was aimed, and the coat of mail, which no weapon would pierce. It is a pity, by the way, that the sword and the coat never seem to have been tried against each other. Then there are arrows (in more modern tales modified into bullets) that always struck their mark, and so on. And in one of the highest flights of fairy lore we read of arrows that always returned of their own accord to the archer.

In Australia, however, we have, as an actual fact, a missile that can be thrown to a considerable distance, and which always returns to the thrower. By a peculiar mode of hurling it the weapon circles through the air, and then describes a circular course, falling by the side of or behind the man who threw it. The mode of throwing is very simple in theory, and very difficult in practice. The weapon is grasped by the handle, which is usually marked by a number of cross cuts, so as to give a firm hold, and the flat side is kept downward. Then, with a quick and sharp fling, the boomerang is hurled, the hand at the same time being drawn back, so as to make the weapon revolve with extreme rapidity. A billiard-player will understand the sort of movement when told that it is on the same principle as the "screw-back" stroke at billiards. The weapon must be flung with great force, or it will not perform its evolutions properly.

If the reader would like to practice throwing the boomerang, let me recommend him, in the first place, to procure a genuine weapon, and not an English imitation thereof, such as is generally sold at the toy-shops. He should then go alone into a large field, where the ground is tolerably soft and there are no large stones about, and then stand facing the wind. Having grasped it as described, he should mark with his eye a spot on the ground at the distance of forty

yards or so, and hurl the boomerang at it. Should he throw it rightly, the weapon will at first look as if it were going to strike the ground; but, instead of doing so, it will shoot off at a greater or less angle, according to circumstances, and will rise high into the air, circling round with gradually diminishing force, until it falls to the ground. Should sufficient force have been imparted to it, the boomerang will fall some eight or ten yards behind the thrower.

It is necessary that the thrower should be alone, or at least have only an instructor with him, when he practises this art, as the boomerang will, in inexperienced hands, take all kinds of strange courses, and will, in all probability, swerve from its line, and strike one of the spectators; and the force with which a boomerang can strike is almost incredible. I have seen a dog killed on the spot, its body being nearly cut in two by the boomerang as it fell; and I once saw a brass spur struck clean off the heel of an incautious spectator, who ran across the path of the weapon.

It is necessary that he choose a soft as well as spacious field, as the boomerang has a special knack of selecting the hardest spots on which to fall, and if it can find a large stone is sure to strike it, and so break itself to pieces. And if there are trees in the way, it will get among the boughs, perhaps smash itself, certainly damage itself, and probably stick among the branches. The learner should throw also against the wind, as, if the boomerang is thrown with the wind, it does not think of coming back again, but sails on as if it never meant to stop, and is sure to reach a wonderful distance before it falls.

Nearly thirty years ago, I lost a boomerang by this very error. In company with some of my schoolfellows, I was throwing the weapon for their amusement, when one of them snatched it up, turned round, and threw it with all his force in the direction of the wind. The distance to which the weapon travelled I am afraid to mention, lest it should not be believed. The ground in that neighborhood is composed of successive undulations of hill and vale, and we saw the boomerang cross two of the valleys, and at last disappear into a grove of lime-trees that edged the churchyard.

In vain we sought for the weapon, and it was not found until four years afterward, when a plumber, who had been sent to repair the roof of the church, found it sticking in the leads. So it had first traversed that extraordinary distance, had then cut clean through the foliage of a lime-tree, and lastly had sufficient force to stick into the leaden roofing of a church. The boomerang was brought down half decayed, and wrenched out of its proper form by the shock.

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of the weapon, he should watch a native throw it. The attitude of the man as he hurls the boomerang is singularly graceful. Holding three or four of the weapons in his left hand, he draws out one at random with his right, while his eyes are fixed on the object which he desires to hit, or the spot to which the weapon has to travel. Balancing the boomerang for a moment in his hand, he suddenly steps a pace or two forward, and with a quick, sharp, almost angry stroke, launches his weapon into the air.

Should he desire to bring the boomerang back again, he has two modes of throwing. In the one mode, he flings it high in the air, into which it mounts to a wonderful height, circling the while with a bold, vigorous sweep, that reminds the observer of the grand flight of the eagle or the buzzard. It lies on until it has reached a spot behind the thrower, when all life seems suddenly to die out of it; it collapses, so to speak, like a bird shot on the wing, topples over and over, and falls to the ground.

There is another mode of throwing the returning boomerang which is even more remarkable. The thrower, instead of aiming high in the air, marks out a spot on the ground some thirty or forty yards in advance, and hurls the boomerang at it. The weapon strikes the ground, and, instead of being smashed to pieces, as might be thought from the violence of the stroke, it springs from the ground Anteus-like, seeming to attain new vigor by its contact with the earth. It flies up as if it had been shot from the ground by a catapult; and, taking a comparatively low elevation, performs the most curious evolutions, whirling so rapidly that it looks like a semi-transparent disc with an opaque centre, and directing its course in an erratic manner that is very alarming to those who are unaccustomed to it. I have seen it execute all its manœuvres within seven or eight feet from the ground, hissing as it passed through the air with a strangely menacing sound, and, when it finally came to the ground, leaping along as if it were a living creature.

We will now examine the various shapes of boomerangs, as seen in the illustration on the 731st page. Some of the specimens are taken from the British Museum, some from the collection of Colonel Lane Fox, some from my own, and the rest are drawn by Mr. Angus from specimens obtained in the country. I have had them brought together, so that the reader may see how the boomerang has been gradually modified out of the club.

At fig. 4 is the short pointed stick which may either answer the purpose of a miniature club, a dagger, or an instrument to be used in the ascent of trees. Just below it is a club or waddy, with a rounded head, and at fig. 6 the head has been developed into a point, and rather flattened. If the

reader will refer to figs. 6 and 7, he will see two clubs which are remarkable for having not only the knob, but the whole of the handle flattened, and the curve of the head extended to the handle.

The transition from this club to the boomerang is simple enough, and, indeed, we have an example (fig. 1) of a weapon which looks like an ordinary boomerang, but is in fact a club, and is used for hand-to-hand combat.

These figures show pretty clearly the progressive structure of the boomerang. The flattened clubs were probably made from necessity, the native not being able to find a suitable piece of wood, and taking the best that he could get. If, then, one of these clubs were, on the spur of the moment, hurled at an object, the superior value which this flatness conferred upon it as a missile would be evident as well as the curved course which it would take through the air. The native, ever quick to note anything which might increase the power of his weapons, would be sure to notice this latter peculiarity, and to perceive the valuable uses to which it could be turned. He would therefore try various forms of flattened missiles, until he at last reached the true boomerang.

The strangest point about the boomerang is, that the curve is not uniform, and, in fact, scarcely any two specimens have precisely the same curve. Some have the curve so sharp that it almost deserves the name of angle, for an example of which see fig. 8; others, as in fig. 9, have the curve very slight; while others, as in fig. 2, have a tendency to a double curve, and there is a specimen in the British Museum in which the double curve is very boldly marked. The best and typical form of boomerang is, however, that which is shown at fig. 3. The specimen which is there represented was made on the banks of the river Darling.

The natives can do almost anything with the boomerang, and the circuitous course which it adopts is rendered its most useful characteristic. Many a hunter has wished that he only possessed that invaluable weapon, a gun which would shoot round a corner, and just such a weapon does the Australian find in his boomerang. If, for example, he should see a kangaroo in such a position that he cannot come within the range of a spear without showing himself and alarming the animal, or say, for example, that it is sheltered from a direct attack by the trunk of a tree, he will steal as near as he can without disturbing the animal, and then will throw his boomerang in such a manner that it circles round the tree, and strikes the animal at which it is aimed.

That such precision should be obtained with so curious a weapon seems rather remarkable, but those of my readers who are accustomed to play at bowls will call to

mind the enormous power which is given to them by the "bias," or weighted side of the bowl, and the bold curves which they can force the missile to execute, when they wish to send the bowl round a number of obstacles which are in its way. The boomerang is used as a sort of aerial bowl, with the advantage that the expert thrower is able to alter the bias at will, and to make the weapon describe almost any curve that he chooses.

It is even said that, in case there should be obstacles which prevent the boomerang from passing round the tree, the native has the power of throwing it so that it strikes the ground in front of the tree, and then, by the force of the throw, leaps over the top of the branches, and descends upon the object at which it is thrown.

On page 739 is shown a scene on the river Murray, in which the natives are drawn as they appear when catching the shag, a species of cormorant, which is found there in great numbers. They capture these birds in various ways, sometimes by climbing at night the trees on which they roost, and seizing them, getting severely bitten, by the way, on their naked limbs and bodies. They have also a very ingenious mode of planting sticks in the bed of the river, so that they project above the surface, and form convenient resting-places for the birds. Fatigued with diving, the cormorants are sure to perch upon them; and as they are dozing while digesting their meal of fish, the native swims gently up, and suddenly catches them by the wings, and drags them under water. He always breaks the neck of the bird at once.

They are so wonderfully skilful in the water, that when pelicans are swimming unsuspectingly on the surface, the natives approach silently, dive under them, seize the birds by the legs, jerk them under water, and break both the wings and legs so rapidly that the unfortunate birds have no chance of escape.

Sometimes, as shown in the illustration, the natives use their boomerangs and clubs, knock the birds off the branches on which they are roosting, and secure them before they have recovered from the stunning blow of the weapon. When approaching cormorants and other aquatic birds, the native has a very ingenious plan of disguising himself. He gathers a bunch of weeds, ties it on his head, and slips quietly into the water, keeping his whole body immersed and only allowing the artificial covering to be seen. The bird being quite accustomed to see patches of weeds floating along the water, takes no notice of so familiar an object, and so allows the disguised man to come within easy reach.

To return to the boomerang. The reader may readily have imagined that the manufacture of so remarkable an implement is

not a very easy one. The various points which constitute the excellence of a boomerang are so light that there is scarcely an European who can see them, especially as the shape, size, and weight of the weapon differ so much according to the locality in which it was made. The native, when employed in making a boomerang, often spends many days over it, not only on account of the very imperfect tools which he possesses, but by reason of the minute care which is required in the manufacture of a good weapon.

Day after day he may be seen with the boomerang in his hand, chipping at it slowly and circumspectly, and becoming more and more careful as it approaches completion. When he has settled the curve, and nearly flattened it to its proper thickness, he scarcely makes three or four strokes without balancing the weapon in his hand, looking carefully along the edges, and making movements as if he were about to throw it. The last few chips seem to exercise a wonderful effect on the powers of the weapon, and about them the native is exceedingly fastidious.

Yet, with all this care, the weapon is a very rough one, and the marks of the flint axe are left without even an attempt to smooth them. In a well-used boomerang the projecting edges of the grooves made by various cuts and chips become quite polished by friction, while the sunken portion is left rough. In one fine specimen in my possession the manufacturer has taken a curious advantage of these grooves. Besides marking the handle end by covering it with cross-scorings as has already been described, he has filled the grooves with the red ochre of which the Australian is so fond, and for some eight inches the remains of the red paint are visible in almost every groove.

So delicate is the operation of boomerang making, that some men, natives though they be, cannot turn out a really good weapon, while others are celebrated for their skill, and can dispose of their weapons as fast as they make them. One of the native "kings" was a well-known boomerang maker, and his weapons were widely distributed among the natives, who knew his handiwork as an artist knows the touch of a celebrated painter. To this skill, and the comparative wealth which its exercise brought him, the king in question owed the principal part of his authority.

A fair idea of the size and weight of the boomerang may be gained by the measurements of the weapon which has just been mentioned. It is two feet nine inches long when measured with the curve, and two feet six inches from tip to tip. It is exactly two inches in width, only narrowing at the tips, and its weight is exactly eleven ounces. This, by the way, is a war boomerang, and is

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(1.) SPEARING THE KANGAROO. (See page 734.)



(2.) CATCHING THE CORMORANT. (See page 738.)

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shaped like that which is shown in "Boomerangs" on page 731, fig. 3. Another specimen, which is of about the same weight, is shaped like that of fig. 8. It measures two feet five inches along the curve, two feet one inch from tip to tip, and is three inches in width in the middle, diminishing gradually toward the tips.

In order to enable them to ward off these various missiles, the natives are armed with a shield, which varies exceedingly in shape and dimensions, and, indeed, in some places is so unlike a shield, and apparently so inadequate to the office of protecting the body, that when strangers come to visit my collection I often have much difficulty in persuading them that such strange-looking objects can by any possibility be shields. As there is so great a variety in the shields, I have collected together a number of examples, which, I believe, comprise every form of shield used throughout Australia. Two of them are from specimens in my own collection, several from that of Colonel Lane Fox, others are drawn from examples in the British Museum, and the rest were sketched by Mr. Angus in the course of his travels through Australia.

As a general fact, the shield is very solid and heavy, and in some cases looks much more like a club with which a man can be knocked down, than a shield whereby he can be saved from a blow, several of them having sharp edges as if for the purpose of inflicting injury.

If the reader will look at the row of shields on page 742, he will see that figs. 2 and 3 exhibit two views of the same shield. This is one of the commonest forms of the weapon, and is found throughout a considerable portion of Western Australia. It is cut out of a solid piece of the ever useful gum-tree, and is in consequence very hard and very heavy. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, the form of the shield is somewhat triangular, the face which forms the front of the weapon being slightly rounded, and the handle being formed by cutting through the edge on which the other two faces converge. The handle is very small, and could scarcely be used by an ordinary European, though it is amply wide enough for the small and delicate looking hand of the Australian native. My own is a small hand, but is yet too large to hold the Australian shield comfortably.

The reader will see that by this mode of forming the handle the wrist has great play, and can turn the shield from side to side with the slightest movement of the hand. This faculty is very useful, especially when the instrument is used for warding off the spear or the club, weapons which need only to be just turned aside in order to guide them away from the body.

One of these shields in my own collection is a very fine example of the instrument, and

its dimensions will serve to guide the reader as to the usual form, size, and weight of an Australian shield. It measures exactly two feet seven inches in length, and is five inches wide at the middle, which is the broadest part. The width of the hole which receives the hand is three inches and three-eighths, and the weight of the shield is rather more than three pounds.

The extraordinary weight of the shield is needed in order to enable it to resist the shock of the boomerang, the force of which may be estimated by its weight, eleven ounces, multiplied by the force with which it is hurled. This terrible weapon cannot be merely turned aside, like the spear or the waddy, and often seems to receive an additional impulse from striking any object, as the reader may see by reference to page 737, in which the mode of throwing the boomerang is described. A boomerang must be stopped, and not merely parried, and moreover, if it be not stopped properly, it twists round the shield, and with one of its revolving ends inflicts a wound on the careless warrior.

Even if it be met with the shield and stopped, it is apt to break, and the two halves to converge upon the body. The very fragments of the boomerang seem able to inflict almost as much injury as the entire weapon; and, in one of the skirmishes to which the natives are so addicted, a man was seen to fall to the ground with his body cut completely open by a broken boomerang.

It is in warding off the boomerang, therefore, that the chief skill of the Australian is shown. When he sees the weapon is pursuing a course which will bring it to him, he steps forward so as to meet it; and, as the boomerang clashes against the shield, he gives the latter a rapid turn with the wrist. If this manœuvre be properly executed, the boomerang breaks to pieces, and the fragments are struck apart by the movement of the shield.

Perhaps some of my readers may remember that "Dick-a-dick," the very popular member of the Australian cricketers who came to England in 1868, among other exhibitions of his quickness of eye and hand, allowed himself to be pelted with cricket balls, at a distance of fifteen yards, having nothing wherewith to protect himself but the shield and the loawal, or angular club, the former being used to shield the body, and the latter to guard the legs. The force and accuracy with which a practised cricketer can throw the ball are familiar to all Englishmen, and it was really wonderful to see a man, with no clothes but a skin-tight elastic dress, with a piece of wood five inches wide in his left hand, and a club in his right, quietly stand against a positive rain of cricket-balls as long as any one liked to throw at him, and come out of the ordeal unscathed.

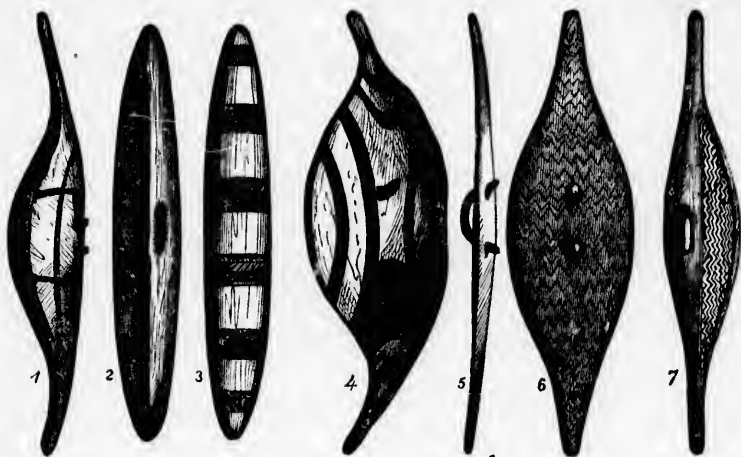
Not the least surprising part of the performance was the coolness with which he treated the whole affair, and the almost instinctive knowledge that he seemed to possess respecting the precise destination of each ball. If a ball went straight at his body or head, it was met and blocked by the shield; if it were hurled at his legs, the club knocked it aside. As to those which were sure not to hit him, he treated them with contemptuous indifference, just moving his head a little on one side to allow the ball to pass, which absolutely ruffled his hair as it shot by, or lifting one arm to allow a ball to pass between the limb and his body, or, if it were aimed but an inch wide of him, taking no notice of it whatever. The shield which he used with such skill was the same kind as that which has just been described, and was probably selected because its weight enabled it to block the balls without the hand that held it feeling the shock.

To all appearances, the natives expend much more labor upon the shield than upon the boomerang, the real reason, however, being that much ornament would injure the boomerang, but can have no injurious effect

grooves, and each groove has been filled with red ochre. The space between is filled in with a double zigzag pattern, and the effect of all these lines, simple as they are, is perfectly artistic and consistent.

The pattern, by the way, is one that seems common to all savage races of men, wherever they may be found, and is to be seen on weapons made by the ancient races now long passed away, among the Kaffir tribes of South Africa, the cannibal tribes of Central Western Africa, the inhabitants of the various Polynesian islands, the savages of the extreme north and extreme south of America, and the natives of the great continent of Australia.

At fig. 7 of the accompanying illustration may be seen a shield made of solid wood, in which the triangular form has been developed in a very curious manner into a quadrangular shape. The handle is made in the same manner as that of the former shield, *i. e.* by cutting through two of the faces of the triangle, while the front of the shield, instead of being a tolerably round face, is flattened out into a sharp edge. It is scarcely possible to imagine any instrument



SHIELDS.

upon the shield. By reference to the illustration, the reader will see that the face of the shield is covered with ornament, which, simple in principle, is elaborate in detail.

There is a specimen in my collection which is ornamented to a very great extent on its face, the sides and the handle being perfectly plain. It has a number of lines drawn transversely in bands, which, however, are seven instead of five in number. Each band is composed of three zigzag

that looks less like a shield than does this curious weapon, which seems to have been made for the express purpose of presenting as small a surface as possible to the enemy.

The fact is, however, that the Southern Australian who uses these shields has not to defend himself against arrows, from which a man can only be defended by concealing his body behind shelter which is proof against them: he has only to guard against the spear and boomerang, and occa-

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sionally the missile club, all which weapons he can turn aside with the narrow shield that has been described.

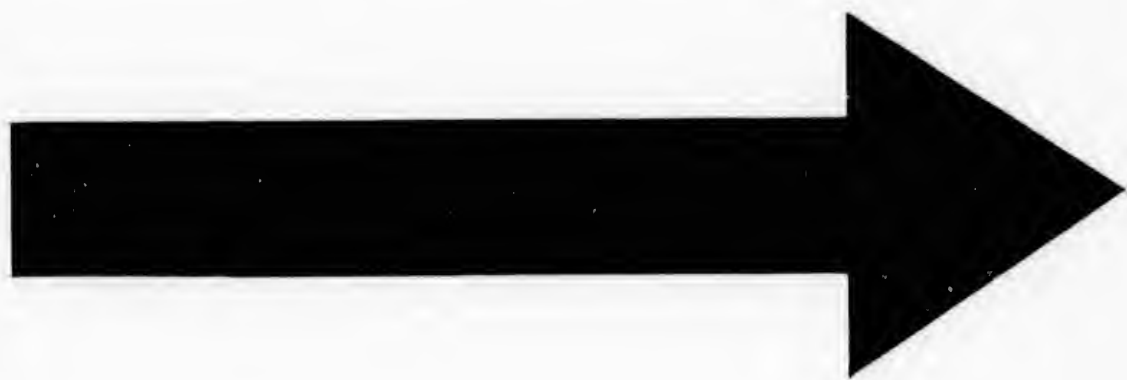
One of these shields in my collection is two feet seven inches in length, rather more than six inches in width, and barely three inches thick in the middle. Its weight is just two pounds. Such a weapon seems much more like a club than a shield, and, indeed, if held by one end, its sharp edge might be used with great effect upon the head of an enemy. Like most Australian shields, it is covered with a pattern of the same character as that which has already been mentioned, and it has been so thoroughly painted with ochre that it is of a reddish mahogany color, and the real hue of the wood can only be seen by scraping off some of the stained surface. The name for this kind of shield is tamarang, and it is much used in dances, in which it is struck at regular intervals with the waddy.

In the British Museum is a shield which is much more solid than either of those which have been described. The manufacturer evidently found the labor of chipping the wood too much for him, and accordingly made much use of fire, forming his shield by alternate charring and scraping. The handle is rather curiously made by cutting two deep heels side by side in the back of the shield, the piece of wood between them being rounded into a handle. As is the case

with most of the shields, the handle is a very small one. The face of the shield is much wider than either of those which have been noticed, and is very slightly rounded. It is ornamented with carved grooves, but rough usage has obliterated most of them, and the whole implement is as rough and unsightly an article as can well be imagined, in spite of the labor which has been bestowed upon it.

We now come to another class of shield, made of bark, and going by the title of Mulabakka. Shields in general are called by the name of Hileman. Some of these bark shields are of considerable size, and are so wide in the middle that, when the owner crouches behind them, they protect the greater part of his body. As the comparatively thin material of which they are composed prevents the handle from being made by cutting into the shield itself, the native is obliged to make the handle separately, and fasten it to the shield by various methods.

The commonest mode of fixing the handle to a Mulabakka shield is seen at figs. 4 and 5, on page 742, which exhibit the front and profile views of the same shield. Another Mulabakka is shown at fig. 6. The faces of all the Mulabakka shields are covered with ornamented patterns, mostly on the usual zigzag principle, but some having a pattern in which curves form the chief element.



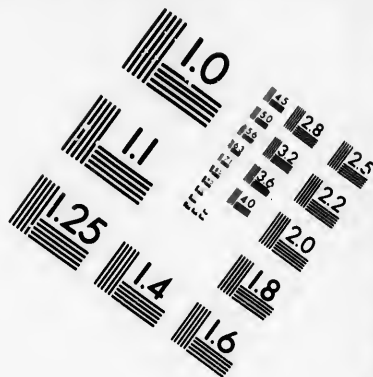
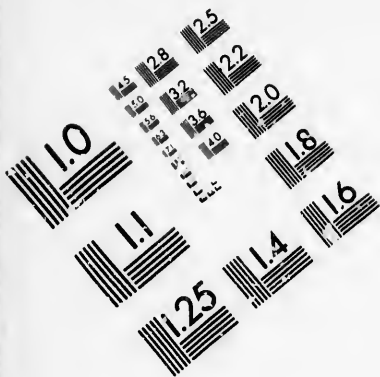
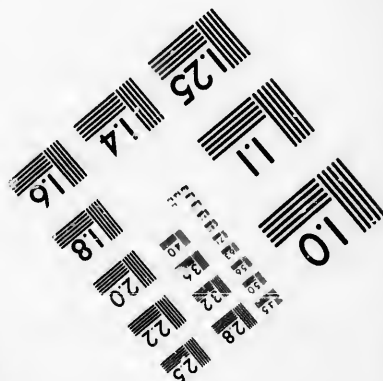
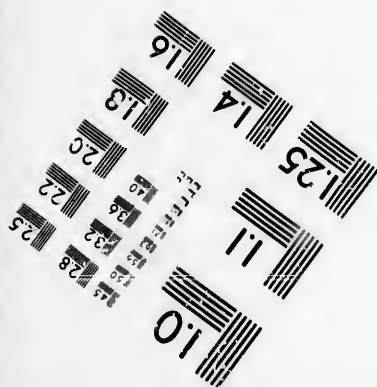
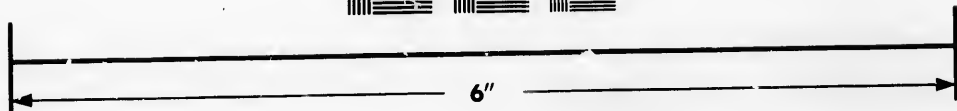
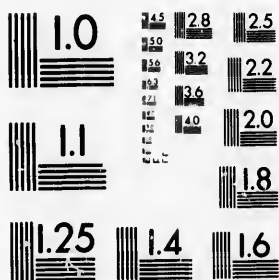


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CHAPTER LXXIII.

AUSTRALIA—*Continued.*

REAL WAR UNKNOWN TO THE AUSTRALIANS—FEUDS AND THE CAUSES OF THEM—A SAVAGE TOURNAMENT—VENGEANCE FOR DEATH—THE TROPHY OF VICTORY—AUSTRALIAN VENDETTA—FIRE-SIGNALS—DEATH OF TARMEEENIA—ORDEAL OF BATTLE—CANNIBALISM AS AN ADJUNCT OF WAR—DANCES OF THE ABORIGINES—THE KURI DANCE AND ITS STRANGE ACCOMPANIMENTS—THE PALT DANCE—THE CONCLUDING FIGURE—DANCE OF THE PARNKALLA TRIBE—ORDINARY CORROBOORIES—THE KANGAROO DANCE—TASMANIAN DANCE.

THE mention of these various weapons naturally leads us to warfare; and that they are intended for that purpose the existence of the shields is a proof. Offensive weapons, such as the spear and the club, may be used merely for killing game; but the shield can only be employed to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy.

War, however, as we understand the word, is unknown among the Australians. They have not the intellect nor the organization for it, and so we have the curious fact of skilled warriors who never saw a battle. No single tribe is large enough to take one side in a real battle; and, even supposing it to possess sufficient numbers, there is no spirit of discipline by means of which a force could be gathered, kept together, or directed, even if it were assembled.

Yet, though real war is unknown, the Australian natives are continually fighting, and almost every tribe is at feud with its neighbor. The cause of quarrel with them is almost invariably the possession of some territory. By a sort of tacit arrangement, the various tribes have settled themselves in certain districts; and, although they are great wanderers, yet they consider themselves the rightful owners of their own district.

It mostly happens, however, that members of one tribe trespass on the district of another, especially if it be one in which game of any kind is plentiful. And sometimes, when a

tribe has gone off on a travelling expedition, another tribe will settle themselves in the vacated district; so that, when the rightful owners of the soil return, there is sure to be a quarrel. The matter is usually settled by a skirmish, which bears some resemblance to the *mêlée* of ancient chivalry, and is conducted according to well-understood regulations.

The aggrieved tribe sends a challenge to the offenders, the challenger in question bearing a bunch of emu's feathers tied on the top of a spear. At daybreak next morning the warriors array themselves for battle, painting their bodies in various colors, so as to make themselves look as much like demons, and as much unlike men, as possible, laying aside all clothing, and arranging their various weapons for the fight.

Having placed themselves in battle array, at some little distance from each other, the opposite sides begin to revile each other in quite a Homeric manner, taunting their antagonists with cowardice and want of skill in their weapons, and boasting of the great deeds which they are about to do. When, by means of interposing these taunts with shouts and yells, dancing from one foot to the other, quivering and poisoning their spears, and other mechanical modes of exciting themselves, they have worked themselves up to the requisite pitch of fury, they begin to throw the spears, and the combat becomes general. Confused as it appears, it is, how-

ever, arranged with a sort of order. Each warrior selects his antagonist; so that the fight is, in fact, a series of duels rather than a battle, and the whole business bears a curious resemblance to the mode of fighting in the ancient days of Troy.

Generally the combatants stand in rather scattered lines, or, as we should say, in wide skirmishing order. The gestures with which they try to irritate their opponents are very curious, and often grotesque; the chief object being apparently to induce the antagonist to throw the first spear. Sometimes they stand with their feet very widely apart, and their knees straight, after the manner which will be seen in the illustrations of the native dances. While so standing, they communicate a peculiar quivering movement to the legs, and pretend to offer themselves as fair marks. Sometimes they turn their backs on their adversary, and challenge him to throw at them; or they drop on a hand and knee for the same purpose.

Mr. McGillivray remarked that two spear-men never throw at the same combatant; but, even with this advantage, the skill of the warrior is amply tested, and it is surprising to see how, by the mere inflection of the body, or the lifting a leg or arm, they avoid a spear which otherwise must have wounded them. While the fight is going on, the women and children remain in the bush, watching the combat, and uttering a sort of wailing chant, rising and falling in regular cadence.

Sometimes the fight is a very bloody one, though the general rule is, that when one man is killed the battle ceases, the tribe to which the dead man belonged being considered as having been worsted. It might be thought that a battle conducted on such principles would be of very short duration; but the Australian warriors are so skilful in warding off the weapons of their antagonists that they often fight for a considerable time before a man is killed. It must be remembered, too, that the Australian natives can endure, without seeming to be much the worse for them, wounds which would kill an European at once. In such a skirmish, however, much blood is spilt, even though only one man be actually killed, for the barbed spears and sharp-edged boomerangs inflict terrible wounds, and often cripple the wounded man for life.

Other causes beside the quarrel for territory may originate a feud between two tribes. One of these cases is a very curious one. A woman had been bitten by a snake; but, as no blood flowed from the wound, it was thought that the snake was not a venomous one, and that there was no danger. However, the woman died in a few hours, and her death was the signal for a desperate war between two tribes. There seems to be but little connection between the two

events, but according to Australian ideas the feud was a justifiable one.

The natives of the part of Australia where this event occurred have a curious idea concerning death. Should any one die without apparent cause, they think that the death is caused by a great bird called *marralya*, which comes secretly to the sick person, seizes him round the waist in his claws, and squeezes him to death. Now the *marralya* is not a real bird, but a magical one, being always a man belonging to a hostile tribe, who assumes the shape of the bird, and so finds an opportunity of doing an injury to the tribe with which he is at feud. Having made up his mind that the snake which bit the woman was not a venomous one, her husband could not of course be expected to change his opinion, and so it was agreed upon that one of a neighboring tribe with whom they were at feud must have become a *marralya*, and killed the woman. The usual challenge was the consequence, and from it came a series of bloody fights.

Like most savage nations, the Australians mutilate their fallen enemies. Instead, however, of cutting off the scalp, or other trophy, they open the body, tear out the fat about the kidneys, and rub it over their own bodies. So general is this custom, that to "take fat" is a common paraphrase for killing an enemy; and when two antagonists are opposed to each other, each is sure to boast that his antagonist shall furnish fat for him. As far as can be learned, they have an idea that this practice endues the victor with the courage of the slain man in addition to his own; and, as a reputation for being a warrior of prowess is the only distinction that a native Australian can achieve, it may be imagined that he is exceedingly anxious to secure such an aid to ambition.

Not from deliberate cruelty, but from the utter thoughtlessness and disregard of inflicting pain which characterizes all savages, the victorious warrior does not trouble himself to wait for the death of his enemy before taking his strange war trophy. Should the man be entirely disabled it is enough for the Australian, who turns him on his back, opens his body with the quartz knife which has already been described, tears out the coveted prize, and rubs himself with it until his whole body and limbs shine as if they were burnished. Oftentimes it has happened that a wounded man has been thus treated, and has been doomed to see his conqueror adorn himself before his eyes. Putting aside any previous injury, such a wound as this is necessarily mortal; but a man has been known to live for more than three days after receiving the injury, so wonderfully strong is the Australian constitution.

Sometimes these feuds spread very widely, and last for a very long time. Before the declaration of war, the opposing tribes

refrain from attacking each other, but, after that declaration is once made, the greatest secrecy is often observed, and the warrior is valued the highest who contrives to kill his enemy without exposing himself to danger. Sometimes there is a sort of wild chivalry about the Australians, mingled with much that is savage and revolting. A remarkable instance of these traits is recorded by Mr. McGillivray.

An old man had gone on a short expedition in his canoe, while the men of his tribe were engaged in catching turtle. He was watched by a party belonging to a hostile tribe, who followed and speared him. Leaving their spears in the body to indicate their identity, they returned to shore, and made a great fire by way of a challenge. Seeing the signal, and knowing that a column of thick smoke is almost always meant as a challenge, the men left their turtling, and, on finding that the old man was missing, instituted a search after him. As soon as they discovered the body they lighted another fire to signify their acceptance of the challenge, and a party of them started off the same evening in order to inflict reprisals on the enemy.

They soon came upon some natives who belonged to the inimical tribe, but who had not been concerned in the murder, and managed to kill the whole party, consisting of four men, a woman, and a girl. They cut off the heads of their victims, and returned with great exultation, shouting and blowing conch-shells to announce their victory.

The heads were then cooked in an oven, and the eyes scooped out and eaten, together with portions of the cheeks. Only those who had been of the war-party were allowed to partake of this horrible feast. When it was over the victors began a dance, in which they worked themselves into a perfect frenzy, kicking the skulls over the ground, and indulging in all kinds of hideous antics. Afterward the skulls were hung up on two cross sticks near the camp, and allowed to remain there undisturbed.

Fire, by the way, is very largely used in making signals, which are understood all over the continent. A large fire, sending up a great column of smoke, is, as has already been mentioned, almost invariably a sign of defiance, and it is sometimes kindled daily until it is answered by another. If a man wishes to denote that he is in want of assistance, he lights a small fire, and, as soon as it sends up its little column of smoke, he extinguishes it suddenly by throwing earth on it. This is repeated until the required assistance arrives.

Some years ago, when the character and habits of the natives were not known so well as they are now, many of the settlers were murdered by the natives, simply through their system of fire-signalling. One or two natives, generally old men or

women, as causing least suspicion, and being entirely unarmed, would approach the farm or camp, and hang about it for some days, asking for food, and cooking it at their own little fires.

The white men had no idea that every fire that was lighted was a signal that was perfectly well understood by a force of armed men that was hovering about them under cover of the woods, nor that the little puffs of smoke which occasionally arose in the distance were answers to the signals made by their treacherous guests. When the spies thought that their hosts were lulled into security, they made the battle-signal, and brought down the whole force upon the unsuspecting whites.

The Australians are wonderfully clever actors. How well they can act honesty and practise theft has already been mentioned. They have also a way of appearing to be unarmed, and yet having weapons ready to hand. They will come out of the bush, with green boughs in their hands as signs of peace, advance for some distance, and ostentatiously throw down their spears and other weapons. They then advance again, apparently unarmed, but each man trailing a spear along the ground by means of his toes. As soon as they are within spear range, they pick up their weapons with their toes, which are neatly as flexible and useful as fingers, hurl them, and then retreat to the spot where they had grounded their weapons.

The Australians have a tenacious memory for injuries, and never lose a chance of reprisal. In 1840, some men belonging to the Badulega tribe had been spending two months on a friendly visit to the natives of Muralug. One of their hosts had married an Italega woman, and two of the brothers were staying with her. The Badulegas happened to remember that several years before one, of their own tribe had been insulted by an Italega. So they killed the woman, and tried to kill her brothers also, but only succeeded in murdering one of them. They started at once for their home, taking the heads as proof of their victory, and thought that they had done a great and praiseworthy action.

A similar affair took place among some of the tribes of Port Essington. A Monobar native had been captured when thieving, and was imprisoned. He attempted to escape, and in so doing was shot by the sentinel on duty. By rights his family ought to have executed reprisals on a white man; but they did not venture on such a step, and accordingly picked out a native who was on good terms with the white man, and killed him. The friends of the murdered man immediately answered by killing a Monobar, and so the feud went on. In each case the victim was murdered while sleeping, a number of natives quietly surrounding

him, and, after spearing him, beating him with their waddies into a shapeless mass.

Should the cause of the feud be the unexplained death of a man or woman, the duty of vengeance belongs to the most formidable male warrior of the family. On such occasions he will solemnly accept the office, adorn himself with the red war-paint, select his best weapons, and promise publicly not to return until he has killed a male of the inimical tribe. How pertinaciously the Australian will adhere to his bloody purpose may be seen from an anecdote related by Mr. Lloyd.

He was startled one night by the furious barking of his dogs. On taking a lantern he found lying on the ground an old black named Tarmeenia, covered with wounds inflicted by spears, and boomerangs, and waddies. He told his story in the strange broken English used by the natives. The gist of the story was, that he and his son were living in a hut, and the son had gone out to snare a bird for his father, who was ill. Presently a "bungilcarney coolie," i. e. an enemy from another tribe, entered the hut and demanded, "Why did your son kill my wife? I shall kill his father." Whereupon he drove his spear into the old man's side, and was beating him to death, when he was disturbed by the return of his son. The young man, a singularly powerful native, knowing that his father would be certainly murdered outright if he remained in the hut, actually carried him more than four miles to Mr. Lloyd's house, put him down in the yard, and left him.

A hut was at once erected close to the house, and Tarmeenia was installed and attended to. He was very grateful, but was uneasy in his mind, begging that the constable might visit his hut in his nightly rounds, "cos same bungilcarney coolie cum agin, and dis time too much kill 'im Tarmeenia." The alarm of the old man seemed rather absurd, considering the position of the hut, but it was fully justified. About three weeks after Tarmeenia had been placed in the hut, Mr. Lloyd was aroused at daybreak by a servant, who said that the old black fellow had been burned to death. Dead he certainly was, and on examining the body two fresh wounds were seen, one by a spear just over the heart, and the other a deep cut in the loins, through which the "bungilcarney" had torn the trophy of war.

Occasionally a man who has offended against some native law has to engage in a kind of a mimic warfare, but without the advantage of having weapons. Mr. Lloyd mentions a curious example of such an ordeal.

"The only instance I ever witnessed of corporeal punishment being inflicted—evidently, too, by some legal process—was upon the person of a fine sleek young black, who, having finished his morning's repast,

rose in a dignified manner, and, casting his rug from his shoulders, strode with Mohican stoicism to the appointed spot, divested of his shield, waddy, or other means of defence. Nor, when once placed, did he utter one word, or move a muscle of his graceful and well-moulded person, but with folded arms and defiant attitude awaited the fatal ordeal.

"A few minutes only elapsed when two equally agile savages, each armed with two spears and a boomerang, marched with stately gait to within sixty yards of the culprit. One weapon after another was hurled at the victim savage, with apparently fatal precision, but his quick eye and wonderful activity set them all at defiance, with the exception of the very last cast of a boomerang, which, taking an unusual course, severed a piece of flesh from the shoulder-blade, equal in size to a crown-piece, as if sliced with a razor, and thus finished the affair."

The *lex talionis* forms part of the Australian traditional law, and is sometimes exercised after a rather ludicrous fashion. A young man had committed some light offence, and was severely beaten by two natives, who broke his arm with a club, and laid his head open with a fishing spear. Considerable confusion took place, and at last the elders decided that the punishment was much in excess of the offence, and that, when the wounded man recovered, the two assailants were to offer their heads to him, so that he might strike them a certain number of blows with his waddy.

In the description of the intertribal feuds, it has been mentioned that the men who assisted in killing the victims of reprisal partook of the eyes and cheeks of the murdered person. This leads us to examine the question of cannibalism, inasmuch as some travellers have asserted that the Australians are cannibals and others denying such a propensity as strongly.

That the flesh of human beings is eaten by the Australians is an undeniable fact; but it must be remarked that such an act is often intended as a ceremonial, and not merely as a means of allaying hunger or gratifying the palate. It has been ascertained that some tribes who live along the Murray River have been known to kill and eat children, mixing their flesh with that of the dog. This, however, only occurs in seasons of great scarcity; and that the event was exceptional and not customary, is evident from the fact that a man was pointed out as having killed his children for food. Now it is plain, that, if cannibalism was the custom, such a man would not be sufficiently conspicuous to be specially mentioned. These tribes have a horrible custom of killing little boys for the sake of their fat, with which they bait fish-hooks.

Another example of cannibalism is de-

scribed by Mr. Angas as occurring in New South Wales. A lad had died, and his body was taken by several young men, who proceeded to the following remarkable ceremonies. They began by removing the skin, together with the head, rolling it round a stake, and drying it over the fire. While this was being done, the parents, who had been uttering loud lamentations, took the flesh from the legs, cooked, and ate it. The remainder of the body was distributed among the friends of the deceased, who carried away their portions on the points of their spears; and the skin and bones were kept by the parents, and always carried about in their wallets.

It may seem strange that the mention of the weapons and mode of fighting should lead us naturally to the dances of the Australians. Such, however, is the case; for in most of their dances weapons of some sort are introduced. The first which will be mentioned is the Kuri dance, which was described to Mr. Angas by a friend who had frequently seen it, and is illustrated on the next page. This dance is performed by the natives of the Adelaide district. It seems to have one point in common with the cotillon of Europe, namely, that it can be varied, shortened, or lengthened, according to the caprice of the players; so that if a spectator see the Kuri dance performed six or seven times, he will never see the movements repeated in the same order. The following extract describes a single Kuri dance, and from it the reader may form his impressions of its general character:—

"But first the *dramatis personæ* must be introduced, and particularly described. The performers were divided into five distinct classes, the greater body comprising about twenty-five young men, including five or six boys, painted and decorated as follows: In nudity, except the *yoodna*, which is made expressly for the occasion, with bunches of gum-leaves tied round the legs just above the knee, which, as they stamped about, made a loud switching noise. In their hands they held a *katta* or *virri*, and some a few gum-leaves. The former were held at arm's length, and struck alternately with their legs as they stamped. They were painted, from each shoulder down to the hips, with five or six white stripes, rising from the breast; their faces also, with white perpendicular lines, making the most hideous appearance. These were the dancers.

"Next came two groups of women, about five or six in number, standing on the right and left of the dancers, merely taking the part of supernumeraries; they were not painted, but had leaves in their hands, which they shook, and kept beating time with their feet during the whole performance, but never moved from the spot where they stood.

"Next followed two remarkable characters, painted and decorated like the dancers, but with the addition of the *palyertatta*—a singular ornament made of two pieces of stick put crosswise, and bound together by the *mangna*, in a spreading manner, having at the extremities feathers opened, so as to set it off to the best advantage. One had the *palyertatta* stick sideways upon his head, while the other, in the most wizard-like manner, kept waving it to and fro before him, corresponding with the action of his head and legs.

"Then followed a performer distinguished by a long spear, from the top of which a bunch of feathers hung suspended, and all down the spear the *mangna* was wound; he held the *koonteroo* (spear and feathers) with both hands behind his back, but occasionally altered the position, and waved it to the right and left over the dancers. And last came the singers—two elderly men in their usual habiliments; their musical instruments were the *katta* and *virri*, on which they managed to beat a double note; their song was one unvaried, gabbling tone.

"The night was mild; the new moon shone with a faint light, casting a depth of shade over the earth, which gave a sombre appearance to the surrounding scene that highly conduced to enhance the effect of the approaching play. In the distance, a black mass could be discerned under the gum-trees, whence occasionally a shout and a burst of flame arose. These were the performers dressing for the dance, and no one approached them while thus occupied.

"Two men, closely wrapped in their opossum-skins, noiselessly approached one of the *wurries*, where the Kuri was to be performed, and commenced clearing a space for the singers; this done, they went back to the singers, but soon after returned, sat down, and began a peculiar harsh and monotonous tune, keeping time with a *katta* and a *virri* by rattling them together. All the natives of the different *wurries* flocked round the singers, and sat down in the form of a horse-shoe, two or three rows deep.

"By this time the dancers had moved in a compact body to within a short distance of the spectators; after standing for a few minutes in perfect silence, they answered the singers by a singular deep shout simultaneously; twice this was done, and then the man with the *koonteroo* stepped out, his body leaning forward, and commenced with a regular stamp; the two men with the *palyertattas* followed, stamping with great regularity, the rest joining in: the regular and alternate stamp, the waving of the *palyertatta* to and fro, with the loud switching noise of the gum leaves, formed a scene highly characteristic of the Australian natives. In this style they approached the singers, the spectators every now and then shouting forth

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(1.) THE KURI DANCE. (See page 748.)



(2.) PALT DANCE, OR CORROBOREE. (See page 752.)

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their applause. For some time they kept stamping in a body before the singers, which had an admirable effect, and did great credit to their dancing attainments; then one by one they turned round, and danced their way back to the place they first started from, and sat down. The *palyertatta* and *koonteroo* men were the last who left, and as these three singular beings stamped their way to the other dancers they made a very odd appearance.

"The singing continued for a short time, and then pipes were lighted; shouts of applause ensued, and bolsterous conversation followed. After resting about ten minutes, the singers commenced again; and soon after the dancers huddled together, and responded to the call by the peculiar shout already mentioned, and then performed the same feat over again—with this variation, that the *palyertatta* men brought up the rear, instead of leading the way. Four separate times these parts of the play were performed with the usual effect; then followed the concluding one, as follows: after tramping up to the singers, the man with the *koonteroo* commenced a part which called forth unbounded applause; with his head and body inclined on one side, his spear and feathers behind his back, standing on the left leg, he beat time with the right foot, twitching his body and eye, and stamping with the greatest precision; he remained a few minutes in this position, and then suddenly turned round, stood on his right leg, and did the same once with his left foot.

"In the mean while the two men with the mystic *palyertatta* kept waving their instruments to and fro, corresponding with the motions of their heads and legs, and the silent trampers performed their part equally well. The *koonteroo* man now suddenly stopped, and, planting his spear in the ground, stood in a stooping position behind it; two dancers stepped up, went through the same manœuvre as the preceding party with wonderful regularity, and then gave a final stamp, turned round, and grasped the spear in a stooping position, and so on with all the rest, until every dancer was brought to the spear, so forming a circular body.

"The *palyertatta* men now performed the same movement on each side of this body, accompanied with the perpetual motion of the head, leg, and arm, and then went round and round, and finally gave the arrival stamp, thrust in their arm, and grasped the spear: at the same time all sunk on their knees and began to move away in a mass from the singers, with a sort of grunting noise, while their bodies leaned and tossed to and fro; when they had got about ten or twelve yards they ceased, and, giving one long semi-grunt or groan (after the manner of the red kangaroo, as they say), dispersed.

"During the whole performance, the singing went on in one continued strain, and,

after the last act of the performers, the rattling accompaniment of the singing ceased, the strain died gradually away, and shouts and acclamations rent the air."

There are many other dances among the Australlans. There is, for example, the Frog-dance. The performers paint themselves after the usual grotesque manner, take their *wirris* in their hands, beat them together, and then squat down and jump after each other in circles, imitating the movements of the frog. Then there is the emu-dance, in which all the gestures consist of imitation of emu-hunting, the man who enacts the part of the bird imitating its voice.

In some parts of Australia they have the canoe dance, one of the most graceful of these performances.

Both men and women take part in this dance, painting their bodies with white and red ochre, and each furnished with a stick which represents the paddle. They begin to dance by stationing themselves in two lines, but with the stick across their backs and held by the arms, while they move their feet alternately to the tune of the song with which the dance is accompanied. At a given signal they all bring the sticks to the front, and hold them as they do paddles, swaying themselves in regular time as if they were paddling in one of their light canoes.

Another dance, the object of which is not very certain, is a great favorite with the Moorund natives. The men, having previously decorated their bodies with stripes of red ochre, stand in a line, while the women are collected in a group and beat time together. The dance consists in stamping simultaneously with the left foot, and shaking the fingers of the extended arms. This dance is called *Pedeku*.

There is a rather curious dance, or movement, with which they often conclude the performance of the evening. They sit cross-legged round their fire, beating time with their spears and *wirris*. Suddenly they all stretch out their arms as if pointing to some distant object, rolling their eyes fearfully as they do so, and finish by leaping on their feet with a simultaneous yell that echoes for miles through the forest.

In his splendid work on South Australia, Mr. Angus describes a rather curious dance performed by the Parnkalla tribe, in which both sexes take part. Each man carries a belt made either of human hair or opossum fur, holding one end in each hand, and keeping the belt tightly strained. There is a slight variation in the mode of performing this dance, but the usual plan is for all the men to sit down, while a woman takes her place in the middle. One of the men then dances up to her, jumping from side to side, and swaying his arms in harmony with his movements. The woman begins jumping as her partner approaches, and then they dance

back again, when their place is taken by a fresh couple.

Some persons have supposed that this dance is a religious ceremony, because it is usually held on clear moonlight evenings. Sometimes, however, it is performed during the day-time.

The commonest native dance, or "corroboree," is that which is known as the Palti, and which is represented on the 749th page. It is always danced by night, the fitful blaze of the fire being thought necessary to bring out all its beauties.

Before beginning this dance, the performers prepare themselves by decorating their bodies in some grotesque style with white and scarlet paints, which contrast boldly with the shining black of their skins. The favorite pattern is the skeleton, each rib being marked by a broad stripe of white paint, and a similar stripe running down the breast and along the legs and arms. The face is painted in a similar fashion. The effect produced by this strange pattern is a most startling one. Illuminated only by the light of the fire, the black bodies and limbs are scarcely visible against the dark background, so that, as the performers pass backward and forward in the movements of the dance, they look exactly like a number of skeletons endued with life by magic powers.

This effect is increased by the curious quivering of the legs, which are planted firmly on the ground, but to which the dancers are able to impart a rapid vibratory movement from the knees upward. The *wirris*, or clubs, are held in the hands, as seen in the illustration, and at certain intervals they are brought over the head, and clashed violently together. The Palti, as well as the Kuri dance is conducted by a leader, who gives the word of command for the different movements. Some of the dancers increase their odd appearance by making a fillet from the front teeth of the kangaroo, and tying it round their foreheads.

Once in a year, the natives of some districts have a very grand dance, called the "cob-bongo corroboree," or great mystery dance. This dance is performed by the natives of the far interior. An admirable account of this dance was published in the *Illustrated London News* of October 3, 1863, and is here given. "The time selected for this great event is every twelfth moon, and during her declination. For several days previous a number of tribes whose territories adjoin one another congregate at a particular spot, characterized by an immense mound of earth covered with ashes (known amongst the white inhabitants as 'a black's oven') and surrounded by plenty of 'ouraway' or water holes. To this place they bring numbers of kangaroos, 'possums, emus, and wild ducks, and a large quantity of wild honey, together with the grass from the seeds of which they make a sort of bread.

"Upon the evening on which the 'corroboree' is celebrated, a number of old men (one from each tribe), called by the natives 'wammaroogo,' signifying medicine men or charm men, repair to the top of the mound, where, after lighting a fire, they walk round it, muttering sentences and throwing into it portions of old charms which they have worn round their necks for the past twelve months. This is continued for about half an hour, when they descend, each carrying a fire-stick, which he places at the outskirts of the camp, and which is supposed to prevent evil spirits approaching. As soon as this is over, during which a most profound silence is observed by all, the men of the tribe prepare their toilet for the 'corroboree,' daubing themselves over with chalk, red ochre, and fat.

"While the men are thus engaged, the gentler sex are busy arranging themselves in a long line, and in a sitting posture, with rugs made of 'possum skins doubled round their legs and a small stick called 'nulla-nulla' in each hand. A fire is lighted in front of them, and tended by one of the old charmers. As the men are ready, they seat themselves cross-legged like tailors, and in regular 'serried file,' at the opposite side of the fire to the women, while one of the medicine men takes up his position on the top of the mound to watch the rising of the moon, which is the signal for 'corroboree.' All is now still; nothing disturbs the silence save the occasional jolter of a woman or child, and even that, after a few minutes, is hushed. The blaze of the fire throws a fitful light along the battalion-like front of the black phalanx, and the hideous faces, daubed with paint and smeared with grease, show out at such a moment to anything but advantage.

"As soon as the old gentleman who has been 'taking the lunar' announces the advent of that planet, which seems to exercise as great an influence over the actions of these people as over many of those amongst ourselves, the 'corroboree' commences. The women beat the little sticks together, keeping time to a peculiar monotonous air, and repeating the words, the burden of which when translated may be—

"The kangaroo is swift, but swifter is Ngoyullooman;
The snake is cunning, but more cunning is Ngoyullooman,' &c.,

each woman using the name of her husband or favorite in the tribe. The men spring to their feet with a yell that rings through the forest, and, brandishing their spears, boomerangs, &c., commence their dance, flinging themselves into all sorts of attitudes, howling, laughing, grinning, and singing; and this they continue till sheer exhaustion compels them to desist, after which they roast and eat the product of the chase, gathered

for the occasion, and then drop off to sleep one by one."

The reader will see that this great mystery "corroboree" combines several of the peculiar movements which are to be found in the various dances that have already been described.

A dance of somewhat similar character used to be celebrated by the Tasmanians at the occasion of each full moon, as is described by Mr. G. T. Lloyd. The various tribes assembled at some trysting-place; and while the women prepared the fire, and fenced off a space for the dance, the men retired to adorn themselves with paint, and to fasten bunches of bushy twigs to their ankles, wrists, and waists.

The women being seated at the end of this space, one of the oldest among them strode forward, calling by name one of the performers, reviling him as a coward, and challenging him to appear and answer her charge. The warrior was not long in his response, and, bounding into the circle through the fire, he proclaimed his deeds of daring in war and in the hunt. At every pause he made, his female admirers took up his praises, vaunting his actions in a sort of chant, which they accompanied by extemporized drums formed of rolled kangaroo skins.

Suddenly, upon some inspiring allegretto movement of the thumping band, thirty or forty grim savages would bound successively through the furious flames into the sacred arena, looking like veritable demons on a special visit to *terra firma*, and, after thoroughly exhausting themselves by leaping in imitation of the kangaroo arose and through the fire, they vanished in an instant. These were as rapidly succeeded by their lovely gins, who, at a given signal from the belated speaker, rose *en masse*, and ranging themselves round the fresh-plied flames in a state unadorned and genuine as imported into the world, contorted their arms, legs, and bodies into attitudes that would shame first-class acrobats. The grand point, however, with each of the well-greased beauties was to scream down her sable sister.

This dance, as well as other native customs, has departed, together with the aborigines, from the island, and the native Tasmanians are now practically extinct. There is before me a photograph of the three remaining survivors of these tribes, which some sixty years ago numbered between six and seven thousand. That they should have so rapidly perished under the influence of the white man is explained from the fact that their island is but limited in extent, and that they are altogether inferior to the aborigines of the continent. They are small in stature, the men averaging only five feet three inches in height, and they are very ill-favored in countenance, the line from the nose to the corners of the mouth

being very deep and much curved, so as to enclose the mouth in a pair of parentheses. The hair is cut very closely. This is done by means of two sharp-edged fragments of flint, broken glass being preferred since Europeans settled in the country. Cutting the hair is necessarily a tedious ceremony, only ten or twelve hairs being severed at a time, and upwards of three hours being consumed in trimming a head fit for a dance. Shaving is conducted after the same manner.

The general habits of the Tasmanian natives agree with those of the continent. The mode of climbing trees, however, is a curious mixture of the Australian and Polynesian custom. When the native discovers the marks of an opossum on the bark, he plucks a quantity of wire grass, and rapidly lays it up in a three-stranded plait, with which he encircles the tree and his own waist. By means of a single chop of the tomahawk he makes a slight notch in the bark, into which he puts his great toe, raises himself by it, and simultaneously jerks the grass band up the trunk of the tree. Notch after notch is thus made, and the native ascends with incredible rapidity, the notches never being less than three feet six inches apart.

Often, the opossum, alarmed at the sound of the tomahawk, leaves its nest, and runs along some bare bough, projecting horizontally from eighty to a hundred feet above the ground. The native walks along the bough upright and firm as if the tree were his native place, and shakes the animal into the midst of his companions who are assembled under the tree.

The natives never, in their wild state, wear clothes of any kind. They manufacture cloaks of opossum and kangaroo skins, but only in defence against cold. They are wonderful hunters, and have been successfully employed by the colonists in tracing sheep that had strayed, or the footsteps of the thief who had stolen them. The slightest scratch tell its tale to these quick-eyed people, who know at once the very time at which the impression was made, and, having once seen it, start off at a quick pace, and are certain to overtake the fugitive.

The untimely end of the aboriginal Tasmanians is greatly to be attributed to the conduct of a well-known chief, called Mosquito. He was a native of Sydney, and, having been convicted of several murders, was, by a mistaken act of lenity, transported to Tasmania, when he made acquaintance with the Oyster Bay tribe. Being much taller and stronger than the natives, he was unanimously elected chief, and took the command. His reign was most disastrous for the Tasmanians. He ruled them with a rod of iron, punishing the slightest disobedience with a blow of his tomahawk, not caring in the least whether the culprit were killed or not. He organized a series of depredations on the

property of the colonists, and was peculiarly celebrated for his skill in stealing potatoes, teaching his followers to abstract them from the ridges, and to rearrange the ground so as to look as if it had never been disturbed, and to obliterate all traces of their footmarks with boughs.

Under the influence of such a leader, the natives became murderers as well as thieves, so that the lives of the colonists were always in peril. It was therefore necessary to take some decided measures with them; and after sundry unsuccessful expeditions, the natives at last submitted themselves, and the whole of them, numbering then (1837) scarcely more than three hundred, were removed to Flinders Island, where a number of comfortable stone cottages were built for them, infinitely superior to the rude bough huts of the natives of their own construction. They were liberally supplied with food, clothing, and other necessaries, as well as luxuries,

and the Government even appointed a resident surgeon to attend them when ill. All this care was, however, useless. Contact with civilization produced its usual fruits, and in 1861 the native Tasmanians were only thirteen in number. Ten have since died, and it is not likely that the three who survived in 1867 will perpetuate their race.

That the singularly rapid decadence of the Tasmanians was partly caused by the conduct of the shepherds, and other rough and uneducated men in the service of the colonists, cannot be denied. But the white offenders were comparatively few, and quite unable themselves to effect such a change in so short a time. For the real cause we must look to the strange but unvariable laws of progression. Whenever a higher race occupies the same grounds as a lower, the latter perishes, and, whether in animate or inanimate nature, the new world is always built on the ruins of the old.

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CHAPTER LXXIV.

AUSTRALIA—Continued.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

MARRIAGE—PURCHASE AND EXCHANGE OF WIVES—A ROUGH WOOING—TREATMENT OF THE WIVES—
A BRUTAL HUSBAND—NARROW ESCAPE—A FAITHFUL COMPANION—AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS—
TREATMENT OF THE NEW-BORN INFANT—PRACTICE OF INFANTICIDE—THE MOTHER AND HER
DEAD CHILD.

WE will now proceed to the domestic life of the native Australian, if, indeed, their mode of existence deserves such a name, and will begin with marriage customs.

Betrothal takes place at a very early age, the girl being often promised in marriage when she is a mere child, her future husband being perhaps an old man with two or three wives and a number of children. Of course the girl is purchased from her father, the price varying according to the means of the husband. Articles of European make are now exceedingly valued; and as a rule, a knife, a glass bottle, or some such article, is considered as a fair price for a wife.

Exchange is often practised, so that a young man who happens to have a sister to spare will look out for some man who has a daughter unbetrothed, and will effect an amicable exchange with him, so that a man who possesses sisters by his father's death is as sure of a corresponding number of wives as if he had the means wherewith to buy them.

Until her intended husband takes her to wife, the betrothed girl lives with her parents, and during this interval she is not watched with the strictness which is generally exercised toward betrothed girls of savages. On the contrary, she is tacitly allowed to have as many lovers as she chooses, provided that a conventional amount of secrecy be observed, and her husband, when he marries her, makes no complaint. After marriage, however, the case is altered, and, if a former lover were to attempt a continuance of the

acquaintance, the husband would avenge himself by visiting both parties with the severest punishment. There is no ceremony about marriage, the girl being simply taken to the hut of her husband, and thenceforth considered as his wife.

In some parts of Australia, when a young man takes a fancy to a girl he obtains her after a rather curious fashion, which seems a very odd mode of showing affection. Watching his opportunity when the girl has strayed apart from her friends, he stuns her with a blow on the head from his waddy, carries her off, and so makes her his wife. The father of the girl is naturally offended at the loss of his daughter, and complains to the elders. The result is almost invariably that the gallant offender is sentenced to stand the ordeal of spear and boomerang. Furnished with only his narrow shield, he stands still, while the aggrieved father and other relatives hurl a certain number of spears and boomerangs at him. It is very seldom that he allows himself to be touched, but, when the stipulated number of throws has been made, he is considered as having expiated his offence, whether he be hit or not.

Polygamy is of course practised, but to no very great extent. Still, although a man may never have more than two or three wives at a time, he has often married a considerable number, either discarding them, when they are too old to please his taste, or perhaps killing them in a fit of anger. The last is no uncommon mode of

getting rid of a wife, and no one seems to think that her husband has acted cruelly. Indeed, the genuine native would not be able to comprehend the possibility of being cruel to his wife, inasmuch as he recognizes in her no right to kind treatment. She is as much his chattel as his spear or hut, and he would no more think himself cruel in beating his wife to death than in breaking the one or burning the other.

Since white men came to settle in the country the natives have learned to consider them as beings of another sphere, very powerful, but unfortunately possessed with some unaccountable prejudices. Finding, therefore, that breaking a wife's limb with a club, piercing her with a spear, or any other mode of expressing dissatisfaction, shocked the prejudices of the white men, they ceased to mention such practices, though they did not discontinue them.

Quite recently, a native servant was late in keeping his appointment with his master, and, on inquiry, it was elicited that he had just quarrelled with one of his wives, and had speared her through the body. On being rebuked by his master he turned off the matter with a laugh, merely remarking that white men had only one wife, whereas he had two, and did not mind losing one until he could buy another.

Considering and treating the women as mere articles of property, the men naturally repose no confidence in them, and never condescend to make them acquainted with their plans. If they intend to make an attack upon another tribe, or to organize an expedition for robbery, they carefully conceal it from the weaker sex, thinking that such inferior animals cannot keep secrets, and might betray them to the objects of the intended attack.

The utter contempt which is felt by the native Australians for their women is well illustrated by an adventure which occurred after a dance which had been got up for the benefit of the white men, on the understanding that a certain amount of biscuit should be given to the dancers. When the performance was over, the biscuit was injudiciously handed to a woman for distribution. A misunderstanding at once took place. The men, although they would not hesitate to take away the biscuit by force, would not condescend to ask a woman for it and therefore considered that the promised payment had not been made to them. Some of them, after muttering their discontent, slipped a way for their spears and throwing sticks, and the whole place was in a turmoil.

Fortunately, in order to amuse the natives, the white visitors, who had never thought of the offence that they had given, sent up a few rockets, which frightened the people for a time, and then burned a blue light. As the brilliant rays pierced the

dark recesses of the forest, they disclosed numbers of armed men among the trees, some alone and others in groups, but all evidently watching the movements of the visitors whose conduct had so deeply insulted them. A friendly native saw their danger at once, and hurried them off to their boats, saying that spears would soon be thrown.

There was much excuse to be found for them. They had been subjected to one of the grossest insults that warriors could receive. To them, women were little better than dogs, and, if there were any food, the warriors first satisfied their own hunger, and then threw to the women any fragments that might be left. Therefore, that a woman—a mere household chattel—should be deputed to distribute food to warriors was a gross, intolerable, and, as they naturally thought, intentional insult. It was equivalent to degrading them from their rank as men and warriors, and making them even of less account than women. No wonder, then, that their anger was roused, and the only matter of surprise is that an attack was not immediately made. Australian warriors have their own ideas of chivalry, and, like the knights of old, feel themselves bound to resent the smallest aspersion cast upon their honor.

Mr. McGillivray, who narrates this anecdote makes a few remarks which are most valuable, as showing the errors which are too often committed when dealing with savages, not only those of Australia, but of other countries.

"I have alluded to this occurrence, trivial as it may appear, not without an object. It serves as an illustration of the policy of respecting the known customs of the Australian race, even in apparently trifling matters, at least during the early period of intercourse with a tribe, and shows how a little want of judgment in the director of our party caused the most friendly intentions to be misunderstood, and might have led to fatal results.

"I must confess that I should have considered any injury sustained on our side to have been most richly merited. Moreover, I am convinced that some at least of the collisions which have taken place in Australia between the first European visitors and the natives of any given district have originated in causes of offence brought on by the indiscretion of one or more of the party, and revenged on others who were innocent."

Mr. McGillivray then proceeds to mention the well-known case of the night attack on Mr. Leichhardt's expedition. For no apparent reason, a violent assault was made on the camp, and Mr. Gilbert was killed. The reason of this attack did not transpire until long afterwards, when a native attached to the expedition divulged, in a

state of intoxication, the fact that he and a fellow-countryman had grossly insulted a native woman.

Yet, in spite of this brutal treatment, the women often show a depth of affectionate feeling which raises them far above the brutal savages that enslave them. One remarkable instance of this feeling is mentioned by Mr. Bennett. She had formed an attachment to an escaped convict, who became a bushranger, and enabled him, by her industry and courage, to prolong the always precarious life of a bushranger beyond the ordinary limits.

The chief dangers that beset these ruffians are the necessity for procuring food, and the water which is always kept by the police. Her native skill enabled her to supply him with food, and, while he was lying concealed, she used to fish, hunt, dig roots, and then to cook them for him. Her native quickness of eye and ear enabled her to detect the approach of the police, and, by the instinctive cunning with which these blacks are gifted, she repeatedly threw the pursuers off the scout. He was utterly unworthy of the affection which she bestowed on him, and used to beat her unmercifully; but, undeterred by his cruelty, she never flagged in her exertions for his welfare; and on one occasion, while he was actually engaged in ill-treating her, the police came upon his place of refuge, and must have captured him, had she not again misled them, and sent them to a spot far from the place where he was hidden. At last, he ventured out too boldly, during her accidental absence, was captured, tried and hanged. But up to the last this faithful creature never deserted him, and, even when he was imprisoned, she tried to follow him, but was reclaimed by her tribe.

When a native woman is about to become a mother she retires into the bush, sometimes alone, but generally accompanied by a female friend, and, owing to the strong constitution of these women, seldom remains in her retirement more than a day or so. Among the natives of Victoria, the ceremony attending the birth of a child is rather curious, and is amusingly described by Mr. Lloyd: "While upon the subject of the Australian aborigines, I must not omit to describe the very original *modus operandi* of the indigenous *sage femme*."

"The unhappy loobra (native woman) retired with her wise woman into some lone secluded dell, abounding with light sea-sand. A fire was kindled, and the wretched miamiam speedily constructed. Then came the slender repast, comprising a spare morsel of kangaroo or other meat, supplied with a sparing hand by her stoical coolie (male native), grilled, and graced with the tendrils of green opiate cow-thistles, or the succulent roots of the bulbous leaf 'mernong.'

"The sable attendant soon entered upon

her interesting duties. One of the first was, to light a second fire over a quantity of prepared sand, that had been carefully divested of all fibrous roots, pebbles, or coarser matter. The burning coals and faggots were removed from thence, upon some nice calculation as to the period of the unfortunate little nigger's arrival. When the miniature representative of his sable father beheld the light of day, a hole was scratched in the heated sand, and the wee russet-brown thing safely deposited therein, in a state of perfect nudity, and buried to the very chin, so effectually covered up as to render any objectionable movement on his or her part utterly impossible.

"So far as any infantine ebullitions of feeling were concerned, the learned *sages femmes* appeared to have a thorough knowledge as to the world-wide method of treating the mewling and puking importunities of unreasoning nurslings. They knew well that a two-hours' sojourn in the desert sand, warm as it might be, would do much to cool the new comer, and temper it into compliance. At the expiration of that time, having acquired so much knowledge of earthly troubles, the well-baked juvenile was considered to be thoroughly done, and thereupon introduced to his delighted loobra mamma."

Following the custom of many savage nations, the Australians too often destroy their children in their first infancy. Among the Maragul tribes the practice is very common. It has already been mentioned that the girls live very unrestrainedly before marriage, and the result is, that a young woman will sometimes have several children before her marriage. As a general rule, these children are at once killed, unless the father be desirous of preserving them. This, however, is seldom the case, and he usually gives the order "Márana teio," i. e. Throw it into the hole, when the poor little thing is at once buried alive. Even those children which are born after marriage are not always preserved. In the first place, a woman will scarcely ever take charge of more than three children, and many a female child is destroyed where a male would be allowed to live.

All children who have any bodily defect are sure to be killed, and, as a general rule, half-caste children are seldom allowed to live. The mothers are usually ashamed to acknowledge these murders, but in one case the unnatural parent openly avowed the deed, saying that the infant was like a waragul, i. e. the native dog or dingo. The fact was that its father was a sailor who had fiery red hair, and his offspring partook of the same rufous complexion. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, one of which may be found in the case of the poor woman who was so faithful to her convict mate. She had a male child, which was brought up by

the tribe to which she belonged, and they were so fond of him that they refused to give him up when some benevolent persons tried to obtain possession of him in order to educate him in civilization.

If, however, the child is allowed to live, the Australian mother is a very affectionate one, tending her offspring with the greatest care, and in her own wild way being as loving a parent as can be found in any part of the world. The engraving No. 2, on the next page, illustrates this devotion of Australian mothers to their children.

In nothing is this affection better shown than in the case of a child's death. Although she might have consigned it when an infant to a living grave without a pang of remorse, yet, when it dies after having been nurtured by her, she exhibits a steady sorrow that exhibits the depth of affection with which she regarded the child. When it dies, she swathes the body in many wrappers, places it in her net-bul, or native wallet,

and carries it about with her as if it were alive. She never parts with it for a moment. When she eats she offers food to the dead corpse, as if it were still alive, and when she lies down to sleep, she lays her head upon the wallet, which serves her as a pillow. The progress of decay has no effect upon her, and though the body becomes so offensive that no one can come near her, she seems unconscious of it, and never dreams of abandoning the dreadful burden. In process of time nothing is left but the mere bones, but even these are tended in the same loving manner, and even after the lapse of years the mother has been known to bear, in addition to her other burdens, the remains of her dead child. Even when the child has been from six to seven years old she will treat it in the same manner, and, with this burden on her back, will continue to discharge her heavy domestic duties.

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(1.) AN AUSTRALIAN FEAST. (See page 763.)



(2.) AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS.

(See page 753.)

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CHAPTER LXXV.

AUSTRALIA—*Continued.*

FROM CHILDHOOD TO MANHOOD.

AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN—CEREMONIES ATTENDANT ON BECOMING MEN—ADMISSION TO THE RANK OF HUNTER—CEREMONY OF THE KANGAROO—THE KORADJES AND THEIR DUTIES—KNOCKING OUT THE TOOTH—TRIAL BY ENDURANCE—TEST OF DETERMINATION—THE MAGIC CRYSTAL—THE FINAL FEAST—INITIATION AMONG THE MOORUNDI AND PARNKALLA TRIBE—THE WITARNA, AND ITS DREADED SOUND—THE WHISPERERS—TAKING THE SECOND DEGREE—THE APRON AND HEAD-NET—THE THIRD AND LAST CEREMONY—ENDURANCE OF PAIN—A NAUO MAN—STORY OF GI'OM—MAKING KOTAIGA OR BROTHERHOOD.

AUSTRALIAN children, while they remain children, and as such are under the dominion of their mothers, are rather engaging little creatures. They cannot be called pretty, partly owing to the total neglect, or rather ignorance, of personal cleanliness, and partly on account of the diet with which they are fed. Their eyes are soft, and possess the half-wistful, half-wild expression that so peculiarly distinguishes the young savage. But they are never washed except by accident, their profuse black hair wanders in unkempt masses over their heads, and their stomachs protrude exactly like those of the young African savage.

In process of time they lose all these characteristics. The wistful expression dies out of their eyes, while the restless, suspicious glance of the savage takes its place. They become quarrelsome, headstrong, and insubordinate, and, after exhibiting these qualifications for a higher rank in life, they become candidates for admission into the rights and privileges of manhood. Among civilized nations, attaining legal majority is a simple process enough, merely consisting of waiting until the candidate is old enough; but with many savage nations, and specially with the Australians, the process of becoming men is a long, intricate, and singularly painful series of ceremonies.

These rites vary according to the locality in which they are celebrated, but they all

agree in one point, namely,—in causing very severe pain to the initiates, and testing to the utmost their endurance of pain. As many of these rites are almost identical in different tribes, I shall not repeat any of them, but only mention those points in which the ceremonies differ from each other.

One of these customs, which seems to belong to almost every variety of savage life, namely, the loss of certain teeth, flourishes among the Australians. The mode of extracting the teeth is simple enough. The men who conduct the ceremony pretend to be very ill, swoon, and writhe on the ground, and are treated after the usual method of healing the sick, *i. e.* their friends make a great howling and shouting, dance round them, and hit them on the back, until each sick man produces a piece of sharp bone.

This ceremony being intended to give the initiates power over the various animals, a series of appropriate ceremonies are performed. On the morning after the sharp bones have been mysteriously produced, the Koradjies, or operators, dress themselves up with bits of fur and other decorations, which are conventionally accepted as representing the dingo, or native dog. The wooden sword, which is thrust into a belt, sticks up over the back, and takes the place of the tail. The boys are then made to sit on the ground, while the koradjies run

round and round them on all fours, thus representing dogs, and giving the lads to understand that the succeeding ceremony will give them power over dogs. In token of this power, each time that they pass the boys they throw sand and dust over them.

Here it must be remarked that the Australian natives are great dog-fanciers, the dog being to them what the pig is to the Sandwich Islanders. There is scarcely a lad who does not possess at least one dog, and many have several, of which they take charge from earliest puppyhood, and which accompany their masters wherever they go. Besides their value as companions, these dogs are useful for another reason. They are a safeguard against famine; for when a man is in danger of starving, he is sure to rescue himself by killing and cooking his faithful dog. The animal has never cost him any trouble. It forages for itself as it best can, and always adheres to its owner, and is always at hand when wanted. The object, therefore, of the first part of the ceremony is to intimate to the lads that they are not only to have dominion over the dogs, but that they ought to possess its excellent qualities.

The next part of the ceremony is intended to give them power over the kangaroos.

Accordingly, a stout native now appears on the scene, bearing on his shoulders the rude effigy of a kangaroo, made of grass; and after him walks another man with a load of brushwood. The men move with measured steps, in time to the strokes of clubs upon shields, wherewith the spectators accompany the songs which they sing. At the end of the dance, the men lay their burdens at the feet of the youths, the grass effigy signifying the kangaroo, and the brushwood being accepted as a sign of its haunts.

The koradjees now take upon themselves the character of the kangaroo, as they formerly personated the dog. They make long ropes of grass in imitation of the kangaroo's tail, and fasten them at the back of their girdles. They then imitate the various movements of the kangaroo, such as leaping, feeding, rising on their feet and looking about them, or lying down on their sides and scratching themselves, as kangaroos do when basking in the sun. As they go through these performances, several men enact the part of hunters, and follow them with their spears, pretending to steal upon them unobserved, and so to kill them.

After a few more ceremonies, the men lie on the ground, and the boys are led over their prostrate bodies, the men groaning and writhing, and pretending to suffer horrible agony from the contact with uninitiates. At last the boys are drawn up in a row, and opposite to them stands the principal koradjee, holding his shield and waddy, with which he keeps up a series of regular

strokes, the whole party poling their spears at him, and at every third stroke touching his shield.

The operators now proceed to the actual removal of the tooth. The initiates are placed on the shoulders of men seated on the ground, and the operator then lances the gums freely with the sharp bone. One end of a wummerah, or throw-stick, is next placed on the tooth, and a sharp blow is struck with the stone, knocking out the tooth, and often a piece of gum also if the lancing has not been properly done.

Among another tribe, the initiate is seated opposite a tree. A stick is then placed against the trunk of the tree, with its other end resting on the tooth. The operator suddenly pushes the lad's head forward, when, as a matter of course, the tooth comes out. The blood is allowed to flow over the spot, and, as it is a sign of manhood, is never washed off.

The tooth being finally extracted, the boy is led to a distance, and his friends press the wounded gum together, and dress him in the emblems of his rank as a man. The opossum fur belt, or kumcel, is fastened round his waist, and in it is thrust the wooden sword, which he, as a warrior, is now expected to use. A bandago is tied round his forehead, in which are stuck a number of grass-tree leaves; his left hand is placed over his mouth, and for the rest of the day he is not allowed to eat.

In some parts of the country there is a curious addition to the mere loss of the tooth. The warriors stand over the lad, exhorting him to patience, and threatening him with instant death if he should flinch, cry out, or show any signs of pain. The operators then deliberately cut long gashes all down his back, and others upon his shoulders. Should he groan, or display any symptoms of suffering, the operators give three long and piercing yells, as a sign that the youth is unworthy to be a warrior. The women are summoned, and the recreant is handed over to them, ever after to be ranked with the women, and share in their menial and despised tasks.

Even after passing the bodily ordeal, he has to undergo a mental trial. There is a certain mysterious piece of crystal to which various magic powers are attributed, and which is only allowed to be seen by men, who wear it in their hair, tied up in a little packet. This crystal, and the use to which it is put, will be described when we come to treat of medicine among the Australians.

The youth having been formally admitted as a huntsman, another ring is formed round him, in order to see whether his firmness of mind corresponds with his endurance of body. Into the hands of the named and bleeding candidato the mysterious crystal is placed. As soon as he has taken it, the old men endeavor by all their arts to persuade

him to give it up again. Should he be weak-minded enough to yield, he is rejected as a warrior; and not until he has successfully resisted all their threats and cajoleries is he finally admitted into the rank of men.

The ceremony being over, a piercing yell is set up as a signal for the women to return to the camp, and the newly-admitted man follows them, accompanied by their friends, all chanting a song of joy, called the *korinda braia*. They then separate to their respective fires, where they hold great feasts and rejoicings (see engraving No. 1, page 759); and the ceremonies are concluded with the dances in which the Australians so much delight.

As may be gathered from the account of these ceremonies, the lad who is admitted into the society of hunters thinks very much of himself, and addresses himself to the largest game of Australia; namely, the emu and the dingo. When he has succeeded in killing either of these creatures, he makes a trophy, which he carries about for some time, as a proof that he is doing credit to his profession. This trophy consists of a stick, a yard or so in length, to one end of which is tied the tail of the first dingo he kills, or a huge tuft of feathers from the first emu. These trophies he displays everywhere, and is as proud of them as an English lad of his first brush, or of his first pheasant's tail.

Among the Moorundi natives, who live on the great Murray River, another ceremony is practised. When the lads are about sixteen years old, and begin to grow the beard and moustache which become so luxuriant in their after-life, preparations are quietly made by sending for some men from a friendly tribe, who are called, from their office, the *wearoos*, or pluckers. When they have arrived, the lads who have been selected are suddenly pounced upon by some one of their own tribe, and conducted to the place of initiation, which is marked by two spears set in the ground, inclining to each other, and being decorated with bunches of emu feathers. They are then smeared over with red ochre and grease, and the women flock round them, crying bitterly, and cutting their own legs with mussel-shells, until they inflict horrible gashes, and cause the blood to flow abundantly. In fact, a stranger would think that the women, and not the lads, were the initiates.

The boys lie down, with their heads to the spears, surrounded by their anxious friends, who watch them attentively to see if they display any indications of finching from pain. The *wearoos* now advance, and pluck off every hair from their bodies, thus causing a long and irritating torture. When they have endured this process, green branches are produced, and fastened to the bodies of the lads, one being worn as an apron, and the others under the arms. Two kangaroo teeth are then fastened in the

hair, and the young men, as they are now termed, are entitled to wear a bunch of emu feathers in their hair.

With another tribe there is a curious variation. The initiate is brought to the selected spot by an old man, and laid on his back in the midst of five fires, each fire consisting of three pieces of wood laid across each other so as to form a triangle. An opossum-skin bag is laid on his face, and the various operations are then performed.

Among the Parkallas, and other western tribes, there are no less than three distinct ceremonies before the boys are acknowledged as men.

The first ceremony is a very simple one. When the boys are twelve or fifteen years old, they are carried away from the women, and are blindfolded. The operators then begin to shout the words "Herri, herri" with the full force of their lungs, swinging at the same time the mysterious instrument called the *witarna*.

This mysterious implement is a small shuttle-shaped piece of wood, covered with carved ornaments, and being suspended, by a hole cut at one end, from a string made of plaited human hair. When swung rapidly in the air, it makes a loud humming or booming sound. The *witarna* is kept by the old men of the tribe, and is invested with sundry and somewhat contradictory attributes. Its sound is supposed to drive away evil spirits, and at the same time to be very injurious to women and children, no uninitiated being allowed to hear it. Consequently the women are horribly afraid of it, and take care to remove themselves and their children so far from the place of initiation that there is no chance of being reached by the dreaded sound.

When the *witarna* has been duly swung, and the blindfolded boys have for the first time heard its booming sound, the operators advance, and blacken the faces of the boys, ordering them at the same time to cease from using their natural voices, and not to speak above a whisper until they are released from their bondage. They remain whisperers for several months, and, when they resume their voices, assume the title of *warrara*.

They remain in the condition of *warrara* for at least two, and sometimes three years, when they undergo a ceremony resembling the circumcision of the Jews. Their hair is tied in a bunch on the top of the head, is not allowed to be cut, and is secured by a net.

The net used for this purpose is made out of the tendons drawn from the tails of kangaroos. When they kill one of these animals, the natives always reserve the tendons, dry them carefully in the sun, and keep them in reserve for the many uses to which they are put. The sinews taken from the leg of the emu are dried and prepared in the same manner. In order to convert the sinew

into thread, two of the fibres are taken and rolled upon the thigh, just as is done with the fibre of the bulrush root. A thread of many yards long is thus spun, and is formed into a net with meshes made exactly after the European fashion. Sometimes it is left plain, but usually it is colored with red ochre, or white with pipe-clay, according to the taste of the wearer. These tendons, by the way, are valued by the white colonists, who use them chiefly for whip-lashes, and say that the tendon is more durable than any other material.

The initiates of the second degree are also distinguished by wearing a bell-shaped apron, made of opossum fur spun together, and called "mabblirringe." This is worn until the third and last ceremony. The young men are now distinguished by the name of Partnapas, and are permitted to marry, though they are not as yet considered as belonging to the caste, if we may so call it, of warriors.

Even now, the young men have not suffered sufficient pain to take their full rank, and in course of time a ceremony takes place in which they become, so to speak, different beings, and change, not only their appearance, but their names. Up to this time, they have borne the names given to them by their mothers in childhood, names which are always of a trivial character, and which are mostly numeral. For example, if the first child be a boy, it is called Peri (*i. e.* Primus); if a girl, Kartanya (*i. e.* Prima). The second boy is Wari (or Secundus), the second girl Waruyan, and so on. Sometimes the name is taken from the place where the child was born, or from some accidental circumstance, such as the appearance of a bird or insect, or the falling of a shower of rain. But, when the youth becomes a man, he puts away this childish name, and chooses another for himself, which marks him out as a man and a warrior. The process of converting a lad into a man is admirably told by Mr. G. F. Angas:—

"In the third and last ceremony the young men are styled *Wilyalkanye*, when the most important rites take place. Each individual has a sponsor chosen for him, who is laid on his back upon another man's lap, and surrounded by the operators, who enjoin him to discharge his duties aright. The young men are then led away from the camp, and blindfolded; the women lamenting and crying, and pretending to object to their removal.

"They are taken to a retired spot, laid upon their stomachs, and entirely covered over with kangaroo skins; the men entering the most dismal wail imaginable, at intervals of from three to five minutes. After lying thus for some time, the lads are raised, and, whilst still blindfolded, two men throw green boughs at them, while the others stand

in a semicircle around, making a noise with their *wirris* and voices combined, which is so horrible that the wild dogs swell the hideous chorus with their howlings. Suddenly one of the party drops a bough, others follow; and a platform of boughs is made, on which the lads are laid out. The sponsors then turn to and sharpen their pieces of quartz, choosing a new name for each lad, which is retailed by him during life. These names all end either in *atta*, *illi*, or *ulta*. Previous to this day they have borne the names of their birth-places, &c.; which is always the case amongst the women, who never change them afterward. The sponsors now open the veins of their own arms, and, raising the lads, open their mouths, and make them swallow the first quantity of blood.

"The lads are then placed on their hands and knees, and the blood caused to run over their backs, so as to form one coagulated mass; and when this is sufficiently cohesive, one man marks the places for the tattooing by removing the blood with his thumb nail. The sponsor now commences with his quartz, forming a deep incision in the nape of the neck, and then cutting broad gashes from the shoulder to the hip down each side, about an inch apart. These gashes are pulled open by the fingers as far as possible; the men all the while repeating very rapidly, in a low voice, the following incantation:—

"Kanya, marra, marra,
Kauo, marra, marra,
Pilbirri, marra, marra."

When the cutting is over, two men take the *witarnas*, and swing them rapidly round their heads, advancing all the time toward the young men. The whole body of operators now draw round them, singing and beating their *wirris*, and, as they reach the lads, each man puts the string of the *witarna* over the neck of every lad in succession. A bunch of green leaves is tied round the waist, above which is a girdle of human hair; a tight string is fastened round each arm just above the elbow, with another about the neck, which descends down the back, and is fixed to the girdle of hair; and their faces and the upper part of their bodies, as far as the waist, are blackened with charcoal.

"The ceremony concludes by the men all clustering round the initiated ones, enjoining them again to whisper for some months, and bestowing upon them their advice as regards hunting, fighting and contempt of pain. All these ceremonies are carefully kept from the sight of the women and children; who, when they hear the sound of the *witarna*, hide their heads, and exhibit every outward sign of terror."

The illustration No. 1, on page 705, is given in order to show the curious appearance

(1) MINTALTA, A NAIVO MAN.
(See page 761.)



(2) YOUNG MAN AND BOY. (South Australia.) (See page 771.)



(3) TOMB OF SKULLS. (Cape York.) (See page 773.)



(4) SMALL STONE HUT FOR CURE OF DISEASE. (See p. 771.)



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which is sometimes presented by the men when they have successfully passed through their various ordeals. The name of the man was Mintalta, and he belonged to the Nauo tribe, which lives near Coffin's Bay. In his hand he holds the waddy, and, by way of apron, he wears a bunch of emu feathers. Across his breast are seen the bold ridges which mark his rank as a man, and others are seen upon his arms. His beard is gathered into a long pointed tuft, and decorated with a little bunch of white cockatoo feathers at the tip. In his hair he wears two curious ornaments. These are not feather plumes, as they seem to be in the illustration, but are simply slender sticks of white wood, scraped so as to let the shavings adhere by one end. Indeed, they are made exactly like those little wooden brooms that are sometimes hawked by German girls about the streets, or, to use a more familiar simile, like the curly-branched trees in children's toy-boxes.

Many of the particulars which have been and will be related of the domestic life of the Australians were obtained in a very curious manner. In the autumn of 1849 some persons belonging to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* were out shooting, when they came across a native woman, or gin, dressed rather better than the generality of native women, as she wore a narrow apron of leaves. To their astonishment, the supposed gin addressed them in English, saying that she was a white woman, and desired their help. They immediately furnished her with some clothing, and brought her on board the *Rattlesnake*, where she contrived to make known her sad story. Her name was Thomson, and she was the widow of the owner of a small vessel. Cruising one day in search of a wreck, the pilot missed his way, a gale of wind came on, and the vessel was dashed on a reef on the Eastern Prince of Wales Island. The men tried to swim on shore through the surf, but were drowned, while the woman was saved by a party of natives, who came on board the wreck after the gale had subsided, and took her ashore.

The tribe into whose hands she had fallen was the Kowrárega, which inhabits Muralug, on the Western Prince of Wales Island. When she got ashore, one of the principal men, who fully held the popular idea that the white men are the ghosts of dead natives, recognized in Mrs. Thomson a daughter named Gi'om, who had long ago died. He accordingly took her home as his daughter, she was acknowledged by the tribe as one of themselves, and was forced to become the wife of one of the natives, called Boroto.

For nearly five years she was kept prisoner by the blacks, and, although she could see many English ships pass within a few miles, she was so closely watched that escape was hopeless. At last, when the smoke sig-

nals told the tribe that another vessel was approaching, Gi'om cleverly worked on the cupidity of the aborigines, and persuaded them to take her to the mainland, promising them to procure plenty of axes, knives, tobacco, and other things which an Australian savage values above all things, and saying that she had lived so long with the natives that she could not think of leaving them. When she was safely lodged on board, many of her friends came to see her, bringing presents of fish and turtle, but always expecting an equivalent. Boroto was one of the visitors, and in vain tried to persuade her to return. When she definitely refused, he became very angry, and left the ship in a passion, declaring that, if he or any of his friends could catch her ashore, they would take off her head and carry it to Muralug. Not feeling the least doubt that the threat would be fulfilled, she never ventured on shore near those parts of the coast which the Kowráregas seemed likely to visit.

Being a woman of no education, she had in the course of her sojourn among the natives almost forgotten how to express herself in her native tongue, and for some time mixed Kowrárega words and phrases with English in a very curious manner. A vast amount of valuable information was obtained from her, but, when she was restored to civilization, she forgot the language and customs of savage life with singular rapidity, her untrained mind being unable to comprehend the mutual relationship of ideas, and utterly incapable of generalization.

From her was learned the curious but dreadful fact that many of the really unprovoked assaults on ships' crews while unsuspectingly visiting the shore were instigated by white men, who had degraded themselves into companionship with native tribes, and, by reason of their superior knowledge, had gained a supremacy over them. One of these men had lived with the Badu tribe many years, and, having heard of a white woman among the Kowráregas, visited Muralug, and tried to induce Gi'om to leave Boroto and share his fortunes. Who he was is not known. He goes by the name of Wini, and is supposed to be an escaped convict, who repels the visits of English ships, lest he should be captured and sent back to prison. By means of his instigations, the Badu people became so violently opposed to all white men that any European who visited that part of the country would do so at the imminent hazard of his life.

Among many of these tribes, there is a custom which is common also to many savages in all parts of the world. This is the custom of making "kotaiga," or brotherhood, with strangers. When Europeans visit their districts, and behave as they ought to do, the natives generally unite themselves in bonds of fellowship with the strangers, each selecting one of them as

his kotalga. The new relations are then considered as having mutual responsibilities, each being bound to forward the welfare of the other.

The memory of the natives is wonderful, and, even if a ship does not repeat a visit until after a lapse of several years, no sooner does she arrive than the natives swarm on board, and at once pick out their kotalgas. They bring presents to their guests while on board; they accompany them joyfully to the shore; they carry their bags and haversacks for them; they take them on hunting,

shooting, and fishing excursions, point out the game, retrieve it, no matter where it may have fallen, and carry it home on their shoulders rejoicing. Of course they expect biscuit and tobacco in return for their kind offices, but the wages are very cheap, and their services are simply invaluable. The rescue of Mr. McGillivray and his party from the threatened attack of the natives was owing to the fact that one of them, the friendly native who gave him warning, and saw him and his party safely off in their boats, was his kotalga, and bound in honor to save him.

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CHAPTER LXXVI.

AUSTRALIA — *Continued.*

MEDICINE, SURGERY, AND THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

BILBOS, OR NATIVE DOCTORS—WOUNDS AND BRUISES—A STRANGE CURE—TREATMENT OF THE HEAD-ACHE—A DREAM AND ITS RESULTS—THE MAGIC CRYSTAL, OR DOCTOR-STONE—ITS EFFECTS ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN—THE DOCTOR-HOUSE—SUCTION AS A MEANS OF CURE—BELIEF IN CHARMS—THE PARENT'S SKULL—CEREMONIES OF MOURNING—CUTTING THE HEAD AND BODY AS A SIGN OF WOE—DRIVING AWAY THE EVIL SPIRITS—FEAR OF GHOSTS—BURIAL AMONG THE PARINKALLAS AND NAUOS—THE TOMB OF SKULLS—A SUMMARY MODE OF BURIAL—FUNERAL OF BOYS—THE TREE-TOMBS—SMOKING THE WARRIORS—INCONSISTENT BEHAVIOR—BURIAL OF OLD WOMEN—THE WIDOWS' CAPS—RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF THE ABORIGINES—THE VARIOUS EVIL SPIRITS—THE BUNYIP—ROCK AND CAVE PAINTINGS—THEORY OF TRANSMIGRATION.

WE will now see how the Australian natives treat sickness of various kinds. Among them are certain personages called bilbos, or doctors, to whom the sick usually appeal in cases of illness or pain. It is not known, however, whether the mere fact of age gives a man the rank of bilbo, or whether it is attained by sundry ceremonials, as is the case with the Africans and other savages.

The most usual mode of treating any local disease or pain is by pressing the hands upon the affected part, and kneading it, a remedy which is found in every part of the world, and which is really efficacious in many complaints, especially in rheumatic affections, or in sprained or over-exerted muscles. If a limb be wounded, bruised, or sore, the native practitioners tie a fillet tightly above it, for the purpose, as they say, of preventing the malady from reaching the body. Headaches are treated by tying a bandage firmly round the temples, and, if the pain be obstinate, the doctors bleed the patient under the arm, using a sharp piece of quartz as a lancet. The flowing blood is never allowed to be wasted, but is received on the body of the operator, and diligently rubbed into the skin, under the notion that by this process both parties are strengthened. This depends, however, on the sex of the patient, women being never bled, nor allowed to have the blood of any other person sprinkled upon them.

About 1832, a curious disease broke out among the natives of Wellington Valley,

resembling the small-pox in many things, and yet displaying symptoms which scarcely belong to that dread disease, the one fatal scourge of savage tribes. It was preceded by headache, fever, sore-throat, &c., and accompanied by pustules very much resembling those of the small-pox. It was, however, scarcely virulent enough for the real disease, though it was probably a milder form of it, and was subject to the power of vaccine matter. It was not limited to the natives, but attacked many Europeans just like the genuine small-pox, and in one case was fatal.

It is here mentioned on account of the mode of cure adopted by the native doctors. They punctured the pustules with sharp fish-bones, and squeezed them well with the blunt end of their rude lancets, and it is a noteworthy fact that the rate of mortality was very much reduced. Of course the doctors used other modes, whereby they gave their patients confidence in their powers. The chief of these was performed by means of a number of slender rods, six to nine feet in length, which were stuck in the ground in the form of a crescent, and addressed with long speeches and many mysterious gestures. Among the Australians, this disease, whatever it may be, does not strike the abject terror with which it is usually accompanied. Although they know that it is infectious, they do not abandon the sick person, unless perhaps the doctor pronounces the patient incurable; in which

case they save him prolonged pain, and themselves useless trouble, by burying him alive. The native term for this disease is "thunna-thunna," and it is known to have existed when the country was first discovered, so that it is not imported from civilized countries.

Another remarkable kind of cure for the headache is mentioned by Mr. Angas. The patient being seated on the ground, a string is tied round his head, the knot being carefully adjusted to the middle of the forehead. The operator, who is always a woman, seats herself opposite the patient, places the line between her lips, and frets them with it until they bleed freely. The idea is that the disease, attracted by the blood, passes along the line from the patient's head, and is cast out together with the blood.

A very remarkable instance of this mode of cure is related in Tyerman and Bennett's "Voyage round the World." A man had dreamed that he had been speared in the side, and had died in consequence of the wound. Although, when he woke, he knew it was but a dream, he was so frightened that he became very ill, retired to his hut, chose the place of his burial, and lay down to die.

Nearly a week elapsed, during which he could take no food, grew worse and worse, and it was plain that nature would not hold out much longer. The priests—or rather sorcerers, for it cannot be ascertained that the New Hollanders have any other kind of priests, having, in fact, no religious worship—came to do what they could for him with their enchantments. By their order he was carried down to the side of a running water, and tumbled into the stream, where it was pretty deep, head foremost. When taken out, he was rolled in the sand till his body was quite encased with it. This again was washed off by pouring water over him.

"Meanwhile a young woman of the company was perceived plaiting a cord of kangaroo's hair, which, when completed, was bound round his chest, and a knot, very cunningly implicated by one of the operators, was placed over that part of his side into which the spear of his dream had entered. From this knot a line was passed to the young woman who had prepared the bandage. This she drew through her mouth backward and forward (as children sometimes do with a piece of packthread) until she began to spit blood, which was said to be sucked by that process from the wound in the sick man's side. There it was now perceptible that, from whatever cause, a considerable swelling had arisen under the knot. Toward this one of the sorcerers began to stroke the man's flesh from all the adjacent regions of the back, belly, and chest, as though to force the blood thither. He then applied his mouth to the swelling, and, with hideous noises, sometimes sucked it

with his lips, sometimes pressed it violently with his hands, till forth came the point of a spear, four inches in length, which he presented to the astonished spectators and the expecting sufferer, as verily extracted from the man's side.

"Then he applied his mouth again to the swollen part, from which, although there was no visible wound, he appeared to draw blood and corrupt matter, stains of both being soon seen on the swarthy skin. At length, with distended cheeks, as though he had filled his mouth with the abominable matter, he ran about, anxiously looking for a fit place to discharge it upon; but, affecting to find none, he crossed the water, and deposited the nauseous extract behind a bush. The poor man's hopes revived, and he now believed that he should get well again. Mr. Dunlop thereupon sent him some tea, which, however, he would not drink, but requested that it might be given to the sorcerer, and, if he drank it, then it would do himself (the patient) good. He was deceived, disappointed, and died."

The Australians are tolerably good surgeons in a rough-and-ready sort of way, and are clever at setting broken limbs. After bringing the broken ends of the bone together, they support the limb by several pieces of wood which act as splints, and then make the whole secure by bandages, which they often strengthen with gum, exactly as is done in modern surgery.

One of the most powerful remedies employed by the native practitioners is the "doctor-stone." This is nothing but a common quartz crystal; but the doctors aver that they manufacture it themselves, and that the ingredients are kept secret. Like the witarna, mentioned on page 747, women are never allowed even to look upon the doctor-stone, and are impressed with the belief that, if they dared to set their eyes upon the forbidden object, they would be immediately killed by its radiant powers. The larger the crystal, the more valuable is it; and a tolerably large one can scarcely be procured from the natives at any price.

The doctors say that this stone is not only fatal to women, but also destroys men if flung at them with certain incantations. An European settler once challenged a native doctor to say as many charms as he liked, and throw the magic stone as much as he pleased. This offer, however, he declined, giving the usual excuse of savages, that the white man belonged to a totally different order of beings, and, although the poor black fellow would die from the effects of the doctor-stone, the white man was much too powerful to be hurt by it.

The mode in which the crystal is used is very curious, and has been described by an eye-witness.

A native of the Tumat country, named Golong, was suffering from a spear wound

received in a skirmish with a hostile tribe, and was brought to a bilbo, named Baranumbup, to be healed. The patient being laid on the ground outside the encampment so that women could not run the risk of death through the accidental sight of the crystal, the doctor began a close examination of the wound, and sucked it. He then retired to a distance from the patient, muttered some magic words for a minute or so, and placed the crystal in his mouth. Having retained it there for a short time, he removed it, spat on the ground, and with his feet trampled on the saliva, pressing it deeply into the ground. This was repeated several times, and the doctor took his leave.

For several successive evenings the whole of the process was gone through, and the recovery of the patient, which was really rapid, was attributed by all parties to the wonderful efficacy of the doctor-stone. "On making inquiry," writes Dr. Bennett, "why the physician is so careful in trampling the saliva discharged from his mouth into the ground, no satisfactory reason could be obtained, a vague answer only being returned to the query. But it is not improbable that they consider, by this practice, that they finally destroy the power of the evil spirit, extracted by the operation through the virtues of the stone. Some such reason for this proceeding may be inferred from an observation made to any European who may be present at this part of the ceremony, 'that he (i. e. the disease) may not come up again.'"

It is remarkable that a ceremony almost exactly identical in principle is employed by the Guaycura tribe of Brazil. Among them the doctors, or payés, cure local ailments, whether wounds or otherwise, by sucking the part affected, spitting into a hole dug in the ground, and then filling in the earth, as if to bury the complaint.

The Australian doctors make great use of the principle of suction, and employ it in all kinds of cases. If, for example, a patient has a bad pain in his stomach from overeating, or suffers more than he thinks right from the blow of a waddy, the doctor sucks at the afflicted part vigorously, and at last produces from his mouth a piece of bone, or some other hard substance, which he asserts to be the concentrated essence of the pain, or other ailment. The reader may remark that the bones with which the gums of youths are lanced in the ceremonies of initiation are supposed to be produced from the bodies of the operators by means of suction.

A very remarkable curative agent is shown in the illustration No. 3, page 765, which is taken from a sketch by Mr. Baines. It consists of a stone building, which at first sight looks so like an ordinary Druidical reman that it might be taken for one, except for its dimensions. Instead,

however, of being composed of huge stones, each weighing several tons, it is quite a tiny edifice, scarcely larger than the grotto which children erect with oyster-shells. The patient lies in, or rather under it, the aperture being just wide enough to admit his body, and the small roof only covering a very small portion of the inmate. Sundry superstitious rites are employed at the same time, and the remedy is efficacious, like the crystal already mentioned, in consequence of enlisting the imagination of the sufferer.

These little buildings are found along the Victoria River, and for a considerable time the object for which they were built greatly puzzled the discoverers.

A medicine scarcely less efficacious than the doctor's stone is human fat, which is carefully preserved, and administered by being rubbed in and around the affected part. As, however, it is highly valued by the warriors it is not easily procured, and had it to be taken solely from the bodies of slain enemies, would in all probability never be used at all. The efficacy of this repulsive remedy does not depend on the individual from whom it is taken, that of a child or woman being quite as useful as that of a warrior.

According to Mr. G. T. Lloyd, the practice of deserting the helpless is found in Australia as well as in other countries, and is practised exactly as is the case in Africa. When a person is ill the relations, as a rule, do not trouble themselves to visit the sick person, and, when there is no apparent hope of recovery, a supply of food and firing enough to last them for several days is left near them, and they are then abandoned to their fate. Even in the case of poor old Tarmeenia, mentioned on page 747, the son, although he carried his wounded father more than four miles in order to place him in safety, never once came to see him.

Seeing that the natives place such implicit faith in the healing power of the doctor's stone, it is natural that they should also believe in sundry charms as preservatives against disease and misfortune. One of these charms is a sort of girdle, several inches wide in the middle, and tapering to a mere thong at each end. If it be made of string prepared from the bulrush root, it is called Taara or Kuretti; and if made of human hair, it goes by the name Godlotti. It is used more as a curative than a preventive, and is mostly found among the tribes of the lower Murray River. The hair, when twisted into thread, is wound upon a curious spindle, consisting of two slender pieces of wood placed across each other at right angles.

Another charm is shown in the illustration No. 2, on the 765th page, slung round the neck of the boy. It is the beak of the black swan, which, from its scarlet color, contrasts well with the black skin of the

wearer. The little boy's name is Rimmilliperingery, and Mr. G. F. Angas remarks that he was an engaging little fellow, and had the largest and softest pair of dark eyes that could be imagined. The elder figure is that of a young man named Tykilli, belonging to the Parnkalla tribe of Port Lincoln. He has been selected as a favorable example of the Australian young man in good circumstances, well-fed, careless, and gay with the unthinking happiness of mere animal life, which finds a joy in the very fact of existence.

Among many of the tribes may be seen a strange sort of ornament, or rather utensil; namely, a drinking-cup made of a human skull. It is slung on cords and carried by them, and the owner takes it wherever he or she goes. These ghastly utensils are made from the skulls of the nearest and dearest relatives; and when an Australian mother dies, it is thought right that her daughter should form the skull of her mother into a drinking-vessel. The preparation is simple enough. The lower jaw is removed, the brains are extracted, and the whole of the skull thoroughly cleaned. A rope handle made of bulrush fibre is then attached to it, and it is considered fit for use. It is filled with water through the vertebral aperture, into which a wisp of grass is always stuffed, so as to prevent the water from being spilled.

Inconsistency is ever the attribute of savage minds. Although they consider that to convert the skull of a parent into a drinking vessel, and to carry it about with them, is an important branch of filial duty, they seem to have no very deep feelings on the subject. In fact, a native named Wooloo sold his mother's skull for a small piece of tobacco. His mind was evidently not comprehensive enough to admit two ideas together, and the objective idea of present tobacco was evidently more powerful than the comparative abstraction of filial reverence.

Mr. Angas saw one which was carried by a little girl ten years of age. Like "Little Nell," she was in attendance upon an old and infirm grandfather, and devoted her little life to him. In nothing was the difference of human customs shown more plainly than in the use of the mother's skull as a drinking vessel—an act which we should consider as the acme of heathen brutality, but with these aborigines is held to be a duty owed by the child to the parent.

Perhaps my classical readers will remember a chapter in Herodotus which bears on this very subject. He finds fault with Cambyzes for breaking into the temples of the Cabeiri, burning their idols, and so hurting the religious feelings of the people; and remarks that he was wary in offending against any religious sentiment, however absurd it might appear to himself. He then

proceeds to tell an anecdote of Darius, who had at his court some "Indians called Callatians," and some Greeks. He asked the Greeks (who always burned their dead, as the Hindoos do now), what bribe would induce them to eat the bodies of their dead parents, and they naturally replied that for no bribe could they perform so horrible a deed. Then, in the presence of the Greeks, he asked the Callatians, who ate their dead (as several savage nations do now), for what sum they would consent to burn the bodies of their dead. They, as it appears from the style of their answer, were even more shocked than the Greeks at the idea of such horrible sacrilege, and would not deign to give a direct answer, but begged Darius to "speak words of good omen." (See *Thalia*, xxxvii. 8.)

A somewhat similar proceeding is narrated in the life of Nussir-er-deen, the late king of Oude. His native ministers, jealous of the influence exercised over him by some of his European friends, complained that the English guests treated the monarch with disrespect, by retaining their shoes in his royal presence. The king, who, enervated as he was by vanity, dissipation, self-indulgence, and flattery, was no fool, immediately proposed a compromise. "Listen to me, nawab; and you, general, listen to me. The King of England is my master, and these gentlemen would go into his presence with their shoes on. Shall they not come into mine, then? Do they come before me with their hats on? Answer me, your excellency."

"They do not, your majesty."
"No, that is *their* way of showing respect. They take off their hats, and *you* take off your shoes. But come now, let us have a bargain. Wallah! but I will get them to take off their shoes and leave them without, as you do, if you will take off your turban and leave it without, as they do." (See Knighton's "Private Life of an Eastern King.")

We now come naturally to the burial of the dead, and the various ceremonies which accompany the time of mourning. Although the relatives seem so careless about the sick person, they really keep a watch, and, as soon as death actually takes place, they announce the fact by loud cries. The women are the principal mourners, and they continue to sob and shriek and moan until they are forced to cease from absolute exhaustion. They cut their bodies until the blood streams freely from their wounds, and some of them chop their own heads with their tomahawks until their shoulders and bodies are covered with blood.

The reader will probably have noticed how widely spread is this custom of wounding the body as a sign of mourning, and especially as a lamentation for the dead. We have seen that it exists in Africa, and we shall see that it is practised in many other countries. That

it was practised in ancient days by the people among whom the Jews lived, we see from several passages of Scripture. See for example Deut. xiv. 1: "Ye shall not cut yourselves, nor make any baldness between your eyes for the dead." Also Jer. xvi. 6: "They shall not be buried, neither shall men lament for them, nor cut themselves, nor make themselves bald for them." There is also the well-known passage concerning the sacrifice that the priests of Baal offered, in the course of which they "cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them."

The body is not disposed of at once, but is suffered to remain for a considerable time, during which decomposition takes place, and is allowed to work its course until the flesh is separated from the bones. The body is watched carefully during the night; and if a passing meteor should appear in the sky, the people shout and wave firebrands in order to drive away a certain evil spirit named *Yimburbar*, which is thought to be the real though invisible cause of death and all calamities, and to haunt the spot where a dead body lies for the purpose of feeding upon it.

When decomposition has done its work, the bones are carefully collected, cleaned, and painted red, after which they are wrapped up in bark, and carried about with the tribe for a time. This term being fulfilled, they are finally disposed of in various ways, according to the customs of the tribe to which they belonged. Some tribes scoop holes in soft rocks, and place the remains therein, while others prefer hollow trees for that purpose. Sometimes the body is placed in the cave without being reduced to a skeleton, and in some places the soil is of such a nature that the body becomes dried before decomposition can proceed very far. During the Exhibition of 1862 one of these desiccated bodies was exhibited in England, and called the "petrified" man. It was, however, nothing but a shrivelled and dried-up body, such as is often found in very dry soils.

Near the Murrumbidgee River, in the Wellington Valley, there is a remarkable stalactitic cavern, divided into several "halls." This cavern is, or has been, a favorite burying-place of the aborigines, who seem to have employed it for the same purpose that Abraham purchased the cave of Machpelah. In consequence of the use of the cavern as a burial place, the natives are rather nervous about entering it, and they flatly refuse to venture into the darker recesses, for fear of the "dibbil-dibbil." When Dr. Bennett visited it in 1832, he found in a small side cave the skeleton of a woman. The bones had been placed there nearly twenty years before.

The Parnkalla and Nano tribes have another mode of burial, which somewhat resembles that which is employed by the Bechuannas. The body is placed in a crouching

or squatting position, such as is employed by the natives when sitting, the knees being drawn up to the chin, the legs close to the body, and the hands clasped over the legs. Examples of this attitude may be seen in many of the illustrations. A circular pit or grave, about five feet in depth, is then dug, and after the body is lowered into the pit a number of sticks are laid over the grave, nearly touching one another. A thick layer of leaves and another of grass are then placed on the sticks, and over all is heaped the earth which has been dug out of the pit, so that the grave looks something like a huge anthill.

In Northern Australia the natives have a curious method of disposing of the dead. They gather the skulls together, and heap them into a circular mound, placing stones round them to keep them in their places. They do not cover the skulls, but make the tomb in an open and conspicuous place. Such a tomb is illustrated on page 765.

The blacks of the Clarence River build monuments which are somewhat similar in appearance, but are made of different materials. They place a number of stones in a circle, and in the centre they erect an upright slab of stone. They can give no reason for this custom, but only say that "black-fella make it so," or "it belong to black-fella." The former reply signifies that the custom has always prevailed among the natives; and the second, that the tomb shows that a native lies buried beneath the upright stone.

Some of the tribes along the Clarence River have a curious mode of disposing of the dead—a mode which certainly has its advantages in its great economy of trouble. When an old man feels that the hand of death is on him, he looks out for a hollow tree, climbs it, lets himself down to the bottom of the hollow, and so dies in his tomb.

In New South Wales the young people are buried beneath small tumuli, but the adults are buried in a rather curious fashion. A pile of dry wood, leaves, &c. is built, about three feet in height and six or seven in length. On the pile the body is laid on its back, having the face directed toward the rising sun. The fishing apparatus, spears, and other weapons and implements of the dead man are next laid on the pile, and the body is then covered over with large logs of wood. The pile is fired by the nearest relative, and on the following day, when the place is cool, the ashes of the dead are collected, and carefully buried.

Should a woman die, leaving an unwedded child, the poor little creature is buried together with the ashes of its mother. The natives defend this practice as a humane one, saying, with savage justice, that it is better to kill the child speedily than to allow it to pine to death from starvation.

As is the case with many tribes in different parts of the world, as soon as any one

dies the name borne by the deceased is no more mentioned. So strictly is this rule observed, that if another member of the tribe should happen to bear the same name, it must be abandoned, and a new name taken, by which the bearer will ever afterward be known.

Mr. Angas, to whom we are indebted for so much of our knowledge of the Australians, gives an interesting account of the burial of a boy, as described to him by an eye-witness :

"Previously to burying the corpse of the boy, a contest with clubs and spears took place, but no injury was done to the parties engaged. The body was placed in a bark canoe, cut to the proper length, a spear, a fishing-spear, and a throwing-stick, with several other articles, being placed besides the corpse. The women and children made great lamentations during the ceremony, and the father stood apart, a picture of silent grief.

"The canoe was placed on the heads of two natives, who proceeded with it slowly toward the grave; some of the attendants waving tufts of dried grass backward and forward under the canoe and amongst the bushes as they passed along. The grave being dug, a native strewed it with grass, and stretched himself at full length in the grave, first on his back and then on his side. As they were about to let down the child into the grave, they first pointed to the deceased and then to the skies, as though they had a vague idea that the spirit had ascended to another world.

"The body was then laid in the grave, with the face looking toward the rising sun, and, in order that the sunshine might fall upon the spot, care was taken to cut down all shrubs around that could in any way obstruct its beams. Branches were placed over the grave, grass and boughs on them, and the whole was crowned with a log of wood, on which a native extended himself for some minutes, with his face to the sky."

At the beginning of this description is mentioned a sham fight. This is held in consequence of a curious notion prevalent among the aborigines, that death from natural causes must be ransomed with blood. It suffices if blood be drawn even from a friend, and the mode by which they make the required offering, and at the same time gratify their combative nature, is by getting up a sham fight, in which some one is nearly sure to be wounded more or less severely.

Sometimes the body of the dead man is disposed of rather oddly. In some parts of Australia the natives, instead of consuming the body by fire, or hiding it in caves or in graves, make it a peculiarly conspicuous object. Should a tree grow favorably for their purpose, they will employ it as the final resting-place of the dead body. Lying in its

canoe coffin, and so covered over with leaves and grass that its shape is quite disguised, the body is lifted into a convenient fork of the tree, and lashed to the boughs by native ropes. No further care is taken of it, and if, in process of time, it should be blown out of the tree, no one will take the trouble of replacing it.

Should no tree be growing in the selected spot, an artificial platform is made for the body, by fixing the ends of stout branches in the ground, and connecting them at their tops by smaller horizontal branches. Such are the curious tombs which are represented in the illustration No. 3, on page 775. These strange tombs are mostly placed among the reeds, so that nothing can be more mournful than the sound of the wind as it shakes the reeds below the branch in which the corpse is lying. The object of this aerial tomb is evident enough, namely, to protect the corpse from the dingo, or native dog. That the ravens and other carrion-eating birds should make a banquet upon the body of the dead man does not seem to trouble the survivors in the least, and it often happens that the traveller is told by the croak of the disturbed ravens that the body of a dead Australian is lying in the branches over his head.

The aerial tombs are mostly erected for the bodies of old men who have died a natural death; but when a young warrior has fallen in battle the body is treated in a very different manner. A moderately high platform is erected, and upon this is seated the body of the dead warrior, with the face toward the rising sun. The legs are crossed, and the arms kept extended by means of sticks. The fat is then removed, and, after being mixed with red ochre, is rubbed over the body, which has previously been carefully denuded of hair, as is done in the ceremony of initiation. The legs and arms are covered with zebra-like stripes of red, white, and yellow, and the weapons of the dead man are laid across his lap.

The body being thus arranged, fires are lighted under the platform, and kept up for ten days or more, during the whole of which time the friends and mourners remain by the body, and are not permitted to speak. Sentinels relieve each other at appointed intervals, their duty being to see that the fires are not suffered to go out, and to keep the flies away by waving leafy boughs or bunches of emu feathers. When a body has been treated in this manner, it becomes hard and mummy-like, and the strangest point is, that the wild dogs will not touch it after it has been so long smoked. It remains sitting on the platform for two months or so, and is then taken down and buried, with the exception of the skull, which is made into a drinking-cup for the nearest relative, as has already been mentioned.

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(1.) CARVED FEATHER BOX, NEW ZEALAND. (See page 813.)



(2.) SMOKING THE BODIES OF SLAIN WARRIORS. (See page 777.)



(3.) TREE TOMBS OF AUSTRALIA. (See page 774.)

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Considering the trouble which is taken in the preparation of these bodies, and the evident respect which is felt for a brave warrior in death as well as in life, the after-treatment of them is very remarkable. When a friend, or even an individual of the same tribe, sees one of these mummified bodies for the first time, he pays no honor to it, but loads it with reproaches, abusing the dead man for dying when the tribe stood in such need of brave and skilful men, and saying that he ought to have known better than to die when there was plenty of food in the country. Then, after contemplating the body for some time, he hurls his spear and club at it, crying out at the same time, "Why did you die? Take that for dying."

In the illustration No. 2, on page 775, two of these bodies are seen seated on the platform, supported by being tied to the uprights by their hands and heads, and having their weapons in their laps. On one side is one of the sentinels engaged in driving away the flies with his flapper, and on the other is a second sentinel bringing fuel for the fire. The seated figures belong to the same tribe.

Around Portland Bay, and toward the south-eastern parts of the continent, the natives have a curious combination of entombment and burning. They let the dead body down into one of the hollow trees, where it is supported in an upright position. A quantity of dry leaves and grass is then heaped upon the tree, and the whole consumed by fire, amid the dismal screams and cries of the women.

It is rather curious that funeral ceremonies are only employed in the case of those whose death is supposed to be a loss to the tribe. Men, and even boys, are therefore honored with funeral rites, because the younger men are warriors, the boys would have been warriors, and the old men have done service by arms, and are still useful for their wisdom. Even young women are buried with some amount of show, because they produce children for the tribe.

But of all beings an old woman is most utterly despised. She can render no service; she has never been considered as anything but a mere domesticated animal, and even for domestic purposes she has ceased to be useful. When she dies, therefore, no one regrets her. She is nothing but a useless burden on her people, consuming food which she does not earn, and sitting by the fire when the younger women are engaged in work. It is nothing to them that she has worn herself out in the hard, thankless, and never ceasing labor which constitutes the life of an Australian woman, and so when she dies her body is drawn away out of the camp by the heels, and stuffed away hastily in some hollow tree or cave that may be most convenient. Sometimes the body is laid on a bough, as has already been described; but even in such a case it is merely

laid on the branch, without being placed in a canoe, or covered with matting, boughs, and leaves, as is the case with the bodies of men. The corpse is allowed to remain on the branch until it falls to pieces; and when any of her relatives choose to take the trouble, they will scrape a hole in the sand and bury the scattered bones.

The shoe-oak, or casuarina, is the tree which is generally selected for this purpose, partly because it is one of the commonest trees of Australia, and partly because the peculiar growth of its boughs affords a firm platform for the corpse.

The time of mourning does not cease with the funeral, nor, in case of a tree-tomb, with the subsequent interment of the bones. At stated times the women, by whom the mourning is chiefly performed, visit the tomb, and with their kattas, or digging-sticks, peck up the earth around them, and make the place look neat. This done they sit down and utter their most doleful cries and lamentations. In some places they content themselves with vocal lamentations, but in others the women think it necessary to show their grief by repeating the head chopping, limb scarring, and other marks of blood-letting which accompany that portion of the funeral ceremonies.

In one part of Australia, near the north-west bend of the Murray, a most remarkable custom prevails. Widows attend upon the tombs of their dead husbands, and, after shaving their heads, cover them with pipe-clay kneaded into a paste. The head is first covered with a net, to prevent the pipe-clay from sticking too tightly to the skin, a misfortune which is partly averted by the amount of grease with which every Australian is anointed.

A layer of this clay more than an inch in thickness is plastered over the head, and when dry it forms a skull-cap exactly fitting the head on which it was moulded, and on account of its weight, which is several pounds, must be very uncomfortable to the wearer. These badges of mourning may be found lying about near the tumuli, and, until their real use was discovered, they were very mysterious objects to travellers. In the illustration No. 1, on the 781st page, is seen a burying place near the river. Several of the mound tombs of the natives are shown, and in the foreground are two widows, seated in the peculiar attitude of Australian women, and wearing the widow's cap of pipe-clay. Several other caps are lying near the tombs, having been already employed in the ceremonies of mourning.

So careful are the natives of the marks of respect due from the survivors to the dead that a widow belonging to one of the tribes on the Clarence River was put to death because she neglected to keep in order the tomb of her late husband, and to dig up periodically the earth around it.

From the disposal of the dead, we are naturally led to the religious belief of the Australians. Like all savages, they are very reticent about their religious feelings, concealing as far as possible their outward observances from the white people, and avowing ignorance. If questioned respecting the meaning of those which have become known to the strangers. Some observances, however, have been explained by Gi'oni, the unfortunate Scotch woman who had to reside so long among the Kowráregas, and others by native converts to Christianity. Even these latter have not been able to shake off the superstitious ideas which they had contracted through the whole of their previous lives, and there is no doubt that they concealed much from their interrogators, and, if pressed too closely, willfully misled them.

The following short account will, however, give an idea of the state of religious feeling among the aborigines, as far as can be ascertained. And, in consequence of the rapid and steady decrease of the native tribes, it is possible that our knowledge of this subject will never be greater than it is at present.

In the first place, there are no grounds for thinking that the aborigines believe in any one Supreme Deity, nor, in fact, in a deity of any kind whatever. As is usual with most savage nations, their belief in supernatural beings is limited to those who are capable of doing mischief, and, although the conception of a beneficent spirit which will do good never seems to enter an Australian's mind, he believes fully, in his misty fashion, in the existence of many evil spirits which will do harm.

Of these there are many. One of them is the *Arlak*, a being which takes the shape of a man. It is only seen at night, and is in the habit of watching for stragglers in the dark, seizing them and carrying them off. Several natives told Mr. McGillivray that they had seen the *arлак*; and one man, who had summoned enough courage to fight it when it attacked him, showed the marks of the demon's teeth upon his body. Fortunately, the *arлак* cannot endure light, and therefore the natives, if they have to go the smallest distance in the dark, take a fire-stick in one hand and a weapon of some sort in the other.

One kind of evil spirit, which is very much dreaded by the aborigines, is the one in whom death is personified. He is short, thick, very ugly, and has a disagreeable smell. The natives of the Moorundi district believe in a native spirit, wonderfully similar in attributes to the Necker of German mythology. Although, according to their accounts, it is very common, they have great difficulty in describing it, and, as far as can be ascertained from their statements, it is like a huge star-fish. This demon inhabits the fresh water, or there might have

been grounds for believing it to be merely an exaggeration of the cuttle-fish.

Throughout the greater part of Australia is found the belief in the Bunyip, a demon which infests woods, and which has been seen, as is said, not only by natives but by white men. The different accounts of the animal vary extremely. Some who have seen it aver it to be as large as a horse, to have a pair of eyes as big as saucers, and a pair of enormous horns.

Others give a very different account of it, and one of the Barraboel Hill natives gave a very animated description of the dreaded bunyip. He illustrated his lecture by a spirited drawing, in which the bunyip was represented as having a long neck and head, something like that of the giraffe, a thick flowing mane, and two short and massive fore-legs, each of which was armed with four powerful talons. The entire body was covered with strong scales, overlapping each other like those of the hawksbill turtle. This creature he represented as half beast, half demon, and vaunted the superior courage of his ancestors, who ventured to oppose this terrible creature as it lay in wait for their wives and children, and drove it out of the reeds and bush into the water whence it came.

Thinking that some large and now extinct beast might have lived in Australia, which might have been traditionally known to the aborigines, scientific men have taken particular pains to ransack these portions of the country which they could reach, in hopes of finding remains which might be to Australia what those of the megatherium and other huge monsters are to the Old World. Nothing of the kind has, however, been found. Some very large bones were once discovered on the banks of a shallow salt lagoon (just the place for the bunyip), but when sent to the British Museum they were at once found to be the remains of a gigantic kangaroo. At present, the legend of the bunyip stands on a level with that of the kraken—every native believes it, some aver that they have seen it, but no one has ever discovered the least tangible proof of its existence.

To these evil spirits the natives attribute every illness or misfortune, and in consequence are anxious to avoid or drive them away. All meteors are reckoned by them among the evil spirits, and are fancifully thought to be ghosts which multiply by self-division. The aborigines think, however, that by breathing as loudly as they can, and repeating some cabalistic words, they disarm the demons of their power.

They have one very curious belief,—namely, that any one who ventured to sleep on the grave of a deceased person, he would ever afterward be freed from the power of evil spirits. The ordeal is, however, so terrible that very few summon up sufficient courage to face it. "During that awful

sleep the spirit of the deceased would visit him, seize him by the throat, and, opening him, take out his bowels, which it would afterward replace, and close up the wound! Such as are hardy enough to go through this terrible ordeal — encounter the darkness of the night and the solemnity of the grave — are thenceforth 'koradjee' men, or priests, and practise sorcery and incantations upon the others of their tribe."

In Southern Australia, the natives believe that the sun and moon are human beings, who once inhabited the earth. The planets are dogs belonging to the moon, who run about her; and the various constellations are groups of children. An eclipse of either the sun or moon is looked upon as a terrible calamity, being sure to be the forerunner of disease and death.

All burial-places of the dead are held as liable to be haunted by evil spirits, and are therefore avoided. Promontories, especially those which have rocky headlands, are also considered as sacred; and it is probably on account of that idea that the skull monuments, mentioned on page 773, are raised.

Some of these places are rendered interesting by specimens of native drawings, showing that the aborigines of Australia really possess the undeveloped elements of artistic power. Owing to the superstition which prevails, the natives can scarcely be induced to visit such spots, giving as their reason for refusing that "too much dibbilibil walk there." Mr. Angus was fortunate enough, however, to discover a considerable number of these drawings and carvings, and succeeded in impressing into his service an old native woman. His description is so vivid, that it must be given in his own words:—

"The most important result of our rambles around the bays and rocky promontories of Port Jackson was the discovery of a new and remarkable feature connected with the natives formerly inhabiting New South Wales.

"Their carvings in outline, cut into the rocks in the neighborhood, and on the summits of the various promontories about the harbors of the coast. Although these carvings exist in considerable numbers, covering all the flat rocks upon many of the headlands overlooking the water, it is a singular fact that up to the present time they appear to have remained unobserved; and it was not until my friend Mr. Miles first noticed the rude figure of a kangaroo cut upon the surface of a flat rock near Camp Cove, that we were led to make a careful search for these singular and interesting remains of a people who are now nearly extinct.

"About a dozen natives of the Sydney and Broken Bay tribes were encamped amongst the bushes on the margin of a small freshwater lake, close to Camp Cove; and from

amongst them we selected 'Old Queen Gooseberry' (as she is generally styled by the colonists) to be our guide, promising her a reward of flour and tobacco if she would tell us what she knew about these carvings, and conduct us to all the rocks and headlands in the neighborhood where like figures existed. At first the old woman objected, saying that such places were all 'koradjee' ground, or 'priest's ground,' and that she must not visit them; but at length, becoming more communicative, she told us all she knew, and all that she had heard her father say, respecting them. She likewise consented at last to guide us to several spots near the North Land, where she said the carvings existed in greater numbers; as also the impressions of hands upon the sides of high rocks.

"With some difficulty we prevailed upon the haggard old creature to venture with us into a whale-boat; so, with Queen Gooseberry for our guide, we crossed to the North Land. After examining the flat rocks in every direction, we found sufficient examples of these singular outlines to confirm at once the opinion that they were executed by the aboriginal inhabitants; but at what period is quite uncertain. From the half-obliterated state of many of them (although the lines are cut nearly an inch deep into the hard rock), and from the fact that from several of them we were compelled to clear away soil and shrubs of long-continued growth, it is evident that they have been executed a very long time.

"At first we could not bring ourselves to believe that these carvings were the work of savages, and we conjectured that the figure of the kangaroo might have been the work of some European; but when, pursuing our researches further, we found all the most out-of-the-way and least accessible headlands adorned with similar carvings, and also that the whole of the subjects represented *indigenous* objects—such as kangaroos, opossums, sharks, the *heiteman* or shield, the boomerang, and, above all, the human figure in the attitudes of the *corroboree dances*—we could come to no other conclusion than that they were of native origin. Europeans would have drawn ships, and horses, and men with hats upon their heads, had they attempted such a laborious and tedious occupation.

"An old writer on New South Wales, about the year 1803, remarks, when referring to the natives, 'They have some taste for sculpture, most of their instruments being carved with rude work, effected with pieces of broken shell; and on the rocks are frequently to be seen various figures of fish, clubs, swords, animals, &c., not contemptibly represented.'

"Some of the figures of fish measured twenty-five feet in length; and it is curious that the representations of the shield ex-

actly corresponded with that used by the natives of Port Stephens at the present day. These sculptured forms prove that the New Hollanders exercised the art of design, which has been questioned, and they also serve to corroborate Captain Grey's discoveries of native delineations in caves upon the north-west coast of Australia, during his expedition of discovery. At Lane Cove, at Port Aiken, and at Point Piper, we also met with similar carvings. Whilst on a visit at the latter place, it occurred to me that on the flat rocks at the extremity of the grounds belonging to the estate where I was staying, there might be carvings similar to those at the Heade; and on searching carefully I found considerable numbers of them in a tolerably perfect state of preservation. Of all these I took measurements, and made careful fac-simile drawings on the spot."

In the appendix to his work, Mr. Angas gives reduced copies of these figures, some of which are executed with wonderful spirit and fidelity. Even the human figures, which are shown with extended arms and spread legs, as in the dance, are far better than those usually drawn by savages, infinitely superior to those produced by the artists of Western Africa, while some of the animals are marvellously accurate, reminding the observer of the outline drawings upon Egyptian monuments. The best are, perhaps, a shark and a kangaroo. The latter is represented in the attitude of feeding.

In some parts of Australia, the carvings and paintings are usually in caves by the water's edge, and of such a character is the cave which is shown in the illustration No. 2, on the following page. These caves are in sandstone rock, and the figures upon them are mostly those of men and kangaroos, and it is a remarkable fact that in the human figures, although their eyes, noses, and even the joints of the knees, are boldly marked, the mouth is invariably absent.

Human hands and arms are often carved on rocks. One very remarkable example was discovered by Captain Grey in North-West Australia. When penetrating into a large cave, out of which ran a number of smaller caves, the explorers were struck by a really astonishing trick of native art. The sculptor had selected a rock at the side of the cavity, and had drawn upon it the figure of a hand and arm. This had then been painted black, and the rock around it colored white with pipe-clay, so that on entering the cave it appeared exactly as if the hand and arm of a black man were projecting through some crevice which admitted light.

Their belief in ghosts implies a knowledge that the spirit of man is immortal. Yet their ideas on this subject are singularly misty, not to say inconsistent, one part of

their belief entirely contradicting the other. They believe, for example, that when the spirit leaves the body, it wanders about for some time in darkness, until at last it finds a cord, by means of which a "big black-fella spirit" named Oomudoo pulls it up from the earth. Yet they appropriate certain parts of the earth as the future residence of the different tribes, the spirits of the departed Nauos being thought to dwell in the islands of Spencer's Gulf, while those of the Parnkalias go to other islands toward the west. As if to contradict both ideas, we have already seen that throughout the whole of Australia the spirits of the dead are supposed to haunt the spots where their bodies lie buried.

And, to make confusion worse confounded, the aborigines believe very firmly in transmigration, some fancying that the spirits of the departed take up their abode in animals, but by far the greater number believing that they are transformed into white men. This latter belief was put very succinctly by a native, who stated in the odd jargon employed by them, that "when black-fella tumble down, he jump up all same white-fella."

This idea of transmigration into the forms of white men is very remarkable, as it is shared by the negro of Africa, who could not have had any communication with the black native of Australia. And, still more strangely, like the Africans, they have the same word for a white man and for a spirit. The reader may remember that when Mrs. Thompson was captured by the natives, one of them declared that she was his daughter Gi'om, who had become a white woman, and the rest of the tribe coincided in the belief. Yet, though she became for the second time a member of the tribe, they always seemed to feel a sort of mistrust, and often, when the children were jeering at her on account of her light complexion and ignorance of Australian accomplishments, some elderly person would check them, and tell them to leave her in peace, as, poor thing, she was nothing but a ghost.

It has been found, also, that numbers of white persons have been recognized by the blacks as being the spirits of their lost relatives, and have in consequence been dignified with the names of those whom they represented. Mr. McGillivray mentions that the natives of Port Essington have a slight modification of this theory, believing that after death they become Malays.

Of their belief in the metempsychosis, or transmigration into animal forms, there are but few examples. Dr. Bennett mentions that on one occasion, at Bérana Plains, when an European was chasing one of the native animals, a native who was with him begged him not to kill it, but to take it alive, as it was "him brother." When it was killed, he was very angry, and, as a proof his sin-

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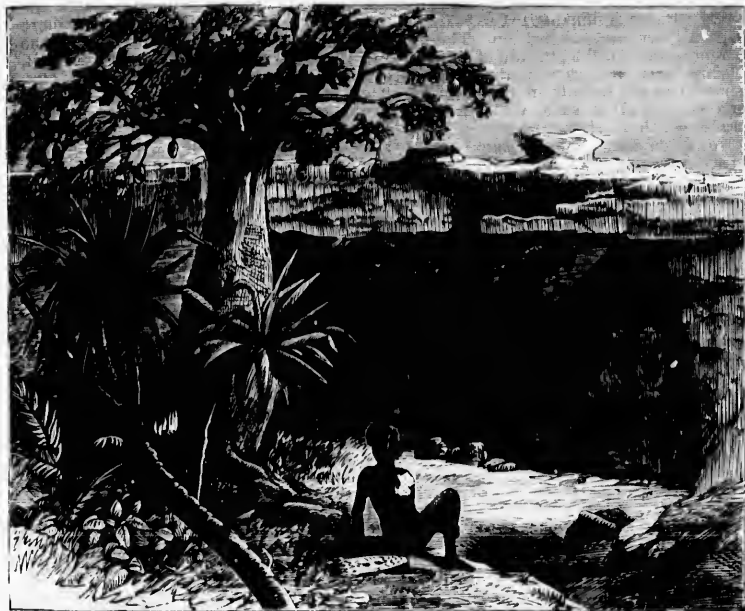
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(1.) AUSTRALIAN WIDOWS AND THEIR CAPS.

(See page 777.)



(2.) CAVE WITH NATIVE DRAWINGS.

(See page 780.)

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cerity, refused to eat any of it, continually grumbling and complaining of the "tumbling down him brother."

The Nano tribe preserve a tradition which involves this metempsychosis. Once upon a time, a certain great warrior, named Willoo, fought their tribe, and carried off all the women, and killed all the men except two. The survivors climbed up a great tree, followed by Willoo. They, however, broke off the branch on which he was climbing, so that he fell to the ground, and was seized by a dingo below, when he immediately died, and was changed into an eagle hawk, which has ever afterward been called by the name of Willoo.

The same tribe think that a small lizard was the originator of the sexes, and in consequence call it by different names; the men using the term *ibirri*, and the women *waka*. Following up the idea, the men kill every male lizard that they can find, while the women do the same by the females.

Connected with this subject is their idea of creation. Of a single Creator of all things they have not the least notion, but they possess some traditions as to the origin of men

or natural objects. The Kowiraga tribe say that the first created man was a huge giant named Adl. One day, while he was fishing off Hammond Island, he was caught by the tide and drowned, a great rock starting up to mark the spot. This is now called Hammond's Rock. His wives saw his fate, committed suicide by flinging themselves into the sea, and were immediately changed into a series of dry rocks on a neighboring reef. These rocks are still called by the natives *Ipik*, i. e. the Wives.

The natives of the Lower Murray have a curious tradition respecting the origin of the river, and the Alexandrina and Albert Lakes. The river was made by Oomudoo, the "big black-fella spirit," already mentioned. He came down from the sky in his canoe, and ordered the water to rise and form the river, which he then clothed with bulrushes and populated with fish. He brought two wives with him, but they unfortunately proved intractable, and ran away from him, whereupon Oomudoo made the two lakes in question, one of which drowned each wife.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

AUSTRALIA—*Concluded*

ARCHITECTURE AND BOAT-BUILDING.

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE BOSJESMAN AND THE AUSTRALIAN—MODES OF BUILDING HUTS—A SUMMER ENCAMPMENT—RUDE NATURE OF THE HUTS—RETREATS OF THE WOMEN—BONE HUTS OF ENCOUNTER DAY—WINTER HOUSES—HUTS NEAR THE COORUNG—FIRE-MAKING—BIRD-SNARING—A SELF-ACTING SNARE—BOAT-BUILDING—USES OF THE STRINGY BARK—A FRAIL VESSEL—CANOE FOR GENERAL USE—THE REED CANOE—GRADUAL EXTINCTION OF NATIVE TRIBES.

IN many points the Australian savage bears a curious resemblance to the Bosjesman of Southern Africa, of whom a full account has already been given at 242-268 page.

So similar, indeed, are they, that the colonists use the word Bushman to designate the native savage, just as they call the spotted dasyure by the name of cat, and the wombat by that of badger. Much confusion has consequently arisen; and there is now before me a book descriptive of savage life, in which the author has mixed up the Bosjesman of Africa and the Bushman of Australia in the most amusing manner, actually transplanting a quotation from a book of African travels into the account of Australia.

Like the Bosjesman, the Australian depends upon his weapons for the greater part of his food, living almost entirely upon the game which he kills, and being skilled in the art of destroying the wariest and most active of animals with the simplest of weapons. He lives in a state of perpetual feud, his quarrels not being worthy of the name of warfare; and his *beau idéal* a warrior is a man who steals upon his enemy by craft, and kills his foe without danger to himself.

He cultivates no land, neither has he the least notion of improving his social condition. He cares nothing for clothes, except, perhaps, as a partial shelter from the elements, and utterly ridicules the notion that there is any connexion between clothing and modesty.

Indeed, on one occasion, when a girl had been presented with a petticoat by a white lady, and returned to her people, displaying with pride her newly acquired property, her companions instead of displaying envy at her finery, only jeered at her, inquiring whether she thought herself so much better

than her forefathers, that she should want to wear clothes like the white strangers. The consequence was, that in a day or two the solitary garment was thrown aside, and she walked about as before, in the primitive accoutrements of her tribe.

Like the African Bosjesman, the Australian native has no settled home, although he considers himself as having a right to the district in which his tribe have taken up their abode. Contrary to the usage of civilized life, he is sensitive on the general question, and careless in detail. With civilized beings the hearth and home take the first place in the affections, the love of country being merely an extension of the love of home. With the Australian, however, as well as the Bosjesman, the case is just reversed. He has no home, and cares not for any one spot more than another, except that some spots are sheltered and others exposed. He passes a semi-nomad existence, not unlike that of the Arab, save that instead of pitching his tent on a convenient spot, and taking it away when he leaves it, he does not trouble himself even to carry the simple materials of a tent, but builds a rude hut in any spot which he may happen to fancy, and leaves it to decay when he forsakes the spot.

The chief object of the ordinary hut made by an Australian savage is to defend the inmates from the cold south-west breezes. Consequently, the entrances of the huts may be found, as a rule, turned toward the north-east, whence come the warm winds that have passed over the equator.

The summer encampment (see page 787) of an Australian family is very simple. A number of leafy boughs are stuck in the ground in a semicircular form, the size of the enclosed space varying with the number of the family. These boughs are seldom

more than four feet in height, and often scarcely exceed a yard, their only object being to keep off the wind from the fire, and from the bodies of the natives as they squat round the flame or lie asleep. That any one should expect a shelter while he is standing never seems to enter the imagination of an Australian savage, who, like other savages, never dreams of standing when he can sit, or, indeed, of taking any trouble that is not absolutely necessary.

All the stories that are told of the industry of savage life are pure inventions, and if labor be, as we are often told, the true nobility, we ought to hear no more of the "noble savage." Consistently with this idea, the native Australian's only idea of the hut is a place where he can sit and gorge himself with food, and lie down to sleep after his enormous meal. A fence a yard in height is therefore quite good enough for him, and, as long as no rain falls, he thinks a roof to be a needless expenditure of labor.

In the illustration referred to we have an example of an encampment on which the natives have bestowed rather more care than usual, and have actually taken the pains to form the branches into rude huts. The spears, shields, and other weapons of the natives are seen scattered about, while round the fire sit or lie the men who have satisfied their hunger. The reader will perceive that from a little distance such an encampment would be almost invisible; and, indeed, except by the thin smoke of the fire, the most practised eye can scarcely detect the spot where natives are encamping. Even the spears which project above the bush huts look at a little distance merely like dried sticks; and, if the inhabitants be very anxious to escape observation, they establish their encampment in a retired spot, where the surrounding objects harmonize as closely as possible with the rude shelter which answers all their needs.

In many places the natives construct a habitation similar in principle, but differing in structure. Should the locality abound in the eucalyptus, or stringy-bark tree, the natives make a hut altogether different in appearance. With wonderful dexterity, they strip off the bark of the tree in large flakes, six or seven feet in length. A few large branches of trees are then laid on the ground, so that they form a rough sort of framework, and upon these branches the flakes of bark are laid. An hour's labor will make one of these huts, so that the natives have really no inducement to take any care of them. Even the very best hut which a native Australian ever made would be inferior to the handiwork of an English boy of ten years old. For my own part, I remember building far better huts than those of the Australians, though I was at the time much below ten years of age, and

had gained all my knowledge of practical architecture from "Sandford and Merton."

There is, however, one great advantage in these bark huts — namely, the rapidity with which they can be made, and the shelter which they really do give from the traveller's great enemy, the night wind. Even European travellers have been glad to avail themselves of these simple structures, and have appreciated the invaluable aid of a few sheets of bark propped against a fallen branch. Those who have been forced to travel without tents through a houseless country have learned by experience that the very best shelter from the night winds is not height, but width. A tree, for example, forms but a very poor shelter, while a low wall barely eighteen inches high and six feet in length keeps off the wind, and enables the wearied traveller to rest in comparative comfort. Such a shelter is easily made from the sheets of stringy bark, one or two of which will form a shelter for several sleepers.

Perhaps the simplest huts that human beings ever dignified by the name of habitation are those which are made by the women of a tribe when the men are away. It sometimes happens that the whole of the adult males go off on an expedition which will last for a considerable time — such, for example, as a raid upon a neighboring tribe — leaving the women and children to take care of themselves. These, knowing that they might be pounced upon by enemies who would take advantage of the absence of their defenders, retire into the recesses of the woods, where they build the oddest houses imaginable, half burrows scraped among the roots of trees, and half huts made of bark and decayed wood. These habitations are so inconspicuous that even the practised eye of the native can scarcely discover them.

On the shores of Encounter Bay may be seen some very curious habitations. Every now and then a whale is thrown ashore by a tempest; and in such a case the tribes of the neighborhood flock round it with great rejoicings, seeing in it an unlimited supply of food. Huge as the animal may be, it is ere long consumed, and nothing left but the skeleton. Of the bones the natives make the framework of their huts, the ends of the ribs being fixed in the ground, so that the bones form the supports of the arched roof, which is nothing more than boughs, grass, and matting thrown almost at random upon the bony framework.

During the winter time the native huts are of better construction, although the best hut that an Australian ever made is but a very rude and primitive specimen of architecture. These winter huts are made on the same principle as those employed in summer, but the materials are more closely put together. The framework of these huts

is made by sticking a number of saplings in the ground, and tying them together. Smaller branches and twigs are then passed in and out of the uprights, and pressed down to make a tolerably firm wall. Over the wall comes a layer of large leaves, and an outer covering of tea-tree bark is placed over the trees, and held in its place by a lashing of rattan. These houses are about five feet in height, and have an arched opening just large enough for a man to enter on his hands and knees.

Such huts as these, however, are but seldom seen, the ordinary winter dwellings being made of bushes, as seen in an illustration on the next page. Near the entrance, but not within it, the fire is kindled, and at night the natives crowd into the hut, filling it so completely that a view of the interior displays nothing but a confused mass of human limbs. The reader will perceive that the luxury of a door has not been contemplated by the native architects — an omission which is perhaps rather fortunate, considering the crowded state of the interior.

Along the shores of the Coorong a rather peculiar kind of habitation is used. It must first be mentioned that the Coorong is a back-water inlet of the sea, running parallel to it for some ninety miles or so, never more than a mile and a half from the sea, and divided from it only by a range of enormous sandhills. It is a wild and desolate place, but is inhabited by the Milimendura tribe, who made themselves so notorious for the massacre of the passengers and men of the ship *Maria*. The natives probably like the spot, because in the Coorong, which is protected from the ocean waves by the sandhills, they can take fish without danger, and because the sandhills furnish a fruit called the montery, or native apple, as, although a berry growing upon a creeping plant, it looks and tastes like a miniature apple.

The situation is much exposed in the winter time to the cold south-west blasts, and the natives accordingly make comparatively strong huts. Their dwellings are formed of a framework of sticks, over which is plastered a thick layer of turf and mud. In addition to this they heap over the hut a great quantity of the sand and shells of which the ground is chiefly composed, so that the houses of the Milimendura look like mere mounds or hillocks rising from the sandy soil.

The fire which is found in every Australian encampment is generally procured by friction from two pieces of wood, one being twirled rapidly between the hands and the other held firmly by the feet. Indeed, the Australian savage produces fire exactly as does the South African (see page 100). This accomplishment, however, is not universal, some tribes being unable to produce fire, and being dependent on the "fire-sticks" which

the women carry with them. It has occasionally happened that the women have been careless enough to allow all their fire-sticks to expire, and in such a case they are obliged to go to the nearest friendly tribe, and beg a light from them, in order to procure fire wherewith to cook the game that their husbands have brought home.

Before leaving this part of the subject, it will be as well to mention briefly a few of the devices used by the Australian natives in taking their game.

One of these devices is remarkably ingenious, and is principally employed in duck catching. The natives find out a spot where the ducks resort in order to feed, and arrange their nets so that they may intercept birds that fly down upon them. When the ducks are all busy feeding, the native hunter, who has concealed himself near the place, alarms the birds by suddenly imitating the cry of the fish-hawk, one of their deadliest foes. The terrified ducks rise in a body; but, just as they ascend, the wily native flings into the air a triangular piece of bark, imitating again the cry of the hawk. The birds, fancying that the hawk is sweeping down upon them, try to escape by darting into the reeds, and are caught in the nets.

Another ingenious plan is used for capturing birds singly. The native makes a sort of screen of branches, and conceals himself within it. In his hand he carries a long and slender rod, at the end of which there is a noose, and within the noose a bait. Under cover of the screen he comes close to the bird, and gently places the treacherous noose near it. By degrees the bird comes closer and closer to the bait, and, as soon as its head is fairly within the noose, it is secured by a dexterous twist of the hand. Sometimes the native does not employ a bait. He builds his simple shelter by some spot where birds are accustomed to drink, and calls them by imitating their note. They come to the spot, and, not seeing their companions, perch upon the sticks under which the hunter is concealed, a large bunch of grass being generally used to prevent the birds from seeing him. As soon as the bird perches, he slips the noose over its head, draws it inside the shelter, kills it, and waits for another.

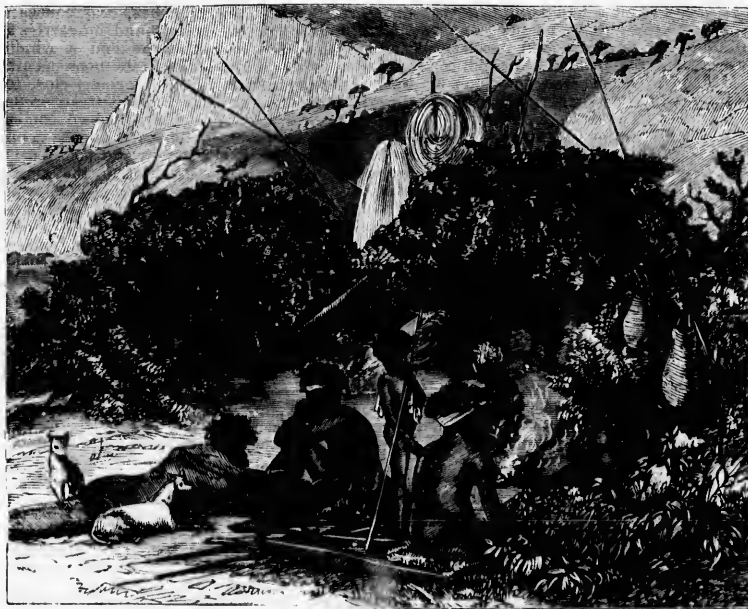
In some parts of the country the natives make a self-acting snare, very much on the principle of the nets used in snaring rabbits. It consists of a sort of bag, and has its opening encircled by a running string, the other end of which is fastened to some fixed object, such as a tree-stump. The bag is made of split rattans, so that it remains open, and, as the meshes are very wide, the bait which is placed within it can easily be seen.

If a bird or animal should come to the bait, which is fixed at the very extremity of the bag, it naturally forces its way toward the tempting object, and in so doing pulls



(1.) WINTER HUTS.

(See page 786.)



(2.) A SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.

(See page 784.)

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upon the string and closes the mouth of the bag behind it. The more it struggles, the firmer is it held; and so it remains until it is taken out, and the trap set again. This very ingenious snare is used mostly for bandicoots and similar animals, though birds are sometimes caught in it.

The natives have another self-acting trap, which is identical in principle with the eel baskets and lobster pots of our own country. A number of these traps were found by Mr. Carron in some huts near Princess Charlotte's Bay. They were made of strips of cane, and were about five feet in length by eight or nine inches in diameter at the mouth. From the opening they gradually tapered for some four feet, and then suddenly enlarged into a large round basket or pocket, the lower ends of the neck projecting into the basket so as to hinder any animal from returning through the passage by which it entered. This trap was used indifferently for catching fish and small animals. For the latter purpose it was laid in their track, and for the former it was placed in a narrow channel, through which the fish were forced to pass by being driven by a party of natives in the water.

The reader will remember that on page 785 there is a reference to the "stringy-bark," and its use in architecture. The same bark is used for a great number of purposes, among which that of boat-building is perhaps the most conspicuous. Should a native come to the side of a river which he does not wish to swim, he supplies himself with a boat in a very expeditious manner. Going to the nearest stringy-bark trees, and choosing one which has the lines of the bark straight and not gnarled, he chops a circle round the tree so as to sever the bark, and about seven or eight feet higher he chops a second circle. His next proceeding is to make a longitudinal cut down one side of the tree, and a corresponding one on the other side. He then inserts the handle of his tomahawk, his digging-stick, or any such implement, between the bark and the wood, and, by judicious handling, strips off the bark in two semi-cylindrical, trough-like pieces each of which is capable of being made into a boat.

Should he be alone, he seldom troubles himself to do more than tie the bark together at each end of the trough, and in this frail vessel he will commit himself to the river. But if his wife, or any second person, should be with him, he makes the simple boat more trustworthy by digging a quantity of clay out of the river bank, kneading it into each end of the trough, and tying the bark over the clay. As soon as he reaches the opposite shore, he lands, pushes the canoe back into the river and abandons it, knowing that to make a second canoe will not be nearly so troublesome as to take care of the first.

If, however, he wants a canoe in which he goes fishing, and which, in consequence, must be of a stronger make, he still adheres to the stringy bark as his material, though he takes more care in the manufacture. The bark is bent, like the birch bark of the North American Indians, by moisture and heat; and even with this better kind of boat clay is required at each end, and is also used for stopping up any leakage.

He also exhibits a still better use of the stringy-bark. The bark is not only formed into a boat-like shape, but it is kept in its form by cross-pieces of wood. The edges are also strengthened; and altogether this canoe shows a wonderful advance in boat-building. The vessel is propelled with a regular paddle instead of the fish spear; and altogether the boat and the accompanying implements remind the observer of the birch-bark canoes and vessels of America.

Another simple form of boat is made on a totally different principle from those which have already been described, and, instead of being a hollow trough of bark, is a solid bundle of reeds and sticks tied together in a very ingenious manner, and giving support to one or more persons, according to its size.

SUCH is the history of the aboriginal tribes of Australia, whose remarkable manners and customs are fast disappearing, together with the natives themselves. The poor creatures are aware of the fact, and seem to have lost all pleasure in the games and dances that formerly enlivened their existence. Many of the tribes are altogether extinct, and others are disappearing so fast that the people have lost all heart and spirit, and succumb almost without complaint to the fate which awaits them. In one tribe, for example, the Barrabool, which numbered upward of three hundred, the births during seventeen years were only twenty-four, being scarcely two births in three years; while the deaths had been between eighteen and nineteen per annum.

Mr. Lloyd gives a touching account of the survivors of this once flourishing tribe:—

"When I first landed in Geelong, in 1837, the Barrabool tribe numbered upward of three hundred sleek and healthy-looking blacks. A few months previous to my leaving that town, in May 1853, on casually strolling up to a couple of miam-niams, or native huts, that were erected upon the banks of the Burwan River, I observed seated there nine loobras (women) and one sickly child.

"Seeing so few natives, I was induced to ask after numbers of my old dark friends of early days—Ballyyang, the chief of the Barrabool tribe, the great Jaga-jaga, Panigerong, and many others, when I received the following pathetic reply: 'Aha, Mitter

Looyed, Ballyyang dedac (dead), Jaga-jaga dedac; Panigerong dedac,' &c., naming many others; and, continuing their sorrowful tale, they chaunted, in minor and funereal tones, in their own soft language, to the following effect:

"The stranger white man came in his great swimming corong (vessel), and landed at Coraylo with his dedabul boulganas (large animals), and his anaki boulganas (little animals). He came with his boom-booms (double guns), his white miam-miams (tents), blankets, and tomahawks; and the dedabul ummageet (great white stranger) took away the long-inherited hunting-grounds of the poor Barrabool coolies and their children,' &c., &c.

"Having worked themselves into a fit of passionate and excited grief, weeping, shaking their heads, and holding up their hands in bitter sorrow, they exclaimed, in wild and frenzied tones: 'Coolie! coolie! coolie! where are our coolies now! Where are our fathers — mothers — brothers — sisters? Dead! — all gone! dead!' Then, in broken English, they said, 'Nebber mind, Mitter Looyed, tir; by 'm by all dem black fella come back white fella like it you.' Such is the belief of the poor aborigines of Victoria; hence we may firmly infer that they possess a latent spark of hope in their minds as to another and better world.

"Then, with outstretched finger, they showed me the unhappy state of the aboriginal population. From their statement it appeared that there existed of the tribe at that moment only nine women, seven men, and one child. Their rapid diminution in numbers may be traced to a variety of causes. First, the chances of obtaining their natural food were considerably lessened by the entire occupation of the best grassed parts of the country, which originally abounded in kangaroo and other animals upon which they subsisted. The greater number of these valuable creatures, as an irresistible consequence, retired into the wild uninhabitable countries, far from the haunts of the white man and his destructive dogs.

"Having refused the aid of the Government and the Missionary Societies' establishments at the River Burwan and Mount Rouse, the natives were to a serious extent deprived of animal food, so essential to a people who were ever exposed to the inclemencies of winter and the exhausting heats of summer. Influenza was one of the greatest scourges under which they suffered. Then, among other evils attending their association with the colonists, the brandy, rum, and tobacco told fearfully upon their already weakened constitutions."

"This one tribe is but an example of the others, all of whom are surely, and some not slowly, approaching the end of their existence. For many reasons we cannot but

regret that entire races of men, possessing many fine qualities, should be thus passing away; but it is impossible not to perceive that they are but following the order of the world, the lower race preparing a home for the higher.

In the present instance, for example, the aborigines performed barely half of their duties as men. They partially exercised their dominion over the beasts and the birds — killing, but not otherwise utilizing them. But, although they inherited the earth, they did not subdue it, nor replenish it. They cleared away no useless bush or forest, to replace them with fruits; and they tilled no land, leaving the soil exactly in the same condition that they found it. Living almost entirely by the chase, it required a very large hunting-ground to support each man, and a single tribe gained a scanty and precarious living on a tract of land sufficient, when cultivated, to feed a thousand times their number. In fact, they occupied precisely the same relative position toward the human race as do the lion, tiger, and leopard toward the lower animals, and suffered in consequence from the same law of extinction.

In process of time white men came to introduce new arts into their country, clearing away useless forest, and covering the rescued earth with luxuriant wheat crops, sufficient to feed the whole of the aborigines of the country; bringing also with them herds of sheep and horned cattle to feed upon the vast plains which formerly nourished but a few kangaroo, and to multiply in such numbers that they not only supplied the whole of their adopted land with food, but their flesh was exported to the mother country.

The superior knowledge of the white man thus gave to the aborigines the means of securing their supplies of food; and therefore his advent was not a curse, but a benefit to them. But they could not take advantage of the opportunities thus offered to them, and, instead of seizing upon these new means of procuring the three great necessities of human life, food, clothing, and lodging, they not only refused to employ them, but did their best to drive them out of the country, murdering the colonists, killing their cattle, destroying their crops, and burning their houses.

The means were offered to them of infinitely bettering their social condition, and the opportunity given them, by substituting peaceful labor for perpetual feuds, and of turning professional murderers into food-producers, of replenishing the land which their everlasting quarrels, irregular mode of existence, and carelessness of human life had well-nigh depopulated. These means they could not appreciate, and, as a natural consequence, had to make way for those who could. The inferior must always make way for the superior, and such has ever been the case with the savage. I am persuaded that

the coming of the white man is not the sole, nor even the chief cause of the decadence of savage tribes. I have already shown that we can introduce no vice in which the savage is not profoundly versed, and feel sure that the cause of extinction lies within the savage himself, and ought not to be attributed to the white man, who comes to take the place which the savage has practically vacated.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

NEW ZEALAND.

GENERAL REMARKS.

LOCALITY OF NEW ZEALAND—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE—THE TWO CASTES, AND THEIR SUPPOSED ORIGIN—CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SEXES—LAXNESS OF MORALS—NUMBER OF THE POPULATION, AND THE DIFFERENT TRIBES—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—DISTINCTION BETWEEN RANKS—FORMATION OF THE CLANS, OR SUB-TRIBES—THE SLAVES, THEIR VALUE AND TREATMENT—THE TENURE OF LAND—A COMPLEX ARRANGEMENT AND CONSEQUENT DIFFICULTIES—ESTABLISHING A CLAIM—NATIVE LAW—THE "LEX TALIONIS"—SENSITIVENESS TO DISGRACE—THE PREVALENCE OF SUICIDE—STRANGE CONDUCT OF A MAORI CHIEF—THE SISTER'S VENGEANCE.

SOUTHWARD and eastward of Australia we come to the group of islands known collectively as New Zealand. Like Australia, New Zealand possesses many peculiarities of climate and natural production, and is inhabited by a number of tribes which are generally hostile to each other, but which are almost identical in appearance and habits. We shall therefore be enabled to treat of this important portion of the globe with much more brevity than could be the case if, as in Africa, the tribes differed from each other in hue, dress, and customs.

TAKEN as a whole, the New Zealanders are a singularly fine race of people—tall, powerful, and well made. Though varying somewhat in shade, the color is always a brown of some kind, the complexion being sometimes as light as that of a Spaniard, and sometimes of a dark umber. It is, however, always of a clear tint and never approaches to the deep black of the Australian. The nose is straight and well formed, in many cases being boldly aquiline; and the mouth is rather large, and the lips moderately full, though not resembling those of the negro. The cheekbones are rather high, but not much more prominent than those of a genuine Scotchman; and the eyes are large, dark, and vivacious.

The teeth are remarkably white and even, and the feet and hands small and well proportioned. The foot is very well developed, the native never having spoiled its beautiful mechanism with shoes or boots, and being accustomed to use the toes in many tasks wherein a civilized European requires his fingers. The toes are, for example, contin-

ually employed in holding one end of a rope, while the fingers are engaged in twisting or plaiting it; and the consequence is that the natives are able to ridicule with justice the misshapen feet and toes of the European.

The men have naturally a full beard; but they always remove every vestige of hair on the face, in order to show the patterns which are tattooed upon it. Now and then a very old and powerful chief will dare to allow his beard to grow; but, as a rule, the face is divested of all covering; so that the absence of the beard, together with the profuse tattoo, destroys all evidences of age, and makes the countenance of a young man of twenty look nearly as old as that of his grandfather aged sixty.

The hair is plentiful, and mostly straight, being twisted and curled by art into the various fashionable forms. In some cases it is light, or even reddish, in color; and in such instances accompanies a complexion of peculiar fairness. Albinism exists among the New Zealanders, but is not agreeable in appearance, the eyes being always weak, and the skin looking as if it had been artificially whitened. In fact, such an albino looks among his dark fellows like a plant that has been bleached by growing in the dark.

There seems to be two castes of men among the New Zealanders. The upper caste is distinguished by the above characteristics; but the lower is shorter in stature, and has coarse and curly, though not woolly hair, more prominent cheekbones, and a much blacker skin. This second race, according to Dr. Dieffenbach, "is mixed in insensible gradations with the former, and is

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NEW ZEALANDER FROM CHILDHOOD TO AGE.

(See page 795.)

far less numerous; it does not predominate in any one part of the island, nor does it occupy any particular station in a tribe; and there is no difference made between the two races among themselves.

"But I must observe that I never met any man of consequence belonging to this tribe, and that, although freemen, they occupied the lower grades: from this we may, perhaps, infer the relation in which they stood to the earliest immigrants into the country, although their traditions and legends are silent on the subject.

"From the existence of two races in New Zealand the conclusion might be drawn that the darker were the original proprietors of the soil, anterior to the arrival of a stock of true Polynesian origin; that they were conquered by the latter, and nearly exterminated. This opinion has been entertained regarding all Polynesian islands; but I must observe that it is very doubtful whether those differences which we observe among the natives of New Zealand are really due to such a source. We find similar varieties in all Polynesian islands, and it is probable that they are a consequence of the difference of castes so extensively spread among the inhabitants of the tribes of the great ocean.

"If one part of the population of New Zealand are a distinct race—a fact which cannot be denied as regards other islands—it is very curious that there should be no traces of such a blending in the language, where they would have been most durable, or in the traditions, which certainly would have mentioned the conquest of one race by the other, if it had happened. Captain Crozet, a Frenchman, who early visited New Zealand, says that he found a tribe at the North Cape darker than the rest. I could observe nothing of the kind there, though I visited all the natives. Nor are those darker-colored individuals more common in the interior; I should say, even less so.

"There is undoubtedly a greater variety of color and countenance among the natives of New Zealand than one would expect—a circumstance which might prove either an early blending of different races, or a difference of social conditions, which latter supposition would go far to explain the fact. All the New Zealanders speak of the Mango-Mango, or Blacks of New South Wales, as unconnected with and inferior to themselves; but they never make such a distinction regarding their own tribes."

As is often the case with uncivilized people, the women are decidedly inferior to the men, being much shorter, and not nearly so well made. They are not treated with the harshness which is the usual characteristic of married life among savages, and are even taken into their husbands' counsels, and have great influence in political affairs. Still, the heavy work of the household falls

upon their shoulders, and the lot of an ordinary New Zealand wife is rather a severe one. She has to cultivate the ground, to carry the produce of the distant fields to the house, and, when the family is travelling, the women have to carry all the heavy loads. It is no wonder, therefore, that a life of such drudgery should tell upon the women, both in preventing the proper development of their frame and in causing their beauty to decay. Those who preserve their beauty longest are the daughters of wealthy chiefs, who can afford slaves by whom all the hard work is done, and who therefore free their mistresses from one of the causes of deterioration.

There is, however, another cause, which is perhaps equally effective, but not so palpable. This is the very lax code of morality which prevails among them, a young girl being permitted the utmost freedom until she is married, although afterward she is a model of constancy. This license is exercised at a very early age, and the natural consequence is that the due development of the frame is checked. This vicious system is so much a matter of course, that it carries no reproach with it, and the young girls are remarkable for their modest and child-like demeanor.

Of course they become aged much earlier than those whose development takes place at a later period of life; but they compensate for their deteriorated appearance by their peculiar kindness of demeanor. The engraving No. 1, illustrates the countenance and dress of a New Zealand woman and her boy.

Unlike the men, the women do not disfigure their faces by the tattoo, which gives to them the stern and fixed expression so characteristic of a New Zealand warrior; and they thus allow the really flexible and intelligent features to have full play. The only portions of the face that are marked with the tattoo are the lips, which are rendered blue by the process, as it is considered disgraceful for a woman to have red lips. The tattooing is always performed when the child is allowed to take her place among women; and, as may be imagined, it gives a livid and altogether unpleasant appearance to the mouth.

The children are very pleasing and interesting little creatures. They are full of intelligence, and unusually free and open in their manner. Unlike the children of most savage nations, they live as much with the men as with the women, and partake even in the councils of their parents, thus having their faculties sharpened at a very early age. The illustration opposite gives typical examples of the New Zealander from childhood to age, and the reader will notice the contrast between the soft and rounded outlines of the youth, and the harsh, rigid countenances of the old man and his consort.

In proportion to the dimensions of New Zealand, the population is very small; and, even in the earliest days of our acquaintance with it, the land seems to have been but thinly inhabited. That such should be the case is very remarkable, as a very thin population is generally found in those countries where, as in Australia, the inhabitants live principally by the chase, and therefore require a very large tract of land to support them. The New Zealanders, however, do not live by the chase, for the simple reason that there are no animals which are worth the trouble of hunting; so that a family of twenty or so, even if they had the entire country as a hunting-ground, would find themselves in very great straits were they obliged to procure their food by the chase. The reasons for this thin population will be presently seen.

According to Dieffenbach's calculation, the native population of the entire country may be reckoned rather below one hundred and fifteen thousand. These are divided into twelve great tribes, which are again subdivided into sub-tribes, or clans, each of which has its separate name, and is supposed to belong to a certain district. The fighting men, or warriors, form about one-fourth of the whole population; the remaining three-fourths being made up of old men, women, and children. Since this calculation the numbers of the aborigines have considerably lessened. The most important of the tribes seems to be the Waikato, which is divided into eighteen clans, and which occupies a very large proportion of the country. This tribe alone can bring into the field six thousand fighting men; so that the entire number of the tribe may be calculated at twenty-four thousand or so.

The Waikato clans have managed to preserve their individuality better than the others, and, though brought much in contact with civilization, and having adopted some of the habits of their white visitors, they have still retained many of their ancient customs, and, as Dieffenbach remarks, have preserved much of their ancient vigor and original virtues.

The tribe that is strongest in mere numbers is the Nga-te-kahuhuna, which inhabits the east coast, and may be reckoned at thirty-six thousand strong. In fact, these two tribes alone outnumber the whole of the others taken collectively. One tribe, the Rangitani, is interesting from the fact that it was described by Captain Cook. In his days it was evidently a large and flourishing tribe, but some few years ago it could scarcely muster three hundred warriors, representing a total number of twelve hundred. The decadence of this tribe is probably owing to the destructive wars in which the New Zealanders engage, and which are often so fierce as to erase a tribe entirely.

The government of the New Zealanders

is a curious mixture of simplicity and complication. Monarchy is unknown, each tribe having its own great chief, while an inferior chief presides over each clan, or sub-tribe. The whole of the population may be roughly divided into three ranks. First come the nobility, then the free men, and lastly the slaves. The nobility go by the general name of Rangatira—a title which is always given to officers, missionaries, and other white men who are placed in command over others.

In each tribe one of the Rangatira is the Ariki, or principal chief; but, as he is necessarily a Rangatira, he is always addressed by that title, and, in consequence, a stranger finds some difficulty, even after a prolonged visit, in ascertaining who is the Ariki. Among the New Zealanders there is no Salic law, so that the Ariki need not be a warrior, and may be a woman. The office is hereditary, and the existing Ariki is always held in the highest veneration in virtue of his descent. Even the hostile tribes respect an Ariki, and in most cases, if he should be captured in battle, the victors will spare his life. One or two of the most powerful chiefs living have been captured and afterward released, whereas, had they been common men, or even ordinary Rangatiras, they would have been killed, their bodies eaten, and their heads dried and fixed as trophies on the houses of their conquerors.

A sort of tax, or tribute, is paid by the different families, though the tax is entirely a voluntary one, and may be great or small, or withheld altogether, at pleasure. Mostly the Ariki is a man of considerable mental powers, and, in such a case, he exercises great authority over the tribe, either as a priest or a warrior. There is nothing to prevent the Ariki from assuming the office of priest, and in many instances he has been able to exercise a far greater influence by spiritual than by physical means.

The Rangatira are the great men, or nobles, of the land, and with them, as with the Ariki, the rank is hereditary. The law of succession is very remarkable, the eldest son being the heir to his father's rank; but if the child dies, the youngest, and not the next eldest, becomes the lawful successor. These two heirs, the eldest and the youngest sons, are called by a name which signifies the fat of the earth.

Each Rangatira is independent of his fellows, though they collectively form a sort of body which we may compare with the House of Peers in England. Any Rangatira who has sufficient influence may gather together the members of his clan, build a fortified village, or pah, and become a petty sovereign in his own dominions. It is in this way that the various clans, or sub-tribes, are formed, each gathering round a noble of more than usual ability, and adopting a name by which the members will ever afterward be known.

The free men form the great body of the warriors; some of them being the sons of Rangatira, and others merely having the privilege of free birth; which carries with it the right of tattooing the face. Sometimes a free man who is remarkable for his generalship and courage will take the command of an expedition, even though men of higher rank than himself should be engaged in it.

Last come the slaves. These are always procured from two sources: they are either captives taken in battle, or are the children of such captives. The value of such slaves is very great. All savages are idle, but the New Zealander is one of the laziest of mortals in time of peace. In war he is all fire and spirit; but in peace he lounges listlessly about, and will not do a stroke of work that can possibly be avoided.

He may, perhaps, condescend to carve the posts of his house into some fantastical semblance of the human form, or he may, perchance, employ himself in slowly rubbing a stone club into shape, or in polishing or adorning his weapons. Whatever real work is to be done is left to the women or the slaves, and a man who values his wife or daughter will endeavor to procure slaves who will relieve her of the drudgery.

There are slaves of both sexes, to whom the appropriate work is allotted. They are considered the absolute property of their owner, who may treat them as he pleases, and, if he prefers to kill them, may do so without attracting any attention. Of course he would not do so except for very good reasons, as he would deprive himself of a valuable article of property. There have been cases, as we shall presently see, when the owner of slaves has deliberately murdered them for the sake of selling their heads.

Once a slave, always a slave. Should one of these unfortunates manage to escape and get back to his own tribe, his owner would apply for him, and he would be given up, the right of the master to his slave being universally recognized. Still, as a rule, the slaves are treated well, and some of them, who have attained excellence in certain arts, often become richer men than their owners. So great is the value of slaves, that many a war has been undertaken for the mere purpose of slave hunting, and some of the most disastrous and obstinate feuds have originated in the slave hunt.

Connected with the government of the New Zealanders is the land question. This is a strangely complicated business, as every inch of ground has an actual owner, while there are usually several claimants who allow their rights, real or imagined, to lie in abeyance as long as the land is owned by one who can hold his own, while they will all prefer their claims at his death, or even during a lengthened absence.

So it has often happened that the white men, while desiring to act according to law and honor, have involved themselves in a very net of difficulties. A chief, for example, may agree to sell a portion of territory, will receive the price, and will sign a deed, which will be witnessed by natives as well as by Europeans. No sooner has he done so, than a claimant comes forward, declaring that the chief in question had no real right to the land, and therefore had no right to sell it.

His claim will be inquired into, and, if it seems to be tolerably consistent with likelihood, the man will be paid an additional sum for his consent to the sale. The matter, however, is not at an end, for such is the jealousy with which the natives regard land, that, as long as a foreigner holds an inch of ground, so long will there be a native who prefers a claim to it. Strange as it may seem, the white man would incur less odium by taking the land by force, and seizing it by right of conquest, than by trying to act according to justice and equity.

War is a fertile source of misunderstanding about land. A tribe may be driven out of a district, and their land given to others, who hold it as long as they can keep it, the original possessors being sure to reconquer it if possible. It has sometimes happened that a chief to whom such lands have been presented has transferred them to another chief, and he, in his turn, has sold them to European settlers, the bargain being ratified by his own followers, who are considered as having a share in such property.

The colonists take the land, clear it, cultivate it, and when the crops are fairly in the ground, the dispossessed tribe will come forward and prefer their claim to it. Those to whom it was sold have already received their price, and do not trouble themselves to oppose the claim; and the consequence is, that the colonists are obliged either to make a second payment or to run the risk of war.

As to the claims themselves, they are of the most curious and unexpected character, such as no European would be likely to anticipate. According to Dieffenbach, "There exists a very distinct notion of the rights of landed property among the natives, and every inch of land in New Zealand has its proprietor. Sometimes land is given to a strange tribe, either as pay, or from other considerations, but the proprietor reserves certain rights, some of which are what we should term manorial."

"It was formerly very common that the fat of the native rats (Kiore) killed on such lands should be given to the principal proprietor, and in many cases a title to land seems to have been derived from the fact of having killed rats on it. Thus a chief will say, 'This or that piece of land is mine; I have killed rats on it.' Generally, how-

ever, land descends, as with us, by inheritance."

Such being the complicated tenure on which land is held—a tenure which is often puzzling to the natives themselves—it is no matter of wonder that English settlers should have found themselves in difficulties. It is said that the colonists tried to make themselves masters of the land by unfair means, i. e. either by forcibly taking possession of it, or by inveigling the ignorant natives into signing documents which they did not understand, and thus selling their paternal estates for rum, tobacco, and a few blankets.

This may to some extent have been the case when the colonists first came to settle in the country. But the natives are far too intelligent to remain long ignorant of the power of pen, ink, and paper, and there is no doubt that in many cases they intentionally outwitted the purchaser, either by putting forward a sham owner of the ground, who had no right to sell it, and who vanished with his share of the prize as soon as the bargain was concluded, or by asserting ignorance of the meaning of the document which had been signed, and refusing to carry out its conditions. That the white men succeeded too often in cheating the natives is unfortunately true, but it is no less true that the natives as often cheated the colonists.

Law among the New Zealanders seems to be of the simplest kind, and, as far as we know, is not so well developed as among some of the tribes of Southern Africa. The three offences of which the law takes cognizance are murder, theft, and adultery. For the first of these offences a sort of *lex talionis* holds good, the relatives of the slain man being sure, sooner or later, to kill the murderer, unless he manages to compromise with them. Even theft is punished in a similar fashion, the thief being robbed in his turn.

As to the third offence, it is punishable in various ways; but both the offending parties are supposed to have forfeited their lives to the husband. If, therefore, the fact be discovered, and the culprit be a person of low rank, he seeks safety in flight, while, if he be a man of rank, he expects that the offended husband will make war upon him. Sometimes, if a wife discovers that her husband has been unfaithful to her, she will kill his paramour, or, at all events, disgrace her after the native custom, by stripping off all her clothes, and exposing her in public. Even the husband is sometimes subjected to this punishment by the wife's relations; and so much dreaded is this disgrace that men have been known to commit suicide when their offence has been discovered.

Suicide, by the way, is not at all uncommon among the New Zealanders, who always think that death is better than disgrace, and

sometimes destroy themselves under the most trivial provocation. One such case is mentioned by Mr. Angus. "On arriving at the village or kainga of Ko Nghahokowitu, we found all the natives in a state of extraordinary excitement. We had observed numbers of people running in that direction, along the margin of the river, from the different plantations, and, on inquiry, we learned that an hour previously to our arrival the son of an influential chief had committed suicide by shooting himself with a musket.

"Our fellow-travellers, with Wisihona their chief, were all assembled, and we followed them to the shed where the act had been perpetrated, and where the body still lay as it fell, but covered with a blanket. The mourners were gathered round, and the women commenced crying most dolefully, wringing their hands, and bending their bodies to the earth. We approached the body, and were permitted to remove the blanket from the face and breast. The countenance was perfectly placid, and the yellow tint of the skin, combined with the tattooing, gave the corpse almost the appearance of a wax model. The deceased was a fine and well-made young man. He had placed the musket to his breast, and deliberately pushed the trigger with his toes, the bullet passing right through his lungs. Blood was still oozing from the orifice made by the bullet, and also from the mouth, and the body was still warm."

The cause of this suicide was that which has already been mentioned. The young man had been detected in an illicit correspondence with the wife of another man in the same village. The woman had been sent away to a distant settlement, a proceeding which had already made her lover sullen and gloomy; and, on the day when Mr. Angus visited the place, he had become so angry at the reproaches which were levelled at him by some of his relations, that he stepped aside and shot himself.

The determined manner in which the New Zealanders will sometimes commit suicide was exemplified by the conduct of another man, who deliberately wrapped himself up in his blanket, and strangled himself with his own hands. The crime was perpetrated in the common sleeping-house, and was achieved with so much boldness that it was not discovered until the man had been dead for some time.

A remarkable instance of this phase of New Zealand law took place when Mr. Dieffenbach visited the Waipa district. He was accompanied by a chief, who called a girl to him, and handed her over to the police magistrate as a murderess. The fact was, that her brother, a married man, had formed an intimacy with a slave girl, and, fearing the vengeance of his wife's relatives, had killed himself. His sister, in order to

avenge the death of her brother, found out the slave girl in the bush, and killed her. The strangest part of the business was, that the accused girl was the daughter of the chief who denounced her.

The girl pleaded her own cause well, saying, what was perfectly true, that she had acted according to the law of the land in avenging the death of her brother, and was

not amenable to the laws of the white man, which had not yet been introduced into her country. As might be imagined, her plea was received, and the girl was set at liberty; but her father was so earnest in his wish to check the system of retaliatory murder, that he actually offered himself in the place of his daughter, as being her nearest relation.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

NEW ZEALAND—*Continued.*

DRESS.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS OF THE NEW ZEALANDER—THE TATTOO OR THE MOKO—ITS FORMIDABLE CHARACTER—THE TATTOO A MARK OF FREEDOM—THE TATTOO OF THE FACE, AND ITS DIFFERENT PORTIONS—COST OF THE OPERATION—THE IMPLEMENTS, AND MODE OF USING THEM—TIME OCCUPIED IN COMPLETING IT—PAYMENT OF THE OPERATOR, AND THE TATTOO SONG—SOURCE WHENCE THE PIGMENT IS OBTAINED—SCARLET PAINT, AND MODE OF MAKING IT—THE NEW ZEALAND BELT—SYMBOLISM OF THE TATTOO—PRESERVING THE HEADS OF WARRIORS—THE TRAFFIC IN HEADS—A COOL BARGAINER.

WE will now proceed to the appearance and dress of the natives of New Zealand, or Maories, as they term themselves. As the most conspicuous part of the New Zealander's adornment is the tattooing with which the face and some other portions of the body are decorated, we will begin our account with a description of the moko, as it is called by the natives.

There are many parts of the world where the tattoo is employed, but in none is it of so formidable a description as among the New Zealanders. As the reader is probably aware, the tattoo consists of patterns made by introducing certain coloring matters under the skin; charcoal, variously prepared, being the usual material for the purpose. We have already seen among the Kaffirs examples of ornamenting the skin by cutting it deeply so as to form sears, and in Australia a similar but more cruel custom prevails. In neither of these countries, however, is there any attempt at producing an artistic effect, while in New Zealand beauty of design is the very object of the tattoo.

There is a distinction between the tattoo of the New Zealanders and the Polynesians; that of the latter people being formed by rows of little dots, and that of the former by lines cut completely through the skin. On account of this distinction, though a New Zealander and a Polynesian be covered from head to foot with tattoo marks, there is no possibility of mistaking the one for the other.

The moko of the New Zealander is a mark of rank, none but slaves being without a more or less complete tattooing of the face. In the present day, even the chiefs have begun to discontinue the ancient custom, chiefly owing to the exertions of the mis-

sionaries, who objected to the practice as a mark of heathendom. Consequently, several of the most powerful convert chiefs present a very curious, not to say ludicrous, aspect, which can hardly have a good effect in recommending Christianity to the people. Having been converted before the moko was completed, and being unwilling to continue the process and unable to obliterate those portions which were already drawn, they appear with one half of their faces tattooed and the other half plain, or perhaps with a solitary ring round one eye, and a couple of curves round one side of the mouth.

As, however, the present work treats only of the native customs, and not of modern civilization, the New Zealanders will be described as they were before they had learned to abandon the once-prized tattoo, to exchange the native mat for the English blanket, the picturesque war canoe for the commonplace whaling boat, and the spear and club for the rifle and bayonet.

The principal tattoo is that of the face and upper part of the head, which, when completed, leaves scarcely an untouched spot on which the finger can be placed. When finished, the whole face is covered with spiral scrolls, circles, and curved lines; and it is remarkable, that though a certain order is observed, and the position of the principal marks is the same in every case, no two persons are tattooed in precisely the same manner, the artists being able to produce an infinite variety with the few materials at his command.

For example, the first portion of the tattoo is always a series of curved lines, reaching from the corners of the nose to the chin,

and passing round the mouth. This portion of the tattoo goes by the name of *erepi*. Next comes a spiral scroll on the cheek-bone; and below it is another spiral, reaching as low as the jaw-bone. These are called respectively *kakoti* and *korohaha*. Next come four lines on the middle of the forehead, called *titi*; and besides these there are several lines which run up the centre of the nose and cover its sides, some which spread over the forehead, others which occupy the chin; and even the lips, eyelids, and ears are adorned with this singular ornament.

Besides possessing these marks, a great chief is seldom content unless he can cover his lips with similar lines, each of which has, like those of the face, its proper name.

Although the moko was considered as a mark of rank, there were no sumptuary laws which forbade its use. Any one, provided he were not a slave, might be tattooed as much as he pleased; but the expense of the operation was so great, that none but men of position could afford a complete suit of moko. No man could tattoo himself, and the delicacy of touch and certainty of line was so difficult of attainment, that tattooing became an art or science, which was left in the hands of a few practitioners, who derived a good income from their business. Some of those who had attained much reputation for their skill used to command very high fees when called in to decorate a client, and their services could therefore only be secured by the men of high position. It is rather remarkable that some of the most celebrated operators were slaves, men who were forbidden to wear the tattoo on their own persons.

The mode of operation is as follows. The patient lies on his back, and places his head between the knees of the operator, who squats on the ground after the usual native fashion. The latter then takes a little of the black pigment, and draws on the face the line of the pattern which he intends to follow; and in some cases he slightly scratches them with a sharp instrument, so as to make a sketch or outline drawing. The object of this scratching is to prevent the pattern from being obliterated by the flowing blood and the black pigment which is rubbed into the wounds.

Next, he takes his instrument or chisel, which is usually made of teeth, or the bone of a bird, and with it follows the pattern, cutting completely through the skin. Sometimes, when engaged in tattooing the face, a careless operator has been known to cut completely through the cheek, so as to put a temporary check to smoking, the sufferer experiencing some difficulty in getting the smoke into his mouth at all, and then finding it escape through the holes in his cheek. On page 722 the reader may find an illustration which gives a good idea of the different

forms of the tattooing chisel. As the operator proceeds, he continually dips the edge of his chisel in the black pigment, and, when he has cut a line of a few inches in length, he rubs more of the pigment into the wound, using a little bunch of fibre by way of a brush or sponge.

The cutting is not done as with a knife, but by placing the edge of the chisel on the skin, and driving it along the lines of the pattern by repeated blows with a small mallet. As may be imagined, the pain caused by this operation is excruciating. It is painful enough to have the skin cut at all, even with the keenest blade, as any one can testify who has been unfortunate enough to come under the surgeon's knife. But when the instrument employed is a shark's tooth, or a piece of bone, when it is driven slowly through the skin by repeated blows, and when the wound is at once filled with an irritating pigment, it may be imagined that the torture must be dreadful. It is, however, reckoned a point of honor to endure it without giving any signs of suffering.

Owing to the character of the tattoo, the destruction of the skin, and the consequent derangement of its functions, only a small portion can be executed at a time, a complete moko taking from two to three years, according to the constitution of the individual. Dreadful swellings are always caused by it, especially of the glands in the neighborhood of the wounds, and the effects are so severe that men have died when too large a portion has been executed at one time.

Every stroke of the chisel or *uki* leaving an indelible mark, it is of the greatest consequence that the operator should be a man of skill, and devote all his energies to tracing a clear, though elaborate pattern, in which the lines are set closely together, sweep in regular curves, and never interfere with each other.

While a man is being tattooed, his friends and those of the operator sing songs to him, in which he is encouraged to endure the pain bravely, and to bear in mind the lasting beauty which will be conferred upon him when the pattern is completed. The songs of the operator's friends contain some very broad hints as to the scale of payment which is expected. Although, as has been stated, the best of tattooers are paid very highly, there is no definite fee, neither is any bargain made, the operator trusting to the liberality of his client. But, as a man would be contented as a skulking fellow if he were to ask the services of a good operator and then pay him badly, the practical result is that a good tattooer always secures good pay.

Moreover, he has always the opportunity of avenging himself. As only a small portion of the moko can be executed at a time—say, for example, the spiral curve on one

cheek — if the operator be badly paid for the first portion of his work, he will take care to let the chisel slip out of its course when he proceeds to the second part, or will cut his lines coarsely and irregularly, thus disfiguring the stinging man for life.

Mr. Taylor gives a translation of one of these tattooing songs:

"He who pays well, let him be beautifully ornamented;
But he who forgets the operator, let him be done carelessly.
Be the lines wide apart.
O hiki Tangaroa!
O hiki Tangaroa!
Strike that the chisel as it cuts along may sound.
O hiki Tangaroa!
Men do not know the skill of the operator in driving his sounding chisel along.
O hiki Tangaroa!

The reader will see that the song is a very ingenious one, magnifying the skill of the operator, promising a handsome moko to the liberal man, and threatening to disfigure him if he be niggardly in his payments.

While the operation of tattooing is going on, all persons in the pah, or enclosure, are under the tabu, or tapu, lest any harm should happen to them; the work of tattooing being looked upon with a kind of superstitious reverence. The meaning of the word 'tapu' will be explained when we come to treat of the religious system of the New Zealander.

The effect of the moko on the face is well shown in illustration No. 2, on the next page, which represents a chief and his wife. The reader will probably observe that on the face of the woman there are marks which resemble the tattoo. They are, however, the scars left by mourning over the body of some relative, a ceremony in which the women cut themselves unmercifully. The dress worn by both persons will be presently described.

The pigment used in tattooing is made from the resin of the kauri pine, and the greater part of it is made at one spot, where the tree grows plentifully. There is a rocky precipice, and a little distance from its edge a deep and narrow pit is sunk. A channel is cut through the face of the cliff into the pit, and the apparatus is complete. When a native wishes to make a supply of tattooing pigment, he cuts a quantity of kauri wood, places it in the pit, and sets fire to it, thus causing the burnt resin to fall to the bottom of the pit, whence it is scraped out through the channel.

Scarlet paint is much employed by the natives, especially when they decorate themselves for battle. It is obtained from an ochreous substance which is deposited in many places where water has been allowed to become stagnant. Some spots are celebrated for the excellence of the ochre, and the natives come from great distances to procure it. When they wish to make their

scarlet paint, they first carefully dry and then burn the ochre; the result of which operation is, that a really fine vermilion is obtained.

This paint is used for many purposes, and before being used it is mixed with oil obtained from the shark. The natives are fond of decorating their houses with it, and by means of the scarlet lines increase, according to their own ideas, the beauty of the carved work with which every available point is adorned. Even their household goods are painted after a similar manner, the fashionable mode being to paint all the hollows scarlet, and the projecting portions black. Their canoes and wooden ornaments are profusely adorned with red paint. But the most valued use of this pigment is the part which it plays in the decoration of a warrior when he goes to battle.

In such cases paint constitutes the whole of his costume, the mats in which he takes so great a pride in time of peace being laid aside, many warriors being perfectly naked, and with the others the only covering of any kind being a belt made of plaited leaves.

One of these belts in my collection is seven feet in length, and only three and a half inches wide in the broadest part; while at either end it diminishes to a mere plaited thong. It is folded fourfold, and on opening it the mode of construction is plainly seen; all the loose ends being tucked inside.

The material is phormium leaf cut into strips an inch in width, each alternate strip being dyed black. Each strip is then divided into eight little strips or thongs, and they are so plaited as to produce an artistic checkered pattern of black and white. The ingenuity in forming so elaborate a pattern with so simple a material is extreme; and, as if to add to the difficulty of his task, the dusky artist has entirely changed the pattern at either end of the belt, making it run at right angles to the rest of the fabric. The belt is also used in lieu of clothing when the men are engaged in paddling a canoe.

The paint, therefore, becomes the characteristic portion of the New Zealander's war dress, and is applied for the purpose of making himself look as terrible as possible, and of striking terror into his enemies. It is, however, used in peace as well as in war, being regarded as a good preservative against the bites and stings of insects, especially the sandflies and mosquitoes. It is also used in mourning, being rubbed on the body as a sign of grief, precisely as ashes are used among some of the Oriental nations. Some travellers have thought that the continual use of this pigment gives to the New Zealanders the peculiar softness and sleekness of skin for which they are remarkable, and which distinguishes them from the Fijians, whose skin feels as if it had been roughened with a file. This theory, however, is scarcely tenable, the soft texture of the skin being

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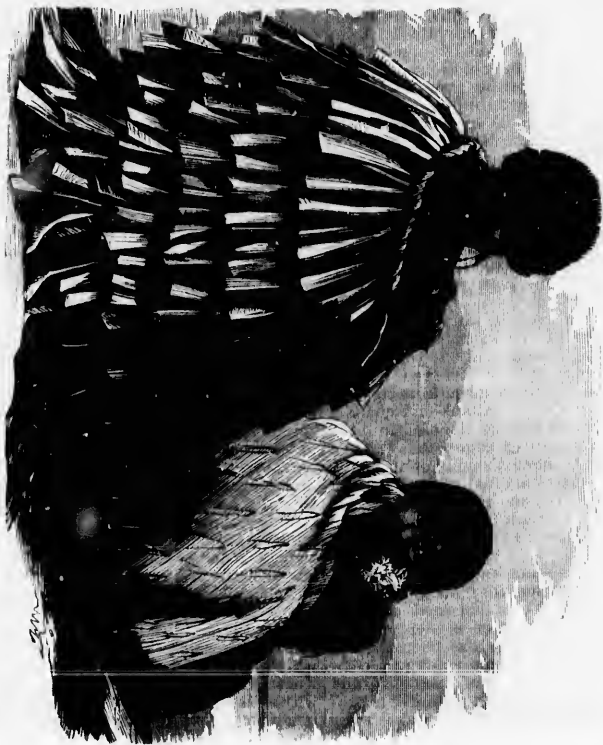
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(1) NEW ZEALAND WOMAN AND HER BOY.
(See page 795.)



(2) TATTOOED CHIEF AND HIS WIFE.
(See page 822.)



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A warrior adorned in all the pride of the tattoo and scarlet paint is certainly a terrific object, and is well calculated to strike terror into those who have been accustomed to regard the Maori warriors with awe. When, however, the natives found that all the painting in the world had no effect upon the disciplined soldiers of the foreigner, they abandoned it, and contented themselves with the weapons that none are more able to wield than themselves.

Moreover, the paint and tattoo, however well it might look on a warrior armed after the primitive fashion, has rather a ludicrous effect when contrasted with the weapons of civilization. There is now before me a portrait of a Maori chief in full battle array. Except a bunch of feathers in his hair, and a checked handkerchief tied round his loins, evidently at the request of the photographer, he has no dress whatever. He is tall, splendidly made, stern, and soldierlike of aspect. But instead of the club, his proper weapon, he bears in his hand a Belgian rifle, with fixed bayonet, and has a cartouche-box fastened by a belt round his naked body.

His face is tattooed, and so are his hips, which are covered with a most elaborate pattern, that contrasts boldly with his really fair skin. Had he his club and chief's staff in his hands, he would look magnificent; having a rifle and a cartouche-box, he looks absurd. Even a sword would become him better than a rifle, for we are so accustomed to associate a rifle with a private soldier, that it is difficult to understand that a powerful chief would carry such a weapon.

The curious mixture of native and European dress which the Maories are fond of wearing is well described by Mr. Angus. "Raupahara's wife is an exceedingly stout woman, and wears her hair, which is very stiff and wiry, combed up into an erect mass upon her head about a foot in height, somewhat after the fashion of the Tonga islanders, which, when combined with her size, gives her a remarkable appearance.

"She was well dressed in a flax mat of native manufacture, thickly ornamented with tufts of cotton wool; and one of her nieces wore silk stockings and slippers of patent leather. This gay damsel was, moreover, a very pretty girl, and knew how to set off her charms to advantage; for over an European dress she had retained her native ornaments, and had wrapped herself coquettishly in a beautiful, 'kaitaka,' displaying her large hazel eyes above its silky folds."

It has often been thought that the warrior regarded his moko, or tattoo, as his name, permanently inscribed on his face; and this notion was strengthened by two facts: the one, that in the earlier times of the colonists the natives signed documents by appending a copy of their moko; and the

other, that each man knows every line of his tattoo, and sometimes carves a wooden bust on which he copies with admirable fidelity every line which appears on his own head or face. Such a work of art is greatly valued by the Maories, and a man who has carved one of them can scarcely be induced by any bribe to part with it.

Moreover, the moko of a warrior is often accepted as the conventional representation of himself. For example, on the pillars of a very celebrated house, which we shall presently describe, are numerous human figures which represent certain great chiefs, while men of lesser mark are indicated by their moko carved on the posts. Thus it will be seen that the moko of a chief is as well known to others as to himself, and that the practised eye of the native discerns among the various curves and spirals, which are common to all free men, the characteristic lines which denote a man's individuality, and in producing which the tattooers' skill is often sorely tried.

It has already been mentioned, that when a warrior falls in battle, and his body can be carried off by the enemy, the head is preserved, and fixed on the dwelling of the conqueror. No dishonor attaches itself to such an end; and, indeed, a Maori warrior would feel himself direfully insulted if he were told that in case of his death in the field his body would be allowed to remain untouched.

In fact, he regards his moko precisely in the same light that an American Indian looks upon his scalp-lock; and, indeed, there are many traits in the character of the Maori warrior in which he strangely resembles the best examples of North American savages.

In order to preserve the head of a slain warrior, some process of embalming must evidently be pursued, and that which is commonly followed is simple enough.

The head being cut off, the hair is removed, and so are the eyes; the places of which are filled up with pledgets of tow, over which the eyelids are sewed. Pieces of stick are then placed in the nostrils in order to keep them properly distended, and the head is hung in the smoke of the wood fire until it is thoroughly saturated with the pyroligneous acid. The result of this mode of preparation is, that the flesh shrinks up, and the features become much distorted; though, as the Maori warrior always distorts his countenance as much as possible before battle, this effect is rather realistic than otherwise.

It is often said that heads prepared in this fashion are proof against the attacks of insects. This is certainly not the case, as I have seen several specimens completely riddled by the pillius and similar creatures, and have been obliged to destroy the little pests by injecting a solution of corrosive sublimate. In spite of the shrivelling

to which the flesh and skin are subject, the tattooing retains its form; and it is most curious to observe how the finest lines completely retain their relative position to each other.

Not only are the heads of enemies treated in this fashion, but those of friends are also preserved. The difference is easily perceptible by looking at the mouth, which, if the head be that of a friend, is closed, and if of an enemy, is widely opened.

Some years ago, a considerable number of these preserved heads were brought into Europe, having been purchased from the natives. Of late years, however, the trade in them has been strictly forbidden, and on very good grounds. In the first place, no man who was well tattooed was safe for an hour, unless he were a great chief, for he might at any time be watched until he was off his guard, and then knocked down, killed, and his head sold to the traders. Then, when the natives became too cautious to render head hunting a profitable trade, a new expedient was discovered.

It was found that a newly tattooed head

looked as well when preserved as one which had been tattooed for years. The chiefs were not slow in taking advantage of this discovery, and immediately set to work at killing the least valuable of their slaves, tattooing their heads as though they had belonged to men of high rank, drying, and then selling them.

One of my friends lately gave me a curious illustration of the trade in heads. His father wanted to purchase one of the dried heads, but did not approve of any that were brought for sale, on the ground that the tattoo was poor, and was not a good example of the skill of the native artists. The chief allowed the force of the argument, and, pointing to a number of his people who had come on board, he turned to the intending purchaser, saying, "Choose which of these heads you like best, and when you come back I will take care to have it dried and ready for your acceptance." As may be imagined, this speech put an abrupt end to all head purchasing, and gave an unexpected insight into the mysteries of trading as conducted by savage nations.

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CHAPTER LXXX.

NEW ZEALAND—Continued.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS.

THE "MATS" OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS—THE MATERIAL OF WHICH THEY ARE MADE—THE NEW ZEALAND FLAX, OR PHORMIUM—MODE OF MAKING THE MATS—VARIOUS KINDS OF MATS—THE RAIN MAT AND ITS USES—THE OPEN-WORKED MAT—THE DIFFERENT ORNAMENTS OF THE MAT: STRIPES AND TAGS, SCARLET TUFTS AND BORDERS—WAR CLOAKS OF THE CHIEFS—THE DOGS'-HAIR MAT—THE CHIEF PARATENE IN HIS CLOAK—MODE OF MAKING THE WAR CLOAKS—BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE CHIEF—AMUSINO INSTANCE OF VANITY IN A CHIEF—SUBSTITUTION OF THE BLANKET AND ITS ATTENDANT EVILS—ORNAMENTS OF THE NEW ZEALANDER'S HEAD—FEATHERS, AND FEATHER BOXES—VARIOUS DECORATIONS OF GREEN JADE—TIKIS AND EARRINGS—A REMARKABLE AMULET—THE SHARK'S TOOTH—MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR—HAIR-CUTTING AND SHAVING—A PRIMITIVE RAZOR.

WE now come to the costume of the New Zealanders. This is of a rather remarkable character, and may be characterized by the generic title of mat, with the exception of the belt which has just been described. The costume of the New Zealander consists of a square or oblong mat, varying considerably in size, though always made on the same principle. In this mat the natives envelop themselves after a very curious fashion, generally muffling themselves up to the neck, and often throwing the folds round them after the fashion of a conventional stage villain.

These mats are of various textures, and differ as much in excellence and value as do the fabrics of more civilized lands. The material is, however, the same in all cases, and even the mode of wearing the garment, the value being estimated by the fineness of the material, the amount of labor bestowed upon it, and the ornaments introduced into it.

The material of which the mats are made is the so-called New Zealand "flax," scientifically known by the name of *Phormium tenax*. It belongs to the natural family of the Liliaceæ and the tribe Asparagaceæ. The plant has a number of showy yellow flowers arranged on a tall branch-panicle, and a number of straightish leaves, all starting from the root, and being five or six feet long, and not more than two inches wide at the broadest part.

The fibres which run along these leaves are very strong and fine, and, when properly dressed and combed, have a beautiful silky

look about them. At one time great quantities of New Zealand flax, as it was called, were imported into Europe, and the plant was cultivated in some of the southern parts of the Continent. Strong, however, as it may be, it has the curious fault of snapping easily when tied in a knot, and on this account is not valued so much in Europe as in its own country. I have before me a large roll of string made by natives from the phormium. It is very strong in proportion to its thickness, and much of it has been used in suspending various curiosities in my collection; but it cannot endure being made into a knot. It is useful enough in hitches, especially the "clove-hitch;" but as soon as it is tied into a knot, it will hardly bear the least strain.

The principle on which the mats are made is very simple. A weaving frame is erected on sticks a foot or so from the ground, and upon it is arranged the web, made of strings or yarns, placed as closely together as possible, and drawn quite tight. The web is double, and is passed under and over each yarn, and the upper one is always passed between the ends of the under web before it is drawn tight. The mat is therefore nothing more than a number of parallel strings laid side by side, and connected, at intervals of an inch or so, by others that pass across them. More care is taken of the edges, which are turned over, and the yarns are so interwoven as to make a thick and strong border.

When the webs are hauled tight, they are beaten into their place by means of a bone

instrument, very much like a paper knife in shape; and in every respect the weaving of a New Zealander most strongly reminds the spectator of the process of making the Gobelin tapestries. In both cases there is a fixed warp on which the weft is laboriously woven by hand, and is kept straight and regular by being struck with an instrument that passes between the threads of the warp. Although at the present day the warp of the Gobelin tapestry is stretched perpendicularly, in former times it was stretched longitudinally in a low frame, exactly similar in principle to that which is employed by the New Zealander.

The reader will perceive that the process of weaving one of these mats must be a work of considerable time, and an industrious woman can scarcely complete even a common mat under eighteen months, while one of the more elaborate robes will occupy twice that time.

The illustration No. 1 on the next page, is drawn from a sketch of a house belonging to one of the great chiefs, and in it are seen some women busily employed in making mats. One of them is scraping the leaves with a shell or stone, while another is engaged at the primitive loom. The mat is represented as nearly completed, and the woman is seen with the four ends of the double weft in her hand, passing them across each other before she draws them tight. A heap of dressed leaves of the phormium is seen in the background, and a bundle of the long swordlike leaves is strewn on the floor. Various baskets and other implements, made of the same material, are hung from the rafters; and in front is one of the curiously carved poles which support the roof.

It has been mentioned that there is but one principle on which all the mats are made, but that there is a very great variety in making them. There is, for example, the rain mat, which is used in wet weather. As the structure proceeds, the manufacturer inserts into each knot of the weft an undressed blade of the phormium upon which the epidermis has been allowed to remain. When wrapped round the body, the leaves all fall over each other, so as to make a sort of penthouse, and to allow the rain to run over their smooth and polished surfaces until it falls to the ground.

When rain comes on, and a number of natives are seen squatting on the ground, each wearing his rain mat, they have a most absurd appearance, and look like a number of human beings who had hidden themselves in haycocks. On page 803 may be seen the figure of a chief wearing one of these dresses. The name of the mat is *E manguika*.

I have seen another kind of mat, which is made in a kind of open-work pattern, produced by crossing every fifth strand of the

warp. This mat is of the very best quality, and, considering the nature of the material of which it is made, is wonderfully light, soft, and pliant.

Another kind is the woman's mat, of which there are several varieties. It is of larger size than that employed by the men, and is capable of enveloping the entire figure from head to foot. It is of rather lighter material than the rain mat, and is decorated on the exterior with a number of strings, varying in length from a few inches to three feet or so. A variety of this mat is distinguished by having the strings white instead of black. Specimens of both these mats are in my collection, and the general effect of them can be seen by reference to any of the illustrations which represent the native women.

Strings or tags are undoubtedly the most characteristic portion of the dress, and there is scarcely a mat of any description that is not ornamented with them. One variety of mat, which is called *E wakalwa*, is covered with long cylindrical ornaments that look very much as if they were made of porcupine quills, being hard, and colored alternately black and yellow. The ornaments are, however, made of the phormium leaf in a very ingenious manner. The epidermis is carefully scraped off the under side of the leaf with a sharp-edged shell, and the leaf is then turned over. On the upper side the epidermis is removed at regular intervals, so as to expose the fibres.

The next process is to put the scraped leaf into a dye made of a decoction of kiam bark, and to let it remain for a definite time. When it is taken out, the dye has stained the exposed fibres a deep glossy black, while it has not been able to touch the polished yellow epidermis that is allowed to remain. The dyed leaves are next rolled up until they form cylinders as large as goose quills, and are then woven in regular rows into the material of a mat. As the wearer moves about, the cylinders rustle and clatter against each other, producing a sound which seems to be peculiarly grateful to the ears of the natives. Such a mat or cloak is highly prized. Several of these mats are in my collection, and very curious examples of native art they are.

One of these has cost the weaver an infinity of trouble. It is nearly five feet wide and three in depth. The warp has been dyed black, while the weft is white; and the effect of the weft passing in reverse lines across the warp is very good. Every other line of weft is decorated with the cylindrical tassels each of which is nine inches in length, and is divided into four parts by the removal of the epidermis. These tassels begin at the fourth line of warp, and are regularly continued to the lower edge, whence they hang so as to form a fringe. On account of their number, they would

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(1.) WOMEN MAKING MATS.

(See page 808.)



(2.) THE TANGI.

(See page 824.)

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qualify the garment as a rain mat on an emergency; and the rattling they make as the mat is moved is very much like that which is produced by a peacock when it rustles its train.

Along the upper edge, which passes over the shoulders, the stirrugs have been rolled together into ropes as thick as the finger, and then plaited so as to form a thick and soft border which will not hurt the neck. The portion of the mat which comes between the edge and the first row of tassels is ornamented with scraps of scarlet wool plaited into the web. This wool is a favorite though costly ornament to the natives, being procured from seamen's woollen caps, which they unpick, and the yarns used to ornament the dress.

One of these mantles brought from New Zealand by Stilver Vores, Esq., is adorned very largely with scarlet wool. It is completely bordered with the precious material, a narrow line of scarlet running under the upper edge, a broader under the lower, while the two sides are decorated with a band nearly four inches in width. In this case the wool has been arranged in a series of loops; but in another specimen the loops are cut so as to form a fringe.

In this latter mantle the tags, instead of being cylindrical and alternately black and yellow, are entirely black, each rolled leaf being wholly divested of its epidermis, and the fibres radiating from each other in tassel fashion. I rather think that the object of this mode of treatment is to prevent the eye from being distracted by the jangling yellow tags, and so to permit the scarlet border to exhibit its beauties to the best advantage.

Scarlet worsted is, of course, a comparatively late invention, and has only been introduced since the visits of Europeans. In former days the natives were equally fond of ornamenting their cloaks, and were obliged to use the plumage of birds for the purpose. The feathers taken from the breast of the kaka (a species of nestor) were mostly used for this purpose. Although the colored ornaments are generally disposed in lines, they are sometimes arranged in tufts, which are disposed in regular intervals over the whole of the dress. Examples of this kind of decoration may be seen in several of the costumes which are drawn in this work.

The yarns or strings of which the warp is made are not twisted or plaited, but consist merely of the phormium fibres as they lie in the leaf. The leaves are prepared for this purpose by scraping off the epidermis on both sides, and then beating them on a flat stone with a pestle made of the hard volcanic stone employed in the manufacture of adzes and other tools.

The most valuable of all the dresses are the war cloaks of the great chiefs. They are

very large, being sometimes nearly six feet in depth, and wide enough to be wrapped over the entire body and limbs. Their native name is Parawai.

Before making one of these great war mats, the weaver collects a large quantity of dog's hair, which she assort into parcels of different colors. She then sets up her simple loom, and fixes the warp as usual. But with every knot or mesh which she makes with the web she introduces a tuft of hair, taking care to make each tuft long enough to overlap and conceal the insertion of the tufts in the next row. She is also careful about the regular arrangement of the hues, so that when a complete mat is made by a skillful weaver, it looks exactly as if it was composed of the skin of some large animal, the vegetable fibres which form the fabric itself being entirely concealed by the tufts of hair.

One of these mats is the result of some four years' constant labor, and causes some surprise that a people so naturally indolent as the Maories should prove themselves capable of such long and steady industry. But the fact is, the mat maker is a woman and not a man, and in consequence is obliged to work, whether she likes it or not.

In the next place, mat weaving scarcely comes under the denomination of labor. The woman is not tied to time, nor even bound to produce a given number of mats within a given period. Her living, too, does not depend upon the rate of her work, and whether she takes eighteen months or two years to produce a garment is a matter of total indifference to all parties. Besides, she never works alone, but is always accompanied by friends, one of whom, perhaps, may be occupied in a similar manner, another may be employed in scraping the phormium leaves, and another is engaged in pounding and softening the fibres, or drying those that have just been dyed black.

But, whatever their hands may be doing, the weavers' tongues are never still. A continual stream of talk flows round the looms, and the duty of mat making is thus changed into an agreeable mode of enjoying the pleasures of conversation while the hands are employed in a light and easy labor.

Very great ingenuity is displayed by the woman to whom is entrusted the onerous task of making a war mat. No two are alike, the weaver exercising her discretion respecting the colors and their arrangement. Some of them are made on the same principle as the Bechuana kaross,—namely, darkest in the centre, and fading into the lightest hues round the edges. Others are white or pale in the middle, and edged with a broad band of black or dark brown hair. Sometimes the colors are arranged in a zigzag pattern, and several mats are striped like tiger skins. They always have a sort of

collar, composed of strips of fur, which hang about six inches over the shoulders.

In New Zealand there are one or two dresses which are made almost entirely of fur, the skins being dressed with the hair adhering to them, and then sewed together. A very remarkable mat is possessed by a powerful chief named Parātene Maioha. It is made of strips of dogs' fur sewed over a large flaxen mat. Of this garment he is very proud, and reserves it to be worn on grand occasions. A portrait of this celebrated chief is given in the illustration No. 1, on the 820th page, partly to show the aspect of a Maori chief in time of peace, and partly to give the reader an idea of the peculiar look of the war cloak.

There is also before me a photographic portrait of Parātene, authenticated by his autograph, in which he is represented as clad in a different manner. He wears two mats or cloaks, the lower being of the finest flax, and called by the natives kaitaka. A description of this kind of cloak will be presently given. Over the kaitaka he wears a very remarkable war cloak, which is made of dogs' fur sewed upon a flax mat. It reaches a little below the knees, and is made in perpendicular stripes alternately dark and pale, and is furnished with a thick collar or cape of the same material. This cape, by the way, bears a curious resemblance to the ornament which is worn by the Abyssinian chiefs.

Unfortunately for the general effect of the picture, Parātene has combed, divided, and brushed his hair in European fashion; and muffled up as he is to the chin, it is too evident that he is wearing a complete European suit under his mats. The cape has fallen off a little on the right side, and we have the absurd anomaly of a face profusely tattooed surmounted with hair that has just been brushed and combed, a dog-skin war mat, from which protrudes a bare right arm, a jade earring six inches long, and a black cravat and turn-down collar. In his right hand he grasps his cherished merai; his staff of office, or E'hani, rests against his shoulder; and by his side is his long battle-axe, adorned with a tuft of feathers and dog-skin. This same Parātene is a man of great mark among the Maories.

As is the case with natives of rank who have associated with Europeans, he is known by several names. The following account of him is given by Mr. G. F. Angus:

"Parātene (Broughton), whose native name was Te Maioha, is a cousin of Te Whero-whero, and one of the leading men of the Ngatimohuta branch of the Waikato tribes. He generally resides in a village (or kainga) on the northern bank of the picturesque little harbor of Waingarua, on the west coast of the Northern Island; and the correctness of his general conduct, and the gravity of his demeanor, have obtained

for him a marked ascendancy over many of his equals in rank.

"Eccentricity is the principal feature in the character of this chief; and the scrupulous attention which he invariably pays to those trifling circumstances which constitute his notions of etiquette often renders his conduct highly curious. He has gained, by unwearied application, a smattering of arithmetic, and one of his most self-satisfactory exploits is the correct solution of some such important problem as the value of a pig of a certain weight, at a given price per pound, making the usual deduction for the offal. His erudite quality and the dignified gravity of his carriage have commanded the deferential respect of his people, and encouraged them to consider him quite an oracle.

"One little incident will place the harmless foible of this chief's character in a striking light. When the author was about to employ his pencil in the delineation of his figure, Parātene desired to be excused for a few moments. Having gained his point, he sought an interview with Mrs. Wells, the missionary's wife (under whose hospitable roof his portrait was taken), and, preferring his request with some solemn intimations of its paramount importance, begged 'Mother' to lend him a looking-glass, that he might compose his features in a manner suitable to his own idea of propriety ere he took his stand before the easel of the artist."

It may be observed, by the way, that "Mother" is the term always employed by the natives when addressing the wife of a missionary. The autograph of Parātene, to which allusion has already been made, is written with pencil, and is perfectly intelligible, though the characters are shaky, large, and sprawling, and look as if they had been made by fingers more accustomed to handle the club than the pencil.

The last kind of mat which will be mentioned is the kaitaka. This garment is made of a peculiar kind of flax, cultivated for the express purpose, and furnishing a fibre which is soft and fine as silk. The whole of the mat is plain, except the border, which is in some cases two feet in depth, and which is most elaborately woven into a vandyked pattern of black, red, and white. At the present day a good kaitaka is scarcely anywhere to be seen, the skill required in making them being so great that only a few weavers can produce them, and European blankets being so easily procured that the natives will not take the trouble of weaving garments that take so much time and trouble.

Handsome as are these native garments, they are not very pleasant to wear. As the threads are only laid parallel to each other, and are not crossed, as in fabrics woven in the loom, they form scarcely any protection against the wind, although they may serve to keep out the rain. The mats are very

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heavy, my own small specimen of the waikawa cloak weighing five pounds and a half, and so stiff that they cannot be conveniently rolled up and packed away when out of use. An English blanket, on the contrary, is close-textured, resists the wind, is very light, and can be rolled up into a small compass; so that it is no wonder that the natives prefer it.

Unfortunately for them, it is not nearly so healthy a garment as that which is made by themselves, as it is worn for a long time without being washed, and so becomes saturated with the grease and paint with which the natives are fond of adorning their bodies. In consequence, it fosters several diseases of the skin to which the Maories are subject, and it has been found that those who wear blankets are much more subject to such ailments than those who adhere to the native raiment.

In some parts of the country, where the ground is hard and stony, the natives plait for themselves sandals or slippers, which very much resemble those which are used by the Japanese. They consist of the ever-useful phogium fibres, which are twisted into cords, and then plaited firmly into the shape of a shoe sole.

WE now proceed from the dress to the ornaments worn by the New Zealanders.

In some respects they resemble those which are in use among other dark tribes. Feathers are much valued by them, and among the commonest of these adornments is a bunch of white feathers taken from the pelican, and fastened to the ears so as to fall on the shoulder. An example of this may be seen in the portrait of the old warrior on page 704. Sometimes the skin of a small bird is rudely stuffed, and then suspended as an earring, and sometimes one wing will be placed at each side of the head, the tips nearly meeting above.

The most prized of these adornments are the tail feathers of the bird called by the natives E Elia, or E Huia (*Neomorpha Gouldii*). It is allied to the hoopoes, and is remarkable for the fact that the beak of the male is straight and stout, while that of the female is long, slender, and sickle-shaped. The color of the bird is a dark glossy green of so deep a hue that in some lights it seems to be black. The tail feathers, however, are tipped with snowy white, so that when the bird spreads its plumage for flight, the tail looks at a little distance as if it were black, edged with white.

The bird is only found in the hills near Port Nicholson, and, as it is very wary, can scarcely be obtained except by the help of a native, who imitates its cry with wonderful perfection. The name E Elia is said to be merely an imitation of the long shrill whistle of the bird. The birds are so valued by the Maories that in all probability the species

would have been extinct by this time, but for the introduction of European customs, which to a certain degree have driven out the ancient customs.

The feathers of the tail are the parts of the bird that are most valued by the chiefs, who place them in their hair on great occasions. So much do they prize these feathers, that they take the trouble to make boxes in which they are kept with the greatest care. These boxes are made by the chiefs themselves, and are covered with the most elaborate carvings, some of them being the finest specimens of art that can be found in New Zealand. They are of various shapes, but a very good idea of their usual form may be obtained from the illustration No. 3, on page 775. The usual forms are similar to that of the illustration, but in some cases the boxes are oblong. There is now before me a drawing of one of these boxes, which is covered with an equally elaborate pattern, in which the lines are mostly straight instead of curved, the pattern being of a vandyked character, similar to that upon the kaitaka cloak. There is a projecting handle upon the lid, and an almost similar handle upon each end.

The natives do not, however, confine themselves to wearing the tail feathers, but, when they can obtain so valuable a bird, are sure to use every portion of it. The head seems to be thought of next importance to the tail, and is suspended to the ear by a thong.

Perhaps the most characteristic ornaments that are worn by the New Zealanders are those which are made of green jade. This mineral, called by the natives Poonamu, is mostly found near the lakes in the Middle Island, and is valued by them with almost a superstitious reverence. If a very large piece be found, it is taken by some chief, who sets to work to make a club from it. This club, called a merai, will be described when we come to treat of war as conducted by the Maories.

In the illustration No. 1, on page 841, are represented some of the most characteristic jade ornaments.

Fig. 1 is a flat image bearing the rude semblance of a human being, and made of various sizes. That which is here given is rather smaller than the usual dimensions. It is called by the natives Tikl, and is at the same time one of the commonest and the highest prized articles among the New Zealanders. A new one can be purchased for a sun which, though it would be considered absurdly high in England for such an object, is in New Zealand really a low price, and scarcely repays the trouble of carving it.

Jade is an extremely hard mineral, ranking next to the ruby in that respect, and, in consequence of its extreme hardness, taking a peculiar glossy polish that is seen on no other substance. The time which is occupied in carving one of these ornaments is necessarily very great, as the native does

not possess the mechanical means which render its manipulation a comparatively easy task to the European engraver, and can only shape his ornaments by laboriously rubbing one piece of stone upon another.

That ornaments made of such a material should be highly prized is not a matter of surprise, and it is found that a wealthy chief will give an extraordinarily high price for a handsome jade ornament. There is in my collection a very ancient Buddhist amulet, made of the purest green jade, and beautifully carved, the remarkable portion of it being a revolving wheel with spiral spokes, the wheel being cut out of the solid jade. The amulet was found in the apartments of the Queen of Oude, and had evidently been imported from China, where it was engraved, the whole character of the work belonging to a very ancient epoch of Chinese art. It was shown to a Maori chief, who was then visiting England, and who was intensely pleased with it, saying that, if it were sent to New Zealand and offered for sale to one of the great chiefs, it would be purchased for £20 or £25 of English money.

It has been just mentioned that, in spite of the labor bestowed on the ornament, a new tiki can be purchased for a moderate sum. Such, however, would not be the case were the tiki an old one. These ornaments are handed down from father to son, and in process of time are looked upon with the greatest reverence, and treated as heirlooms which no money can buy.

One of these tikis was seen by Mr. Angus lying on the tomb of a child, where it had been placed as an offering by the parents. It had lain there for a long time; but, in spite of the value of the ornament, no one had ventured to touch it. It was a very small one, even less in size than the drawing in the illustration, and had in all probability been worn by the child on whose tomb it lay.

Most of these tikis are plain, but some of them have their beauty increased by two patches of scarlet cement with which the sockets of the eyes are filled.

The tikis are worn on the breast, suspended by a cord round the neck; and almost every person of rank, whether man or woman, possesses one. They are popularly supposed to be idols, and are labelled as such in many museums; but there is not the least reason for believing them to fulfil any office except that of personal decoration. The Maories are fond of carving the human figure upon everything that can be carved. Their houses are covered with human figures, their canoes are decorated with grotesque human faces, and there is not an implement or utensil which will not have upon it some conventional representation of the human form. It is therefore not remarkable that when a New Zealander finds a piece of

jade which is too small to be converted into a weapon, and too flat to be carved into one of the cylindrical earrings which are so much valued, he should trace upon it the same figure as that which surrounds him on every side.

The most common forms of earring are those which are shown at figs. 4 and 5, the latter being most usually seen. It is so strangely shaped that no one who did not know its use would be likely to imagine that it was ever intended to be worn in the ear. Two rather remarkable earrings are worn in New Zealand as marks of rank; one being a natural object, and the other an imitation of it. This earring is called mako tamina, and is nothing but a tooth of the tiger shark. Simple though it be, it is greatly prized, as being a mark of high rank, and is valued as much as a plain red button by a Chinese mandarin, or, to come nearer home, the privilege of wearing a piece of blue ribbon among ourselves.

Still more prized than the tooth itself is an imitation of it in pellucid jade. The native carver contrives to imitate his model wonderfully well, giving the peculiar curves of a shark's tooth with singular exactness. Such an ornament as this is exceedingly scarce, and is only to be seen in the ears of the very greatest chiefs. Anything seems to serve as an earring, and it is not uncommon to see natives of either sex wearing in their ears a brass button, a key, a button-hook, or even a pipe.

There is very little variety in the mode of dressing the hair, especially among women. Men generally keep it rather short, having it cut at regular intervals, while some of the elders adhere to the ancient custom of wearing it long, turning it up in a bunch on the top of the head, and fastening it with combs.

These are formed after a fashion common to all Polynesia, and extending even to Western Africa. The teeth are not cut out of a single piece of wood, but each is made separately, and fastened to its neighbor by a strong cross-lashing. The teeth, although slight, are strong and elastic, and are well capable of enduring the rather rough handling to which they are subjected.

Children of both sexes always wear the hair short like the men; but as the girls grow up, they allow the hair to grow, and permit it to flow over their shoulders on either side of the face. They do not part it, but bring it down over the forehead, and cut it in a straight line just above the eyebrows. When they marry, they allow the whole of the hair to grow, and part it in the middle. They do not plait or otherwise dress it, but merely allow it to hang loosely in its natural curls.

Hair-cutting is with the New Zealanders a long and tedious operation, and is conducted after the fashion which prevails in so many parts of the world. Not knowing the

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use of seissors, and being incapable of producing any cutting instrument with an edge keen enough to shave, they use a couple of shells for the operation, placing the edge of one under the hair that is to be cut, and scraping it with the edge of the other.

Although this plan is necessarily a very slow one, it is much more efficacious than might be imagined, and is able not only to cut the hair of the head, but to shave the stiff beards of the men. In performing the

latter operation, the barber lays the edge of the lower shell upon the skin, and presses it well downward, so as to enable the upper shell to scrape off the hair close to the skin. Beard-shaving is necessarily a longer process than hair-cutting, because it is not possible to cut more than one or two hairs at a time, and each of them takes some little time in being rubbed asunder between the edges of the shells.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

NEW ZEALAND—*Continued.*

DOMESTIC LIFE.

CEREMONIES ATTENDANT ON BIRTH—PREVALENCE AND CAUSES OF INFANTICIDE—A CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SUPERSTITION—NAMES AND THEIR SIGNIFICATION—THE CEREMONY OF SPRINKLING—THE RECITATIONS—CHANGES OF NAME—MARRIAGE—COURTSHIP AND WIFE-SNATCHING—AMUSEMENTS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS—THE SWING, OR GIANT STRIDE—DRAUGHTS AND OTHER SEDENTARY GAMES—CHILDREN'S SPORTS—TOP-SPINNING, KITE-FLYING—AND CAT'S-CRADLE—SWIMMING AND DIVING—CURIOUS PETS: DOGS, PIGS, AND PARROTS—BALL-PLAYING—MUSIC AND SINGING—CHARACTER OF THE SONGS—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—THE FIFE, THE WAR TRUMPET, AND THE WAR BELL—CURIOUS MODE OF SALUTATION—THE "TANGI," AND ITS LUDICROUS APPEARANCE—ITS WEARISOME EFFECT ON A FOREIGNER—UNCERTAIN TEMPER OF THE MAORIES—STRENGTH OF MEMORY, AND CURIOSITY.

We will now examine the domestic life of the New Zealander, and begin at the beginning, *i. e.* with his birth.

As is mostly the case in those nations which do not lead the artificial life of civilization, there is very little trouble or ceremony about the introduction of a new member of society. The mother does not trouble herself about medical attendants or nurses, but simply goes off into some retired place near a stream, and seldom takes with her even a companion of her own sex. When the baby is born, the mother bathes her child and then herself in the stream, ties the infant on her back, and in a short time resumes the business in which she was engaged. Until the child is named the mother is sacred, or "tapu," and may not be touched by any one.

The New Zealand women are too often guilty of the crime of infanticide, as indeed might be imagined to be the case in a land where human life is held at so cheap a rate. Various causes combine to produce this result. If, for example, the child is deformed or seems sickly, it is sacrificed as an act of mercy toward itself, the Maories thinking that it is better for the scarcely conscious child to be destroyed at once than to die slowly under disease, or to live a despised life as a cripple.

Revenge, the leading characteristic of the Maori mind, has caused the death of many a infant, the mother being jealous of her husband, or being separated from him longer she thinks to be necessary. Even a quarrel will sometimes cause the

woman, maddened by anger, to destroy her child in the hope of avenging herself upon her husband. Slave women often systematically destroy their children, from a desire to save them from the life of servitude to which they are born. In many cases the life of the child is sacrificed through superstitious terror.

A very curious example of such a case is given by Dr. Dieffenbach. A recently married wife of a young chief was sitting near a pah or village, on the fence of which an old priestess had hung her blanket. As is generally the case with New Zealand garments, the blanket was infested with vermin. The young woman saw one of these loathsome insects crawling on the blanket, caught it, and, according to the custom of the country, ate it. The old woman to whom the garment belonged flew into a violent passion, poured a volley of curses on the girl for meddling with the sacred garment of a priestess, and finished by prophesying that the delinquent would kill and eat the child which she was expecting.

The spirit of revenge was strong in the old hag, who renewed her imprecations whenever she met the young woman, and succeeded in terrifying her to such a degree that she was almost driven mad. Immediately after the child was born the old woman found out her victim, and renewed her threats, until the young mother's mind was so completely unhinged, that she hastily dug a hole, threw her child into it, and buried it alive. She was, however, filled with remorse for the crime that she had

committed; and before very long both she and her husband had emancipated themselves from their superstitions thralldom, and had become converts to Christianity.

It is seldom, however, that a mother kills her child after it has lived a day; and, as a general rule, if an infant survives its birth but for a few hours, its life may be considered as safe from violence. Both parents seem equally fond of infants, the father nursing them quite as tenderly as the mother, lulling it to sleep by simple songs, and wrapping its little naked body in the folds of his mat.

Soon after its birth the child is named, either by its parents or other relatives, the name always having some definite signification, and mostly alluding to some supposed quality, or to some accidental circumstance which may have happened at the time of birth. Much ingenuity is shown in the invention of these names, and it is very seldom found that the son is named after his father or other relative. All the names are harmonious in sound, and end with a vowel; and even in the European names that are given by the missionaries at baptism the terminal syllable is always changed into a vowel, in order to suit the native ideas of euphony.

When the child is about two or three months old, a ceremony is performed which is remarkable for its resemblance to Christian baptism. The origin of the ceremony is not known, and even the signification of the words which are employed is very obscure. Very few persons are present at the ceremony, which is carried on with much mystery, and is performed by the priest.

The three principal parts of the rite are that the child should be laid on a mat, that it should be sprinkled with water by the priest, and that certain words should be used. As far as has been ascertained, the mode of conducting the ceremony is as follows: The women and girls bring the child and lay it on a mat, while the priest stands by with a green branch dipped in a calabash of water. A sort of incantation is then said, after which the priest sprinkles the child with water. The incantation differs according to the sex of the child, but the sense of it is very obscure. Indeed, even the natives cannot explain the meaning of the greater part of the incantation: so that in all probability it consists of obsolete words, the sounds of which have been retained, while their sense has been lost.

As far as can be ascertained, the incantation consists of a sort of dialogue between the priest and the women who lay the child on the mat. The following lines are given by Dieffenbach, as the translation of the beginning of the incantation said over female children. He does not, however, guarantee its entire accuracy, and remarks that the true sense of several of the words

is very doubtful. The translation runs as follows:

Girls. "We wish this child to be immersed." — *Priest.* "Let it be sprinkled."

Girls. "We wish the child to live to womanhood." — *Priest.* "Dance for Atua."

Girls. "Me ta nganahau." (These words are unintelligible.) — *Priest.* "It is sprinkled in the waters of Atua."

Girls. "The mat is spread." — *Priest.* "Dance in a circle."

"Thread the dance."

The reader must here be told that the word "Atua" signifies a god, and that the word which is translated as "womanhood" is a term that signifies the tattooing of the lips, which is performed when girls are admitted into the ranks of women. The above sentences form only the commencement of the incantation, the remainder of which is wholly unintelligible.

When the child is old enough to undertake a journey to the priest's house, another ceremony takes place, in which the baby name that the parents have given to the infant is exchanged for another. According to Mr. Taylor's interesting account, when the child has arrived at the house of the priest, the latter plants a sapling as a sign of vigorous life, and holds a wooden idol to the ear of the child, while he enumerates a long string of names which had belonged to its ancestors. As soon as the child sneezes, the priest stops, the name which he last uttered being that which is assumed by the child. We are left to infer that some artificial means must be used to produce sneezing, as otherwise the task of the priest would be rather a tedious one.

After the requisite sign has been given, and the child has signified its assent to the name, the priest delivers a metrical address, differing according to the sex. Boys are told to clear the land and be strong to work; to be bold and courageous in battle, and comport themselves like men. Girls are enjoined to "seek food for themselves with panting of breath," to weave garments, and to perform the other duties which belong to their sex.

Even this second name is not retained through life, but may be changed in after life in consequence of any feat in war, or of any important circumstance. Such names, like the titles of the peerage among ourselves, supersede the original name in such a manner that the same person may be known by several totally distinct names at different periods of his life.

There seems to be no definite ceremony by which the young New Zealand lad is admitted into the ranks of men. The tattoo is certainly a sign that his manhood is acknowledged; but this is a long process, extending over several years, and cannot be considered as an initiatory rite like those which are performed by the Australians.

When a young man finds himself able to maintain a wife, he thinks about getting married, and sets about it very deliberately. Usually there is a long courtship, and, as a general fact, when a young man fixes his affections on a girl, he is sure to marry her in the end, however much she or her friends may object to the match. He thinks his honor involved in success, and it is but seldom that he fails.

Sometimes a girl is sought by two men of tolerably equal pretensions; and when this is the case, they are told by the father to settle the matter by a pulling match. This is a very simple process, each suitor taking one of the girl's arms, and trying to drag her away to his own house. This is a very exciting business for the rivals as well as for the friends and spectators, and indeed to every one except the girl herself, who is always much injured by the contest, her arms being sometimes dislocated, and always so much strained as to be useless for some time.

In former times the struggle for a wife assumed a more formidable aspect, and several modern travellers have related instances where the result has been a tragic one. If a young man has asked for a girl and been refused, his only plan is to take her by force. For this purpose he assembles his male friends, and makes up his mind to carry the lady off forcibly if he cannot obtain her peacefully. Her friends in the meantime know well what to expect, and in their turn assemble to protect her. A fierce fight then ensues, clubs, and even more dangerous weapons being freely used; and in more than one case the intended bride has been killed by one of the losing side. Sometimes, though not very often, a girl is betrothed when she is quite a child. In that case she is as strictly sacred as if she were actually a married woman, and the extreme laxity of morals which has been mentioned cannot be imputed to such betrothed maidens. Should one of them err, she is liable to the same penalties as if she were actually married.

The New Zealanders seldom have more than one wife. Examples are known where a chief has possessed two and even more wives; but, as a general rule, a man has but one wife. Among the Maories the wife has very much more acknowledged influence than is usually the case among uncivilized people, and the wife always expects to be consulted by her husband in every important undertaking. Marriage usually takes place about the age of seventeen or eighteen, sometimes at an earlier age in the case of the woman and a later in the case of the man.

As to the amusements of the New Zealanders, they are tolerably varied, and are far superior to the mere succession of singing and dancing, in which are summed up

the amusements of many uncivilized races. Songs and dances form part of the amusements of this people, but only a part, and they are supplemented by many others.

One of the most curious was seen by Mr. Angas in the interior of the country, but never on the coasts. A tall and stout pole, generally the trunk of a pine, is firmly set in the ground on the top of a steep bank, and from the upper part of the pole are suspended a number of ropes made of phoridium fibre. The game consists in seizing one of the ropes, running down the bank, and swinging as far as possible into the air. Sometimes they even run round and round the pole as if they were exercising on the giant stride; but as they have not learned to make a revolving top to the pole or swivels for the ropes, they cannot keep up this amusement for any long time.

They have a game which is very similar to our draughts, and is played on a checkered board with pebbles or similar objects as men. Indeed, the game bears so close a resemblance to draughts, that it may probably be a mere variation of that game, which some New Zealander has learned from an European, and imported into his country.

There is also a game which much resembles the almost universal "morro," and which consists in opening and closing the hand and bending the elbow, performing both actions very sharply, and accompanying them with a sort of doggerel recitation, which has to be said in one breath.

The children have many games which are very similar to those in use among ourselves. They spin tops, for example, and fly kites, the latter toy being cleverly made of the flat leaves of a kind of sedge. It is triangular in form, and the cord is made of the universal flax fibre. Kite-flying is always accompanied by a song; and when the kites are seen flying near a village, they are a sign that the village is at peace, and may be approached with safety.

Perhaps the chief amusement of the children is the game called Maui, which is in fact a sort of "cat's-cradle." The Maori children, however, are wonderful proficient at the game, and would look with contempt on the few and simple forms which English children produce. Instead of limiting themselves to the "cradle," the "pound of candles," the "net," and the "purse," the New Zealander produces figures of houses, canoes, men and women, and various other patterns. They say that this game was left to them as an inheritance by Maui, the Adam of New Zealand, and it appears to be intimately connected with their early traditions.

The elder children amuse themselves with spear-throwing, making their mimic weapons of fern-stems bound at the end. These they throw with great dexterity, and emulate each other in aiming at a small target.

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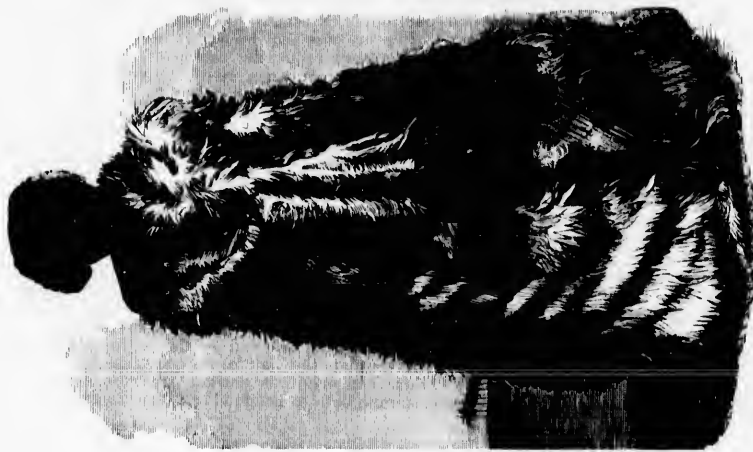
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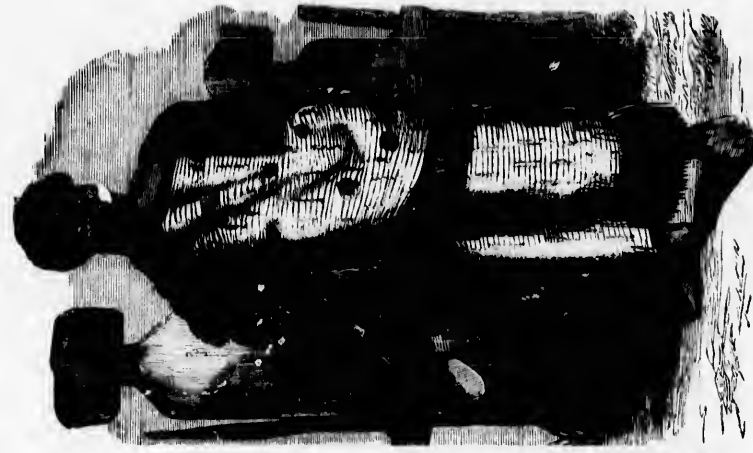
(1.) PAR (TESE MAIOHA IN HIS STATE WAR CLOAK.

(See page 812.)



(2.) THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

(See page 821.)



(3.) HONGI-HONGI, CHIEF OF WAIPA.

(See page 850.)

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ments of the New Zealanders, who can swim almost as soon as they can walk, and never have an idea that the water is an unfriendly element. Both sexes swim alike well, and in the same manner, i. e. after the fashion which we call "swimming like a dog," paddling the water with each arm alternately. Being constantly in the water, they can keep up the exertion for a long time, and in their bathing parties sport about as if they were amphibious beings. They dive as well as they swim, and the women spend much of their time in diving for crayfish.

In those parts of the country where hot springs are found the natives are fond of bathing in the heated water. Mr. Angus makes the following observations on this custom:—"Upon the beach of the lake, near Te Rapa, there is a charming natural hot bath, in which the natives, especially the young folks, luxuriate daily. Sunset is the favorite time for bathing, and I have frequently seen of an evening at least twenty persons squatting together in the water, with only their heads above the surface.

"Boiling springs burst out of the ground, close to a large circular basin in the volcanic rock, which, by the assistance of a little art, had been rendered a capacious bath. The boiling stream is conducted into this reservoir gradually, and the temperature of the water is kept up or decreased by stopping out the boiling stream with stones, through which it trickles slowly, whilst the main body runs steaming into the lake.

"The medicinal properties of these hot mineral springs preserve the natives in a healthy state, and render their skins beautifully smooth and clear. Indeed, some of the finest people in the island are to be observed about Taupo, and the beauty and symmetry of the limbs of many of the youth would render them admirable studies for the sculptor."

Perhaps the oddest amusement with which the New Zealanders have ever recreated themselves is one that only occurred some sixty years ago, and is not likely to be reproduced. About that date Captain King took away two New Zealanders to Norfolk Island for the purpose of teaching the settlers the art of flax-dressing. When he came back to restore them to their homes, he planted a quantity of maize, which was then new in the country, and presented the natives with three pigs. Most of them had never seen any animal larger than a cat, and the others, who had a vague recollection of seeing horses on board Captain Cook's vessel, naturally mistook them for those animals. Thinking them to be horses, they treated them as horses, and speedily rode two of them to death. The third did not come to a better end, for it strayed into a burial-ground, and was killed by the indignant natives.

Nowadays the Maories understand pigs far too well to ride them. Pigs have be-

come quite an institution in New Zealand. Every village is plentifully populated with pigs, and, as may be seen in the illustration of a village which will be given on a future page, one of the commonest objects is a sow with a litter of pigs.

Little pigs may be seen tottering about the houses, and the natives, especially the women, pet pigs exactly as European women pet dogs and cats. They carry them in their arms, fondle and pet them; and nothing is more common than to see a young girl unfold her mantle and discover a pig nestling under its folds. Such a girl, for example, as the one who is represented in the illustration No. 2, on the preceding page, would be very likely indeed to have a pig in her arms under the shelter of her mantle.

The figure in question is the portrait of the daughter of a chief. Her name is Tienga, and she is the daughter of a very powerful and celebrated chief. Her costume is, like her character, an odd mixture of civilization and nature. Her mantle is the native flax mat, under which she may probably wear a muslin, or even silken, garment, articles of dress of which the young lady in question was, when her portrait was taken, exceedingly proud. On her head she wears a common straw hat, purchased from the trader at some five hundred per cent. or so above its value, and round it she has twisted a bunch of a species of clematis, which grows with great luxuriance in the forests.

It is a curious study to note the different characteristics of the human mind. An Oriental would turn with unspeakable disgust from the very touch of a pig, and is scarcely less fastidious concerning the dog. Yet the inhabitants of that wonderful group of islands which stretches from Asia to America have a wonderful affinity for both these animals, and especially for pigs, displaying, as we shall find on a future page, their affection in a manner that seems to our minds extremely ludicrous.

Pigs are now fast becoming acclimatized to the country, just like the mustang horses of America. When a tribe has suffered extinction, as too often happens in the sanguinary and ferocious wars in which the people engage, the pigs escape as well as they can; and those that evade the enemy have to shift for themselves, and soon resume all the habits of the wild swine from which they were originally descended. Those which now inhabit the country are easily to be distinguished from their immediate ancestors, having short heads and legs and round compact bodies.

The native name for the pig is "ponka," a word which some have thought to be derived from the English word "pork." Dr. Dieffenbach, however, differs from this theory, and thinks that the native word, although of European origin, is derived from a source common both to England and New Zealand.

He thinks that the New Zealanders had some knowledge of the pig previous to its introduction by England, and that they derived their knowledge from Spanish voyagers. He is strengthened in this opinion by the fact that the name for dog, "perro," is likewise Spanish.

Pigs and dogs are not the only pets, the natives being in the habit of catching the kaka parrot, which has already been mentioned, and keeping it tame about their houses. They make a very effective and picturesque perch for the bird, covering it with a sloping roof as a protection against the sun, and securing it to the perch by a string round its leg. Mr. Angas mentions that he has brought these birds to England, but that the climate did not agree with them, and they all died.

Many of the New Zealanders, especially the women, are dexterous ball-players, throwing four balls in various ways so as always to keep them in the air. Some few of them are so skilful that they surpass our best jugglers, playing with five balls at a time, and throwing them over the head, round the neck, and in various other ingenious modes of increasing the difficulty of the performance.

Most of their sports are accompanied with songs, which, indeed, seem to be suited to all phases of a New Zealander's life. In paddling canoes, for example, the best songster takes his stand in the head of a vessel and begins a song, the chorus of which is taken up by the crew, who paddle in exact time to the melody.

Respecting the general character of these songs Dieffenbach writes as follows: "Some songs are lyric, and are sung to a low, plaintive, uniform, but not at all disagreeable tune. . . . E' Waiata is a song of a joyful nature; E' Haka one accompanied by gestures of mimicry; E' Karakia is a prayer or an incantation used on certain occasions. In saying this prayer there is generally no modulation of the voice, but syllables are lengthened and shortened, and it produces the same effect as reading the Talmud in synagogues. Most of these songs live in the memory of all, but with numerous variations. Certain Karakia, or invocations, however, are less generally known, and a stranger obtains them with difficulty, as they are only handed down among the tohunga, or priests, from father to son.

"To adapt words to a certain tune, and thus to commemorate a passing event, is common in New Zealand, and has been the beginning of all national poetry. Many of these children of the moment have a long existence, and are transmitted through several generations; but their allusions become unintelligible, and foreign names, having undergone a thorough change, cannot be recognized."

All these songs are accompanied by gesticulations more or less violent and in that

which is known as E' Haka the bodily exertion is extreme. The singers sit down in a circle, throw off their upper mats, and sing in concert, accompanying the song with the wildest imaginable gestures, squinting and turning up their eyes so as to show nothing but the whites.

Musical instruments they have but very vague and faint ideas. Even the drum, which is perhaps the instrument that has the widest range through the world, is unknown to the native New Zealander. Drums resound in all the islands of the Pacific, but the New Zealander never indulges himself in a drumming. The sole really musical instrument which he possesses is a sort of flute made out of human bone. Generally, the flute is formed from the thigh-bone of a slain enemy; and when this is the case, the Maori warrior prizes the instrument inordinately, and carries it suspended to the tiki which he wears slung on his breast.

There are certainly two noise-producing instruments, which have no right to be honored with the title of musical instruments. These are the war bell and the war trumpet.

The former is called the war bell in default of a better word. It consists of a block of hard wood about six feet long and two thick, with a deep groove in the centre. This "bell" is suspended horizontally by cords, and struck by a man who squats on a scaffold under it. With a stick made of heavy wood he delivers slow and regular strokes in the groove, the effect being to produce a most melancholy sound, dully booming in the stillness of the night. The war bell is never sounded by day, the object being to tell the people inside the pah, or village, that the sentinel is awake, and to tell any approaching enemy that it would be useless for him to attempt an attack by surprise. Its native name is Pahu.

The war trumpet is called Putara-putara. It is a most unwieldy instrument, at least seven feet in length. It is hollowed out of a suitably-shaped piece of hard wood, and an expanding mouth is given to it by means of several pieces of wood lashed together with flaxen fibre, and fitted to each other like the staves of a cask. Toward the mouth-piece it is covered with the grotesque carvings of which the New Zealanders are so fond. It is only used on occasions of alarm, when it is laid over the fence of the pah, and sounded by a strong-lunged native. The note which the trumpet produces is a loud roaring sound, which, as the natives aver, can be heard, on a calm night, the distance of several miles. In fact, the sound appears to be very much the same as that which is produced by the celebrated Blowing Stone of Wiltshire.

In some places a smaller trumpet is used in time of war. The body of this trumpet is always made of a large shell, generally that of a triton, and the mode of blowing it

differs according to the locality. The simplest kind of shell-trumpet is that which is in use throughout the whole of the Pacific Islands. It is made by taking a large empty shell, and boring a round hole on one side near the point. The shell is blown like a flute, being placed horizontally to the lips, and the air directed across the aperture. In fact, it exactly resembles in principle the horn and ivory trumpets of Africa, which are shown on a preceding page.

There is, however, in the British Museum a much more elaborate form of trumpet, which is blown with a mouth-piece. In this case the point of the shell has been removed and a wooden mouth-piece substituted for it, so that it is blown at the end, like trumpets in our own country.

The dances of the New Zealander are almost entirely connected with war and will therefore be mentioned when we come to treat of that subject.

The mode of salutation at parting and meeting is very curious, and to an European sufficiently ludicrous. When two persons meet who have not seen each other for some time, it is considered a necessary point of etiquette to go through the ceremony called *tangi*. The "g," by the way, is pronounced hard, as in the word "begin." They envelope themselves in their mats, covering even their faces, except one eye, squat on the ground opposite each other, and begin to weep copiously. They seem to have tears at command, and they never fail to go through the whole of the ceremony as often as etiquette demands it. Having finished their cry, they approach each other, press their noses together for some time, uttering the while a series of short grunts! Etiquette is now satisfied and both parties become very cheerful and lively, chatting and laughing as if there had never been such a thing as a tear in existence.

Mr. Angas tells a ludicrous story of a tangi which he once witnessed. A woman was paddling a very small canoe, and fell in with the exploring party, who were in two large canoes. Seeing some friends on board of the large canoes, she ran her little vessel between them, and began a vigorous tangi.

Time being pressing, she could not stop to wrap herself up in the orthodox style, but burst into a flood of tears in the most approved fashion, and paddled and howled with equal vigor. Still crying, she put on board a basket of potatoes as a present, and received in return a fig of tobacco. The tangi being by this time complete, the old woman burst into a loud laugh, had a lively talk with her friends, turned her little canoe round, and paddled briskly out of sight.

In one instance this force of habit was rather ludicrously exemplified. The writer shall tell his own story.

"At Hopeton we met with a sister of

Karake, or Clark, the chief of Waikato Heads, whose portrait I had painted when at Auckland. This portrait I showed to the old woman, who had not seen her brother for some time, when, to my surprise and amusement, she at once commenced a most affectionate tangi before the sketch; waving her hands in the usual manner, and uttering successively low whining sounds expressive of her joy.

"After she had, as I imagined, satisfied herself with seeing the representation of her brother, I was about to replace the sketch in my portfolio, when she begged of Forsyth that she might be permitted to tangi over it in good earnest, saying, 'It was her brother—her brother; and she must TANGI till the tears come.' And sure enough, presently the tears did come, and the old woman wept and moaned, and waved her hands before the picture, with as much apparent feeling as if her brother himself had thus suddenly appeared to her. I could not prevail upon the old creature to desist, and was at length compelled to leave the portrait in Forsyth's care, whilst I was employed in sketching elsewhere. In future I shall be more cautious how I show my sketches to the old women, finding that they are liable to produce such melancholy results."

Mr. A. Christie, to whom I am indebted for much information about the country, told me an anecdote of a tangi performed in England by a party of Maories who had visited this country. They were about to bid farewell to one of their friends, and visited his house for that purpose, desiring to be allowed to perform the tangi.

Knowing their customs, their host took them into an empty room, previously cautioning his family not to be surprised at the ceremony. The whole party then sat down on the floor, and raised a most dismal howl, wailing, waving their hands, shedding floods of tears, and, in fact, enjoying themselves in their own queer way. The tangi being over, they all became lively and chatty, and finally took leave after the undemonstrative English fashion.

To a stranger the performance of the tangi is very amusing for the first few times of witnessing it; but he soon becomes tired of it, and at last looks upon it as an unmitigated nuisance, wasting time, and subjecting him to a series of doleful howls from which he has no mode of escape. Mr. Angas describes a tangi to which he was subjected.

"At sunset we reached a small fortified port, on the summit of a hill overlooking the lake. There were but few natives residing in it, to whom the sight of a pakeha (white man) was indeed astonishing; and, after the salutation of welcome, they commenced a tangi at my guides and myself.

"The man who introduced us uttered a

faint sound in his throat, like that of a person crying at a distance, and continued to look mournfully on the ground. The welcome of the men was voluble and loud: they howled dismally, and their tears fell fast for some time.

"Another female soon arrived, who, squatting on the ground, commenced a tangi with her friends, so loud and doleful—now muttering and anon howling like a hyena—that it made me feel quite dismal. There she sat, yelling horribly, to my great annoyance, but Maori etiquette compelled me to look grave and not to disturb her. There seemed to be no end to this woman's wailings of welcome. The night was cold, and she still continued to sit by the fire prolonging her lugubrious and discordant strains. Sometimes she would pitch a higher key, going upward with a scream, shaking her voice, and muttering between every howl; then it would be a squall with variations, like 'housetop cats on moonlight nights.'

"Then blowing her nose with her fingers, she made some remarks to the woman next her, and recommenced howling in the most systematic way. Once again she became furious; then, during an interval, she spoke about the pakeha, joined in a hearty laugh with all the rest, and at last, after one long continued howl, all was silent, to my great relief."

The manner in which the natives can produce such torrents of tears is really marvellous; and they exhibit such apparent agony of grief, acting the part to such perfection, that for some time a stranger can hardly believe that the profusely weeping natives are simply acting a conventional part.

In the illustration No. 2, on the 809th page, is shown the sort of scene which takes place at a pah when some of the inhabitants return after a long absence—a scene which would be very pathetic did it not trench upon the ludicrous.

When a party of strangers arrive at a pah, the preliminary part of the tangi, i. e. the sitting down and weeping, is omitted, another ceremony being substituted for it. The visitors are introduced into the interior of the pah, where a large space has been kept clear. The principal chief of the village then advances, clad as if for war, i. e. wearing nothing but his moko and plenty of scarlet paint, and bearing a spear in his hand. He brandishes and aims the spear as if he meant to pierce the chief of the opposite party, and then throws it toward, but not at, the stranger. The visitors then squat silently on the ground, according to Maori etiquette, and presently each stranger is faced by one of the receiving tribe, who goes through the ceremony of ongi, or pressing noses, which is the last part of the tangi. This lasts for some time, and, when it is com-

pleted, the provisions are brought out and a great feasting ensues.

As to the general character of the natives, it presents a curious mixture of wildness and ferocity, affection and fickleness, benevolence and vengeance, hospitality and covetousness. The leading characteristic of the Maori mind is self-esteem, which sometimes takes the form of a lofty and even chivalrous pride, and at other times degenerates into childish vanity. It is this feeling which leads a New Zealander to kill himself rather than live to suffer disgrace, and which causes him to behave with the politeness for which the well-bred New Zealander is so conspicuous. Degenerating into vanity, it is easily wounded; and hence the accidentally hurt feelings of a Maori, added to the vengeance which forms so large a portion of his nature, have occasioned long and desolating wars, in which whole tribes have been extinguished.

The temper of the Maories is, as is often the case with uncultivated natives, quick, tetchy, and, though pleasing enough as a general rule, is apt to change suddenly without the least provocation; a lively, agreeable person becoming suddenly dull, sullen, and ill-tempered. This fickleness of demeanor is very troublesome to Europeans, and, indeed, is sometimes assumed by the natives, for the purpose of seeing how much their white companion will endure. When they find that he meets them with firmness, they lay aside their unpleasant manner, and become quite gay and sociable.

Often, however, an European hurts their feelings quite unintentionally, through sheer ignorance of the minute code of etiquette which they observe. If, for example two Europeans meet and wish to discuss a subject, they stand still and have their talk, or perhaps they walk backward and forward. Two New Zealanders, on the contrary, would always sit down, as it is thought a mark of inattention to stand while addressed by another. Again, when a New Zealander enters a house, he makes his salutation and then squats down in silence for some time, the omission of this ceremony being looked upon as great a mark of ill-breeding as to go into a drawing-room with the hat on is considered among ourselves.

One curious trait of the Maori character is the inability to keep a secret. This curious disposition sometimes subjects the natives to very unpleasant consequences. Those, for example, who have adopted the laws of the white man, have discovered that there are many delinquencies which can be done with impunity, provided that they are committed in secret. But according to Diessenbach, "with the art of keeping a secret the New Zealander is little acquainted. Although he possesses in many other respects great self-control, the secret must come out, even if his death should be the immediate consequence."

They have a strong and tenacious memory, easily acquiring knowledge, and retaining it with wonderful accuracy. The strength of their memory is well exemplified by the native converts to Christianity, who will repeat long passages of the Bible and many hymns with absolute exactness.

One of the most remarkable examples of this characteristic is afforded by an old chief named Horomana Maruhau, who is popularly known as Blind Solomon. He has led a most exciting and varied life, having been engaged in war ever since he was a boy, and once actually taken prisoner by the ferocious chief E' Hongi, or Shongi, as he is generally called. He has captured many a pah, and assisted in eating many a slain enemy, and had he not escaped when he himself was made prisoner, he would have shared the same fate.

His last exploit was an attack on Poverty Bay where he and his followers took the pah, and killed and afterward ate six hundred of the enemy. Shortly after this feat he became blind, at Otawaho, where he first met with the missionary. In process of time he became a convert, and afterward labored as a teacher, displaying the same earnest energy which distinguished his military career, and, though an old man, undertaking long and toilsome journeys for the purpose of instructing his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Angus once heard him deliver a funeral oration over the body of a child, which he describes as one of the finest and most impassioned bursts of eloquence he ever heard.

Horomana was peculiarly suited for the office of instructor in consequence of his exceptionally retentive memory. He knows the whole of the Church Service by heart, together with many hymns and long passages of the Bible, and when he was examined in the Catechism, it was found that he knew every word correctly. This strength of memory, by the way, useful as it is when rightly employed, is sometimes abused by becoming an instrument of revenge, a Maori never forgetting an insult, whether real or imaginary, nor the face of the person by whom he was insulted.

The curiosity of the people is insatiable, and they always want to hear all about everything they see. This spirit of curiosity has naturally led them to take the greatest interest in the various arts and sciences possessed by the white man, and in order to gratify it they will often hire themselves as sailors in European ships. Accustomed to the water all their lives, and being admirable canoe men, they make excellent sailors, and soon learn to manage boats after the European fashion, which differs essentially from their own. Some of them penetrate into the higher mysteries of navigation, and in 1843 a New Zealander was captain of a whaler.

They take quite as much interest in the familiar objects of their own country as in those which are brought to them by foreigners. They have names for all their animal, vegetable, and even mineral productions, pointing out and remarking upon any peculiarities which may be found in them.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

NEW ZEALAND—*Continued.*

FOOD AND COOKERY.

HOSPITALITY OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS—EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION—THE CHURLISH HOSTS AND THEIR REWARD—A NEW ZEALAND FEAST—THE WALL OF PROVISIONS—FOOD-BASKETS—THE KUMARA OR SWEET POTATO—WASHING AND COOKING VEGETABLES—THE CABBAGE PALM AND FERN ROOT—A NATIVE LEGEND—THE PAWA SHELL—THE MUSSEL AND OYSTER—FISHING—THE NET, THE TRAP, THE HOOK, AND THE SPEAR—BIRD-CATCHING—CAPTURING THE KIWI—KIWI AND PARROT—PIG-CATCHING AND COOKING—CANNIBALISM, ITS SIGNIFICATION AND EXTENT—EATING HUMAN FLESH A SUPERSTITIOUS CUSTOM—ANECDOTES OF CANNIBALISM.

THE New Zealanders are the most hospitable and generous of people; a stranger, whether native or European, is welcomed into the villages, is furnished with shelter, and provided at once with food. Should the visitor be a relative, or even an intimate friend, they hold all their property in common, and will divide with him everything that they possess. Even if a Maori has earned by long labor some article of property which he was very anxious to possess, he will give it to a relation or friend who meets him after a long separation.

This generosity of disposition has unfortunately been much checked by contact with the white man, and those natives who have much to do with the white settlers have lost much of their politeness as well as their hospitality. Instead of welcoming the traveller, housing him in their best hut, providing him with their choicest food, and tending him as if he were a near relation, they have become covetous and suspicious, and instead of offering aid gratuitously will sometimes refuse it altogether, and at the best demand a high rate of payment for their assistance.

The native converts to Christianity have deteriorated greatly in this respect through the misjudged zeal of the missionaries, who have taught their pupils to refuse food and shelter to, or to perform any kind of work for, a traveller who happens to arrive at their houses on a Sunday—a circum-

stance which must continually occur in a country where the travellers are entirely dependent on the natives. Dr. Dieffenbach, who always speaks in the highest terms of the zeal and self-denial of the missionaries, writes as follows on this subject: "Highly as I appreciate the merits of the missionaries, I must say that they have omitted to teach their converts some most important social, and therefore moral, duties, which they will only acquire by a more intimate intercourse with civilized Europeans.

"In their native state they are as laborious as their wants require: but, easily satisfying those, and incapable even by their utmost exertions to compete with the lowest of Europeans, they get lazy and indolent, prefer begging to working, and pass a great part of their time in showing their acquired fineries and in contemplating the restless doings of the colonist. As servants they are very independent, and Europeans will do well, if they want any native *helpers*, to treat them with attention, and rather as belonging to the family than as servants. They have this feeling of independence very strongly, and it is very creditable to them.

"There is every reason to believe that in a short time the character of the New Zealanders will be entirely changed, and any one who wishes to see what they were formerly must study them in the interior,

where they are still little influenced by intercourse with us, which I must repeat, has been little advantageous to them."

The same writer relates an amusing anecdote respecting the ancient custom of hospitality. He had been travelling for some distance with scarcely any provisions, and came upon a tribe which churlishly refused hospitality to the party, and would not even furnish a guide to show them their way. One of them condescended to sell a small basket of potatoes in exchange for some needles, but nothing more could be obtained, and, after spending a day in vain, the party had to pack up and resume their march.

After they had left the pah, they came suddenly across a family of pigs. One of the native attendants immediately killed a large sow, and in a few minutes the animal was cut up and the pieces distributed. Not liking to take food without paying for it, Dr. Dieffenbach hung the oil of the pig on a bush, together with an old pair of trousers and an iron kettle. His attendants, however, went back and took them away, saying that it was the custom of the country that a stranger should be supplied with food, and that, if it were not given to him, he had a right to take it when, where, and how he could. They were very much amused at the whole proceeding, and made many jokes on the disappointment of the churlish people who refused to sell a pig at a good price, and then found that it had been taken for nothing.

Hospitality being such a universal and imperative characteristic of the aboriginal Maori, it may be imagined that when a chief gives a feast he does so with a liberal hand. Indeed, some of these banquets are on so enormous a scale, that a whole district is ransacked to furnish sufficient provisions, and the inhabitants have in consequence to live in a state of semi-starvation for many months. Mr. Angas mentions that, when he visited the celebrated chief Te Whero-Whero, he saw more than a thousand men planting sweet potatoes in order to furnish provisions for a feast that the chief intended to give to all the Waikato tribes in the following spring.

These feasts are continued as long as any food is left, and a very liberal chief will sometimes get together so enormous a supply of provisions that the banquet lasts for several weeks. Songs and dances, especially the war dance, are performed at intervals throughout the time of feasting.

The first illustration on the 831st page gives a good idea of the preliminaries which are observed before the celebration of an ordinary feast, such as would be given by a well-to-do Rangatira. A sort of scaffold is erected, on the bars of which are hung large supplies of fish, mostly dried shark, together with pieces of pork, and

similar luxuries. The upper part of the scaffold is formed into a flat stage, on which are placed large baskets full of sweet potatoes and common potatoes. The guests range themselves in a circle round the scaffold, and the chief who gives the feast makes a speech to them, brandishing his staff of office, running up and down the open space, leaping in the air, and working himself up by gestures to an extraordinary pitch of excitement.

One of my friends was distinguished by having a feast given in his honor, and described the ceremony in a very amusing manner. The generous founder of the feast had built a sort of wall, the contents of which were potatoes, sweet potatoes, pigs, and fish. By way of ornament, he had fixed a number of sticks into the wall, like so many flagstaffs, and to the top of each he had fastened a living eel by way of a flag or streamer, its contortions giving, according to his ideas, a spirit to the whole proceedings.

He then marched quickly backward and forward between the wall of provisions and his guests, who were all seated on the ground, and as he marched uttered a few broken sentences. By degrees his walk became quicker and quicker, and changed into a run, diversified with much leaping into the air, brandishing of imaginary weapons, and utterance of loud yells. At last he worked himself up into a pitch of almost savage fury, and then suddenly squatted down silently, and made way for another orator.

The waste which takes place at such a feast, which is called in the native language *hui*, is necessarily very great. In one such party mentioned by Mr. Angas, the donor arranged the provisions and presents for his guests in the form of a wall, which was five feet high, as many wide, *more than a mile in length*, and supplied for many days thousands of natives who came to the feast from very great distances. The great chiefs take great pleasure in rivalling each other in their expenditure, and it was for the purpose of building a still larger food wall that Te Whero-Whero was so busily setting his men to work in planting the kumeras, or sweet potatoes.

Considerable variety is shown in the manner of presenting the food to the guests. Generally it is intended to be eaten on the spot, but sometimes it is meant to be given away to the people, to be consumed when and where they like. In such a case either the scaffold or the wall is used. The scaffold is sometimes fifty or sixty feet high, and divided into a number of stories, each of which is loaded with food. If the wall be employed, it is separated into a number of divisions. In either case, when the guests are seated, a chief who acts as the master of the ceremonies marches about and makes a

speech, after the fashion of his country; and, after having delivered his oration, he points out to each tribe the portion which is intended for it. The chief man of each tribe takes possession of the gift, and afterward subdivides it among his followers.

It is rather remarkable that the baskets in which the provisions are served are made for the express purpose, and, having fulfilled their office, are thrown aside and never used again. Should a chief take one of these baskets and begin to eat from it, not only the basket but any food which he may leave in it is thrown away, no chief ever eating after any one, or allowing any one to eat after him.

So when a chief takes his basket of food, he withdraws himself from the rest of the company and consumes his food, so that no one shall be incommoded by his rank. Ordinary people, even the Rangatiras, are not nearly so fastidious, one basket of food sufficing several of them, three or four being the usual number for a basket. Each of these baskets contains a complete meal, and is usually supplied with plenty of potatoes and kumeras, some fish, and a piece of pork. The meat is passed from one to another, each taking a bite, or tearing off a portion; and when they have finished, they wipe their hands on the backs of the dogs which are sure to thrust themselves among the revelers.

These feasts naturally lead us to the various kinds of food used by the New Zealanders, and their modes of procuring and preparing them.

We will begin with the plant which is the very staff of life to the New Zealander, namely, the kumera, or sweet potato, as it is popularly though erroneously called. This plant is largely cultivated by the Maories, who are very careful in selecting a proper soil for it. The best ground for the kumera is that which has been thickly wooded, and is cleared for the purpose. The natives take but little trouble about preparing the land, merely cutting down the trees and burning the brushwood, but never attempting to root up the stumps.

The ground is torn up rather than dug by a simple instrument, which is nothing more than a sharpened pole with a cross-piece fastened to it, on which the foot can rest. As the New Zealanders do not wear shoes, they cannot use an iron spade as we do; and it may easily be imagined that the unprotected foot of the Maori would suffer terribly in performing a task which, even among our stoutly-shod laborers, forces them to wear a plate of iron on the sole of the boot.

The *kaheru*, as this tool is called, is more effective than an iron spade could be, in consequence of the peculiar character of the soil, which is thickly interlaced with the roots of ferns, brushwood, and shrubs. A few of these curious spades are tipped with

a piece of green jade, and are then highly valued by the natives. Such a tool is called E Toki. The Maories have also a kind of hoe which is very useful in some soils.

The kumeras are planted in regular rows, and the greatest care is taken to keep the field clear of weeds. The dark agriculturists even remove every caterpillar that is seen upon the plants; and altogether such elaborate care is taken that the best managed field in Europe cannot surpass, and very few even equal, a piece of land cultivated by the New Zealander.

Each family has its own peculiar field, the produce of which is presumed to belong to the family. But a great portion of the labor performed in it may be done by poor men who have no land of their own. In such a case, they acquire, in virtue of their labor, a legal right over the fruits of the land which they have helped to till. Sometimes the head or chief of a tribe, considering himself as the father of the family, institutes a general sale, and distributes the proceeds according to the amount of material or labor which each has contributed.

Before the potatoes are cooked, they are carefully washed in a simple and very effective manner. A woman puts them into a basket with two handles, popularly called a "kit," wades into a running stream, puts one foot into the basket, takes hold of the handles, and rocks the basket violently backward and forward, while with her foot she continually stirs up and rubs the potatoes. In this manner the earth is washed away from the vegetables, and is carried off by the stream through the interstices of the basket.

At the present day, the kumera, although very highly valued, and used at every important feast, has been rivalled, if not superseded, by the common potato which can be raised with less trouble and cooked more easily. Both the kumera and potato are cooked in a sort of oven, made by heating stones, and much resembling the cooking-place of the Australians. No cooking is allowed to take place in the house, the act of preparing food being looked upon as a desecration of any building. Through ignorance of this curious superstition, Europeans have frequently brought upon themselves the anger of the natives by eating, and even cooking, food within a house which is looked upon as sacred.

In consequence of this notion, the oven is either constructed in the open air, or at best in a special house called *Te-kauta*, which is made of logs piled loosely upon each other, so as to permit the smoke to escape.

The bud, or "cabbage," of the *nikau*-palm, a species of *Areca*, is highly prized by the Maories, who fell every tree which they think likely to produce a young and tender bud. This vegetable is sometimes eaten raw, and sometimes cooked in the same

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mode as the potato. Fortunately, the tree is not wasted by being cut down, as its leaves are used for many purposes, such as making temporary sheds when travellers are benighted in the forest, thatching houses, and similar uses. Still, the destruction of this useful and graceful palm is very great, and there is reason to fear that the improvident natives will wholly extirpate it, unless means be taken to preserve it by force of law.

The Maories have one curious plan of preparing food, which seems to have been invented for the purpose of making it as disgusting as possible. They take the kumera, the potato, or the maize, and steep it in fresh water for several weeks, until it is quite putrid. It is then made into cakes, and eaten with the greatest zest. To an European nothing can be more offensive, and the very smell of it, not to mention the flavor, is so utterly disgusting that even a starving man can hardly manage to eat it. The odor is so powerful, so rancid, and so penetrating, that when Europeans have been sitting inside a house and a man has been sitting in the open air eating this putrid bread, they have been forced to send him away from the vicinity of the door. By degrees travellers become more accustomed to it, but at first the effect is inexpressibly disgusting; and when it is cooked, the odor is enough to drive every European out of the village.

In former days the fern-root (*Pteris esculenta*) was largely eaten by the natives, but the potatoes and maize have so completely superseded it that fern root is very seldom eaten, except on occasions when nothing else can be obtained. When the fern root is cooked, it is cut into pieces about a foot long, and then roasted. After it is sufficiently cooked, it is scraped clean with a shell. The flavor of this root is not prepossessing, having an unpleasant mixture of the earthy and the medicinal about it.

About December another kind of food comes into season. This is the pulposus stem of one of the tree-ferns which are so plentiful in New Zealand (*Cyathea medullaris*). It requires long cooking, and is generally placed in the oven in the evening, and eaten in the morning.

With regard to the vegetables used in New Zealand, Dr. Dieffenbach has the following remarks. After mentioning the native idea that they were conquerors of New Zealand, and brought with them the dog and the taro plant (*Arium esculentum*), he proceeds as follows:—"A change took place in their food by the introduction of the sweet potato or kumera (*Convolvulus batata*)—an introduction which is gratefully remembered and recorded in many of their songs, and has given rise to certain religious observances.

"It may be asked, What was the period

when the poor natives received the gift of this wholesome food, and who was their benefactor? On the first point they know nothing; their recollection attaches itself to events, but not to time. The name, however, of the donor lives in their memory. It is E' Pau, or Ko Pau, the wife of E' Tikl, who brought the first seeds from the island of Tawai. E' Tiki was a native of the island of Tawai, which is not that whence, according to tradition, the ancestors of the New Zealanders had come. He came to New Zealand with his wife, whether in less frail vessels than they possess at present, and whether purposely or driven there by accident, tradition is silent.

"He was well received, but soon perceived that food was more scanty here than in the happy isle whence he came. He wished to confer a benefit upon his hosts, but knew not how to do it, until his wife, E' Pau, offered to go back and fetch kumera, that the people who had received them kindly might not suffer want any longer. This she accomplished, and returned in safety to the shores of New Zealand.

"What a tale of heroism may lie hidden under this simple tradition! Is it a tale connected with the Polynesian race itself? or does it not rather refer to the arrival in New Zealand of the early Spanish navigators, who may have brought this valuable product from the island of Tawai, one of the Sandwich Islands, where the plant is still most extensively cultivated? There can be scarcely any doubt but that New Zealand was visited by some people antecedent to Tasman. Kaipuke is the name of a ship in New Zealand—*buque* is a Spanish word—Kai means to eat, or live. No other Polynesian nation has this word to designate a ship. Pero (dog) and poaca (pig) are also Spanish. Tawai, whence E' Pau brought the kumera, is situated to the east of New Zealand according to tradition, and the first discoverers in the great ocean, Alvaro Mendana (1595), Quiros (1608), Lemaire, and others, arrived from the eastward, as they did at Tahiti, according to the tradition of the inhabitants. Tasman did not come to New Zealand until 1642."

However this may be, the fields of kumera are strictly "tapu," and any theft from them is severely punished. The women who are engaged in their cultivation are also tapu. They must pray together with the priests for the increase of the harvest. These women are never allowed to join in the cannibal feasts, and it is only after the kumera is dug up that they are released from the strict observance of the tapu. They believe that kumera is the food consumed in the "reinga," the dwelling-place of the departed spirits; and it is certainly the food most esteemed among the living.

They have several ways of preparing the

sweet potato. It is either simply boiled, or dried slowly in a "haugi," when it has the taste of dates, or ground into powder and baked into cakes. The kumera, like most importations, is rather a delicate vegetable, and while it is young it is sheltered by fences made of brushwood, which are set up on the windward side of the plantation when bad weather is apprehended. Great stacks of dried brushwood are seen in all well-managed kumera gardeus, ready to be used when wanted. So great is the veneration of the natives for the kumera, that the storehouses wherein it is kept are usually decorated in a superior style to the dwelling of the person who owns them.

In illustration No. 2, on the next page, several of these elaborate storehouses are shown. They are always supported on posts in such a way that the rats cannot get among the contents, and in some instances they are set at the top of poles fifteen or twenty feet high, which are climbed by means of notches in them. These, however, are almost without ornamentation, whereas those which belong specially to the chief are comparatively low, and in some cases every inch of them is covered with graceful or grotesque patterns, in which the human face always predominates.

Some of these curious storehouses are not rectangular, but cylindrical, the cylinder lying horizontally, with the door at the end, and being covered with a pointed roof. Even the very posts on which the storehouses stand are carved into the rude semblance of the human form.

The Maories also say that the calabash, or *huc*, is of comparatively late introduction, the seeds having been obtained from a calabash which was carried by a whale and thrown on their shores.

A very curious article of vegetable food is the cowdie gum, which issues from a species of pine. This gum exudes in great quantities from the trees, and is found in large masses adhering to the trunk, and also in detached pieces on the ground. It is a clear, yellowish resin; and it is imported into England, where it is converted into varnish. The flavor of the cowdie gum is powerfully aromatic, and the natives of the northern island chew it just as sailors chew tobacco. They think so much of this gum, that when a stranger comes to visit them, the highest compliment that can be paid to him is for the host to take a partially chewed piece of gum from his mouth, and offer it to the visitor.

The New Zealanders eat great quantities of the pawa, a species of *Haliotis*, from which they procure the pearly shell with which they are so fond of inlaying their carvings, especially the eyes of the human figures. Shells belonging to this group are well known in the Channel Islands under the name of Ormer shells, and the molluscs

are favorite articles of diet. Those which are found in New Zealand are very much larger than the species of the Channel Islands, and the inhabitants are tough and, to European taste, very unpalatable. Great quantities are, however, gathered for food. The putrid potato cakes are generally eaten with the pawa; and the two together form a banquet which an Englishman could hardly prevail on himself to taste, even though he were dying of hunger.

Mussels, too, are largely used for food; and the natives have a way of opening and taking out the inmate which I have often practised. If the bases of two mussels be placed together so that the projections interlock, and a sharp twist be given in opposite directions, the weaker of the two gives way, and the shell is opened. Either shell makes an admirable knife, and scrapes the mollusc out of its home even better than a regular oyster-knife.

Oysters, especially the Cockscomb oyster (*Osireva cristata*), are very plentiful in many parts of the coast, and afford an unfailing supply of food to the natives. They are mostly gathered by women, who are in some places able to obtain them by waiting until low water, and at other places are forced to dive at all states of the tide.

Fish form a large portion of New Zealand diet; and one of their favorite dishes is shark's flesh dried and nearly putrescent. In this state it exhales an odor which is only less horrible than that of the putrid cakes. Mr. Angus mentions one instance where he was greatly inconvenienced by the fondness of the natives for these offensive articles of diet. He was travelling through the country with some native guides, and on arriving at a pah had procured for breakfast some remarkably fine kumeras. The natives immediately set to work at cooking the kumeras, among which they introduced a quantity of semi-putrid shark's flesh. This was not the worst of the business, for they next wove some of the phormium buckets which have already been described, filled them with the newly-cooked provisions, and carried them until the evening repast, giving the traveller the benefit of the horrible odor for the rest of the day.

Fish are either taken with the net, the weir, or the hook. The net presents nothing remarkable, and is used as are nets all over the world, the natives weighting them at the bottom, floating them at the top, shooting them in moderately shallow water, and then beating the water with poles in order to frighten the fish into the meshes.

Traps, called pukoro-tuna, are made of funnel-shaped baskets, just like the eel-traps of our own country; but the most ingenious device is the weir, which is built quite across the river, and supported by poles for many yards along its side. Often, when the net or the weir is used, the fish taken are

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(1.) PREPARING FOR A FEAST. (See page 827.)



(2.) CHIEFS' STOREHOUSES. (See page 830.)

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considered as belonging to the community in general, and are divided equally by the chief.

Sometimes a singularly ingenious net is used, which has neither float nor sinkers. This net is about four feet wide, thirty or forty feet in length, and is tied at each end to a stout stick. Ropes are lashed to the stick, and the net is then taken out to sea in a canoe. When they have arrived at a convenient spot, the natives throw the net over the side of the canoe, holding the ropes at either end of the boat, so that the net forms a large semicircle in the water as the boat drifts along. In fact it is managed much as an English fisherman manages his dredge.

In the middle of the canoe is posted a man, who bears in his hand a very long and light pole, having a tuft of feathers tied to one end of it. With the tufted end he beats and stirs the water, thus driving into the meshes of the net all the small fishes within the curve of the net. Those who hold the ropes can tell by the strain upon the cords whether there are enough fish in the net to make a haul advisable, and when that is the case, the net is brought to the side of the canoe, emptied, and again shot.

Spearing fish is sometimes, but not very largely, employed. The hooks employed by the New Zealanders present a curious mixture of simplicity and ingenuity. It really seems strange that any fish should be stupid enough to take such an object in its mouth. There is, however, one which is a singularly admirable contrivance. The body of the hook is made of wood, curved, and rather hollowed on the inside. The hook itself is bone, and is always made from the bone of a slain enemy, so that it is valued as a trophy, as well as a means of catching fish. This bone is fastened to the rest of the hook by a very ingenious lashing; and, in some instances, even the bone is in two pieces, which are firmly lashed together. In consonance with the warlike character of the natives, who seem to be as ready to offer an insult to other tribes as to take offence themselves, the use of the enemy's bone is intended as an insult and a defiance to a hostile tribe.

The body of the hook is lined with the pawa shell, and to the bottom of it is attached a tuft of fibres. This hook is remarkable for requiring no bait. It is towed astern of the canoe, and when pulled swiftly through the water it revolves rapidly, the pearly lining flashing in the light like the white belly of fish, and the tuft of fibres representing the tail. Consequently, the predatory fish take it for the creature which it represents, dash at it as it flashes by them, and are hooked before they discover their mistake. If any of my readers should happen to be anglers, they will see that this hook of the New Zealander

is exactly similar in principle with the "spoon-bait" which is so efficacious in practised hands. One of these hooks in my collection is quite a model of form, the curves being peculiarly graceful, and the effect being as artistic as if the maker had been a professor in the school of design. The length of my hook is rather more than four inches; and this is about the average size of these implements. The string by which it is held is fastened to the hook in a very ingenious manner; and indeed it scarcely seems possible that so apparently slight a lashing could hold firmly enough to baffle the struggles of a fish large enough to swallow a hook more than four inches in length, and three-quarters of an inch in width. Some of these hooks are furnished with a feather of the apteryx, which serves the purpose of an artificial fly.

Both salt and fresh water crayfish are taken in large quantities. The latter, which are very large, are almost invariably captured by the women, who have to dive for them, and the former are taken in traps baited with flesh, much like our own lobster-pots. Birds are almost always caught by calling them with the voice, or by using a decoy bird. The apteryx, or kiwi-kiwi, is taken by the first of these methods. It is of nocturnal habits, and is seldom seen, never venturing out of its haunts by day. It is very thinly scattered, living in pairs, and each pair inhabiting a tolerably large district. At night it creeps out of its dark resting-place among the ferns, where it has been sleeping throughout the day, and sets off in search of worms, grubs, and other creatures, which it scratches out of the ground with its powerful feet. During the night it occasionally utters its shrill cry; that of the male being somewhat like the words "hoire, hoire," and that of the female like "ho, ho, ho."

When the natives wish to catch the apteryx, they go to the district where the bird lives, and imitate its cry. As soon as it shows itself, it is seized by a dog which the hunter has with him, and which is trained for the purpose. As the bird is a very strong one, there is generally a fight between itself and the dog, in which the powerful legs and sharp claws of the bird are used with great effect. Sometimes the hunter has ready a torch made of the cowdie resin, and by lighting it as soon as the kiwi-kiwi comes in sight he blinds the bird so effectually by the unwonted light that it is quite bewildered, does not know in what direction to run, and allows itself to be taken alive.

At some seasons of the year the bird is very fat, and its flesh is said to be well flavored. In former days, when it was plentiful, it was much used for food, but at the present time it is too scarce to hold any real place among the food-producing animals of New Zealand, its wingless state rendering it an easy prey to those who know its habits. The skin is

very tough, and, when dressed, was used in the manufacture of mantles.

The parrots are caught by means of a decoy bird. The fowler takes with him a parrot which he has taught to call its companions, and conceals himself under a shelter made of branches. From the shelter a long rod reaches to the branches of a neighboring tree, and when the bird calls, its companions are attracted by its cries, fly to the tree, and then walk down the rod in parrot fashion, and are captured by the man in the cover.

Formerly the native dog used to be much eaten; but as the species has almost entirely been transformed by admixture with the various breeds of English dogs, its use, as an article of food, has been abandoned. Pigs are almost the only mammalia that are now eaten; but they are not considered as forming an article of ordinary diet, being reserved for festive occasions. The pork of New Zealand pigs is said to surpass that of their European congeners, and to bear some resemblance to veal. This superiority of flavor is caused by their constantly feeding on the fern roots. In color they are mostly black, and, although tame and quiet enough with their owners, are terribly frightened when they see a white man, erect their bristles and dash off into the bush.

We now come to the question of cannibalism, a custom which seems to have resisted civilization longer in New Zealand than in any other part of the world. In some places cannibalism is an exception; here, as among the Neam-Nam of Africa, it is a rule. An illustration on the next page represents a cannibal cooking-house, that was erected by a celebrated Maori chief, in the Waitahanui Pah. This was once a celebrated fort, and was originally erected in order to defend the inhabitants of Te Rapa from the attacks of the Waikato tribes. Both these and their enemies having, as a rule, embraced Christianity, and laid aside their feuds, the pah has long been deserted, and will probably fall into decay before many years have passed. Mr. Angus, description of this pah is an exceedingly interesting one.

"Waitahanui Pah stands on a neck of low swampy land jutting into the lake, and a broad, deep river, forming a delta called the Tongariro, and by some the Waikato (as that river runs out again at the other end of Tampo Lake), empties itself near the pah. The long façade of the pah presents an imposing appearance when viewed from the lake; a line of fortifications, composed of upright poles and stakes, extending for at least half a mile in a direction parallel to the water. On the top of many of the posts are carved figures, much larger than life, of men in the act of defiance, and in the most savage posture, having enormous protruding tongues; and, like all the Maori carvings, these images, or *waiakopos*, are colored with *kokowai*, or red ochre.

"The entire pah is now in ruins, and has been made *tapu* by Te Heuheu since its desertion. Here, then, all was forbidden ground; but I eluded the suspicions of our natives, and rambled about all day amongst the decaying memorials of the past, making drawings of the most striking and peculiar objects within the pah. The cook houses, where the father of Te Heuheu had his original establishment, remained in a perfect state; the only entrance to these buildings was a series of circular apertures, in and out of which the slaves engaged in preparing the food were obliged to crawl.

"Near to the cook houses there stood a carved *patuka*, which was the receptacle of the sacred food of the chief; and nothing could exceed the richness of the elaborate carving that adorned this storehouse. I made a careful drawing of it, as the frail material was falling to decay. Ruined houses—many of them once beautifully ornamented and richly carved—numerous *waki-tapu*, and other heathen remains with images and carved posts, occur in various portions of this extensive pah; but in other places the hand of Time has so effectually destroyed the buildings as to leave them but an unintelligible mass of ruins. The situation of this pah is admirably adapted for the security of its inmates: it commands the lake on the one side, and the other fronts the extensive marshes of Tukanu, where a strong palisade and a deep moat afford protection against any sudden attack. Water is conveyed into the pah through a sluice or canal for the supply of the besieged in times of war.

"There was an air of solitude and gloomy desolation about the whole pah, that was heightened by the screams of the plover and the tern, as they uttered their mournful cry through the deserted courts. I rambled over the scenes of many savage deeds. Ovens, where human flesh had been cooked in heaps, still remained, with the stones used for heating them lying scattered around, blackened by fire; and here and there a dry skull lay bleaching in the sun and wind, a grim memorial of the past."

The chief reason for the persistent survival of cannibalism is to be found in the light in which the natives regard the act. As far as can be ascertained, the Maories do not eat their fellow-men simply because they have any especial liking for human flesh, although, as might be expected, there are still to be found some men who have contracted a strong taste for the flesh of man. The real reason for the custom is based on the superstitious notion that any one who eats the flesh of another becomes endowed with all the best qualities of the slain person. For this reason, a chief will often content himself with the left eye of an adversary, that portion of the body being considered as the seat of the

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(1.) CANNIBAL COOK HOUSE. (See page 834.)



(2.) MAORI PAH. (See page 846.)

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soul. A similar idea prevails regarding the blood.

When the dead bodies of enemies are brought into the villages, much ceremony attends the cooking and eating of them. They are considered as tapu, or prohibited, until the tohunga, or priest, has done his part. This consists in cutting off part of the flesh, and hanging it up on a tree or a tall stick, as an offering to the deities, accompanying his proceedings with certain mystic prayers and invocations.

Most women are forbidden to eat human flesh, and so are some men and all young children. When the latter reach a certain age, they are permitted to become eaters of human flesh, and are inducted into their new privileges by the singing of chants and songs, the meaning of which none of the initiates understand, and which, it is probable, are equally a mystery to the priest himself who chants them.

The palms of the hands and the breast are supposed to be the best parts; and some of the elder warriors, when they have overcome their reluctance to talk on a subject which they know will shock their interlocutors, speak in quite enthusiastic terms of human flesh as an article of food.

That cannibalism is a custom which depends on warfare is evident from many sources. In war, as we shall presently see, the New Zealander can hardly be recognized as the same being in a state of peace. His whole soul is filled with but one idea—that of vengeance; and it is the spirit of revenge, and not the mere vulgar instinct of gluttony, that induces him to eat the bodies of his fellow-men. A New Zealander would not dream of eating the body of a man who had died a natural death, and nothing could be further from his thoughts than the deliberate and systematic cannibalism which disgraces several of the African tribes.

How completely this spirit of vengeance enters into the very soul of the Maories can be inferred from a short anecdote of a battle. There is a small island in the Bay of Plenty called Tuhua, or Mayor's Island, the inhabitants of which, about two hundred in number, had erected a strong pah, or fort, in order to defend themselves from the attacks of tribes who lived on the main-

land, and wanted to capture this very convenient little island. The fort was built on a very steep part of the island, craggy, precipitous, and chiefly made up of lava.

After making several unsuccessful attacks, the enemy at last made an onslaught in the night, hoping to take the people off their guard. The inmates were, however, awake and prepared for resistance; and as soon as the enemy attacked the pah, the defenders retaliated on them by allowing them to come partly up the hill on which the pah stands, and then rolling great stones upon them. Very many of the assailants were killed, and the rest retreated.

Next morning the successful defenders related this tale to a missionary, and showed the spot where so sanguinary an encounter had taken place. The missionary, finding that all the stones and rocks were perfectly clean, and betrayed no traces of the bloody struggle which had taken place only a few hours previously, asked to be shown the marks of the blood. His guide at once answered that the women had licked it off. It has sometimes been stated that the Maories will kill their slaves in order to furnish a banquet for themselves; but such statements are altogether false.

Cannibalism is at the present day nearly, though not quite, extinct. Chiefly by the efforts of the missionaries, it has been greatly reduced; and even in cases where it does take place the natives are chary of speaking about it. In wars that took place some forty years ago, we learn that several hundred warriors were slain, and their bodies eaten by their victors. In comparatively recent times twenty or thirty bodies have been brought into the pah and eaten, while at the present day many a native has never seen an act of cannibalism. This strange and ghastly custom is, however, so dear to the Maori mind that one of the chief obstacles to the conversion of the natives to Christianity is to be found in the fact that the Christian natives are obliged to abjure the use of human flesh. Still, the national instinct of vengeance is rather repressed than extirpated, and there are many well-known occasions when it has burst through all its bonds, and the savage nature of the Maori has for a time gained ascendancy over him.



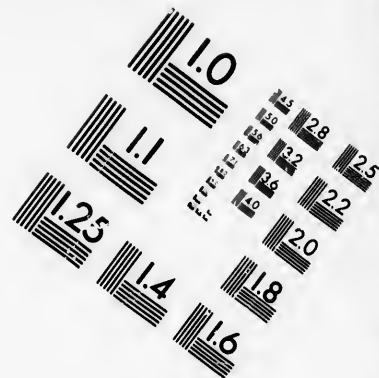
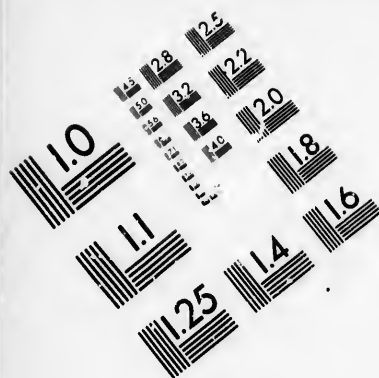
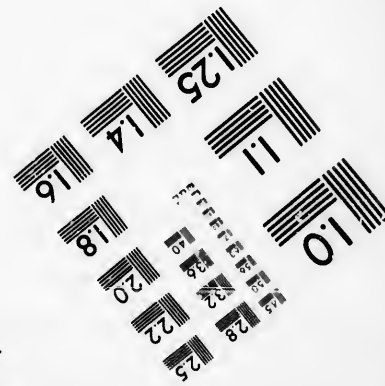
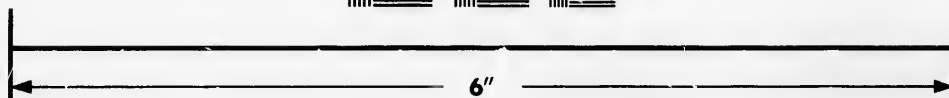
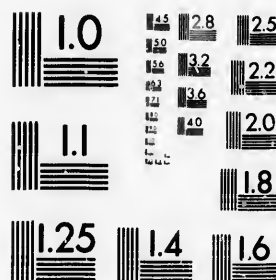


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CHAPTER LXXXIII.

WAR.

THE MODE OF WARFARE DEPENDENT ON WEAPONS—THE SPEAR, NOW EXTINGUISHED—THE MERAI, AND THE MATERIALS OF WHICH IT IS MADE—THE GREEN JADE MERAI, AND ESTIMATION IN WHICH IT IS HELD BY THE CHIEFS—THE STONE MERAI—THE BONE MERAI, AND ITS VARIED SHAPES—MODE OF USING THE WEAPON—CAPTURE OF SHIPS—AN EXCITING SCENE AND TIMELY RELIEF—THE BATTLE-AXE, OR PATU—ITS FORM, AND MODE OF USING IT—THE CHIEF'S SPEAR, OR HANI—ITS RESEMBLANCE TO THE ANCIENT SCEPTRE—THE TONGUE OF DEFIANCE—THE WAR DANCE—ITS EFFECT ON BOARD SHIP—THE FORT, OR PAH, AND ITS CONSTRUCTION—NATIVE ENGINEERING—THE REFUSE AT THE GATE PAH—CONCEALING AN AMBUSH—FATE OF CAPTIVES—THE CHIEF E'HONGI AND HIS BATTLES—SLAVE-DRIVING WITH A MERAI—ETIQUETTE OF WAR—A TRUCE AND A BARTER—RETALIATION FOR BLOODSHED—CEREMONIES BEFORE AND AFTER A BATTLE.

WE now come to the one great object of a Maori's life, namely, war. Before we treat of actual warfare, it will be necessary to describe the weapons which are used, as much of the character of warfare materially depends on them.

In those parts of the world, for instance, where missiles, such as bows and arrows or spears, are the principal weapons, war becomes a series of skirmishes, each individual trying to conceal himself as much as possible from the enemy, and to deal his own blows without exposing himself to retaliation. But when the weapons are of a nature that necessitates hand-to-hand combat, warfare naturally assumes a different aspect, and, if the forces be at all disciplined, more resembles the regulated war of civilized nations than the independent single combats which represent war in most savage countries.

To this latter category belong the weapons of the New Zealander. In former days the Maori warriors used to employ the spear, but that weapon has long been laid aside. A few specimens are still retained, but they are intended, not to be used against an enemy, but in welcoming a friend, the chief who receives his guests pointing the spear at them, and throwing it toward them, as has already been described. When Mr. Angas visited the islands, he found only a very few of these spears, and they were used entirely for peaceful purposes. They were of the same character as those of the great

Polynesian group, *i. e.* made entirely of wood, long, sharply pointed, and armed with a series of barbs.

One of these spears is shown at figure 1, of "Maori weapons," on page 841. The reader will understand that only the head of the spear is shown, the entire length of the weapon being about twelve feet. The barbs are seen to be arranged in double order, a number of them pointing backward, and then, after a blank space, several rows pointing forward. The object of this device was ingenious enough. The spear was supposed to be pushed through the body of a man until it was stopped by the second row of barbs. It will be seen that his body would then rest in the blank space, and the barbs on either side of him would prevent it from being drawn out or pushed through, so that a wound from the weapon was necessarily mortal. A spear made on the same principle, and employed by the Bechuanas, is shown on page 281.

The weapons used by the Maorics are very few in number, and of the simplest possible construction. It is extraordinary, by the way, what misconceptions exist on this subject. With the generality of persons almost every club, axe, or spear is set down as belonging to New Zealand, especially if it has any carving about it. Even the best public collections are not free from these errors, and in one of the most celebrated collections of arms I discovered within five minutes ten or twelve wrong labels.

There is now before me an illustrated work on savage manners and customs, in which is a group of "New Zealand arms," containing thirteen objects. Of these only one is a genuine weapon of New Zealand, and two others are doubtful. There are two Fiji clubs (one of them with a hollow tubular handle), one stone knife of New Caledonia, two clubs of the Tonga Islands, one Maori chief's staff of office, one New Zealander's carpenter's adze, one "poi" mallet and one "gnatoo" mallet from Tonga, and two articles which the draughtsman may have intended for clubs, but which have been transformed by the engraver's art into bottle-gourds. Besides, there is one non-descript article which may be a drum (and therefore cannot belong to New Zealand), or it may be a pail, or it may be a jar, and another nondescript article.

We need not, however, wonder at these trifling errors when, in the same work, a scene in a North American wigwam is described as a "New Zealand christening," and the "Interior of a Caffre hut" is fitted with Abyssinian arms and implements: the men are represented as wearing long two-forked beards like those of the Fans, head-dresses like those of Tonga, and capes like those of Abyssinia; while a smooth-haired woman, instead of being dressed in Kaffir fashion, is naked with the exception of a white cloth tied round her hips. The hut itself is a singularly ingenious example of perversity on the part of the draughtsman, who has selected precisely those very characteristics which do not belong to the Kaffir hut. In the first place, the hut is three times too large, and the walls are apparently of clay—certainly not of the basket-work employed by Kaffirs in house-building. The floor, which in a Kaffir hut is laid down with clay, as smooth as a table and hard as concrete, is irregular and covered with grass; while, by way of climax, the door is high enough to allow a man to pass without stooping, and is finished with a beautiful arched porch covered with creepers.

With the exception of one man, who may, by some stretch of imagination, be taken for a Hottentot, neither the hut, its furniture, its inhabitants, nor their weapons, bear the slightest similitude to those of any part of Southern Africa. Such being the case with museums and books, we need not be surprised that the popular ideas respecting the weapons and warfare of New Zealand are very indefinite.

Of course, at the present day, the Maories have practically discarded their ancient weapons in favor of the rifle, which they know well how to use, retaining the aboriginal weapons more as marks of rank than for active service. We have, however, nothing to do with these modern innovations, and will restrict ourselves to the weapons that belong to the country.

The first and most important of these is the merai, or short club. This weapon is exactly analogous to the short sword used by the ancient Romans, and in some cases resembles it so closely that if the cross-guard were removed from the sword and the blade rendered convex instead of flat, the shapes of the two weapons would be almost exactly identical.

The material of which these weapons are made is sometimes wood and sometimes stone, but mostly bone, the latter material being furnished by the spermaceti whale. The stone merai is the most valued, on account of the difficulty of finding a suitable piece for the purpose, and of the enormous time which is consumed in cutting it to the desired shape with the very imperfect instrument which the Maori possesses. In fact, a stone merai is slowly and laboriously ground into shape by rubbing it with a piece of stone and a sort of emery powder.

Every merai has a hole drilled through the end of the handle. Through this hole is passed a loop of plaited cord, by means of which the weapon is slung to the wrist, to prevent the wearer from being disarmed in battle. Drilling the hole is a very slow process, and is done by means of a wetted stick dipped in emery powder.

The finest merai of this description that I have seen belongs to H. Christie, Esq., and is remarkable not merely for its size, but for the regularity and beauty of its curves. The material is the dark, dull green volcanic stone of which the New Zealanders make so many of their implements. It is nearly eighteen inches in length, and rather more than four inches wide at the broadest part. There is a similar weapon, nearly as large, in the collection of the United Service Institution; but the curves are not so regular, nor is the article so handsome.

One of these weapons is in my collection. It is of equal beauty in shape with that which has been described, but is not so long. It is rather more than fourteen inches in length, and not quite four inches wide. It weighs two pounds six ounces, and is a most formidable weapon, a blow from its sharp edge being sufficient to crash through the skull of an ox, not to mention that of a human being.

Every chief, however low in rank, is sure to have one of these merais, of which he is very proud, and from which he can scarcely be induced to part. The great chiefs have their merais made of green jade, such as has already been described when treating of Maori ornaments. These weapons are handed down from father to son, and are so highly valued by the natives that it is hardly possible to procure one, unless it be captured in battle. If a chief should die without a son to whom his merai can descend, the weapon is generally buried with him.

At fig. 6, in the "weapons," on page 841,

is seen one of these green jade merai. The shape is not nearly so elegant as that of my weapon which has just been described. Indeed, with so valuable and rare a mineral as this green jade, it is not easy to find a piece large enough to be cut into an ordinarily shaped weapon and the manufacturer is obliged to do his best with the material at his command.

At fig. 7 is an example of the commonest kind of merai, that which is made of wood. As the material of such a weapon is comparatively valueless, the Maories seem to indemnify themselves by adding ornament to the weapon. For example, they very seldom make the merai of the same simple shape as that at fig. 6, but give it a distinct edge and back as at fig. 7. In some cases they make it into a most elaborate piece of native art, the whole being so beautifully carved that it looks more like a number of carved pieces of wood fitted together than a weapon cut out of one solid block.

A singularly beautiful example of such a weapon is to be seen in fig. 1 of the illustration "Merai," on page 841. As the reader may see it is one mass of carving, the design being cut completely through the wood, and therefore being alike on both sides. The back of the merai is carved into a pattern of singular beauty and boldness, and the edge is armed with a row of shark's teeth, which make its blows very formidable when directed against the naked bodies of the Maori warriors. The specimen from which the drawing was taken may be seen in the collection of the British Museum.

The second fig. of the illustrations shows a merai made of bone. The material is mostly obtained from the blade bone of the spermaceti whale, and in consequence the weapon is said in books of travel to be made of whalebone, thus misleading the ordinary reader, who is sure to understand "whalebone" to be the black elastic substance obtained from the Greenland whale.

These merai are extremely variable in shape. Some of them are made like the stone weapons, except that they are much flatter, and have in consequence both edges alike. Sometimes they are studded with knobs and cut into hollows; sometimes carved into patterns, much resembling that of the wooden merai, but not so elaborate. The specimen which I have selected for the illustration shows examples of the ornaments and studs.

I possess a very good merai which has been made from the lower jaw of the spermaceti whale. This weapon is shown in fig. 4 of the same illustration, opposite, and close by it is a section of the jaw of the whale, in order to show the manner in which it is cut. This weapon measures seventeen inches in length by three and a half inches in width, and weighs one pound nine ounces. In consequence of this comparative lightness,

it is a much more efficient weapon than the stone merai; for the latter is so heavy that, if a blow misses its aim, the striker is unable to recover the weapon in time to guard himself, or to repeat the blow, and so lays himself open to the enemy.

If the reader will look at the section of bone, he will see that it is porous in the centre and hard and solid at the edges. It is from the solid part that the merai has been cut, and in consequence the weapon is very flat. The numerous channels through which pass the blood vessels that nourish the bone are seen in the section, and in the drawing of the merai one of them is shown traversing the weapon longitudinally. The name of the merai is "patu-patu," the u having the same sound as in flute.

Many of the natives have found out that the English bill-hook answers admirably as a merai, and can be obtained with very little trouble. Great quantities of them were at one time imported from Birmingham; but the rifle and bayonet have in latter days so completely superseded all other weapons that the Maories trouble themselves little about the bill-hook.

When a Maori fights with the merai, he does not merely strike, his usual movement being to thrust sharply at the chin of the enemy; and if he succeeds in striking him with the point, he cuts him down with the edge before he can recover himself.

At fig. 5 of the "Maori weapons," on the next page, is seen an axe, or tomahawk. This is a curious mixture of European and Maori work, the blade being obtained from England, and the handle made and carved in New Zealand with the usual grotesque patterns which a Maori likes to introduce into all objects connected with warfare. The thigh bone of a slain enemy is a favorite handle for such a tomahawk.

Before the fierce and warlike character of the New Zealanders was known, they took several vessels by the use of the merai. It was easy to suspend the short club over the shoulder, where it was hidden by the mat, so that when a party of natives came on board, apparently unarmed, having ostentatiously left their patus and other weapons in their canoes, each man was in fact armed with the weapon that he most trusted. The plan pursued was, that the Maories should mingle freely with the crew, until each man was close to one of the sailors. At a signal from the chief, the concealed merai was snatched from beneath the mat, and in a moment it had crashed through the head of the selected victim.

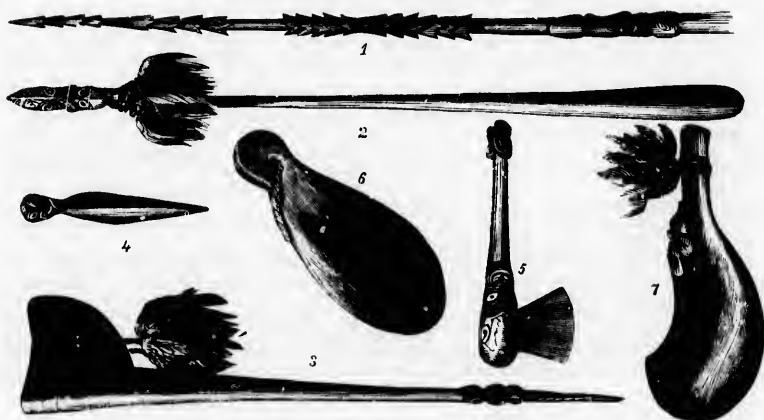
Even after this ruse was discovered, the ingenious Maories contrived to get hold of more than one vessel under pretence of exhibiting their war dance, which in a moment was changed from the mimicry of battle into reality, the warriors leaping among the spectators and dealing their blows right and left.



(1.) GREEN JADE ORNAMENTS. (See page 813.)



(2.) WOODEN AND BONE MERAIS. (See page 840.)



(3.) MAORI WEAPONS. (See pages 838, 840, 844.)

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among them. Ship-taking seems, indeed, to be a proceeding so dear to the New Zealander, that he can scarcely resist the temptation when it is offered him. In Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet's "Missionary Voyage" there is an anecdote of an adventure that befell them, which, but for the timely aid of a friendly chief, would undoubtedly have had a tragic issue.

The ship had arrived off New Zealand, and while at anchor the following events occurred:—"This morning our little vessel was surrounded with canoes, containing several hundreds of the natives, of both sexes, who presently climbed up, and crowded it so much that we were obliged to put a bar across the quarter-deck, and *tobu* it from intrusion. The commerce in various articles, on both sides, went on pretty well for some time, till one provoking circumstance after another occurred, which had nearly led to the seizure of the ship and the loss of our lives.

"In the confusion occasioned by the great throng in so narrow a space, the natives began to exercise their pilfering tricks, opportunities for which are seldom permitted to slip away unimproved. Suddenly the cook cried out, 'They have stolen this thing;' but scarcely had he named the thing (some kitchen article), when he called out again, 'They have stolen the beef out of the pot!' and then a third time, 'They have stolen my cooking pan!' Presently another voice bawled out from the fore-castle, 'Captain! they have broken open your trunk, and carried away your clothes!'

"Up to this time we had been in friendly intercourse with the chiefs, rubbing noses, and purchasing their personal ornaments and other curiosities, suspecting no mischief. But now, in the course of a few moments, without our perceiving the immediate reason, the whole scene was changed. We found afterward that the captain (Dibbs), on hearing of the audacious thefts above mentioned, had become angry, and while he was endeavoring, rather boisterously, to clear the deck of some of the intruders, one of them, a chief, on being jostled by him, fell over the ship's side into the sea, between his own canoe and the vessel. This was seized instantaneously as the pretext for commencing hostilities. The women and children in the course of a few minutes had all disappeared, leaping overboard into their canoes, and taking with them the kakaous, or mantles, of the warriors. The latter, thus stripped for action, remained on deck; of which, before we were aware, they had taken complete possession; and forthwith made us their prisoners.

"Tremendous were the bawlings and screechings of the barbarians, while they stamped, and brandished their weapons, consisting principally of clubs and spears. One chief with his *cookies* (his slaves) had surrounded the captain, holding their spears at his breast and his sides, on the larboard quar-

ter of the vessel. Mr. Tyerman, under guard of another band, stood on the starboard; and Mr. Bennet on the same side, but aft, toward the stern. Mr. Threlkeld and his little boy, not seven years old, were near Mr. Bennet not under direct manual grasp of the savages: The chief who, with his gang, had been trafficking with Mr. Bennet, now brought his huge tattooed visage near to Mr. B.'s, screaming, in tones the most odious and horrifying: 'Tongata, New Zealandi, tongata kakino?—Tongata, New Zealandi, tongata kakino?'

"This he repeated as rapidly as lips, tongue, and throat could utter the words, which mean, 'Man of New Zealand, is he bad man?—Man of New Zealand, a bad man?' Happily Mr. Bennet understood the question (the New Zealand dialect much resembling the Tahitian): whereupon, though convinced that inevitable death was at hand, he answered, with as much composure as could be assumed, 'Kaore kakino tongata New Zealandi, tongata kapal' ('Not bad; the New Zealander is a good man'); and so often as the other, with indescribable ferocity of aspect and sharpness of accent, asked the same question (which might be a hundred times), the same answer was returned.

"But," inquired Mr. Bennet, 'why is all this uproar? Why cannot we still rub noses, and buy and sell, and barter, as before?' At this moment a stout slave, belonging to the chief, stepped behind Mr. Bennet, and pinioned both his arms close to his sides. No effort was made to resist or elude the gigantic grasp, Mr. B. knowing that such would only accelerate the threatened destruction. Still, therefore, he maintained his calmness, and asked the chief the price of a neck ornament which the latter wore. Immediately another slave raised a large tree-felling axe (which, with others, had been brought to be sharpened by the ship's company) over the head of the prisoner. This ruffian looked with demon-like eagerness and impatience toward his master for the signal to strike.

"And here it may be observed that our good countrymen can have no idea of the almost preternatural fury which savages can throw into their distorted countenances, and infuse into their deafening and appalling voices, when they are possessed by the legion-fiend of rage, cupidity, and revenge. Mr. Bennet persevered in keeping up conversation with the chief, saying, 'We want to buy bruaa, kumera, ika, &c. (hogs, potatoes, fish), of you.'

"Just then he perceived a youth stepping on deck with a large fish in his hand. 'What shall I give you for that fish?'—'Why, so many fish-hooks.'—'Well, then, put your hand into my pocket and take them.' The fellow did so. 'Now put the fish down there, on the binnacle, and bring some more, if you have any,' said Mr. Bennet. At once the fish that he had just bought was brought round from behind and presented to him.

again for sale. He took no notice of the knavery, but demanded, 'What shall I give you for that fish?'—'So many hooks.'—'Take them. Have you no other fish to sell?' A third time the same fish was offered, and the same price in hooks required and given, or rather taken, by the vendor, out of his jacket pockets, which happened to be well stored with this currency for traffic. A fourth time Mr. Bennet asked, 'Have you never another fish?' At this the rogues could contain their scorn no longer, but burst into laughter, and cried, 'We are cheating the foreigner!' ('Tainga ke!') supposing that their customer was not aware how often they had caught him with the same bait."

By this ingenious plan of pretending to be the dupe of the Maories, Mr. Bennet contrived to gain time, of which he knew that every minute was of the greatest importance, and at last he was rewarded for his courageous diplomacy by the arrival of a boat, in which was a friendly chief, who at once cleared the ship.

The reader will observe that at this time the New Zealanders had not abandoned the use of the spear as a weapon of war, though only twenty years afterward scarcely a spear could be found that was not intended as an emblem of hospitality instead of strife.

At fig. 3 of "Weapons" is shown a very curious club, called Patu by the natives, and popularly, but wrongly, called by sailors a battle-axe. It is about five feet in length, and has at one end a flat, axe-like head, and at the other a sharp point. One of these weapons in my possession, presented to me, together with many similar articles, by E. Randell, Esq., is five feet one inch in length, and weighs two pounds six ounces, being exactly the same weight as the stone meral already described. The rounded edge of the axe-like head is very sharp, and certainly looks as if it was intended for the purpose of inflicting wounds. Such, however, is not the case, the Maori using the pointed butt as a spear or pike, and striking with the back of the head and not with the edge.

Through the lower portion of the head is bored a hole, to which is suspended a bunch of feathers and streamers. Sometimes this tuft is only a foot in length, but is often longer. In a specimen taken by Sir J. E. Alexander it is half as long as the patu itself. At first sight this appendage seems, like the multitudinous feathers which decorate a North American spear or club, to be merely an ornament, and to detract from, rather than add to, the efficiency of the weapon. But the Maori warrior is far too keen a soldier to sacrifice use to ornament, and, if he employs the latter, he is sure to take care that the former is not endangered by it.

In the present case, this apparently useless appendage adds materially to the effectiveness of the weapon. When the warrior,

armed with the patu, meets an adversary, he does not rush at him heedlessly, but fences, as it were, with his weapon, holding it in both hands, twirling it about, and flourishing the bunch of feathers in the face of his foe so as to distract his attention. Neither does he stand in the same spot, but leaps here and there, endeavoring to take the foe off his guard, and making all kinds of feints in order to test the adversary's powers. Should he see the least opening, the sharp point of the butt is driven into his adversary's body, or a severe blow delivered with the head, the stroke being generally made upward and not downward, as might be imagined.

In fact, the whole management of the patu is almost identical with that of the old quarterstaff of England, a weapon whose use is unfortunately forgotten at the present day. The bunch of feathers is not an invaluable appendage. In my own specimen, for example, it has never been used, and I have seen many others in which the hole has not been bored for the insertion of the string that ties the feathers together.

The fast weapon drawn in this illustration is hardly worthy of the name. It is a dagger, and is shown at fig. 4. At fig. 2 of the same illustration is seen an implement which is generally mistaken for a spear, and is labelled as such in many a collection. It is, however, no spear at all, but a sceptre, or staff of office belonging to a chief. The Maori name is E'Hani. It is shaped at the butt like an exceedingly elongated meral, and indeed the entire implement looks as if the hani and the meral were but different modifications of the same weapon.

Be this as it may, the hani is no spear, but a staff of office, almost identical in form with that which was borne by the ancient kings and heralds in the times of Troy. At the upper end is seen the head, which bears some resemblance to the point of a spear, and has given ground to the notion that the implement in question is really a spear. This portion, however, does not serve the purpose of offence, but is simply a conventional representation of the human tongue, which, when thrust forth to its utmost, conveys, according to Maori ideas, the most bitter insult and defiance. When the chief wishes to make war against any tribe, he calls his own people together, makes a fiery oration, and repeatedly thrusts his hani in the direction of the enemy, each such thrust being accepted as a putting forth of the tongue in defiance.

In order to show that the point of the hani is really intended to represent the human tongue, the remainder of it is carved into a grotesque and far-fetched resemblance of the human face, the chief features of which are two enormous circular eyes made of haliotis shell.

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feathers like the patu; but many of the staves are without this decoration, which is looked upon as a mere non-essential. These staves vary greatly in length. My own specimen is between five and six feet in length, and is without the feather ornaments, whereas others are not more than a yard in length, and are decorated with a bunch of feathers as long as themselves. The chiefs are nearly as tenacious of the hani as the meral, and do not seem to be easy if it be put out of their reach. Some years ago several Maori chiefs came to visit England, and were taken to see the various sights of London. But whether they went to the theatre, or to the Zoological Gardens, or to make calls, they invariably took their hani with them, sometimes carrying a short one for convenience' sake, but appearing to attach the greatest value to its possession.

One of these curious implements in my collection is six feet in length, and is made of the same wood as the patu. If held upright the resemblance of the point to the outstretched tongue is not very plain; but if it be held horizontally, the effect is quite altered, and the whole of the tip is seen to represent a human head with the tongue thrust out as far as possible between the lips. As the tongue is only a conventional representation, it is covered with a pattern, a ridge running along the centre, and each side being marked with precisely similar curves and semi-spirals.

In spite of its length, it really makes a very convenient walking-staff, and, on an emergency, might do duty as a weapon, the tongue-like tip being sharp enough to act as a spear head, and the flattened butt being heavy enough to stun a man with a well-directed blow. My specimen does not possess the tuft of feathers and dog's-hair which decorates the hani shown in the "weapons" (fig. 2, p. 841); but this adornment is not considered as forming a necessary part of the implement.

Before a party engage in war, they think themselves bound to join in the war dance. There are war dances in almost all savage tribes, but that of the New Zealander surpasses them all. In other cases, each warrior gives himself up to the excitement of the moment, and shouts, yells, dances, and brandishes his weapons as he seems to think fit; but the Maori warrior's dance is of a far different character, being guided by a discipline and precision of drill to which that of the Russians themselves is loose and irregular.

They begin by smearing the whole of their clothing and by painting their faces with scarlet ochre, so as to make themselves as hideous as possible. When they assemble for the dance, they arrange themselves in lines, mostly three deep, and excite their naturally passionate disposition to the high-

est pitch by contorting their faces and thrusting out their tongues as an act of defiance, interspersing these gestures with shouts, yells, and challenges to the enemy. The dance itself begins with stamping the feet in perfect time with each other, the vigor of the stamp increasing continually, and the excitement increasing in similar proportion.

Suddenly, with a yell, the whole body of men leap side-ways into the air, as if actuated by one spirit, and, as they touch the ground, come down on it with a mighty stamp that makes the earth tremble. The war song is raised, and in accordance with its rhythm the men leap from side to side, each time coming down with a thud as of some huge engine. The effect of the dance upon the performers is extraordinary. It seems to make them for the time absolute maniacs, their whole nature being given up to the furious excitement of the moment. Their faces are frightfully contorted, and thus assume an absolutely diabolical expression.

Even when war is not impending, the magic influence of the dance affects the performers as strongly as if they were close to a pah or fort of the enemy, ready for battle; and when, as is sometimes the case, the Maories give a dance in honor of a visitor, they become so furiously excited that they are quite dangerous until they have had time to cool.

On one such occasion a party of Maories who had visited a ship were requested to exhibit their war dance, and very good-naturedly did so. But in a short time their measured leaps became so vehement, and their stamps so powerful, as they shouted the martial rhymes of the war song, that they shook the whole ship as if by blows of a battering-ram; and the commanding officer, fearful that they would absolutely smash the deck, begged them to desist. His entreaties were in vain, even if they were heard, though it is very likely that, in their furious excitement, the dancers were deaf to every sound except the war song which they were yelling at the top of their voices; and the dance proceeded to its end, and did not cease until the performers were quite exhausted by the furious exertions they had made.

The most ludicrous part of the dance was the conduct of the chief. He had been treated with much attention, and presented with a full suit of naval uniform, of which he was mightily proud, and in which he stalked about the deck to the great admiration of his subjects. When he was asked whether the war dance could be given, he at once ordered his followers to accede to the request, and at first stood quietly by while they went through the performance.

The influence of the dance was, however, too contagious to be resisted, and rapidly

extended itself to him. First he merely swayed his body in rhythm with the steps of the dancers, then he joined *sotto voce* in the song, then he began to stamp in time with them, and at last threw off all restraint, sprang into line, and leaped, yelled, and stamped as enthusiastically as any of them, splitting his new garments to pieces, and presenting a very sorry sight when his excitement had died away.

The illustration opposite represents a portion of a party of warriors as they appear when performing their war dance. Only the first three ranks of them are seen; but the reader must picture for himself the long lines of warriors stretching into the distance, numbering often from one to two hundred. The leading chief is seen in front, with his green jade merai in his hand; and another but inferior chief is stationed behind him. In the background is shown a portion of the pah in which the dance is taking place; a chief's storehouse for food is seen on the right, and under the shelter of the houses are seated the women who are watching the dance.

I have already said that war is always in the thoughts of a genuine Maori. Unlike the vaporing Fiji warrior, who is always ready to boast, and seldom ready to fight, preferring to knock his enemy on the head when asleep, the Maori is a brave soldier, accustomed from his earliest childhood to deeds of war. A mimic war forms one of the favorite games of the Maori children, though it is necessarily restricted to boys. Just as boys of our country build snow castles, and attack and defend them with snowballs, so do the young New Zealanders build miniature forts, and enact on a small scale the deeds of actual war, using light sticks instead of the merai and patu. They make their forts by erecting mounds of earth, and building the fortresses of stakes, in exact imitation of the more substantial architecture of the veritable pah.

These ingenious pahas well exemplify the whole system of Maori warfare. The two opposing parties seldom meet each other in the open ground, as is the case with European warfare; neither do they employ an irregular skirmishing fight among trees or under cover, as is the case with many savage tribes. The attacking party is sure to be very superior in numbers to their foes, and the latter, knowing that this will be the case, resort to the system of fortification, and entrench themselves in forts, or pahas.

These pahas are marvellous examples of uncivilized engineering, and are admirably adapted to the purpose which they are intended to fulfil. They are always placed in some strong situation, sometimes on the seashore, sometimes on heights, and one or two of the strongest are built on the very edge of a perpendicular precipice, so that they cannot be attacked on three sides, while the

fourth can only be approached by a narrow and awkward path, along which only a few men can pass, and which can be defended by a comparatively limited number of the besieged. (See p. 835.)

Taking one of these pahas is really a great enterprise for the natives, and before they knew the use of firearms it is wonderful that they ever took a pah at all. Many of them are indeed impregnable, and, until firearms were introduced into the colony, could bid defiance to all enemies. They were so situated that by merely rolling stones down the approach the path could be cleared of every foe. They are surrounded with trenches, and have ingenious sally-ports so constructed that the defenders can issue from unexpected parts of the fort, make a sudden attack on the assailants, and retreat through the same aperture when they have attained their purpose.

They are fenced round with very strong posts, lashed together so firmly that they are able to resist any ordinary attack. Since firearms were introduced, the Maories have modified the structure of the pahas to suit their new weapons, throwing out angles to secure a flanking fire, and filling the interior with trenches in which the defenders can lie secure from the fire of the enemy. Since they learned the terrible power of shells, the natives have learned to construct "traverses," i. e. cross-walls, in the trenches, which not only guard the inmates from the fragments of the shells, but prevent an enfilading fire from doing much damage. Rifle-pits are also constructed with singular ingenuity. One pah was remarkable for being built over a number of boiling springs, which were used as traps for the enemy when the fort was besieged.

The reader may remember the unfortunate business at the Gate Pah, at Tauranga. When taken by storm, the pah appeared to be empty and deserted, the natives having apparently escaped, according to their custom, when they found the place no longer tenable. They had, however, laid a trap, into which the assailants fell. When the latter had scattered themselves over the interior, and were quite off their guard, picking up arms, utensils, and other objects lying carelessly about, a terrific musketry fire was opened from under their very feet, the natives having constructed pits in which they hid themselves until the enemy were attracted within their range by the weapons and implements which they had laid on purpose to act as a bait. The men, who were entirely off their guard, and many of whom besides were but raw recruits, were struck with a sudden panic, and, with a few honorable exceptions, rushed out of the pah, followed and cut up by the fire of the wily foe.

Of course the repulse was but temporary; but such a stratagem as this is sufficient to show the military genius of the Maori, who,

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THE MAORI WAR DANCE.

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if he becomes an enemy, is one that cannot be despised with impunity. This system of taking the enemy by surprise is the usual mode of fighting among the Maories, who display wonderful ingenuity in contriving ambushes, and enticing the enemy into them. When we were first driven into war with the natives of New Zealand, we were frequently entrapped in an ambuscade; and in one case the hidden enemy were so close to our men, their dusky forms being hidden in the shadows of the bush, that many of the soldiers who escaped with life had their faces completely tattooed with grains of unburnt powder from the muskets of the enemy.

If the assailants succeed in taking the pah, a terrible massacre always ensues. Every man is killed who is capable of wielding a weapon, while the women and children are carried off to become the slaves of the conquerors—a doom from which, as I have already stated, there is no escape; the unfortunate women, their children, and any future offspring, being slaves without the possibility of release, not even their own tribe being able, according to Maori law, to interfere with the right of the captors.

The bodies of the warriors are of course reserved to be baked and eaten. Sometimes even the prisoners fall victims to the thirst for blood which characterizes these islanders; and in this respect the women are as bad as the men, if not worse. For example, the principal wife of a very great chief, named E'Hongi, was accustomed, even though blind, to murder some of the captives, when they were brought home by her formidable husband. Her own end was, however, more tragic than that of any of her victims. E'Hongi was in the habit of making long excursions to different parts of the country, in which he took his wife with him. On one of these excursions she fell sick, and had to be left behind. In consequence of her blindness, added to her debility, she was unable to act in her own defence, and a number of dogs, discovering her weakness, tore her to pieces and devoured her.

She seems, however, to have been a woman of unexceptionally strong feelings of vengeance. "She had," writes Mr. Angas, "a little slave-girl to attend upon her, toward whom she evinced a strong attachment. The little creature was interesting and good-tempered, and her mistress was apparently so fond of her that she was spared the experience of the misery of slavery; she was only a favorite.

"Hongi returned from one of his successful expeditions of war, but had left a son upon the field of battle, and the lamentation was great. The petted slave-child laid her head upon the lap of her mistress, and poured out her share of the general sorrow. But the spirit of vengeance or of insane retribution came over the heart of the be-

reaved mother; and she carried the child to the water, and cruelly suffocated her in satisfaction of her selfish sorrow."

It was not long after this incident that she met with her death. When she was left behind, a small shed was erected on poles, according to native custom, and a supply of food was placed near her. When the party returned the shed was lying prostrate, and among its ruins were the whitened bones of the inmate. It is supposed that the wind blew down the shed, and so enabled the dogs to reach her.

This same E'Hongi was a really remarkable man, and earned a great name for wisdom and courage. Having made a voyage to England, he threw all his energies into strengthening his military power, and took back with him a quantity of muskets and ammunition.

He came back to his own country exactly at the proper time. A long and somewhat desultory war had been going on between the Waikatos and other tribes, in which the former had, after many vicissitudes, been victorious, and, after finally conquering their enemies, had returned to their country in triumph.

Just then E' Hongi came back to his own tribe, the Nga Puis, distributed his firearms among the best warriors, and when he had instructed them in the use of the new and terrible weapons, entered the Waikato country, and attacked their great pah called Matuketuke. The Waikatos, having only their clubs, and not having sunk the trenches which in these days are dug in every pah that is intended to resist an assault, could not contend against firearms, and in a few minutes the fort was taken. It was in this engagement that Horomona and Te Whero-Whero were captured.

The slaughter on this occasion was terrible, two thousand warriors being killed, and their bodies eaten by the victorious tribe, who built vast numbers of ovens for the special purpose of cooking the bodies of the slain. For many years afterward the remains of the ovens, and the whitened bones of the two thousand warriors, might be seen as tokens of the terrible scene, where feasts were kept up until all the bodies had been consumed, and every evil passion of unrestrained human nature was allowed to have its full sway.

One of the very muskets which were used on this occasion, and which was given by George IV. to E' Hongi when he visited England, is now in the collection of Colonel Sir J. E. Alexander. It is one of the regular "Brown Bess" weapons, once so dear to soldiers, and now irreverently termed a gaspipe.

Prisoners without number were captured on this occasion; and indeed the supply of slaves thus obtained so far exceeded the demand for them, that the Nga Puis killed

many of them on their journey home, merely to rid themselves of them. E' Hongi, though known to be a man of the most determined courage, not to say ferocity, when engaged in war, and rather disposed to behave in an overbearing manner toward those whom he considered as his inferiors, was at the same time peculiarly mild and courteous in his demeanor to his equals, and toward strangers was remarkable for his gentle courtesy.

There was another very celebrated chief of a somewhat similar name, Hongi-Hongi, who has sometimes been confounded with his great predecessor. One feat of this warrior is so characteristic that it deserves mention. He was leading an attack on a pah near Mount Egmont, captured it, and, according to custom, killed the warriors, and took the rest of the inmates as his slaves. Sixty of these unfortunate beings fell to the share of Hongi, who drove them like a flock of sheep, with his green jade meral, all the way to his home, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles.

This chief was proof against the missionaries of all kinds. Mr. Angas once asked him whether he was a *mihanari*, i. e. a Protestant convert, or a *pikopo*, i. e. a Roman Catholic. Hongi denied that he was either one or the other, and confessed with glee that he was a *revera*, or devil, i. e. that he still remained a heathen.

It is very unfortunate that intolerance in religious matters has been fostered by those who ought to have made it their business to repress any such feeling. The consequence is, that the Protestant converts regard their Roman Catholic brethren as *reveras*, or devils, while the latter have allied themselves with their acknowledged heathen countrymen; and thus, under the pretence of religion, the customary feuds are kept up with perhaps even additional bitterness.

I have the pleasure of presenting to the reader, on the 820th page, a portrait of Hongi-Hongi, as he appeared in the year 1844, dressed in his full panoply of war costume. This, of course, would be doffed before he went into actual fight. In his ear is one of the green jade ornaments which have already been described, and in his right hand he bears his meral, the celebrated weapon with which he drove the slaves before him. He is represented as standing just inside the wall of his pah, a position which he insisted on taking up, and having his portrait drawn to send to the Queen of England. In fact, he was so decided on this point, that he refused to let Mr. Angas leave the pah until the portrait was completed. The portion of the pah which is shown in the illustration gives a good idea of this kind of fortification, the enormous posts with their circular tops being sunk deeply into the ground, and smaller posts placed between them; a hor-

izontal pole is laid across them; and the whole is firmly lashed together, either with the ordinary phormium rope, or with the stem of the wild vine.

Warfare among the Maories, fierce and relentless as it may be in some particulars, is not devoid of a sort of chivalry which somewhat relieves it from its more ferocious aspect. There is, for example, a well-known code of military etiquette which is sometimes exhibited in a mode that to us seems rather ludicrous.

For example, the Waikatos and Taranaki tribes were at war as usual, and the Waikato were besieging a pah belonging to their enemies. The pah, however, was too strong for them; and moreover the defenders had contrived to get hold of several guns belonging to a vessel that had been wrecked on the shore, and had induced some Europeans to mount and work them, which they did with such success that the Waikatos were forced at last to abandon the siege.

But, in the very midst of the contest, a vessel appeared in the offing, and a truce was immediately concluded in order to allow both parties to trade. Accordingly, both the besiegers and besieged set off amicably to the vessel, and, having completed their bargains, returned to resume their hostilities. A very amusing scene then occurred. The Taranakis, who were the besieged party, had much the best of the trading, as they possessed a large quantity of dressed flax, or phormium, and exchanged it for a quantity of tobacco.

Now tobacco is one of the greatest luxuries that a New Zealander can possess; and unfortunately for the besieging Waikatos, they had no tobacco. They had, however, a plentiful supply of muskets, which they had taken in an attack upon another pah, while the besieged were very short of arms. So they struck up a trade, the Waikatos being so inordinately desirous of obtaining tobacco, that they gave in return fire-arms which were to be turned against themselves.

"The scene," writes Mr. Angas, "as described by an eye-witness, must have been most ludicrous. The Waikato thrust his musket half-way through the palisades of the pah, retaining, however, a firm hold of his property until the intending purchaser from within thrust out in a similar manner the quantity of tobacco he was willing to give; neither party relinquishing his hold of the property about to change hands until he had secured a firm grasp of that offered by his adversary."

The chief who led the Waikatos on this occasion was the celebrated Wiremu Nera, or William Taylor; the former name being the nearest approach that the Maories can make to the proper pronunciation. His Maori name was Te Awaitia, and he was widely celebrated for his dauntless courage and his generalship in conducting or resist-

ing an attack. Being closely allied with the famous chief Te Whero-Whero (or Potatau), he was engaged in nearly all the combats between the Waikatos and the Taranakis. On one of his warlike expeditions he took a pah containing nearly eighteen hundred inhabitants, and, of course, killed nearly all of them, and carried the survivors as slaves into the Waikato district.

Latterly, he embraced Christianity, and became as zealous in the cause of peace as he had been in that of war. When he became a Christian, Te Whero-Whero was so well aware of his value as a warrior, that he exclaimed to those who brought him the news, "I have lost my right arm!"

Although repulsed on this occasion by the three guns taken from the wrecked ship, the Waikatos were not discouraged, and made a second attack. The Taranakis, however, had seen too much of Waikato courage to risk a second siege, and so quietly made off, some two thousand in number, accompanied by the Europeans who had served the guns for them. The latter very rightly spiked the guns when they left the pah, so that when the Waikatos came again and took the pah, they found it deserted, and the guns useless to the captors.

The Taranakis lived in deadly fear of the powerful and warlike Waikatos, and, but for the love which they felt toward their native country, would have fled, and left the conquerors to take quiet possession. They were even obliged to have their plantations in the bush, where none but the owner could find them; for they feared, and with reason, that if their dreaded enemies could discover the sources whence their provisions were obtained, they would destroy the whole plantation, and leave their victims to starve. They were in such a state of nervous alarm about a suspected invasion by their powerful neighbors, that on one occasion, when a fire was seen in the distance, every one took it for granted to be a fire lighted by the Waikatos, and in consequence every one kept awake all night, ready to give the alarm at the first unwonted sight or sound.

Among the New Zealanders is a custom

of retaliation which is found with but little variation in many parts of the world. If blood has been shed, the friends of the dead man issue from the pah, with the determination of killing the first person whom they may happen to meet. Should he belong to an inimical tribe, so much the better; should he belong to the same tribe, so much the worse; for in either case he is killed. On such an occasion one of the avengers would be bound to kill his own brother, should he happen to be the first man who came in the way of the party.

Such an exercise of vengeance is rather an inconvenient one to those who are engaged in it; for they are forbidden the use of their ordinary comforts, they may not eat any food except that which is indigenous to New Zealand, and, above all, they are not allowed to smoke. When, therefore they have been unable to find any human being whom they can sacrifice, the aid of the priest, or tohunga, is called in. He pulls up a tuft of grass, and, after repeating one of the many incantations which abound in New Zealand lore, and of which neither the hearers nor the reciter understand one word in ten, he throws the grass into the nearest stream, in token that the avengers are released from their vow. Blood, however, must still be shed; but after this ceremony has been performed, the blood of any living thing, even though it be a bird, is held sufficient to satisfy the traditional custom of the Maori race.

Elaborate rites closely allied with this ceremony are employed both before and after battle; but, as they belong rather to the subject of religion than of war, we will postpone them for the present.

As the New Zealanders know that it is a point of military honor combined with personal gratification to eat the bodies of slain enemies, they are equally desirous of securing the bodies of their foes and of carrying off those who have fallen on their own side; and in many instances the anxiety to save those who have fallen has caused others to share the same fate while attempting to carry off their dead or wounded comrades.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

NEW ZEALAND—Continued.

CANOEES.

THE CANOE, AND ITS USES IN PEACE AND WAR—THE COMMON TRADING CANOE—SKILL OF THE BOATMEN—THE LARGE WAR CANOES, AND MODE OF BUILDING THEM—DECORATIONS OF THE CANOES—SKILFUL CARVINGS—THE THEORY OF THE VARIOUS PATTERNS—NAMES OF CANOES—MANAGEMENT OF THE SAIL—CANOE SONGS—A COMPLETE BOAT-LOAD—MODE OF LANDING—SHAPE OF THE PADDLES, AND MODE OF USING THEM—CARVING TOOLS—SUPPOSED COMPASSES.

WAR is carried on quite as much by water as by land, and a chief who knows the principles of good generalship always uses the sea as well as the land to serve as a basis for his attack. For this reason the Maories take care to build their pahi in spots where they are well defended from attack both on the seaward and the landward side. Some of them are on the very verge of high-water mark, while others are perched on the tops of cliffs, the base of which is washed by the waves.

One of the most picturesque of these is a pahi situate near Mount Egmont, and known by the name of the Waimate Pahi. There is a cliff that rises perpendicularly some four or five hundred feet above the level of the water which laves its foot, and on the very summit of this cliff is situated the pahi in question. It is of considerable size, containing many houses and is fortified with the usual wooden fence. In order to render it as nearly as possible impregnable, the only approach is by a very narrow and very steep path, that cannot be ascended except by people who have strong heads, the path being so narrow, so steep, and so dangerous that two men could defend it against fifty.

In his warlike expeditions E'Hongi made great use of his canoes, taking them inland as far as they would go, and then having them dragged over land to the next river.

These canoes play so important a part in the life of a New Zealander, whether in war or peace, that they require a detailed description. The canoes are of several kinds, according to the work which they have to perform. The simplest form of the New Zealander's canoe is little more than a

trunk of a tree hollowed into a sort of trough. Being incapable of withstanding rough weather, this canoe is only used upon rivers. Some of these canoes, which are called by the name of *kaupapas*, are from forty to fifty feet in length, and in the widest part not exceeding a yard in "beam." A plentiful supply of fern leaves is laid at the bottom of the canoe, and upon these the passengers recline. Canoes of a similar character, called *tivai*, are used in the inland lakes, and sit so low in the water that they appear to have no gunwale.

Owing to their want of beam, these canoes are as easily upset as the slight skiffs in which races are rowed on English rivers. The agile Maori, accustomed from childhood to balance himself in these crank vessels, traverses them with ease and security, but an European generally upsets four or five canoes before he learns how to enter or leave them properly. The natives manage these canoes with wonderful skill, and, apparently regardless of the risk of capsizing the canoe, dash their paddles into the water with furious energy, driving up spray on all sides, and making the canoe and its rowers look at a distance like some gigantic centipede dashing through the water.

The vessels, however, of which the Maories are most fond, and on which they expend the most labor, are the large canoes in which the warriors embark when on a campaign. These canoes are made from the cowrie pine (the same tree which furnishes the aromatic gum already mentioned); and the tree being a very large one, the natives are able to make their canoes of considerable size. Some of these canoes are

eighty feet in length and in consequence are able to carry a great number of warriors.

They are built in rather an elaborate manner. First the trough-like vessel is formed from the tree trunk; and if it were left in that state, it would be simply a very large kaupapa. As, however, it is intended for sea voyages, and may have to endure rough weather; it is much wider in proportion than the boat which is only used on rivers, and is, moreover, rendered more seaworthy by gunwales. These are made separately, and are lashed firmly to the sides of the boat by the ordinary flax ropes.

Both the head and stern of the canoe are decorated with carving, exactly similar in character to the specimens of native art which have already been described. They are pierced with the most elaborate patterns, which have as their basis the contour of the human countenance and the semi-spiral curve. Perhaps a single canoe head will have fifty or sixty human faces on it, each with the tongue protruded, with the cheeks and forehead covered with tattooed lines, and with a pair of goggle eyes made of the hallo-tis shell. The mode which a native adopts when carving these elaborate patterns is as follows:

After shaping out the general form of the article to be carved, he fixes on some part which he thinks will be suitable for the purpose, and carves a human head upon it. When this is completed, he pitches upon a second spot at some distance from the first, and carves another head, proceeding in this way until he has carved as many heads as he thinks the pattern will require.

He next furnishes the heads with bodies and limbs, which are always represented in a very squat and ungainly manner, and fills in the vacant spaces with the beautiful curved lines which he loves so well to draw and carve. The minute elaboration of some of these war canoes is so intricate that it baffles all power of description, and nothing but a well executed photograph could give a correct idea of the beauty of the workmanship. It is a marvellous example of the development of art under difficulties. It is quite unique in its character, so that no one who is acquainted with the subject can for a moment mistake a piece of New Zealand carving for that of any other country.

Besides carving the canoes, the Maori paints them with vermilion in token of their warlike object, and decorates them profusely with bunches of feathers and dog's hair, just like the tufts which are attached to the patu. When the canoes are not wanted, they are drawn up on shore, and are thatched in order to save them from the weather.

Like more civilized nations, the New Zealanders give names to their canoes, and seem to delight in selecting the most sonorous titles that they can invent. For ex-

ample, one canoe is called Maratuhai, i. e. Devouring Fire; and others have names that coincide almost exactly with our Invincibles, Terribles, Thunderers, and the like.

These boats are furnished with a very remarkable sail made of the raupo rush. It is small in proportion to the size of the vessel, is triangular in shape, and is so arranged that it can be raised or lowered almost in a moment. They are better sailors than would be imagined from their appearance, and run wonderfully close to the wind.

Sometimes from fifty to sixty men paddle in one of these war canoes, singing songs in time to the stroke, and guided both in song and stroke by a conductor who stands in the middle of the canoe, prompting the words of the song, and beating time for the paddlers with a staff which he holds in his hand. Owing to the power of the water in reflecting sound, the measured chant of the paddle-song can be heard on a river long before the canoe comes in sight.

Mr. Angas gives an interesting account of a journey in a Maori canoe. After mentioning that the vessel was so deeply laden that its sides were not more than two inches above the water, he proceeds as follows: "The paddles were plied with great spirit; the exertions of the natives being stimulated by the animated shouting song kept up incessantly by the one or other of the party. At length the splashing was so violent that we became nearly drenched, and on requesting the Maori before us to throw less water in our faces, he replied with a proverb common among them, that 'No one is dry who travels with the Waikatos,' meaning that the people of this tribe excel all others in the speed and dexterity with which they manage their canoes.

"Our natives were in excellent spirits. They had been on a long journey to Auckland, where they had seen the *pakeha* (white man, or stranger) in his settlement, and had witnessed many sights of civilization to which they were previously strangers. They had also purchased articles of European manufacture, and longing to return home to the peaceful banks of the Waipa, to present them to their friends as tokens of their regard. Their wild, deafening songs, with their heads all undulating at every stroke, the contortions of their eyes, and their bare, tawny shoulders, finely developing their muscles as they all dashed their paddles simultaneously into the water, rendered the scene at once novel and animating.

"The canoe songs are generally improvised, and frequently have reference to passing objects. Such ejaculations as the following were uttered by our companions at the highest pitch of their voices, 'Pull away! Pull away! Pull away!' 'Dig into the water!' 'Break your backs,' &c. From

the prow of one of the canoes a native flute sounded plaintively. This is a very rude and imperfect instrument; and they do not play it with any degree of skill, it having only two or three notes." The flute in question is that which is made of human bone, and has been described on a previous page. It is played by placing the orifice against one nostril, and stopping the other with the finger.

When the natives proceed on a journey in their canoes, they are so sure of their own skill and management that they overload them to a degree which would cause an immediate capsizing in most countries. One chief, named Wirihona, who was travelling with his family, afforded a curious example of overloading a boat with impunity. The canoe was delicate and frail, and in the bow sat a little boy with a small fire kept between two pieces of bark. In the fore part of the canoe, where it was narrow, sat the younger children, the adult members of the family being placed in the middle, where the boat was widest. Toward the stern came another batch of young children, and on the stern, which projects over the water, sat Wirihona himself, steering the vessel with his paddle.

The canoe in which were Mr. Angas and his companions was, as the reader may recollect, so laden that her gunwale barely rose two inches above the surface. As long as they were paddling along the narrower and more sheltered parts of the river, all went smoothly enough, though the deeply-laden state of the crank boat gave cause for uneasiness. At last, however, they came to some wide and open reaches exposed to the wind, and had, moreover, to cross the current diagonally.

"The wind blew violently, and meeting the current, caused an unpleasant sea in the middle channel of the river. Our heavily-laden canoe was not fitted to encounter anything beyond still water; and, as our natives related to each other where this and that canoe were upset, they dashed their paddles into the water with all their energy, and our bark was soon in the midst of the terrible current. We were every moment in imminent danger of being swamped; the water rushed in on both sides; and nothing but the extreme swiftness with which we glided through the current prevented us from filling.

"As the canoe dashed against the opposite shore, our natives gave a loud shout and commenced bailing out the water, which we had shipped in great quantities, with a *tatau* or scoop. We now looked anxiously toward the second canoe, and watched them literally pulling for their lives, splashing and dashing with the utmost vehemence. The frail bark appeared almost swallowed up by the angry stream, but she glided securely through it, and the drenched chief and his


family repeated the sound of welcome to the opposite shore, as their canoe also dashed in safety against its banks."

The paddles with which the Maories propel their canoes are curious-looking implements, and are so formed that they will answer almost equally well as paddles or weapons. Indeed, it is not unlikely that their peculiar shape was given to them for this very reason. In the illustration No. 1, on page 881, are seen two examples of the New Zealand paddle, both being drawn from speelmens in my collection, and being useful as showing the typical form of the implement.

They are rather more than five feet in length, and have very long blades which are leaf-shaped and sharply pointed at the tips, so that a thrust from one of these paddles would be quite as dangerous as if it were made with the butt of the patu. The blade, too, is sharp at the edges, and, being made of rather heavy wood, is capable of splitting a man's skull as effectually as if it had been the short meroi.

In one of these paddles the handle is curved in a peculiar manner, while in the other it is straight, and forms a continuation of the blade. The former of these implements is quite plain, and even at the end of the handle there is no carving, while the latter is liberally adorned with patterns both on the blade and handle, and at their junction there is the inevitable human figure with the protruding tongue, the goggle eyes, and the generally aggressive expression that characterizes all such figures. None of the New Zealand paddles are adorned with the minute and elaborate carving which is found upon the paddles of several of the Polynesian islands. The carving of the New Zealanders is of a far different and much bolder character; and, instead of covering his paddle with small patterns repeated some hundreds of times, the Maori carves nothing but bold, sweeping curves and imitations of the human face.

As far as is known, the Maori carver makes no use of measuring tools, doing all his work by the eye alone. He does not even use compasses in describing his circles; and in consequence, whenever he carves, as is often the case, a number of concentric circles on a rafter or beam, the circles are quite undeserving of the name, and always tend rather to an irregular oval form.

There is in my collection a remarkable instrument, presented to me by C. Heaton, Esq. It bears a label with the following inscription, "A New Zealand Compass, by which the natives turn the volute in their carving." In shape it resembles one half of a parenthesis , and is armed at each point with a shark's tooth, which is inserted into a groove, and then lashed firmly with a cord passing through holes bored in the tooth and through the semicircular handle.

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It is made of the same wood as the paddle. Having, as I have already stated, abundant reason to distrust the accuracy of labels, and thinking that the curves of New Zealand carving did not possess the regularity which would accompany them had they been sketched out by an instrument, I showed the tool to several observant travelers who have spent much time in New Zealand, and asked them if they recognized it. None of them had seen the implement. Mr. Christie, who gave much attention to the manufactures of New Zealand, knew nothing about it, and Mr. Angas, who visited the island for the express purpose of collecting information respecting the Maories, and to whose pen I am indebted for nearly all the illustrations of the life and manners of the New Zealanders, had never seen or heard of such a tool. I possess many specimens of

New Zealand carving, and have seen many others, together with a great number of photographs, and in no case have I noticed a single circle or portion of a circle that was regular enough to have been drawn by the aid of compasses.

I even doubt whether this article was made in New Zealand at all, and am inclined to think that it belongs to the Tonga or the Kingsmill Islands. As to its use, I have no opinion.

In propelling these canoes, the New Zealander holds his paddle in both hands, and always keeps it on the same side of the vessel, being balanced by a companion on the other side. He employs no rowlock, but uses one hand as a fulcrum near the blade, while the other holds the handle nearer the tip. The boat is steered by means of a large paddle in the stern.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

NEW ZEALAND—Continued.

RELIGION.

THE GOOD AND EVIL INFLUENCES—THE LIZARD ATUAS—ALARM OF THE CHIEF—MAORI PRAYERS—
DIFFICULTY IN TRANSLATING THEM—THE SACRED LANGUAGE—THE TOHUNGAS, OR PRIESTS—
BELIEF IN THE FUTURE STATE—THE SACRED BRANCH—THE MALEVOLENT SPIRITS—HAUNTED
MOUNTAINS—THE TIKIS, OR SUPPOSED IDOLS OF THE MAORIES—SOME OTIOANTIC WOODEN
TIKIS—BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT—FATE OF A WITCH—COUNTRY OF THE WIZARDS—INCANTA-
TION OVER THE SICK—MAORI ANATOMISTS.

WE now come to the religion of the Maories. This is a curious mixture of simplicity and elaboration, having the usual superstitions common to all savage tribes, and being complicated with the remarkable system of "tapu," or "taboo," as the word is sometimes spelt.

Of real religion they have no idea, and, so far as is known, even their superstitions lack that infusion of sublimity which distinguishes the religious system of many savage nations. They have a sort of indefinite belief in a good and evil influence; the former going by the generic name of Atua, and the latter of Wairua. Now, Atua is a word that has a peculiar significance of its own. It may signify the Divine Essence, or it may be applied to any object which is considered as a visible representative of that essence.

Thus, if a Maori wishes to speak of God, he would use the word Atua. But he would equally apply it to a lizard, a bird, a sun-ray, or a cloud. There is one species of lizard, of a lovely green color, called by the natives *kakariki*, which is held in the greatest veneration as a living representative of divinity, and is in consequence always dreaded as an atua. The belief which the natives hold on this subject is well shown by an anecdote told by Mr. Angus.

"The following incident will show how deeply the belief in witchcraft and the supposed influence of the atuas obtains among those who are still heathens. The missionary was shown some small green lizards preserved in a phial of spirits, Muriwenua

and another man being in the room. We forgot at the moment that the little creatures in the phial were atuas, or gods, according to the superstitious belief of Maori polytheism, and inadvertently showed them to the man at the table.

"No sooner did he perceive the atuas than his Herculean frame shrank back as from a mortal wound, and his face displayed signs of extreme horror. The old chief, on discovering the cause, cried out, 'I shall die! I shall die!' and crawled away on his hands and knees; while the other man stood as a defence between the chief and the atuas, changing his position so as to form a kind of shield, till Muriwenua was out of the influence of their supposed power. It was a dangerous mistake to exhibit these atuas, for the chief is very old, and in the course of nature cannot live long, and, if he dies shortly, his death will certainly be ascribed to the baneful sight of the lizard gods, and I shall be accused of *makutu* or witchcraft." In connection with this superstition about the lizard, the same traveller mentions a curious notion which prevails regarding a spider.

"On the beach of the west coast is found a small, black, and very venomous spider, called *katipo* by the natives. Its bite is exceedingly painful, and even dangerous, and the natives think that if the *katipo* bites a man and escapes, the man will die. But if he contrives to catch the spider, and makes a circle of fire round it so that it perishes in the flames, then the man recovers as the spider dies."

The extent to which the imagination of

the natives is excited by their fear of witchcraft is scarcely credible. There was one woman named Eko, who was the most celebrated witch of the Waikato district. She exercised extraordinary influence over the minds of the people, who looked upon her as a superior being. On one occasion, when angry with a man, she told him that she had taken out his heart. The man entirely believed her, and died from sheer terror.

Objects which they cannot understand are often considered by the Maories as *atua*s. Thus a compass is an *atua*, because it points in one direction, and directs the traveller by its invisible power. A barometer is an *atua*, because it foretells the weather. A watch is an *atua*, on account of the perpetual ticking and moving of the hands. Fire-arms used to be *atua*s until they came into common use, and lost the mystery which was at first attached to them.

Yet the Maori never addresses his prayers to any of these visible objects, but always to the invisible *Atua* of whom these are but the representatives. The prayers are almost entirely made by the priests or *tohungas*, and are a set form of words known only to the priests and those whom they instruct. The meaning of the prayers is often uncertain, owing to the obsolete words which are profusely employed in them, and of which, indeed, the prayer almost entirely consists. Prayers, or incantations, as they may perhaps be called with more precision, are made on almost every occasion of life, however trivial, and whether the Maori desires safety in a battle, a favorable wind when on the water, success in a campaign, or good luck in fishing, the *tohunga* is called upon to repeat the appropriate prayer. Many of these prayers or incantations have been preserved by Dr. Dieffenbach and others. One of these prayers, which can be more correctly translated than many of them, is uttered at the offering of a pigeon. It is designated as "A prayer that the pigeon may be pure, that it may be very fat: when the fire burns, the prayer is said."

"When it is lighted, when it is lighted, the sacred fire, O Tiki! When it burns on the sacred morning, O give, O give, O Tiki, the fat. It burns for thee the fat of the pigeon; for thee the fat of the owl; for thee the fat of the parrot; for thee the fat of the flycatcher; for thee the fat of the thrush. A water of eels; where is its spring? Its spring is in heaven; sprinkle, give, be it poured out."

Offerings of food are common rites of Maori native worship, and offerings are made of both vegetable and animal food. It is much to be regretted that very many of the ancient religious rites of the New Zealanders have perished, and that they have been entirely forgotten by the present generation. Such a loss as this can never be replaced, and the fact that it has occurred ought to make us the more careful in rescuing from

speedy oblivion the expiring religious customs of other uncivilized nations.

Prayers, such as have been mentioned, are handed down by the *tohungas* or priests from father to son, and the youths undergo a long course of instruction before they can take rank among the priests. Dr. Dieffenbach was once fortunate enough to witness a portion of this instruction. "I was present at one of the lessons. An old priest was sitting under a tree, and at his feet was a boy, his relative, who listened attentively to the repetition of certain words, which seemed to have no meaning, but which it must have required a good memory to retain in their due order. At the old *tohunga*'s side was part of a man's skull filled with water. Into this from time to time he dipped a green branch, which he moved over the boy's head. At my approach the old man smiled, as if to say, 'See how clever I am,' and continued his *abracadabra*."

"I have been assured by the missionaries that many of these prayers have no meaning; but this I am greatly inclined to doubt. The words of the prayers are perhaps the remains of a language now forgotten; or, what is more probable, we find here what has existed among most of the nations of antiquity, even the most civilized, viz: that religious mysteries were confined to a certain class of men, who kept them concealed from the *profanum vulgus*, or communicated only such portions of them as they thought fit.

"They often had a sacred synbolic language, the knowledge of which was confined to the priesthood, as, for instance, the Egyptian hieroglyphies and the Sanscrit; or, if we look nearer home, we find the religion of Thor, Odin, and Freya enveloped in a poetical mythos, which has for its foundation deep and grand philosophical conceptions of morals and ethics."

It is a rather curious fact that, contrary to the usual custom of heathen priests, the *tohungas* did not oppose the Christian missionaries, but were among the first to receive the new religion. Some of them seem to have received it too hastily and without sufficient knowledge of its principles, as we see from the miserable travesty of Christianity which has sprung up of late years among the Maories, and which is in New Zealand what the system of Teapism is in China.

The priests are, as a rule, the most expert artists and woodcarvers in the country; so that the word "*tohunga*" is often applied by the natives to a man who is skillful in any art, no matter whether he be a priest or not.

The illustration No. 1, on the 860th page, is a portrait of a very celebrated *tohunga*, taken by Mr. Angas in 1844. His name was Te Ohu. The portrait was obtained during a great meeting of chiefs at Ahuahu. Te Ohu distinguished himself greatly on this occasion, running about after the fashion of

Maori orators, shaking his long and grizzled locks from side to side, stamping furiously on the ground, and uttering his speech in a singularly deep and sonorous voice.

In the background of the sketch may be seen two remarkable articles. The one, which is the half of a canoe, stuck upright in the ground, marks the grave of a deceased chief; and the other is a pole, on which are hung a calabash of water and a basket of food, with which the spirit of the dead can refresh himself when he returns to visit the scene of his lifetime. Sometimes a dish of cooked pigeons is added; and in one case a model of a canoe, with its sail and paddles, was placed on the tomb, as a conveyance for the soul of the departed when he wished to cross the waters which lead to the eternal abodes of the spirit.

Concerning the state of the spirit after the death of the body the Maories seem to have very vague ideas. The sum of their notions on this subject is as follows:—They believe that the spirit of man is immortal, and that when it leaves the body it goes to the Reinga, or place of departed spirits. Shooting and falling stars are thought to be the souls of men going to this place. The entrance to the Reinga is down the face of a rocky cliff at Cape Maria Van Diemen. Lest the spirit should hurt itself by falling down this precipice, there is a very old tree which grows there, on which the spirits break their fall. One particular branch was pointed out as being the portion of the tree on which the spirits alighted.

One of the missionaries cut off this branch, and in consequence the natives do not regard it with quite so much awe as they did in former days. Still Dr. Dieffenbach remarks that, when he visited the islands, they held the spot in great veneration, and not even the Christian natives would go near it.

All spirits do not enter the Reinga in the same manner, those of chiefs ascending first the upper heavens, where they leave the left eye, which becomes a new star. For this reason, if a chief is killed in war, his left eye is eaten by the chief of the victorious party, who thinks that he has thus incorporated into his own being the courage, skill, and wisdom of the dead man.

Spirits are not considered as imprisoned in the Reinga, but are able to leave it when they please, and to return to the scene of their former life. They can also hold converse with their friends and relatives, but only through the tohungas. Sometimes, but very rarely, the tohunga sees the spirit; and even then it is only visible as a sunbeam or a shadow. The voice of the spirit is a sort of low whistling sound, like a slight breeze, and is sometimes heard by others beside the tohunga. He, however, is the only one who can understand the mysterious voice and can interpret the wishes of the dead to the living.

As to the life led by departed spirits, the Maories seem to have no idea; neither do they seem to care. They have a notion that in Reinga the kumeras, or sweet potatoes, abound; but beyond that tradition they appear to know nothing.

As to the malevolent spirits, or wairuas, the same cloudy indefiniteness of ideas seems to prevail. The word wairua signifies either the soul or a dream, and is mostly used to signify the spirit of some deceased person who desires to act malevolently toward the living. Such spirits are supposed to haunt certain spots, which are in consequence avoided by the New Zealanders. Mountains are especial objects of his veneration, and those which are lofty enough to have their tops covered with perpetual snow are specially feared. He fancies that they are inhabited by strange and monstrous animals, that fierce birds of huge size sit continually on their whitened tops, and that every breeze which blows from them is the voice of the spirit which haunts it.

In consequence of these superstitions, the natives can no more be induced to ascend one of these mountains than to approach a burial ground. They have a curious legend about the Tongariro and Mount Egmont, saying that they were originally brother and sister, and lived together, but that they afterward quarrelled and separated. There is another strange legend of a spot near Mount Egmont. Owing to the nature of the ground, a strong chemical action is constantly taking place, which gives out great quantities of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The natives say that in former days an Atoa was drowned near the spot, and that ever since that time his body has been decomposing.

As to the idols of the New Zealanders, it is very doubtful whether they ever existed. There are, it is true, many representations of the human form, which are popularly supposed to be idols. It was formerly supposed that the green jade ornaments, called "tikis," which are worn suspended from the neck, were idols; but it is now known that they are merely ornaments, deriving their sole value from being handed down from one generation to another.

Three examples of the so-called idols are here given. One of them is remarkable for its gigantic proportions and curious shape. It is about sixteen feet in height, and instead of consisting of a single human figure, as is usually the case, the enormous block of wood is carved into the semblance of two figures, one above the other. This arrangement is not uncommon in New Zealand, and is found also in Western Africa. I possess a walking staff of both countries, which are composed of several human figures, each upon the other's head. The New Zealand staff will be presently described and figured.

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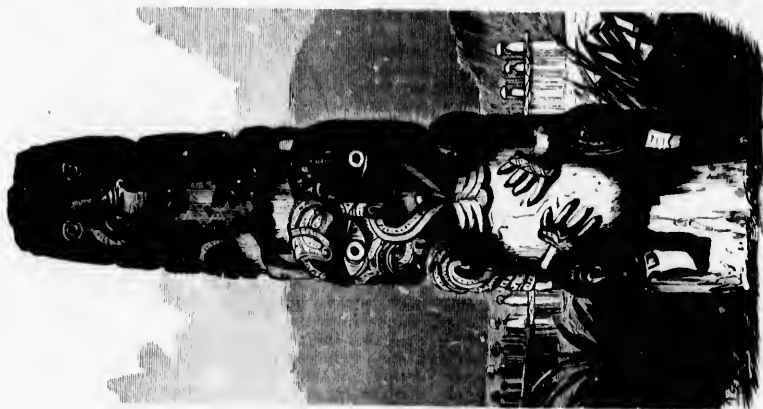
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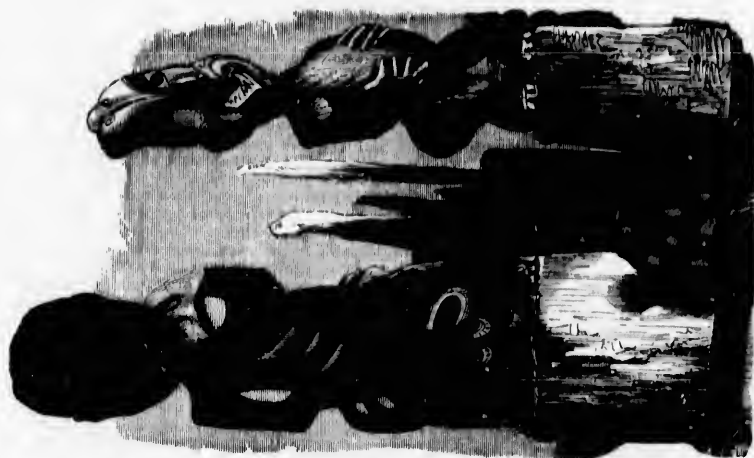
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(1.) TE OHU, A NATIVE PRIEST.
(See page 857.)



(2.) A TIKI AT RAOURA PAH.
(See page 861.)



(3.) TIKI FROM WHAKAPOKOKO.
(See page 861.)

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This gigantic tiki stands, together with several others, near the tomb of the daughter of Te Whero-Whero, and, like the monument which it seems as if were to guard, is one of the finest examples of native carving to be found in New Zealand. The precise object of the tiki is uncertain; but the protruding tongue of the upper figure seems to show that it is one of the numerous defiant statues which abound in the islands. The natives say that the lower figure represents Maui, the Atua who, according to Maori tradition, fished up the islands from the bottom of the sea.

As may be seen in the illustration No. 2, on the preceding page, nearly the whole of both figures is carved with most elaborate curved patterns, which descend over the arms, and adorn those parts of the statue which do duty for hips. A portion of the palling of Raroera Pah is seen in the background, and around the tiki grow many plants of the phormium, or New Zealand flax.

Near this wonderful and mysterious piece of carving stand several others, all of the ordinary type. Two such tikis are shown in the illustration No. 3, opposite, drawn from sketches taken at Whakapokoko. Although not quite so large as the double tiki of Raroera, they are of very great size, as may be seen by contrasting them with the figure of the woman who is standing by one of them.

The firmest belief in witchcraft prevails in New Zealand, though not to such an extent as in many parts of Africa. In cases of illness for which no ordinary cause can be discovered, especially if the patient be of high rank, "makuta," or witchcraft, is always suspected. If a chief, for example, fancies that he has been bewitched, he thinks over the names of those who are likely to have a spite against him, and pitches upon some unfortunate individual, who is thereby doomed to death. One curious example of such a murder is related by Mr. Angus.

He met a party of natives, who told him that a woman, a relation of the chief Ngawaka, had been shot by another chief, who suspected that she had bewitched his son. The young man had been taken ill, and, though the woman in question did her best to cure him, he died. His father took it into his head that she had killed him by her incantations, and, after loading his musket with a stick, shot her through the body. As, however, she was the relation of Ngawaka, it was expected that the chief would demand compensation for her death, and that the murderer would have to pay a very heavy sum. This sort of compensation is called "taua."

There are several modes of witchcraft; but that which is most practised is performed by digging a hole in the ground and invoking the spirit of the person who is to

be bewitched. After the incantations are said, the invoked spirit appears above the hole like a flickering light, and is then solemnly cursed by the witch. Sometimes, instead of digging a hole, the witch goes by night to the river bank, and there invokes the spirit, who appears as a flame of fire on the opposite bank.

Dr. Dieffenbach gives rather a curious account of a district named Urewera, which is supposed to be the special abode of witches. It is situated in the northern island, between Taupo and Hawkes' Bay, and consists of steep and barren hills. The inhabitants of this district are few and scattered, and have the reputation of being the greatest witches in the country.

"They are much feared, and have little connection with the neighboring tribes, who avoid them, if possible. If they come to the coast, the natives there scarcely venture to refuse them anything, for fear of incurring their displeasure. They are said to use the saliva of the people whom they intend to bewitch, and visitors carefully conceal it, to give them no opportunity of working them evil. Like our witches and sorcerers of old, they appear to be a very harmless people, and but little mixed up with the quarrels of their neighbors.

"It is a curious fact that many of the old settlers in the country have become complete converts to the belief in these supernatural powers. Witchcraft has been the cause of many murders: a few days before I arrived at Aotea, on the western coast, three had been committed, in consequence of people declaring on their deathbeds that they had been bewitched. . . .

"It is another curious fact, which has been noticed in Tahiti, Hawaii, and the islands inhabited by the great Polynesian race, that their first intercourse with Europeans produces civil wars and social degradation, but . . . a change of ideas is quickly introduced, and that the most ancient and deeply-rooted prejudices soon become a subject of ridicule to the natives, and are abolished at once. The grey priest, or tohunga, deeply versed in all the mysteries of witchcraft and native medical treatment, gives way in his attendance on the sick to every European who pretends to a knowledge of the science of surgery or medicine, and derides the former credulity of his patient.

"If a chief or his wife fall sick, the most influential tohunga, or a woman who has the odor of sanctity, attends, and continues day and night with the patient, sometimes repeating incantations over him, and sometimes sitting before the house and praying. The following is an incantation which is said by the priest as a cure for headache. He pulls out two stalks of the *Pteris esculenta*, from which the fibres of the root must be removed, and, beating them together over the head of the patient, says

this chant."—The chant in question is as unintelligible as those which have already been mentioned. Its title is "A prayer for the dead (i. e. the sick man) when his head aches: to Atua this prayer is prayed, that he, the sick man, may become well."

When a chief is ill, his relations assemble near the house and all weep bitterly, the patient taking his part in the general sorrowing; and when all the weeping and mourning has been got out of one village, the patient is often carried to another, where the whole business is gone over again. Should the sick person be of an inferior class, he goes off to the bush, and remains there until he is well again, choosing the neighborhood of a hot spring if he

can find one, or, if no such spring is at hand, infusing certain herbs in boiling water and inhaling the steam.

As may be imagined from the practice which they have in cutting up the dead for their cannibal feasts, the Maories are good practical anatomists, and know well the position of all the principal organs and vessels of the body. Consequently, they can operate in cases of danger, using sharp-edged shells if they have no knives. They can also set broken limbs well, bringing the broken surfaces together, binding the limb with splints, laying it on a soft pillow, and surrounding it with a wickerwork contrivance in order to guard it against injury.

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CHAPTER LXXXVI.

NEW ZEALAND—Continued.

THE TAPU.

THE TAPU, OR LAW OF PROHIBITION—TAPU A SUBSTITUTE FOR GOVERNMENT—PROTECTION TO PROPERTY AND MORALS—ABUSE OF THE TAPU—THE CHIEF AND THE SAILOR—THE CHIEF AND HIS MAT—A VALUABLE SPLINTER—THE HEAD OF THE CHIEF—AN UNLUCKY MISTAKE—HOW TAONUI OOT HIS ARMOR—HAIR CUTTING—TROUBLES OF AN ARTIST—THE CARVED HEAD—TE-WHERO-WHERO AND HIS PORTRAIT—THE TAPU MOUNTAIN—BANEFUL EFFECTS OF THE TAPU ON NATIVE ART—DESTRUCTION OF THE PAHS AND HOUSES—THE TERMINABLE TAPU—THE BATTLE-TAPU—TAKING OFF THE TAPU—DUTY OF THE TOHUNGA—THE TAPU THE STRENGTH OF THE CHIEFS.

WE now come naturally to the custom of Tapu or Taboo, that extraordinary system which extends throughout the whole of Polynesia, modified slightly according to the locality in which it exists.

The general bearings of the law of tapu may be inferred from the sense of the word, which signifies prohibition. The system of tapu is therefore a law of prohibition, and, when stripped of the extravagances into which it often deteriorates, it is seen to be a very excellent system, and one that answers the purpose of a more elaborate code of laws. In countries where an organized government is employed the tapu is needless, and we find that even in those parts of the earth where it was once the only restrictive law it has fallen into disuse since regular government has been introduced.

Were it not for the law of tapu, an absolute anarchy would prevail in most parts of Polynesia, the tapu being the only guardian of property and morality. In order that it may be enforced on the people, the terrors of superstition are called into play, and, in the absence of secular law, the spiritual powers are evoked.

Unprotected by the tapu, property could not exist: protected by it, the most valued and coveted articles are safer than they would be in England or America despite the elaborate legal system that secures to every man that which is his own. In New Zealand, when a man has cultivated a field of kumeras, or sweet potatoes, he needs no

fence and no watchman. He simply sends for the tohunga, who lays the tapu on the field; and from that moment no one save the owner will venture within its boundaries.

Sometimes a canoe is hauled up on the beach, and must be left there for some time unwatched. The owner need not trouble himself about securing his vessel. He has the tapu mark placed upon it, and the boat is accordingly held sacred to all except its possessor. Similarly, if a native boat-builder fixes on a tree which he thinks can be made into a canoe, he places the tapu on it, and knows that no one but himself will dare to cut it down. The mark of tapu in this case is almost invariably the removal of a strip of bark round the trunk of the tree.

Then the system of tapu is the only guardian of morals. It has been already mentioned that an extreme laxity in this respect prevails among the unmarried girls. But as soon as a girl is married she becomes tapu to all but her husband, and any one who induces her to become unfaithful must pay the penalty of the tapu if the delinquents be discovered. Nor is the tapu restricted to married women. It is also extended to young girls when they are betrothed; and any girl on whom the tapu has thus been laid is reckoned as a married woman.

It will be seen, therefore, that the principle of the tapu is a good one, and that it serves as protection both to property and morals. There are, of course, many instan-

ces where this system has run into extravagances, and where, instead of a protection, it has developed into a tyranny.

Take, for example, the very praiseworthy idea that the life of a chief is most important to his people, and that his person is therefore considered as tapu. This is a proper and wholesome idea, and is conducive to the interests of law and justice. But the development of the system becomes a tyranny. The chief himself being tapu, everything that he touched, even with the skirt of his garment, became tapu, and thenceforth belonged to him. So ingrained is this idea that on one occasion, when a great chief was wearing a large and handsome mantle and found it too heavy for a hot day, he threw it down a precipice. His companion remonstrated with him, saying that it would have been better to have hung the mat on a bough, so that the next comer might make use of it. The chief was horror-struck at such an idea. It was hardly possible that a superior to himself should find the mat, and not likely that an equal should do so, and if an inferior were to wear it, he would at once die.

As the very contact of a chief's garment renders an object tapu, *a fortiori* does his blood, and one drop of the blood of a chief falling upon even such objects as are free from the ordinary laws of tapu renders them his property. A curious example of the operation of this law occurred when a meeting of chiefs was called at the Taupo lake. As the principal man of the tribes, the celebrated chief Te Heu-heu was invited, and a new and beautifully carved canoe sent to fetch him. As he stepped into it, a splinter ran into his foot, inflicting a very slight wound. Every man leaped out of the canoe, which was at once drawn up on the beach and considered as the property of Te Heu-heu. Another canoe was procured, and in it the party proceeded on their journey.

Another kind of tapu takes place with regard to any object which is connected with the death of a native. If, for example, a Maori has fallen overboard from a canoe and been drowned, the vessel can never be used again, but is tapu. Or if a man commits suicide by shooting himself, as has already been mentioned, the musket is tapu. But in these cases the articles are tapu to the atua, and not to men. Sometimes they are left to decay on the spot, no man daring to touch them, or they are broken to pieces, and the fragments stuck upright in the earth to mark the spot where the event occurred.

Sometimes this personal tapu becomes exceedingly inconvenient. The wife of an old and venerable tohunga had been ill, and was made tapu for a certain length of time, during which everything that she touched became tapu. Even the very ground on

which she sat was subject to this law, and accordingly, whenever she rose from the ground, the spot on which she had sat was surrounded with a fence of small boughs stuck archwise into the earth, in order to prevent profane feet from polluting the sacred spot.

The most sacred object that a New Zealander can imagine is the head of the chief. It is so sacred that even to mention it is considered as an affront. Europeans have often given deadly offence through ignorance of this superstition, or even through inadvertence. Mr. Angus narrates a curious instance of such an adventure. A friend of his was talking to a Maori chief over his fence, and the conversation turned upon the crops of the year. Quite inadvertently he said to the chief, "Oh, I have in my garden some apples as large as that little boy's head"—pointing at the same time to the chief's son, who was standing near his father.

He saw in a moment the insult that he had offered, and apologized, but the chief was so deeply hurt that it was with the greatest difficulty that a reconciliation was brought about. The simile was a peculiarly unfortunate one. To use the head of a chief's son as a comparison at all was bad enough, but to compare it to an article of food was about the most deadly insult that could be offered to a Maori. All food and the various processes of preparation are looked down upon with utter contempt by the free Maori, who leaves all culinary operations to the slaves or "cookies."

One of the very great chiefs of New Zealand was remarkable for his snowy white hair and beard, which gave him a most venerable aspect. He was held in the highest respect, and was so extremely sacred a man that his head might only be mentioned in comparison with the snow-clad top of the sacred mountain.

The same traveller to whom we are indebted for the previous anecdote relates a curious story illustrative of this etiquette. There was a certain old chief named Taonui, who was in possession of the original suit of armor which was given by George IV. to E' Hongi when he visited England. "The subsequent history of this armor is somewhat curious. It passed from the Nga Pui to Tetori and from Tetori to Te Whero-Whero at the Waikato feast, and came into Taonui's hands under the following circumstances.

"On the death of a favorite daughter Te Whero-Whero made a song, the substance of which was, that he would take off the scalps of all the chiefs except Ngawaka, and fling them into his daughter's grave to avenge her untimely death. The words of this song highly insulted the various individuals against whom it was directed, more especially as it was a great curse for the

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hair of a chief, which is sacred, to be thus treated with contempt. But the only chief who dared to resent this insult from so great a man as Te Whero-Whero was Taonui, who demanded a 'tauu,' or gift, as recompense for the affront, and received the armor of E' Hongi in compensation.

"I made a drawing of the armor, which was old and rusty. It was of steel, inlaid with brass, and, though never worn by the possessors in battle—for it would sadly impede their movements—it is regarded with a sort of superstitious veneration by the natives, who look upon it as something extraordinary."

A chief's head is so exceedingly sacred that, if he should touch it with his own fingers, he may not touch anything else without having applied the hand to his nostrils and smelt it so as to restore to the head the virtue which was taken out of it by the touch. The hair of a chief is necessarily sacred, as growing upon his head. When it is cut, the operation is generally confided to one of his wives, who receives every particle of the cut hair in a cloth, and buries it in the ground. In consequence of touching the chief's head, she becomes tapu for a week, during which time her hands are so sacred that she is not allowed to use them. Above all things, she may not feed herself, because she would then be obliged to pollute her hands by touching food, and such a deed would be equivalent to putting food on the chief's head—a crime of such enormity that the mind of a Maori could scarcely comprehend its possibility.

When engaged in his explorations in New Zealand, and employed in sketching every object of interest which came in his way, Mr. Angas found this notion about the chief's head to be a very troublesome one. He was not allowed to portray anything connected with food with the same pencil with which he sketched the head of a chief, and to put a drawing of a potato, a dish for food, or any such object, into the same portfolio which contained the portrait of a chief, was thought to be a most fearful sacrilege.

The artist had a narrow escape of losing the whole of his sketches, which a chief named Ko Tarui wanted to burn, as mixing sacred with profane things. They were only rescued by the intervention of Te Heu-heu, a superstitious old savage, but capable of seeing that the white man had meant no harm. Warned by this escape, Mr. Angas always made his drawings of tapu objects by stealth, and often had very great difficulty in eluding the suspicious natives.

Even the carved image of a chief's head is considered as sacred as the object which it represents. Dr. Dieffenbach relates a curious instance of this superstition.

"In one of the houses of Te Pui, the head chief of all the Waikato, I saw a bust, made by himself, with all the serpentine

lines of the moko, or tattooing. I asked him to give it to me, but it was only after much pressing that he parted with it. I had to go to his house to fetch it myself, as none of his tribe could legally touch it, and he licked it all over before he gave it to me; whether to take the tapu off, or whether to make it more strictly sacred, I do not know. He particularly engaged me not to put it into the provision bag, nor to let it see the natives at Rotu-nua, whither I was going, or he would certainly die in consequence.

"Payment for the bust he would not take; but he had no objection to my making him a present of my own free will: which I accordingly did, presenting him and his wife with a shirt each."

Once the natives were very angry, because Mr. Angas went under a cooking shed, having with him the portfolio containing the head of Te Heu-heu. Even his hands were tapu because they had painted the portrait of so great a chief, and he was subjected to many annoyances in consequence. Finding that the tapu was likely to become exceedingly inconvenient, he put a stop to further encroachments by saying that, if the people made any more complaints, he would put Te Heu-heu's head into the fire. This threat shocked them greatly, but had the desired effect.

Sometimes this sanctity of the chief is exceedingly inconvenient to himself. On one occasion, when Mr. Angas was visiting the chief Te Whero-Whero, he found the great man superintending the plantation of a kumera ground and the erection of a house for himself. Rain was falling fast, but the old chief sat on the damp ground, wrapped up in his blanket, and appearing to be entirely unconcerned at the weather, a piece of sail-cloth over the blanket being his only defence.

He did not rise, according to the custom of the old heathen chiefs, who will sometimes sit for several days together, in a sort of semi-apathetic state. To the request that his portrait might be taken Te Whero-Whero graciously acceded, and talked freely on the all important subject of land while the painter was at work. Finding the rain exceedingly unpleasant, the artist suggested that they had better move into a house. The old chief, however, knowing that he could not enter a house without making it his property by reason of contact with his sacred person, declined to move, but ordered a shelter to be erected for the white man. This was done at once, by fastening a blanket to some upright poles; and so the portrait was completed, the painter under cover and the sitter out in the rain.

Localities can be rendered tapu, even those which have not been touched by the person who lays the tapu upon them. The chief Te Heu-heu, for example, was pleased to declare the volcano Tongariro under the

tapu, by calling it his backbone, so that not a native would dare approach it, nor even look at it, if such an act could be avoided. Mr. Angas was naturally desirous of visiting this mountain, but found that such a scheme could not be carried out. He offered blankets and other articles which a New Zealander prizes; but all to no purpose, for the tapu could not be broken. The chief even tried to prevent his white visitors from travelling in the direction of the mountain, and only gave his consent after ordering that the sacred Tongariro should not even be looked at. So deeply is this superstition engraven in the heart of the New Zealander, that even the Christian natives are afraid of such a tapu, and will not dare to approach a spot that has thus been made sacred by a tohunga. Reasoning is useless with them; they will agree to all the propositions, admit the inference to be drawn from them, and then decline to run so terrible a risk.

One of the finest examples of native architecture was made tapu by this same chief, who seems to have had a singular pleasure in exercising his powers. It was a pah called Waitahanui, and was originally the stronghold of Te Heu-heu. It is on the borders of the lake, and the side which fronts the water is a full half-mile in length. It is made, as usual, of upright posts and stakes, and most of the larger posts are carved into the human form, with visages hideously distorted, and tongues protruded seaward, as if in defiance of expected enemies.

Within this curious pah were the cannibal cook-houses which have already been figured, together with several of the beautifully carved patukas or receptacles for the sacred food of the chief. Specimens of these may be seen figured on page 831. In this pah Mr. Angas found the most elaborate specimen of the patuka that he ever saw. It was fortunate that he arrived when he did, as a very few years more would evidently complete the destruction of the place. Many of the most beautiful implements of native art were already so decayed that they were but a shapeless heap of ruins, and the others, were rapidly following in the same path. Of these specimens of Maori carving and architecture nothing is now left but the sketches from which have been made the illustrations that appear in this work.

Here I may be allowed to controvert a popular and plausible fallacy, which has often been brought before the public. Travellers are blamed for bringing to England specimens of architecture and other arts from distant countries. It is said, and truly too, that such articles are out of place in England. So they are: but it must be remembered that if they had not been in England they would not have been in existence. The marvellous sarcophagus, for example,

brought to London by Belzoni, and now in the Soane Museum, would have been broken to pieces and hopelessly destroyed if it had been allowed to remain in the spot where it was found.

Again, had not the Assyrian sculptures found a home in the British Museum, they would have been knocked to pieces by the ignorant tribes who now roam over the ruins of Nineveh the Great. Even had the vast statues defied entire destruction, the inscriptions would long ago have been defaced, and we should have irreparably lost some of the most valuable additions to our scanty knowledge of chronology.

So again with the Elgin Marbles. Undoubtedly they were more in their place in Greece than they are in England; but, if they had not been brought to England, the iconoclastic hand of the Mussulman would have utterly destroyed them, and the loss to art would have been indeed terrible.

Thus is it with regard to the specimens of savage art, no matter in what way it is developed. Taking New Zealand as an example, there is not in England a single specimen of a Maori house. It could be easily taken to pieces and put together again; it is peculiarly valuable to ethnologists on account of the extraordinary mixture which it displays of ancient Egyptian architecture and ancient Mexican art; and in a very few years there will not be a single specimen of aboriginal architecture in the whole of New Zealand. The Maories, who have abandoned the club for the rifle, the mat for the blanket, and even the blanket for the coat and trousers, have begun to modify their ancient architecture, and to build houses after the European models.

Unless, therefore, means be taken to rescue specimens of Maori architecture from destruction, it is much to be doubted whether in twenty years' time from the present date a single specimen will exist as a type of native art. So it is with the canoes. Graceful, picturesque, and adorned with the finest specimens of Maori art, the canoes were unique among vessels. At the present day the more useful but more commonplace whaleboat has superseded the canoe, and in a few years the elaborately decorated vessels of the Maories will have utterly passed away.

We may be sure that the tide of civilization is sweeping so rapidly over the world, that a very few years will see the end of savage life in all lands to which the white man can gain access. The relics of the ancient mode of life are left by the natives to perish, and, unless they are rescued, and brought to a country where they can be preserved, they will necessarily vanish from the face of the earth. Having this idea in my own mind, I set myself some years ago to collect articles of daily use from all parts

of the world. The light which they throw upon anthropology is really astonishing, and, among some eight or nine hundred specimens, there is not one that does not tell its own story.

Take, for example, the stone meral that lies before me. What a tale does it not tell of the country where it was found, and of the workman who made it! The stone shows that it was obtained from a volcanic country; the short, weighty form of the weapon shows that it was made for a courageous race who fought hand to hand; and the graceful curves and perfect balance of the weapon show that the maker was a true artist. More than that. The meral has been made by rubbing it with another stone, and must have occupied years of labor. See, then, what a tale this weapon tells us—the volcanic region, the courageous warrior, and the worthlessness of time. Year after year the man must have worked at that meral, bending his tattooed face over it, balancing it in his hand, and watching its soft curves grow into perfection. Then, after it was made, he has evidently carried it about with him, fought with his foes, and dashed out their brains with its once sharp and now notched edge. Afterward, when he, or may be his grandson, came to fight against the white men, their fire-arms were too terrible to be opposed, and the meral was taken from the hand of the dead warrior as he lay on the field of battle, its plaited cord still round his wrist. Nevermore will a stone meral be made, and before very long the best examples of Maori weapons will be found in English museums.

We will now return to the subject of the tapu. Useful as it may be as a guardian of property, it often exaggerates that duty, and produces very inconvenient results. For example, some travellers were passing through the country, and were hungry and wearied, and without food. Very opportunely there came in sight a fine pig; but the animal contrived to run across a piece of ground which was tapu, and in consequence became tapu itself for a certain number of days, and could not be eaten.

There are thousands of such tapu spots in the country. If, for example, a great chief has been travelling, every place where he sits to rest is tapu, and is marked by a slight fence of sticks. In many cases, each of these sacred spots has its own name. The same is the case when the body of a chief is carried to his own pah for burial, every resting place of the bearers becoming tapu. Therefore nothing was more likely than to come across one of these tapu spots, or more easy than for the pig to break through its slight fence.

A curious modification of the tapu took place before and after a battle. The tohunga assembled the warriors of his own party, and went with them to the lake or river, which

had been made tapu for the purpose. The men then threw off all their clothing, and went into the water, which they scooped up with their hands and threw over their heads and bodies. The priest then recited the appropriate incantation.

Thus the battle tapu was laid upon the warriors, who were thereby prohibited from undertaking any other business except that of fighting, and were supposed, moreover, to be under the protection of the gods. This tapu was most strictly regarded, and the warriors had to learn quite a long list of occupations which were forbidden to them, such as carrying a load, cutting their own hair, touching the head of a woman, and so forth.

After the fighting is over, it is necessary that the tapu should be taken off from the survivors, so that they should be enabled to return to their usual mode of life. This ceremony is rather a complicated one, and varies slightly in different parts of the country. The chief features, however, are as follows:—

Each man who had killed an enemy, or taken a slave, pulled off a lock of hair from the victim, and retained it as a trophy. They then went in a body to the tohunga, and gave him a portion of the hair. This he tied on a couple of little twigs, raised them high above his head, and recited the incantation; after which the whole body joined in the war song and dance. This being over, the warriors clapped their hands together and struck their legs, that act being supposed to take off the tapu which had been contracted by imbruing them in the blood of the enemy.

The war party then goes home, and a similar ceremony is undergone in the presence of the principal tohunga of their pah, the hands being clapped and the war dances performed. The remainder of the hair is given to the tohunga, who, after reciting his incantation, flings the tuft of hair away, and ends by another incantation, which declares that the tapu is taken away.

As a general rule, the tapu can only be taken off by the person who imposed it; but if a man imposed a tapu on anything, another who was very much his superior would not have much scruple in breaking through it. By courtesy the tapu was mostly respected by great and small alike, and, by courtesy also, the very great men often put themselves to great inconvenience by refraining from actions that would lay the tapu on the property of inferiors. Thus we have seen how a chief refused to enter a house, lest he should render it his property, and preferred to sit in the pouring rain, rather than run the risk of depriving an inferior of his property.

Should an object become tapu by accident, the tohunga can take off the tapu and restore the object to use. A curious instance

of the exercise of this power is related by a traveller. A white man, who had borrowed an iron pot for cooking, wanted some soft water, and so he placed the pot under the eaves of a house from which the rain was running. Now, the house happened to be tapu, and in consequence the water running from it made the pot tapu. It so happened that a woman, who was ignorant of the circumstance, used the pot for cooking, and when she was told that the vessel was tapu she was greatly frightened, declaring that she would die before night. In this difficulty a tohunga came to her relief, repeated an incantation over the vessel, and made it "noa," or common, again.

Sometimes the tapu only lasts for a period, and, after that time has elapsed, expires without the need of any ceremony. Thus, if a person who is tapu by sickness is touched by another, the latter is tapu for a definite time, usually three days. If a sick person dies inside a house, that house is *ipso facto*, tapu and may never again be used. It is painted with red ochre, as a sign of its sanctity, and is left to decay. In consequence of this superstition, when the patient seems likely to die, he is removed from the house, and taken to a spot outside the pah, where a shed is built for his reception.

It will be seen from the foregoing account how great is the power of the tapu, and how much it adds to the power of the chiefs. Indeed, without the power of tapu, a chief would be but a common man among his people—he would be liable to the tapu of others, and could not impose his own. The tapu is one of the chief obstacles against the spread of Christianity. Knowing that the

missionaries treat the tapu as a mere superstition, the great chiefs do not choose to embrace a religion which will cause them to lose their highest privilege, and would deprive them of the one great power by which they exercise their authority.

Mr. Williams, the well-known missionary, sums up the subject of the tapu in very bold and graphic language:—"It is the secret of power, and the strength of despotic rule. It affects things both great and small. Here it is seen tending a brood of chickens, and there it directs the energies of a kingdom. Its influence is variously diffused. Coasts, islands, rivers, and seas; animals, fruit, fish, and vegetables; houses, beds, pots, cups, and dishes; canoes, with all that belong to them, with their management; dress, ornaments, and arms; things to eat and things to drink; the members of the body; the manners and customs; language, names, temper; and even the gods also; all come under the influence of the tapu.

"It is put into operation by religious, political, or selfish motives; and idleness lounges for months beneath its sanction. Many are thus forbidden to raise their hands or extend their arms in any useful employment for a long time. In this district it is tapu to build canoes; on that island it is tapu to erect good houses. The custom is much in favor among chiefs, who adjust it so that it sits easily on themselves, while they use it to gain influence over those who are nearly their equals; by it they supply many of their wants, and command at will all who are beneath them. In imposing a tapu, a chief need only be checked by a care that he is countenanced by ancient precedents."

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CHAPTER LXXXVII.

NEW ZEALAND—*Concluded.*

FUNERAL CEREMONIES AND ARCHITECTURE.

THE MOURNING OVER THE DEAD CHIEF—THE TANGI, AND THE SCARS WHICH IT LEAVES—FIRST BURIAL OF THE CHIEF—THE WAHI TAPU—THE SECOND BURIAL, OR "HAHUNGA"—REMOVAL OF THE TAPU, AND INSTALLATION OF THE SUCCESSOR—E' HONGI'S DEATHBED—A DECAYING PAH—CANOE TOMBS—MONUMENT TO E'TOKI—TOMB OF TE WHERO-WHERO'S DAUGHTER—SAVAGE SENTIMENT—MAORI ARCHITECTURE—MATERIAL, SHAPE, AND SIZE OF THE HOUSES—A CROWDED SLEEPING PLACE—THE EAT MAN HOUSE—RANGIHAEATA'S REVENGE—PUATIA'S WAR-HOUSE AND ITS SCULPTURES—INTERIOR VIEW OF A PAH—TOOLS USED IN HOUSE-BUILDING—THE AXE AND THE CHISEL—THE TOKO-TOKO, OR WALKING STICK.

WE now come to the ceremonies that belong to funerals.

When a chief, or indeed any Rangatira, dies, his friends and relations deck the body in the finest cloths which the deceased had possessed in his lifetime, lay it out, and assemble round it for the customary mourning. The women are the chief mourners, and indulge in the most demonstrative, not to say ostentatious, ebullitions of grief. Sometimes they squat upon the ground, their bodies and faces wrapped in their mantles, as if utterly overpowered by grief. Sometimes they wave their arms in the air, shaking their hands with expressive gestures of sorrow; and all the while they utter loud wailing cries, while the tears stream down their cheeks.

Much of this extravagant sorrow is necessarily feigned, according to the custom of New Zealand life, which demands tears on so many occasions; but there is no doubt that much is real and truly felt. The women cut themselves severely with shells, making incisions in the skin several inches in length. These incisions are filled with charcoal, as if they had been part of the regular moko or tattoo, and become indelible, being, in fact, perpetual records of sorrow. Some of these women cut themselves with such severity, that in their old age they are covered with the thin blue lines of the "tangi," their faces, limbs, and bodies being traversed by them in rather a ludicrous manner. The tangi lines might be mistaken for regular tattooing, except for one point. They have

no pattern, and instead of being curved, as is always the case with the moko, they are straight, about two inches in length, and run parallel to each other.

They address long speeches to the dead man, enumerating his many virtues, his courage, his liberality, the strength of his tapu, and so forth, mixed with reproaches to him for dying and going away from them when they stood in such need of him. Indeed, the whole of the proceedings, with the exception of cutting the skin, are very like those of an Irish wake.

In the illustration No. 1, on the 872nd page, are shown these various ceremonies. The dead body of the chief is lying under the shed, wrapped in the best mantle, and with a coronal of feathers in the hair. In the front sits a chief, whose rank is denoted by his hani, or staff of office, that lies by him, and by the elaborate mantle in which he has wrapped himself. Standing near the corpse is one of the mourners, with arms upraised and hands quivering, while others are seen sitting in various attitudes of woe. The fence of the pah is shown in the background, with its grotesque images and curious architecture.

When the old people attend a funeral, they usually paint themselves freely with red ochre, and wear wreaths of green leaves upon their heads. The house in which the death took place is rendered tapu until the body is finally disposed of—an event which does not take place for some time.

After the mourning ceremonies have been

completed, the body is placed in a sort of coffin and allowed to decay, the green jade merai, the tiki, the hani, and other emblems of rank being placed with the corpse. In some parts of the country this coffin is canoe-shaped, and suspended to the branches of a tree, certain places being kept sacred for this purpose. There existed, for example, several graves belonging to the Nga-pui tribe, which had been preserved on account of the sacred character which belonged to them. The natives had long abandoned the custom of hanging the coffins of the dead on the trees, but the sacred character still clung to them, and, though the woods in that part of the country had been felled, the sacred groves were allowed to flourish unharmed.

Sometimes the body of a very great chief was placed in a wooden receptacle in the midst of the pah, called the waki-tapu, and there allowed to decay. As might be expected, a most horrible odor is disseminated through the pah during the process of decomposition; but the inhabitants do not seem to trouble themselves, their nostrils not being easily offended. For example, when a whale is thrown ashore, the stench of the huge mass of decomposition is so overpowering that an European cannot endure it. The natives, however, say that they are used to it, and do not notice it. Indeed, people who can eat the horrible messes of putrid maize of which they are so fond must be so obtuse of scent as to be indifferent to any ill odor.

Be it as it may, in time the process of decay is supposed to be complete, — seven or eight months being the usual time. A curious ceremony, called the "hahunga," then takes place. The friends and relatives of the deceased chief are again assembled, and the bones are solemnly taken from their receptacle and cleaned. The person who cleans them is necessarily tapu, but is rendered "noa," or common again, by the eldest son and daughter of the deceased chief eating of the sacred food offered to the dead. Should the eldest girl happen to be dead, the food is placed in a calabash, and laid in the now empty coffin, the spirit of the girl being called by name, and the food offered to her. The spirit is supposed to partake of the food; and the tapu is thus removed as effectually as if she were alive, and had visibly eaten the provisions. Should the chief have had no daughter, the nearest female relative takes the office. The usual orations are made in honor of the deceased and the merai, tiki, and other ornaments of the dead chief are then handed over to his eldest son, who thus takes possession of the post which his father had vacated, the ceremony being analogous to a coronation among Europeans.

When the celebrated chief E' Hongi, the "Scourge of New Zealand," as he has been called, died, his children were so afraid that they would be attacked by those whom the terror of his name had kept quiet, that they

wanted to omit the preliminary orations and "tangi," and to lay his body in the "waki-tapu," or sacred place, on the day after his death. This intention was, however, overruled, chiefly in consequence of the foresight of the dying chief.

Feeling that his end was close at hand, he rallied his sons round him, sent for all his warlike stores, the merais, patus, muskets, ammunition, and, above all, the armor which he had received from George IV., and bequeathed them to his children. He was asked what "utu," or satisfaction, should be exacted for his death, but replied that the only utu which his spirit would desire was, that his tribe should be valiant, and repel any attack that might be made upon them. But for this really noble sentiment, there would have been great slaughter at his death, in order to furnish attendants for him.

That his tribe should for the future be valiant, and repel the attacks of their enemies, was the ruling idea in E' Hongi's mind; and on March 6, 1828, he died, continually repeating the words, "Kia toa! kia toa!" — i. e. "Be valiant! be valiant!"

After the ceremony of cleaning the bones is over, they are taken by the principal tohunga, or priest, who generally disposes of them in some secret spot sacred to the remains of dead chiefs, and known only to himself. Sometimes, however, they are laid in beautifully carved boxes, which are supported on posts in the middle of the pah.

Sometimes the waki-tapu, or sacred place in which the body of a chief is placed while it undergoes decomposition, is marked in a very curious manner, and the entire village deserted for a time. For example, at the pah of Hurewenua, the chief had died about six weeks before Mr. Angus arrived at the place, which he found deserted. "Not far from this island pah stood the village of Huriwenua, the gaily-ornamented tomb of the late chief forming a conspicuous object in the centre. Here, although everything was in a state of perfect preservation, not a living soul was to be seen; the village, with its neat houses made of raupo, and its court-yards and provision boxes, was entirely deserted. From the moment the chief was laid beneath the upright canoe, on which were inscribed his name and rank, the whole village became strictly tapu, or sacred, and not a native, on pain of death, was permitted to trespass near the spot. The houses were all fastened up, and on most of the doors were inscriptions denoting that the property of such an one remained there.

"An utter silence pervaded the place. After ascertaining that no natives were in the vicinity of the forbidden spot, I landed, and trod the sacred ground; and my footsteps were probably the first, since the desertion of the village, that had echoed along its pulisaded passages.

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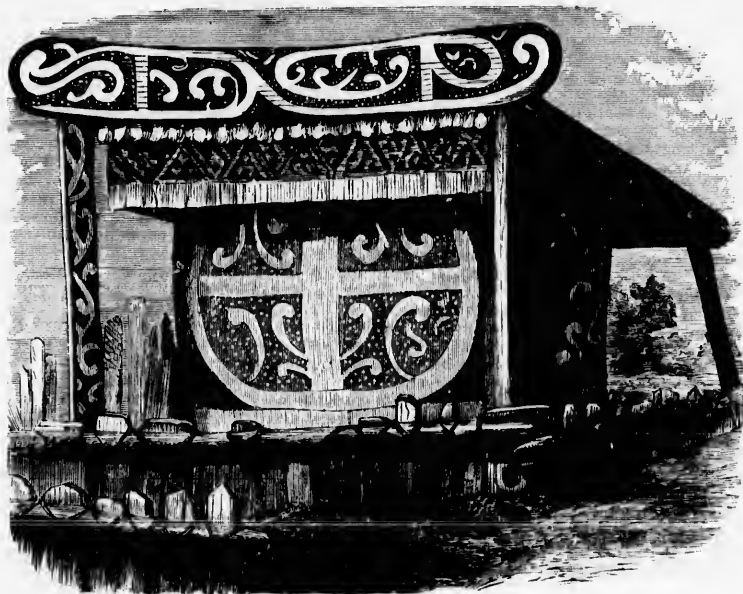
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(1.) MOURNING OVER A DEAD CHIEF. (See page 809.)



(2.) TOMB OF E TOKL. (See page 873.)

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with the contrast between the monument of the savage and that of the civilized European. In the erection of the latter, marble and stone and the most durable of metals are employed, while rapidly decaying wood, red ochre, and feathers form the decorations of the Maori tomb. Huriwenua having been buried only six weeks, the ornaments of the *waki-tapu*, or sacred place, as those erections are called, were fresh and uninjured. The central upright canoe was richly painted with black and red, and at the top was written the name of the chief; above which there hung in clusters, bunches of *kaka* feathers, forming a large mass at the summit of the canoe. A double fence of high palings, also painted red, and ornamented with devices in arabesque work, extended round the grave, and at every fastening of flax, where the horizontal rails were attached to the upright fencing, were stuck two feathers of the albatross, the sunny whiteness of which contrasted beautifully with the sombre black and red of the remainder of the monument."

One of these tombs may be seen in the background of illustration No. 1, on p. 860, containing the portrait of an old priest, and another is shown in the view of a village which will be given on a future page.

Within the pah is often erected a monument or mausoleum of the dead. A very beautiful example of this kind of tomb was erected in the pah of Rangihæta to the memory of E' Toki, the mother of Raupahara.

It was nearly semi-circular in shape, and the body was placed in it in an upright position. It was covered with a roof, squared at the corners, and projecting like a verandah all round, and sloping toward the back. The central tomb, the roof, and the posts which supported it, were all covered with the most elaborate arabesque pattern, mostly of a spiral character. Paint was liberally used on it, that on the central tomb or coffin being red and white, while that which decorated the roof and posts was red and black. In front of the projecting roof was hung the beautifully woven kaitaka mat of the deceased woman, and tufts of the white feathers of the albatross were arranged at regular intervals upon it.

Even when Mr. Angas saw this beautiful example of Maori art, it was beginning to decay, the climate being damp, and the natives never repairing a decaying tomb. It was, of course, strictly tapu. No native liked to go close to it, and for a slave, or even a free man of inferior rank, to go within a certain distance of it would have been a crime punishable with instant death.

I have much pleasure in presenting on the preceding page an illustration of this beautiful monument of Maori art, taken from a drawing made by Mr. Angas in 1844, while the perishable materials of

which the tomb was made were yet in tolerable preservation. Under the carved and decorated roof may be seen the semi-circular coffin in which the body had been placed, distinguished from the outer portion of the tomb by the red and white colors with which it was painted, in contrast to the red and black of the outer portions. The reader will notice that red is the prevalent color in all tombs, because red is the hue of mourning as well as of war among the Maories. Immediately under the eaves of the front may be seen the highly ornamented border of the kaitaka mat once worn by the deceased, and now left to decay upon her tomb.

Round the tomb itself runs a slight and low fence. This palisade, small as it might appear, afforded ample protection to the tomb, inasmuch as the whole space within it was rendered sacred by a tapu laid upon it by Raupahara, so that not even the highest chief would venture to enter the forbidden enclosure.

One of the finest specimens of carving in New Zealand—perhaps the finest in the whole country—is, or rather was, a mausoleum erected by Te Whero-Whero to his favorite daughter. It was upon the death of this daughter that Te Whero-Whero gave such dire offence to the other chiefs by threatening to throw their scalp into his daughter's grave, for which offence he had to give up the celebrated armor of E' Hongi by way of fine.

The monument was erected in Raroera, formerly one of the largest and finest pāls in New Zealand, but rendered desolate by the act of the headstrong and determined chief. He had this wonderful tomb built for his daughter, and, as soon as her body was placed within it, he pronounced the whole pā to be tapu. It was at once deserted: old and young quitted the place, leaving everything behind them, the provisions to moulder and the weapons to decay. Solid houses that had occupied many years in building and carving were allowed to fall into mere shapeless heaps of ruins; and even in 1844 the rank vegetation had so completely overrun the place that many of the best pieces of native work were covered by the foliage.

The tomb is about twelve feet high, and consists of the usual box for the reception of the body, covered by a projecting roof, which is supported by pillars. Were it as graceful in form as the monument to E' Toki, this would be by far the finest specimen of native art; but unfortunately it does not possess the bold outline and contrast of the curve and the straight line which are so characteristic of E' Toki's tomb.

The elaboration of the carving on this monument is so great that it almost baffles the skill of the draughtsman. Mr. Angas

succeeded in copying it, and when the drawing was shown to the artist who had executed the work he was astounded, and pronounced the white man to be a great tohunga. The roof is supported by pillars, each pillar consisting of two human figures, the upper standing on the head of the lower. The upper figure is about seven feet in height, and has a gigantic head, with an enormous protruding tongue that reaches to the breast.

The whole of the tomb is covered with human heads. Exclusive of those upon the posts, the front alone of the tomb contains fourteen faces, each differing from the other in expression and pattern of the moko, but all wearing the same defiant air. Their enormous eyes are made peculiarly conspicuous by being carved out of hallotis shell, carrying out on a large scale the plan adopted in the chiefs' hails and other sculptures. The whole of the space between the figures is covered with the most elaborate arabesques, intertwining with each other in a bewildering manner, but each running its own boldly curved course. Between the various pieces that compose this tomb are set bunches and tufts of white and green feathers, which serve to adorn as well as disguise the necessary seams of the wood-work.

This wonderful monument was entirely carved by one man, named Paranul. He was lame, and in consequence had expended his energies in art, in which he had so greatly distinguished himself that he took rank as a tohunga. He was equally celebrated as a tattooer; and it may well be imagined that a man who could design so extraordinary a piece of workmanship must be skilful in inventing the endless variety of patterns needful in the decoration of chiefs' faces. In performing this work, Paranul had but one tool, the head of an old bayonet.

The loss of such specimens of native art as those which have been described carries out my former remarks on the necessity for removing to our own country every memorial of savage life that we can secure. We inflict no real injury upon the savages, and we secure an invaluable relic of vanishing customs. These monuments, for example, were simply carved and then left to decay. Had they been removed to this country, where they would have been guarded from the power of the elements and the encroachments of vegetation, we should have seen them in complete preservation at the present day, and likely to last as long as the building which contained them.

Of course the sentimental argument may be pleaded against this view of the case; but in matters which are of vital importance in the grand study of anthropology mere sentiment ought to have no place. Neither has it such place as some often

imagine. The savage, finding that the white man yields to him on this point, is only too glad to find any vantage ground, and always presses on as fast as the other yields—just as has been done in India with the question of caste. We cannot measure their mental sensibilities any more than their physical by our own. A savage endures with stoicism tortures which would kill an European, simply because he does not feel them as much. And the mental and physical sensibilities are very much on a par.

The Maori is perhaps the finest savage race on the face of the earth, and yet we cannot think that he is exactly an estimable being, whose ambition is murder, and whose reward is to eat the body of his victim, who never does a stroke of work that he can avoid, and who leads a life of dissipation as far as his capabilities go. Of all savage nations, the New Zealander displays most sorrow for the loss of a friend or relation. Tears flow profusely from his eyes, and every tone of his voice and every gesture of his body convey the impression that he is borne down by unendurable woe. Yet we have seen that this effusion of sorrow is mostly premeditated, and merely a conventional mode of acting required by the etiquette of the country.

When two people can be bathed in tears, speak only in sobbing accents, utter heart-rending cries, and sink to the ground as overwhelmed by grief, we cannot but compassionate their sorrow and admire their sensibility. But if, in the middle of all these touching demonstrations of grief, we see them suddenly cease from their sobs and cries, enter into a little lively conversation, enjoy a hearty laugh, and then betake themselves afresh to their tears and sobs, we may take the liberty of doubting their sincerity.

So with those beautiful houses and monuments that are left to perish by neglect. The builder did in all probability feel very keenly at the time, though the feeling of grief seems sometimes to take a curious turn, and be metamorphosed into vengeance and an excuse for war; but it is very much to be doubted whether grief for the departed is a feeling that is really permanent in the savage mind. The Maori chief may lay his tapu on an entire village when a relative dies, and if, after the lapse of years, any one be rash enough to invade the forbidden precincts, he will visit the offence with instant punishment. But it must be remembered that the infringement of the tapu in question is not an insult to the dead but to the living, and that when the chief punishes the offender, he does not avenge an affront offered to his dead relative, but a direct insult to himself.

In spite of his sentiment, I think that the Maori might have been induced to sell such

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specimens of art, and even if he refused to yield to such a proposition, he would have respected us none the less if, when we had captured a pah, we exercised the right of conquest, and took that which we could not buy. Or even supposing that the first idea had proved impracticable, and the second unadvisable, it would not have been very difficult to have induced a native artist to execute a duplicate which he could sell for a price which would enrich him for life.

Such sentiments are, I know, unpopular with the mass of those who only see the savage at a distance, which certainly, in the case of savage life, lends the only enchantment to the view that it can possess. But I believe them to be just and true, and know that the closer is our acquaintance with savage life, the more reason we have to be thankful for civilization. The savage knows this himself, and bitterly feels his inferiority. He hates and fears the white man, but always ends by trying to imitate him.

To return to these monuments. In former times they existed in great numbers, and even in more recent days those which survive are so characteristic of a style of art that may have taken its rise from ancient Mexico, that I should have been glad to transfer to these pages several more of Mr. Angas' sketches.

It will be seen from several of the previous illustrations that the New Zealanders must possess much skill in architecture. The observant reader must have remarked that the art of house-building is practically wanting in Australia; and that such should be the case is most extraordinary, seeing that architectural skill is singularly developed among the great Polynesian families. The New Zealander, whose country has much in common with Australia, is remarkable for the skill and taste which he displays in architecture; and a short space will therefore be devoted to this subject.

As is the case throughout Polynesia in general, the material used in house-building is wood, and the various pieces of which a house is composed are fastened together not by nails, but by ropes and strings, which in many cases are applied in a most elaborate and artistic manner, beauty being studied not only in the forms of the houses and in the carved patterns with which they are adorned, but in the complicated lashings with which they are bound together. As, however, this branch of ornamental architecture is carried to a greater extent in Fiji than in New Zealand, I shall reserve the details for the description of the Fiji Islands.

The size of some of these edifices is very great. For example, in 1843 the Maori converts built for themselves a place of worship large enough to contain a thousand persons, and measuring eighty-six feet in length by forty-two in width. The size of

this edifice was evidently determined by the length of the ridge-pole. This was cut from a single tree, and was dragged by the natives a distance of three miles. The cross-lashings of the building were all ornamental, giving to it a peculiar richness of finish.

We are, however, chiefly concerned with the domestic architecture of the Maories. Within each pah or enclosed village are a number of houses, each representing a family, and separated from each other by fences, several houses generally standing near each other in one enclosure. A full-sized house is about forty feet long by twenty wide, and is built on precisely the same principle as the tombs which have been just described, the actual house taking the position of the coffin, and being sheltered from the weather by a gable roof, which extends far beyond the walls, so as to form a sort of verandah. The roof is supported on separate posts, and does not, as with ourselves, rest upon the walls of the house. The roof always projects greatly at the principal end of the house, in which the door is situated, so that it forms a sort of shed, under which the members of the family can shelter themselves from the sun or rain without going into the house. A genuine New Zealander has a great love for fresh air, and, as we have seen, will composedly sit for a whole day on the wet ground in a pouring rain, although a house may be within easy reach. Yet at night, when he retires to rest, he is equally fond of shutting himself up, and of excluding every breath of fresh air.

Indeed, the native does not look upon a house as a place wherein to live, but merely as a convenient shelter from the elements by day and a comfortable sleeping-place by night. As soon as evening is near, a fire is lighted in the middle of the house, which fills it with smoke, as there is no chimney. The New Zealander, however, seems to be smoke-proof, and sits composedly in a place which would drive an European half mad with smarting eyes. Indeed, before the natives become inured to the acrid vapor, their eyes have much to endure, and it is to the habit of sitting in the smoke that the bleared look so prevalent in old people is chiefly due.

Not only do the natives thus surround themselves with a smoky atmosphere, but they limit its quantity as well as its quality. The number of men and women that will pack themselves into one house at night is almost incredible, each person lying down on a simple mat, and retaining the same clothes that have been worn during the day. As, however, the heat becomes excessive, the inmates generally contrive to throw off their clothing during the night. By day-break the heat and closeness are almost stifling to an European, and it is rather an

amusing sight to see a hut give up its inmates on the morning of a cold day, the whole party being enveloped in steam as they come into the cold air.

At the principal end of the house, under the verandah, is the entrance. This strangely resembles the gate of an Egyptian temple, being made of three large beams, the two side posts slightly inclining to each other, and the third laid upon them. The aperture is closed by a sliding door, and at the side of the door is generally a square window, which can be closed in the same manner. In some large houses there were two of these windows, one on either side of the door.

As the roof is made with a considerable slant, the walls are seldom more than two or three feet high where the roof touches them, though in the middle the house is lofty enough. The roof is supported on the inside by one or two posts, which are always carved elaborately, and almost invariably have the human figure as one of the ornaments upon them. The ridge-pole is flattened and boardlike, and in good houses is carved and painted in patterns, usually of the spiral character. This board, as well as those which are used in different parts of the building, is made by hacking the trunk of a tree on both sides, until it is reduced to the required thickness, the native Maories having no tool which can answer the purpose of a saw.

At the end of the ridge-pole, over the door, is carved a distorted human figure, intended to represent the owner of the house, and recognized as such by the lines of the moko or tattoo on its face, and generally having the tongue thrust out to an inordinate extent.

An illustration on page 877 represents the most celebrated of all Maori houses, namely, the war house of the ruthless chief Rangihæta, an edifice which fully expresses the ferocious character of the builder. These houses are designed by chiefs in honor of some great victory, and are surrounded with wooden figures, which either represent in derision the leading warriors of the enemy who have been killed, or the victorious chief and his own warriors in the act of defying and insulting the enemy by thrusting out their tongues at them. This house bears the ominous name of Kai-tangata, or Eat-man.

The illustration is taken from a sketch made by Mr. Angas, who describes the building as follows: "Kai-tangata, or Eat-man House, is a wooden edifice in the primitive Maori style, of large dimensions, with the door-posts and the boards forming the portico curiously and elaborately carved in grotesque shapes, representing human figures, frequently in the most indecent attitudes. The eyes are inlaid with pawa shell, and the tattooing of the faces is carefully cut.

The tongues of all these figures are monstrously large, and protrude out of the mouth, as a mark of defiance toward their enemies who may approach the house. The whole of the carved work, as well as the wooden parts of the building, are colored red with *kokowai*, an ochre found principally on the side of the volcano of Taranaki.

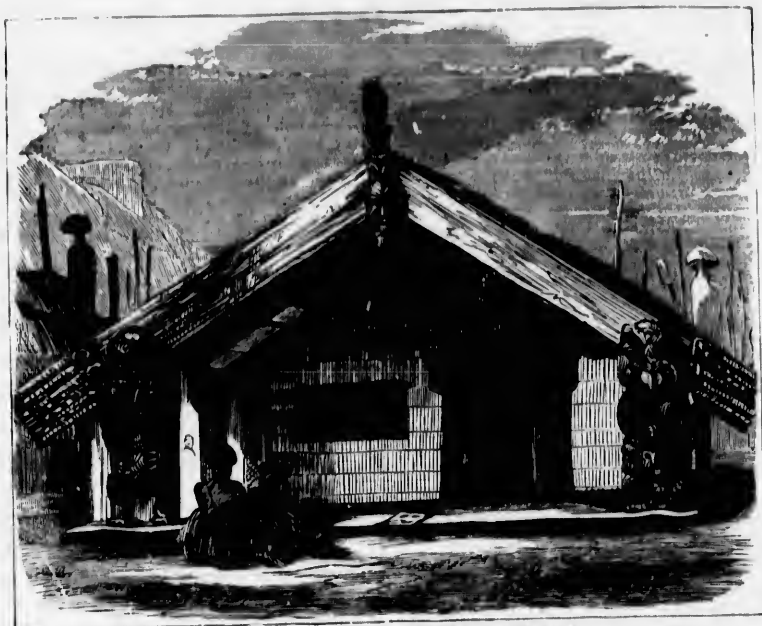
"The portico or verandah of Rangihæta's house is about twelve feet deep, and the ridge-pole and frame boards of the roof are richly painted in spiral arabesques of black and red; the margin of each spiral being dotted with white spots, which add richness to the effect. The spaces between the woodwork are filled up with variegated reeds, beautifully arranged with great skill, and fastened together with strips of flax dyed red, and tied crosswise, so as to present the appearance of ornamental basket-work.

"Above the centre of the gable-roofed portico is fixed a large wooden head, elaborately tattooed, with hair and a beard fastened on, composed of dogs' tails. Within the house is a carved image of most hideous aspect, that supports the ridge-pole of the roof. This is intended to represent the proprietor, and is said by the natives to be entirely the work of Rangihæta's own hand."

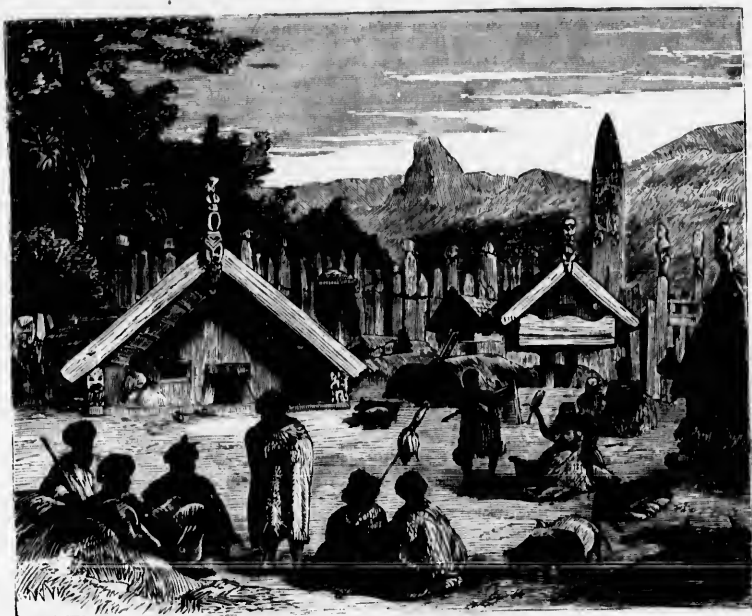
This figure, together with the pole that issues from the head, may be seen in illustration No. 1, on page 869, which represents the interior of the house. On account of the circumstance recorded in the beginning of this description, the artist has been unable to draw a vast number of carvings which decorated this house, so that much of the extraordinary elaboration is necessarily omitted.

Rangihæta displayed his merciless disposition in one of the unfortunate skirmishes which often took place between the Maories and the English, and which have afterward been equally regretted by both parties, the white men having generally offered an unintentional insult to the natives, and the latter having resented it in the heat of passion. On this occasion, a number of the white men had been captured by the Maories under the two chiefs Rangihæta and Raupahara, who were related to each other by marriage, the former having married a daughter of the latter. Some time previously, this woman had been accidentally killed by a chance shot, which, as a matter of course, her relations insisted on considering as intentional.

While the prisoners and their capturers were standing together, another chief named Puatia tried to make peace, saying that the slain on both sides were about equal. His proposition was accepted, the lately opposing parties shook hands, and all would have gone well had they not been joined by



(1.) RANGHIAETA'S WAR HOUSE. (See page 876.)



(2.) INTERIOR OF A PAH OR VILLAGE. (See page 879.)

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Rangihæta, who had been employing himself in the congenial task of killing all the wounded. He immediately demanded the lives of the prisoners, and when Raupahara refused to accede to his demand, Rangihæta told him to remember his daughter. The bereaved chief was silent at this implied reproach, and, before he had time to collect his thoughts, Rangihæta glided round the party, getting behind each of the captives as they stood among the Maories, and killed them successively with his mærai. The ubiquitous land question was at the bottom of this sad business.

Houses like the Kai-tangata were formerly common, answering the purpose of the ancient trophies. A war house nearly as celebrated as that which has just been described was erected by Puatia, the chief of Otawahao Pah, in order to commemorate the capture of Maketu on the east coast. Since Puatia died, the whole of this splendid pah was rendered tapu, and, in consequence, the buildings within it were given up to decay. Mr. Angus was fortunate enough to secure a sketch of the war house before, like the rest of the buildings in the pah, it had entirely decayed.

The house itself is perhaps scarcely so neatly made as the Kai-tangata, but it derives great interest from the number of figures with which the beams, rafters, and posts are decorated. On either side of the verandah stand two huge wooden figures, which are intended to represent two chiefs who fell in battle, but who, as belonging to the victorious side, are represented with their tongues defiantly menacing the beaten enemy.

The figure that supports the central pole represents a chief who was one of the principal warriors at the capture of Maketu. At the height of six and ten feet respectively, on the same pole, are carvings which represent two other warriors, their moko, or tattoo, doing duty for the whole of the person. Still higher are a couple of figures representing warriors, the upper figure appearing to stand on the roof itself. Just within the upper part of the gable is the figure of Pokana, a warrior who was living at the time when the house was built, and who is represented with a pipe in his mouth. Around the house are numbers of similar figures, each representing some well-known individual, and having a signification which is perfectly well understood by the natives.

It was in this ruined pah of Otawahao that the disused wooden war-bell was found. The former owner, Puatia, was converted to Christianity before his death, and, while he lay sick within his pah, he had a school established for the purpose of disseminating Christianity, and used to call his people round him for the morning and evening prayers.

It has been mentioned that, owing to the

contempt with which the Maories regard everything that pertains to the preparation of food, cooking is never carried on in the dwelling-houses. If possible, it is conducted in the open air; but when the weather is too wet or too windy, a shed is employed. These cooking sheds are built expressly for the purpose, and no one with any claims to rank ever enters within them. Were no shelter but a cooking shed to be found within miles, the Maori chief would not enter it, no matter how severe the weather might be.

The cooking sheds are built very simply, the sides or walls being purposely made with considerable interstices, so that the wind may pass freely between them. They are roofed with beams, over which is placed a thatch of the raupo rush. As, among other articles of diet, the putrid maize is prepared in these sheds, the European traveller is often glad to find that the abominable mess will be cooked at a distance from him.

Some of the larger pahas contain a great number of houses, and several of them are inhabited by at least two thousand people. Civilization has at the present day exercised great influence upon the pahas, and reduced them, as a rule, to fortresses rather than villages. In many districts the use of the pah has been practically abandoned, those natives who wish to be at peace devoting themselves to the cultivation of the ground and living in scattered houses, without caring for the protection of the fence.

The illustration No. 2, on page 877, is taken from a sketch by Mr. Angus, representing the interior of a pah as seen by him in 1844. One or two of the houses are seen scattered about, adorned with the grotesque figures of which the Maori is so fond, and having several of the inmates sitting under the shelter of the deep verandah. Rather in the background are one or two of the ingenious and beautifully carved storehouses, in which food is protected from the rats, and on one side is a great wooden tiki projecting from the ground. Just behind the large storehouse is seen the curious monument that marks the waki-tapu, or sacred burial-place of a chief, a half canoe being planted in the ground and painted with elaborate patterns in red, the color for mourning and war among the New Zealanders.

Groups of the natives may be seen scattered about, conspicuous among whom is the council that is sitting in the foreground, under the presidency of the seated chief, whose hani, or staff of office, marks his dignity. A slave woman is seen working at her task of beating the flax leaves; and wandering promiscuously about the pah, or lying comfortably asleep, are the pigs, with which every village swarms.

WE now come to the tools with which the Maori performs all this wonderful amount of carpentering and carving.

Looking at the results, we might naturally fancy that the dusky architect possessed a goodly array of tools; but, in fact, his tools are as few and simple as his weapons, and may be practically considered as two, the adze and the chisel. On the next page an example of each is drawn, the artist having taken care to select the best and most valuable specimens; the blades being formed from the precious green jade, and the handles carved elaborately, so as to be worthy of the valuable material from which the blades are shaped.

As may be imagined, these tools cannot have very sharp edges given to them, as the brittleness of the stone would cause it to chip into an edge like that of a bad saw, and in consequence the worst iron axe is a far better tool than the best specimen of green stonework that a Maori ever made.

At No. 3 may be seen one of the common "tokis," or stone axes, that were formerly so much used in building canoes. The specimen from which it is drawn is in my collection, and I have selected it for illustration because it gives so excellent an idea of the structure of the tool, and the mode of fastening the blade to the handle. This is achieved in a very ingenious manner, and although it scarcely seems possible to secure the requisite firmness by a mere lashing of string, the Maori workman has contrived to attach the blade as firmly as if it had been socketed.

This mode of fastening the blade to the handle prevails over the greater part of the Polynesian group, and, although the elaboration of the lashings varies considerably, the principle is exactly the same throughout. The same plan prevails even in Borneo, and there is in my collection a boat-huiler's adze, the iron blade of which is lashed to the socket in precisely the same manner, the only difference being that split rattan is employed instead of string. The reader will notice the peculiar shape of the adze-edge, which is exactly that of the incisor tooth of any rodent animal. Whether the maker intentionally copied the tooth is doubtful, but that he has done so is evident.

Tools such as these are necessarily imperfect; yet with these the Maories patiently executed the elaborate and really artistic designs which they once lavished on their dwellings, their canoes, their weapons, and their tools. They could not even make a walking stick but they must needs cover it with carvings. There is in my collection, and illustrated at fig. 4, a remarkably fine example of such a walking stick, called in the Maori tongue "toko-toko," which was presented to me by Stiverd Vores, Esq. As

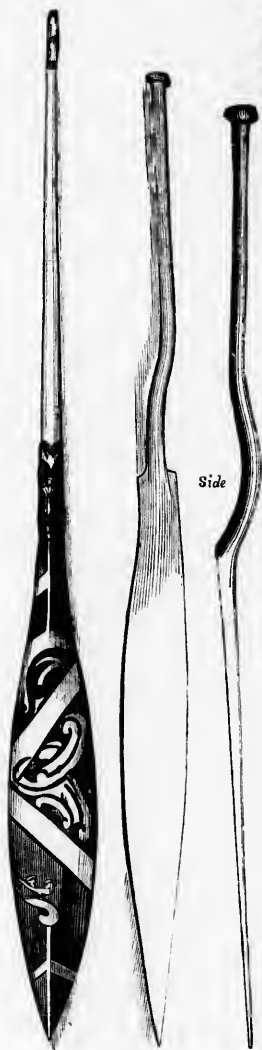
the reader may see from the illustration it is ornamented with six complete human figures, and a human face on the knob of the handle. The portions of the stick that come between the figures are completely covered with carving, and the only plain surface is that which is intended to be grasped by the hand.

The six figures are in three pairs, set back to back, and those of each pair exactly resemble one another. A distinct gradation is observed in them, the uppermost pair having their faces most elaborately tattooed, the middle pair being less ornamented, and the lowermost pair having a comparatively simple tattoo. In the position of the heads there is also a distinction, which I believe to have some signification known to the carver. The upper pair have the left hand laid on the breast, and the right hand pressed to the lips; the middle pair have the left hand still on the breast, and the right fingers touching the throat; while the lower figures have both hands clasped on the breast.

All the figures are separated, except at the backs of the heads, the hips, and the heels, where they touch each other; so that the labor expended on this stick has been very great.

WE now take farewell of this interesting race—a race which is fast waning away, and will soon perish altogether. No New Zealander will ever sit on the broken arches of London Bridge, and contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's. The Maori is fast disappearing, and in a comparatively few years it is certain that not a Maori of pure blood will be found in the islands; and before a century has elapsed, even the characteristic tattoo will be a remembrance of the past, of which the only memorials will be the dried heads that have been preserved in European museums. It is pitiful that such a race should be passing away; but its decadence cannot be arrested, and in a short time the Maories will be as completely extinct as the people of the stone age, leaving nothing but their manufactures as memorials of their existence. Such memorials, therefore, ought to be sedulously preserved. Every piece of genuine native carving that can be found in New Zealand ought to be secured and brought to England, where it can be preserved for future ages, and, with the isolated specimens that are scattered in private houses throughout the country, ought to be gathered together in some central museum, where they can be accessible to all who interest themselves in the grand science of anthropology.





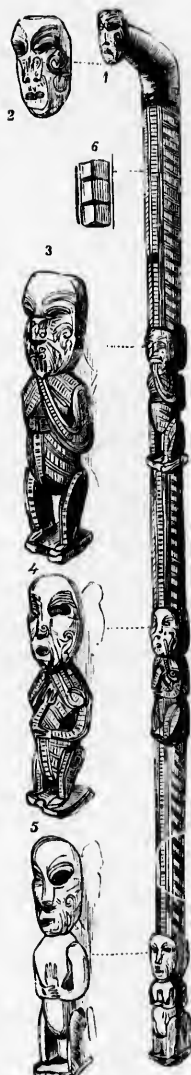
(1.) MAORI PADDLES.
(See page 854.)



(2.) GREEN JADE ADZE AND CHISEL.
(See page 880.)



COMMON STONE ADZE.
(See page 880.)



(4.) TOKO-TOKO.
(See page 880.)

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CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

NEW CALEDONIA.

POSITION AND DIMENSIONS OF NEW CALEDONIA—APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE NATIVES—THE DANCING MASK—NATIVE ARCHITECTURE—SMOKE AND MOSQUITOES—WARFARE—CURIOUS WEAPONS—THE SLING AND THE SPEAR—MODE OF THROWING THE SPEAR—THE OUNEP, OR "AMMENTUM" OF THE ANCIENTS—SHAPE OF THE CLUB—OBJECTS OF WAR—CANNIBALISM—THE KNIFE AND FORK—DIET AND COOKERY IN GENERAL—THE NOUGUI SPIDER—MODE OF DRINKING—CHARACTER OF THE NEW CALEDONIANS—AN INGENIOUS THEFT—THE KATA—THE ISLE OF PINES, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

EAST of Australia is a tolerably large island known by the name of New Caledonia. It is of no very great extent, but is inhabited by a people who deserve a short notice in these pages.

The new Caledonians are nearly black in color, and in general form and appearance bear some resemblance to the aborigines of Tasmania. They are, however, better looking, and wear altogether a less savage aspect, probably on account of the comparatively regular supplies of food which they can obtain. They are of ordinary stature, but one man was seen who measured rather more than six feet in height. His form, however, was ill proportioned. They wear scarcely any dress, the men having generally a single leaf hanging from their girdles, or at the most a strip of soft bark answering the purpose of drawers, while the adult women wear a narrow fringed girdle, which passes several times round the waist.

Their hair is woolly and short, but at a distance many of them would be taken for long-haired people, in consequence of a habit of making artificial tresses some two feet in length, out of grass and the hair of a bat. Some of these appendages are so long that they fall to the middle of the back. Round the head is sometimes tied a small net with wide meshes, and the chiefs wear an odd sort of a hat. These hats are cylindrical, and decorated with a large circular ornament at each side, a plume of feathers at the top, and a long drooping tuft of grass and hair

that hangs down the back. The hat forms no protection to the head, having no crown to it, and is only used as a mark of rank.

The natives also make a sort of mask, very ingeniously cut out of wood, having the mouth open and the eyes closed. The wearer looks, not through the eyes, but through some apertures which are made in the upper part of the mask. It is supposed that these masks are employed in war, when the combatants desire to disguise themselves from their opponents. This however, is only a conjecture. I have little doubt that the wooden mask described and figured by D'Entrecasteaux is nothing more than an ornament used in the native dances. It is, in fact, the "momo," which is described by more recent travellers. When complete, the "momo" is decorated with plumes of feathers, long tufts of hair, and a thick, coarse network, which does duty for a beard, and descends as far as the knees of the wearer.

A mask made in a precisely similar manner is used by the natives of Vancouver's Island, but is employed by them in their dances. One of these masks is in my collection, and will be described in the course of the work.

Ear ornaments of various kinds are in favor among the New Caledonians, and some of the natives enlarge the hole in the lobe to such an extent that it forms a long loop, the end of which falls on the shoulders. Occasionally, they try the elasticity of the ear too much, and tear it completely through. Anything seems to be worn in the ears, and

when a New Caledonian cannot find a suitable ornament, he fills up the ear with a leaf or a roll of bark. They do not tattoo themselves, but draw black lines across the breast with charcoal, the lines being broad, and traced diagonally across the breast. Necklaces of various kinds are worn, and these ornaments bear a certain resemblance to those of New Guinea, consisting principally of a twisted string, to which is suspended a shell or piece of bone, carved in a manner which the natives are pleased to consider as ornamental.

Although by nature the men possess thick and stiff beards, these hirsute ornaments are generally removed, the hair being pulled up by the roots by means of a pair of shells used in lieu of tweezers.

Architecture among the New Caledonians is infinitely superior to that of Australia, and in some respects almost equals that of New Zealand. The houses are conical in shape, and often reach from ten to eleven feet in height in the middle.

The principle on which the huts are built is perfectly simple. The native architect begins by digging a hole in the ground, and planting in it a stout pole, some fifteen feet in length, and nine or ten inches in circumference. A number of smaller poles or rafters are set in the ground around the standard or central pole, their bases being planted in the earth and their tips leaning against the standard. Smaller branches are interwoven among the rafters, and the whole is rendered weather-tight by dried herbage lashed to the walls.

These simple walls are often several inches in thickness; and as the natives spread thick mats on the floor, they are well sheltered from the weather.

The entrance is very small, never above three feet in height, and on occasions can be closed with a rude door made of palm branches. Some of the latter kind of huts have regular door-posts, on which are carved rude imitations of the human face. A fire is almost always kept burning inside the hut, not so much for the sake of warmth or for culinary purposes, as to form a defence against mosquitoes. Smoke, therefore, is encouraged; and, though it may be the lesser of two evils, it forms a great drawback to the comfort of Europeans, who can defy the mosquitoes by their clothes, and can protect themselves at night by means of curtains. The central post of the house is mostly decorated with shells, and carved at the top into the shape of a human being.

Each house is usually surrounded with a fence some four or five feet in height, and within the hut there is a curious piece of furniture which gives to the rude habitation quite a civilized look. This is a wooden shelf, suspended by cords exactly like our hanging bookshelves. It is hung about four feet from the ground, but as the cords are very slight,

it can support only a trifling weight. The native name for this shelf is "paite."

We will now proceed from domestic to military life, and devote a small space to warfare among the New Caledonians.

It is very remarkable that among these naked and peculiarly savage cannibals we should find two of the weapons of war which were in greatest favor among the civilized Romans of the classic times. These are the sling and the javelin, the latter being cast by a peculiar arrangement of a thong, so that, in point of fact, the New Caledonian warrior does not only sling the stone, but the spear also.

We will now see these weapons in order, the sling being first, as being the simpler of the two weapons.

The construction of the sling or "wendat," as the natives call it, is very simple, the weapon being merely a doubled thong with a pouch in the middle, in which the stone is placed. This pouch is made of two small cords laid side by side, and as the smooth stone might slip out of it, the slinger always wets the missile in his mouth before placing it in the pouch. The stones are cut out of a hard kind of steatite, which can take a good polish. They are oval in shape, and are carefully ground down by friction, the surface becoming very smooth in the process.

Thirty or forty of these stones are kept in a small net, which is fastened to the left side of the slinger. In illustration No. 1, on page 893, one of the warriors is seen with his sling in his hand, and the net filled with stones fastened to his side. When the slinger wishes to hurl a stone, he does not waste time and strength by whirling the sling round and round, but merely gives it one half turn in the air, and discharges the missile with exceeding force and wonderful accuracy of aim. In consequence of only giving one half turn to the sling, the stones can be hurled nearly as fast as they can be thrown by the hand, and the weapon is therefore an exceedingly formidable one in the open field when fire-arms are not opposed to it.

We now come to the spear, or rather javelin.

This weapon is of very great length, some specimens measuring fourteen or fifteen feet from butt to point; and unless the warrior were able to supplement the natural strength of his arm by artificial means, he would not be able to throw the spear more than a few yards. He has therefore invented an instrument by which he can hurl this long and unwieldy weapon to a considerable distance. The principle on which this instrument is formed is identical with that of the Australian throw-stick, but there is a difference in the application. The Australian throw-stick is straight, rigid, and is applied to the butt of the spear, whereas the implement

used by the New Caledonian is flexible, elastic, and applied to a spot a little behind the middle of the spear.

This instrument is ingeniously simple. It is nothing more than a plaited cord or thong made of a mixture of cocoa-nut fibre and fish-skin. It is a foot or more in length, and is furnished at one end with a knob, while the other is worked into a loop. This elastic cord is called by the natives "ounepe." When the warrior desires to throw a spear, he slips the loop over the forefinger of his right hand, and allows it to hang in readiness for the spear. As soon as the time comes for the spear to be thrown, the man balances the weapon for a moment so as to find the middle, and then casts the end of the thong round it in a sailor's half-hitch, drawing it tight with his forefinger.

As long as pressure is thus kept upon the thong, it retains its hold of the spear; and as soon as it is released, "the half-hitch" gives way and allows the spear to free itself. The mode of throwing is therefore evident. The warrior holds the loop of the thong on his forefinger, the rest of the hand grasping the spear. As he throws the weapon, he loosens the hold of his hand, and so hurls the spear by means of the thong.

The classical reader will doubtless remember that this thong or "ounepe" is precisely the "amentum" of the ancients, but is actually superior in its construction and manipulation. The amentum was simply a loop of cord or leather fastened to the shaft of the javelin just behind the balance. When the warrior wished to throw a spear, he grasped the shaft in his hand, inserted his fingers in the loop, and by means of the additional leverage was able to throw a heavy weapon to a considerable distance. See, for example, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xii. 321:

"Inserit amento digitos, nec plura locutus,
In juvenem torsit jaculum;

In English, "He inserted his fingers into the amentum, and, without saying more, whirled the dart at the youth." Commentators have been extremely perplexed about this passage. In the first place they were rather uncertain as to the meaning of the word "amentum," and in the second place, they could not see the force of the word "torsit," i. e. whirled. The reader will, however, see how perfectly appropriate is the term, the spear being flung with a whirling movement as a stone from a sling. The same word is used by Virgil: "Intendant acres areus, amentaque torquent." Another writer also alludes to this instrument:

"Amentum digitis tende prioribus,
Et totis jaculum dilige viribus;

i. e. "Stretch the amentum with your first fingers, and aim the javelin with your full strength."

Ingenious as was the amentum of the ancients, the ounepe is far superior to it. With the ancients a separate amentum had to be fixed to each spear, while among the New Caledonians only one ounepe is required.

Besides these weapons, the club is much used, and great ingenuity is shown in its manufacture. The shape and size of the clubs are extremely variable, and in some of them the natives have exhibited a surprising amount of artistic skill, the curves being singularly bold and flowing. One of these clubs, which is indeed a typical form, is in my collection. The form of the head is evidently taken from the beak of a bird, and the curves are exceedingly bold and sweeping. It is rather more than three feet in length, and it weighs almost exactly two pounds and a half.

War is in New Caledonia, as in New Zealand, the chief occupation of the men. The first lesson that a child receives is fighting, and the idea is prevalent with him as long as he lives. As soon as he is born, the boy is consecrated to the god of war, and a hard black stone is laid on his breast, as a symbol that his heart must be as hard as a stone in battle. Even the women take a share in the fighting, and, though they are not actual combatants, they follow their relatives to the battle, in order to seize the bodies of slain enemies, and drag them away to the cooking oven. Strife is always fomented by the priests from interested motives, inasmuch as the hands of the slain are their perquisites, and among the connoisseurs in cannibalism the palms of the hands are the most delicate portions of the human body.

Primarily the New Caledonians are cannibals because they are warriors, the body of a dead enemy being always supposed to be eaten by the victors. There is mostly a fight over the body of a fallen warrior, the one party trying to drag it away to the cooking oven, and the other endeavoring to save it for burial by themselves.

As a rule, however, the body is carried off by the women, who have the task of cooking it. The preparation of the body is quite a ceremonial, each part of it belonging by right to certain individuals, and even the carving being regulated by strict rules. A peculiar kind of knife is made of flat serpentine stone, oval in form, and about seven inches in length. Two holes are bored on one side of it, by means of which it is fastened to a wooden handle. This knife is called "nboquet."

With the nboquet the body is opened, and the whole of the intestines are torn out by means of a fork made expressly for the purpose. This fork is composed of two human arm-bones placed side by side, about an inch apart, and fastened tightly together. They are sharply pointed, and are very effectual instruments for the purpose. Sometimes

the bodies are cut up for cooking, but in many cases they are baked entire, the women priding themselves in serving them up in a sitting posture, furnished and dressed in full war costume.

Thus, then, we see that cannibalism is connected with warfare; but unfortunately it is not restricted to war. When Captain D'Entrecasteaux went in search of *La Pérouse*, one of the natives was eating a newly-roasted piece of meat. The naturalist to the expedition immediately recognized it as being part of the body of a child. The man who was eating it did not attempt to deny the fact, but even pointed out on the body of a little boy the part of the body which he was eating, and gave his hearers to understand that the flesh of children was very good.

This cannibalism of New Caledonia explained some curious gestures which the natives were fond of making. They used to be very familiar with their white visitors, feeling their arms and legs, looking at each other with admiration, and then whistling and smacking their lips loudly. In point of fact, they were admiring the well-fed limbs of the white men, and anticipating to each other the delights of a feast upon the plump Europeans.

As, however, flesh is but a luxury among the New Caledonians, and cannot be considered as an ordinary article of diet, the natives depend chiefly for their existence on vegetable food. Roots of various kinds are eaten by them, as well as cocoa-nut and other fruit; all the cooking, as well as the work in general, being performed by the women. Shell-fish are also much eaten, and are procured by the women. The large clam-shell is found on the shores of the island, and supplies abundance of food; while the smaller molluscs are mostly dug out of the sand by women, who frequently spend half a day up to their waists in water.

Two very strange articles of diet are in use among the New Caledonians. The first is a sort of spider, which spins large and thick nets in the woods, often incommencing travellers by the number and strength of the silken cords. They are not eaten raw, but cooked by being placed in a covered earthen jar, which is set on a brisk fire. The natives call the spider by the name of "nougui." It is gray above, the back being covered with a fine silvery down, and below it is black.

The second article of diet is clay, of which the natives will consume a great amount. The earth in question is a soft greenish stentite, which crumbles very easily, and has the property of distending the stomach, and so allays the cravings of hunger, even though it does not nourish the body. A well-distended stomach is one of the great luxuries of a savage, and, in accordance with

this idea, a man was seen to eat a piece of stentite twice as large as his fist, even though he had just taken a full meal. Some of the natives have been known to eat as much as two pounds of this substance. A similar propensity is found both in Africa and America.

When they drink at a pool or river, they have an odd fashion of dipping the water with their hands, and flinging it into their mouths, so that much more water is splashed over their heads than enters their mouths.

With regard to the bodies of those who fall in war, and are rescued from the enemy, many ceremonies are employed. According to Captain Head, in his "*Voyage of the Faen*," they are "brought home with loud lamentations, and buried with great wailing and shrieking from the appointed mourners, who remain unclean often for several years after burying a great chief, and are subject to many strict observances. For weeks they continue nightly to waken the forest echoes with their cries. After ten days have elapsed, the grave is opened, and the head twisted off; and, again in this custom resembling the Andaman islanders, the teeth are distributed as relics among the relatives, and the skull preserved as a memorial by the nearest kin, who daily goes through the form of offering it food.

"The only exceptions are in the case of the remains of old women, whose teeth are sown in the yam patches as a charm to produce good crops; their skulls set up upon poles being deemed equally potent in this respect."

The general character of the New Caledonians seems to be tolerably good, and, in spite of their evident longing after the flesh of their visitors, they are not on the whole inhospitable. They are clever thieves, and are ingenious in robbery by means of an accomplice. On one occasion, when a native was offering for sale a basket full of sling-stones, and was chaffering about the price, an accomplice came quietly behind the white man and uttered a loud yell in his ears. Naturally startled, he looked behind him, and in a moment the man with whom he was trading snatched away the basket and the goods offered in exchange, and ran away with them.

One of the officers was robbed of his cap and sword in an equally ingenious manner. He had seated himself on the ground, and for better security had placed his sword under him. Suddenly one of the natives snatched off his cap, and as he instinctively rose to rescue it, another man picked up his sword and escaped with it. They even tried to steal a ship's boat, together with the property in it, and would not leave it until they were attacked by a strong body of armed sailors.

They make very good canoes—as, indeed, is generally the case with islanders. The

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largest canoes are mostly double, two boats being placed alongside of each other, and connected by a platform. They have a single mast, which is stepped toward one end of the compound vessel, and can sail with considerable swiftness, though they are not so manageable as those of New Guinea, some of which are marvels of boat-building. They can accommodate a considerable number of passengers, and have generally a fire burning on the platform, which is protected from the heat by a thick layer of earth.

A rather remarkable custom prevails among them, which derives its chief interest from the fact that it is practised in Northern Asia. This is the *Kata*, or scarf of felicity. It is a little scarf, of white or red material; and when two persons meet they exchange their *katas*—a ceremony

which is analogous to shaking hands among ourselves.

Whether these savages are the aborigines of the island is doubtful. If they be so, they seem to have declined from the comparative civilization of their ancestors. This, indeed, is their own opinion; and, in support of this theory, they point to the ruins which are still to be seen, and which tell of architecture far beyond the power of the present natives. There are even the remains of an aqueduct eight miles in length, a piece of engineering which would never have entered the head of the New Caledonian of the present day. Perhaps these works of art may have been constructed by immigrants, who have since left them to perish; but, in any case, their presence in such a spot is most remarkable.

THE ISLE OF PINES.

SOME thirty miles to the south-east of New Caledonia, and in fact forming part of the same group, there is a small island, called by Captain Cook the Isle of Pines, in consequence of the number of arnearias with which its hills are covered. The strait between the Isle of Pines and New Caledonia proper is nearly all shoal water, caused by the numerous coral reefs.

In many respects the inhabitants of this island resemble those of New Caledonia. They are not, however, so dark, and their features are tolerably good. They are cannibals from choice, wrapping up the bodies of the dead in banana leaves, and then cooking them in ovens. Some years ago, they contrived to indulge their taste for human flesh at the expense of their neighbors.

About 1840, it was found that sandal wood grew on the island, and several vessels proceeded thither for the sake of procuring this valuable product. At first they did so with great risk, and lost many of their men from the onslaughts of the natives. Afterward, however, a Sydney merchant set up an establishment for the collecting and storing of sandal wood and *bêches-de-mer*, and since that time the natives have become quite peaceable.

In course of this transitional time between utter barbarism and commerce, they

learned by painful experience the power of fire-arms. As soon as they became accustomed to trade, the first thing that they did was to procure a large stock of fire-arms and to go off with them to New Caledonia, where they landed, shot as many of the natives as they could, and brought their bodies home for consumption. It is true that a constant feud raged between the two islands, but the sudden acquisition of fire-arms gave the people of the Isle of Pines a terrible advantage over their hereditary foes, and enabled them almost to depopulate the south-eastern part of the island.

They care no more for dress than the New Caledonians, but are very fond of ornament, the men appropriating all the best decorations, and leaving the women to take what they can get. The men friz their hair out as much as possible, and wrap a thin scarf round it, or sometimes cut it short, leaving only a tuft on one side of the head. The women shave off the whole of the hair, thus depriving themselves of their natural ornament, and rendering themselves very unprepossessing to European eyes. The rough work is done by them, the men reserving to themselves the noble occupations of war, fishing, house building, and canoe making, the only real work which they do being yam planting, after the ground has been prepared by the women.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE ANDAMAN AND NICOBAR ISLANDS.

POSITION OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS—ORIGIN OF THE NATIVES—THEIR HOVING HABITS AND LACK OF CLOTHING—THEIR HATED OF STRANGERS—THE NATIVES AND THE STEAMER—APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN—THE ENORMOUS BOW AND SKILL OF THE MINCOPIE ARCHERS—VARIOUS MODES OF FISHING—EXCELLENCE OF THEIR CANOES, AND MODE OF MAKING THEM—THE LONG PADDLES—THE SHIP'S CREW BEATEN BY THE MINCOPIE CANOE MEN—CANNIBALISM NOT PRACTISED IN THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS—INGENIOUS FIREPLACES AND METHOD OF COOKING—WANT OF ARCHITECTURAL SKILL—EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN, AND THEIR GAMES—POWERS OF SWIMMING—MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENTS—DEATH AND BURIAL—THE NICOBAR ISLANDS—APPEARANCE AND COSTUME OF THE INHABITANTS—THE CROSS-BOW AND ITS ARROW—A PRIMITIVE HAMMOCK—TOMBS IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

WE will now pass to the westward, and travel gradually through the wonderful group of islands which extends almost from Asia to America, and which is known by the general title of Polynesia. One or two of them will have to be omitted for the present, so as not to break the continuity of races, but will be described before we pass upward through America, from Tierra del Fuego to the Esquimaux.

IN the Bay of Bengal, and not much to the eastward of India, is seen a group of islands, named the Andamans. They are of considerable length, but very narrow, seldom exceeding twenty miles in breadth, and are arranged very much after the fashion of the New Zealand islands, though on a smaller scale. These islands exhibit a phenomenon almost unparalleled in the history of the human race.

They lie close to India, a country in which a high state of civilization has been reached many centuries ago. They are almost in the middle of the track which is traversed by multitudes of ships, and yet their inhabitants are sunk in the deepest depths of savage degradation. Even the regular visits made by the Chinese vessels to the Andaman coasts, for the purpose of procuring the trepang, have had not the least effect upon them; and they afford perhaps the most perfect example of savage life which the surface of the earth can show.

The origin of the Andamaners is a prob-

lem to anthropologists. They are small in stature, the men being on an average but little above five feet in height, and the women being still smaller. They are very dark, but have scarcely anything except their color in common with the negro. They have neither the huge projecting jaws and cavernous mouth of the true negro, nor his curiously elongated heel; and though they are so small as almost to merit the name of pigmies, they are perfectly well formed. The hair, when it is allowed to grow, is seen to be thick and bushy, and resembles that of the Papuans; and it is the opinion of many competent judges that the Andamaners are the aborigines of the Papuan race, who have never permitted contact with strangers, and have preserved their own individuality intact.

In habits they are absolutely savage, their arts being limited to the manufacture of canoes and weapons, architecture and agriculture being equally unknown. They possess one of the chief characteristics of savage life in their roving disposition, never remaining long in one spot, a stay of three or four days being considered a long visit to any place. They have no laws, no religion, and no tribal distinctions. Marriage, as we understand the word, is unknown to them; and there seems to be few restrictions of consanguinity, a mother and her daughter being sometimes the wives of the same husband.

Clothing is entirely unknown to them; and

when captives have been taken, they have always found clothes to be an incumbrance to them, though they were pleased with gaudy handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The only covering which they care for is one which they share in common with many of the pachydermatous animals, and employ for the same purpose. It is nothing more than a layer of mud, with which the natives plaster themselves in the morning and evening, in order to defend themselves from the attacks of the mosquitoes, sandflies, and other insect plagues.

Until the last few years our knowledge of the Andamaners has been almost nil, in consequence of their hatred of strangers, and the determined opposition which they offer to any foreigners landing on their shores. The very presence of a boat or a ship seems to excite them to frenzy. In Captain Mouatt's valuable account of these islands is an animated description of a scene which occurred off the coast.

The steamer, on rounding a point, came suddenly upon two groups of savages, who were at first paralyzed by fear at the sudden apparition of the unknown object, with its column of white steam roaring from the escape-pipe, its smoke, and its plashing paddles. In a few moments they recovered from their surprise, and raised a simultaneous shout of defiance. Two boats' crews were sent ashore, to the extreme anger of the Mineopies.

"A peculiar natural phenomenon rendered the scene still more striking and impressive as the interval between the two parties, the savage and the civilized, was gradually diminished by the onward motion of the boats. The spray as it rose in clouds from the breakers dashing on the shore, reflecting the rays of the declining sun, magnified considerably the slight figures of the natives, making massive and formidable giants of men who were in reality little more than sable dwarfs. As the cutters neared that part of the shore where they had stationed themselves, and they clearly perceived that we were making preparations to land, their excitement was such that they appeared as if they had suddenly become frantic.

"They seemed to lose that restraint and control which it is the pride of the savage to exhibit in time of danger, and jumped and yelled like so many demons let loose from the bottomless pit, or as if there had been a Bedlam in that locality, and they the most unmanageable of its frantic inmates. Their manner was that of men determined and formidable in the midst of all their excitement. They brandished their bows in our direction; they menaced us with their arrows, said by common report—so often a liar—to be poisoned; exhibiting by every possible contortion of savage pantomime their hostile determination. To

use a common vulgar expression of some of the seamen, they seemed to have made up their minds to 'chaw us all up.' . . .

"The spear which he flourished incessantly was terminated by a bright, flat, pointed head, which gleamed with flashes of light, as, circling rapidly in the air, it reflected the rays of the sun. Sometimes he would hold it aloft, poising it in his up-lifted hand, as if with the intention of hurling it with unerring and deadly aim at the first who dared to approach the shore of his native island. At length, in a paroxysm of well-acted fury, he dashed boldly into the water, boiling and seething round him as it broke in great billows on the beach, and on the rocks by which it was defended, and, fixing an arrow in his bow, he shot it off in the direction of the steamer, as if that were the arch enemy that had provoked his bellicose fury."

The second party of natives, who turned out to be females, were as frightened as their male friends were angry. After several failures in launching a canoe, they rushed in a body to the jungle and hid themselves from the strangers. They exhibited the usual characteristics of the people, a basket for fish doing duty for clothes, and a patch of red ochre on their heads taking the place of hair. So repulsive were they in their appearance, that the sailors declined to leave mirrors on the shore as presents for them, saying that such hideous creatures ought not to be allowed to look at their own features.

The weapons with which the Mineopie men threatened the strangers are really formidable, and before very long the exploring party learned to hold them in great respect. The bows are sometimes six feet long and enormously powerful,—so powerful in fact that the strongest sailors tried in vain to bend the weapons which the pigmy Mineopies handled with such skilful ease.

The shape of the bow is very peculiar. Instead of being nearly cylindrical, largest in the middle and tapering regularly to each end, it is nearly flat except at the handle, on either side of which it becomes very broad. In fact, a good idea of it may be taken from a flattened hour-glass, the channel in the middle being the handle.

The force and accuracy with which these tiny men can shoot are really wonderful. They very seldom fail to hit their mark at any reasonable distance, and can make tolerably sure of a man at sixty or seventy yards, so that the Mineopie bow is really a far better weapon than the old "Brown Bess" musket ever was. One arrow that was shot at a boat's crew at a distance of sixty yards struck a hickory oar, and knocked off a piece of wood as large as a man's hand.

These arrows are very neatly made.

They are about three feet in length, and are made of a reed by way of shaft, to the end of which is fastened a piece of hard wood in order to give weight. Upon this tip is fixed the head, which is usually the barbed tail bone of the sting-ray, and sometimes, though not always, poisoned. Should this terrible weapon enter the body, it cannot be removed without a severe operation, the sharp brittle barbs being apt to snap off and remain in the wound if any force be used in extracting the arrow.

Their consummate skill in the use of the bow is obtained by constant practice from earliest infancy. As is the assagai to the Kaffir, the boomerang to the Australian, and the lasso to the Guecho, so is the bow to the Andamaner. The first plaything that a Mincopie boy sees is a miniature bow made for him by his father, and, as he advances in age, bows of progressive strength are placed in his hands. Consequently, he is so familiarized with the weapon that, by the time he is of full age, the pigmy Andamaner draws with graceful ease a bow which seems made for a giant.

Numbers of the toy bows and arrows may be seen scattered about an encampment if the natives are forced to leave it in a hurry, and their various sizes show the ages of the children to whom they belonged. The education of the Mincopie archer is in fact almost precisely like that of the old English bowmen, who, from constant practice in the art, and being trained from childhood in the use of the bow, obtained such a mastery of the weapon as made them the terror of Europe.

Being such skillful archers, they trust almost entirely to the bow and arrow, caring little for any other weapon. Even the harpoon, with which they catch the larger fish, is shot from the powerful bow. It is, in fact, a very large arrow, with a moveable head. This head fits loosely into a hole at the end of the arrow, and is secured to the shaft by a thong. It is a very remarkable fact that the bow and harpoon arrow of the Mincopies are almost exactly like those which are used by the inhabitants of Vancouver's Island. They are twice as large, but in shape almost identical, as will be seen when we come to the North of America.

When they use the harpoon, a long and elastic cord is attached to it, one end of which is retained by the archer. The cord is made from a fibre which has the useful property of hardening by being soaked in water. For killing the fish when held with the harpoon the Mincopies use smaller arrows, without barbs or moveable heads.

The Mincopies are very expert fishermen, and use nets which are made from the same fibre that has been mentioned. For small fish they make the nets of rather thin but very tough string, but for turtle and

large fish they make nets of cord as thick as a man's finger. One side of the net is held to the bed of the sea by heavy stones laid on it, and the other is upheld by floats.

The women search for molluscs, a business which occupies a considerable part of their time. They always carry neat baskets, in which to put the results of their industry, and each woman has generally a small net fixed to a handle, like that which is used by butterfly collectors.

In nothing do the Andamaners show their superior skill more than in canoe making. Their bows and arrows are, as we have seen, good specimens of savage manufacture, but in the making and management of canoes they are simply unapproachable, even though their tools are of the rudest possible description.

Furnished merely with a simple adzo made of a stone fixed into a handle, the Mincopie boat maker searches the forest for a suitable tree, and after a week or ten days succeeds in bringing it to the ground. The rest of the process is so well described by Captain Mount, that it must be given in his own words.

"The next operation is to round the trunk, a process which they perform with remarkable dexterity, it being almost impossible to conceive how, with the imperfect instruments at their command, they execute their work with so much skill and neatness. Practice, however, must render them, as well as others, perfect; and hence it is that in a short time the rough and shapeless trunk begins to assume form and proportions; and, when the process is finished, exhibits a finish and perfection that even a Chinese carpenter, by far the most handy and ingenious of human 'chips,' would regard with a feeling of envy, as a work of dexterity which it would be vain for him to attempt to imitate.

"As soon as the trunk has been rounded, they commence the operation of cutting and chipping at it externally, until eventually the outlines of the elegant canoe begin to appear from the shapeless mass of the knotted trunk, just as, by the skill of the statuary, the beautiful figure gradually assumes its fair proportions in the block of marble. The shape externally is generally finished with great care and elaboration before they proceed to hollow it internally, the next process to which they direct their attention. The interior is excavated in the same perfect and business-like manner, until the shell is no thicker than the side of a deal bonnet-box, although it still preserves that strength which would enable it to resist successfully the utmost force and violence of the waves, should it even be assailed by a storm—a thing not at all probable, as, unless carried out to sea by some accident, it is rare that the Andamaners venture far from the shore.

"The buoyancy of these boats, when they are well constructed and carefully finished, is remarkable. They float lightly on the top of the waves, and, unless they have received some injury, it is considered almost impossible to sink them. We sometimes made the attempt, but never succeeded. We fired at them repeatedly when at Port Mouatt—which may be regarded as a sort of Andaman Pembroke-yard, where a fleet of Mincopie men-of-war were lying in every stage of preparation—but they still floated with as great ease and buoyancy as ever. They would make excellent life-boats, such, we believe, as have never yet been constructed by any of our most experienced boat-builders."

Near shore the boatmen paddle about with perfect ease in these fragile vessels, though an European can hardly proceed twenty yards without being upset. When they go further to sea they add a light outrigger to one side of the canoe, and then venture forty or fifty miles from land. They always, in such cases, take fire with them, which has the double advantage of attracting the fish at night, and of cooking them when taken. Sometimes a number of boats will remain all night at sea, and the effect of their fires and torches is very picturesque when seen from the land.

The outrigger is certainly a new invention. The earlier travellers, who were always minute enough in their accounts, did not mention the outrigger, and, as far as can be seen, the idea has been borrowed from some Cingalese canoe which had got into a current and been drifted toward the island.

The paddles are rather peculiar in their form, and, apparently, very ineffective, looking something like long spoons with flattened bowls, or, on a smaller scale, the "peels" with which bakers take bread out of their ovens. The women are the paddle makers, and the implements vary from three to four feet long. They are cut from a very hard wood, and the work of making them is necessarily laborious.

Imperfect as the canoe and paddles seem to be, they are in fact absolute marvels of efficiency. The tiny Mincopies, furnished with these simple paddles, and seated in a canoe cut by themselves out of a tree trunk, can heat with ease our best oarsmen. Captain Mouatt got up several races between the Mincopies and his own prize crew in their favorite boat. In point of fact there was never any race at all, the Andamaners having it all their own way, and winning as they liked. The powerful, sweeping stroke of the man-of-war's crew was beautiful to see, but the little Mincopies shot through, or rather over, the water with such speed that the sailors were hopelessly beaten, although they strained themselves so much that they felt the results of their exertions for some time afterward.

Slight, and almost as active as monkeys, the Mincopies ascend the tallest trees with the like agility, applying the soles of their feet and the palms of their hands to the trunk, and literally running up them. When they reach the branches, they traverse them with as much ease and security as if they were on firm land. Indeed, their powers of tree climbing seem to be equal to those of the inhabitants of Dourga Strait, of whom an account will presently be given.

We now come to a question which has often been agitated, namely, the asserted cannibalism of the Andamaners.

It is a question that every observant reader would be sure to ask himself, as the Andamaners are just such a savage race as might be expected to feed habitually on human bodies. Yet, though we find the comparatively civilized New Zealanders sharing with the savage New Caledonians the habit of eating human flesh, the Mincopie, who is infinitely below the New Zealander, and certainly not above the New Caledonian, is free from that revolting practice. He undoubtedly has been known to eat human flesh, but only when urged by extreme hunger to eat the flesh of man or to die; and in so doing he has but set an example which has been followed by members of the most civilized countries.

That they are fierce and cruel toward foreigners is true enough, and it is also true that the bodies of those whom they have killed have been found frightfully mutilated, the flesh being almost pounded from the bones by the blows which have been showered upon the senseless clay in the blind fury of the savage. But no attempt has been made to remove any part of the body, and it was evident that the victors had not even entertained the idea of eating it.

The food of the Andamaners is tolerably varied, and is prepared in a very simple and ingenious oven. A large tree is selected for this purpose, and fire is applied to it at the bottom, so that by degrees a large hole is burned in it, the charred wood being scraped away so as to form eventually a large hole. This is the Mincopie oven, and at the bottom a heap of ashes, about three feet in depth, is always left. The fire smoulders away gradually among the ashes, and never entirely goes out; so that whenever a native wishes to cook his pig, turtle, or fish, he has only to blow up the smouldering embers, and in a few moments he has fire sufficient for his purposes.

These oven-trees are very carefully preserved, the natives never cutting them down, and always managing to prevent them from being entirely burned through. In illustration No. 2, on the 893d page, one of these trees is shown, with the fire burning in the hollow, and the natives sitting round it. The Mincopies always contrive to have the opening of the oven in such a direction that

the rain cannot get into it and put out the fire.

Pigs have been mentioned as forming part of the Andamaners' food. These pigs are small and black, with sparse, hard bristles, that look like pieces of wire. They are wonderfully active, and, according to Captain Mouatt, "are the most curious and mischievous little animals in creation. They have a leer that makes them look like so many Mephistopheles, who have chosen to assume that peculiar form, in many respects a very appropriate one, for, if they are not so many little devils, they are certainly possessed by them."

"At the time of our visit to the Cinque Islands, we turned out a dozen of them, and, our unwonted appearance filling them with alarm, they ran off from us with the velocity of an Indian express train, squeaking like mad. We set off and had a regular hunt after them—a hunt that beats to chinks the most exciting scene of pig-sticking ever seen in Bengal. After discharging their rifles, some of the hunters would probably find the pigs between their legs, making them measure their length on the sand. The falls were made with considerable violence, though they were not dangerous, for they only excited our risible faculties; and as each one came down he was greeted with a loud and hearty burst of laughter, as a sort of congratulation to him in his misfortune."

The architecture of the Andamaners is very primitive. Four posts are stuck in the ground in the form of a square, and the builder is quite indifferent as to their straightness. Two of them are much longer than the others, so that when they are connected by sticks, a sloping roof is formed. Palm leaves are then placed upon them, one lying over the other in the fashion, so that they form a protection from perpendicularly falling rain. A number of these huts are generally erected in a circle, in some cleared space in the forest, which is sheltered by large trees, and within a convenient distance of water. One or two of these simple houses may be seen in the illustration.

Primitive as are these huts, some attempt is made at ornamenting them, the decorations being characteristically the trophies of the chase. Skulls of pigs and turtles, bundles of fish-bones, and similar articles are painted with stripes of red ochre, and hung to the roofs of the huts. Ochre painting, indeed, seems to be the only idea that the Andamaners have of ornament, if perhaps we except a string which the dandies tie round the waist, having a piece of bone or other glittering article hanging from it.

This ochre is in great request among the Mincopies, the women being especially fond of it by way of a decoration of their heads. As has already been mentioned, they shave the head completely, using, instead of a razor,

a piece of flint chipped very thin, and having a sharp edge. They are wonderfully adroit at making these primitive knives, which are exactly like those of the stone age. The hair having been scraped off, a tolerably thick plastering of red ochre is rubbed on the head, and the toilet of a Mincopie belle is complete.

Not only is the ochre used for external application, but it is administered internally. What is good for the outside, the Mincopie logically thinks will be equally good for the inside. So, when he feels ill, he makes a sort of bolus of red ochre and turtle oil, swallows it, and thinks that he has cured himself. Wounds are dressed by binding certain leaves upon them, and, in many cases of internal pains, bruises, or swellings, scarification is freely used. Certain individuals enjoy a sort of reputation for success in the treatment of disease, and are much honored by the less skilful.

It has already been mentioned that marriage is nothing more than taking a female slave.

When a wife becomes a mother, the only treatment which she receives is, that after the birth of her child she is plentifully rubbed with the red ochre and turtle oil, and is expected to follow her usual occupations on the next day. The young child is soured with cold water, poured out of one of the great bamboo vessels which the Mincopies use, and is dried by rubbing with the hand. Like its parent, the child wears no clothing; but if the party should be on their travels, and rain begin to fall, the mother pulls a few leaves from the next tree, ties them together with a fibre of rattan, and fastens them on the body of the child. This is the only clothing which an Andamaner ever wears.

Children are never weaned, but continue to take their childish nourishment until the mother is absolutely incapable of affording it. Both parents redeem much of their savage nature by their affection for their children, the father being quite as loving a parent as the mother—a trait which is often absent among savage tribes. The children reciprocate the affection, so that, in spite of the absence of any definite home, there is a domestic character about the family which could scarcely have been expected from such a race.

It has been already mentioned that the boys amuse themselves chiefly with small bows and arrows, having these toys of a continually increasing size to suit their growth. The girls are fond of disporting themselves by the sea-shore, and building sand houses for the waves to knock down, precisely as is done by the civilized children of Europe and America. Their great amusement is to build an enclosure with walls of sand, and to sit in it as if it were a house of their own until the rising tide washes away the frail walls. Both sexes are fond



(1.) NEW CALEDONIANS DEFENDING THEIR COAST. (See page 884.)



(2.) ANDAMANERS COOKING A PIG. (See page 892.)

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of swimming, and as soon as they can walk the little black children are seen running into and out of the water, and, if they can pick some sheltered spot free from waves, they dive and swim like so many ducks. A Hindoo, named Pooteah, who was taken prisoner by the Mineopies, and his life spared for some reason or other, states that they are such excellent swimmers that several of them will dive together among the rocks, search for fish in the crevices, and bring their struggling captives to shore. This statement was discredited by those to whom it was made, as were several other of his accounts. As, however, subsequent observations showed that he was right in many of the statements which were at first disbelieved, it is possible that he was right in this case also.

This man, by the way, was furnished with two wives, mother and daughter, and, as he was above the ordinary size, Captain Mouatt expresses some curiosity as to the appearance of the progeny. He made his escape from the island before the birth of a child that one of his wives was expecting, and, as the Mineopie mothers are remarkable for their affection toward their children, it is likely that the little half-caste was allowed to live, and that a new element may thus be introduced into the race.

They have more than once made use of their swimming powers in escaping from captivity. Several instances have been known where Andamaners have been kept prisoners on board ship, and have seemed tolerably reconciled to their lot. As soon, however, as the ship neared land, they contrived to escape for a moment from the eye of the sentry, slipped overboard, and swam to land. They always dived as soon as they struck the water, swam as far as they could without rising to the surface, and then, after taking a single respiration, dived again, and so swam the greater part of the distance under water. This mode of swimming was doubtless practised by them when trying to escape from the arrows of an unfriendly party.

In Captain Syme's "Embassy to Ava" there is a curious account of two young Mineopie girls who had been decoyed on board the ship. They were treated very kindly, and soon learned that no harm would be done to them. "They suffered clothes to be put on, but took them off again as soon as opportunity offered, and threw them away as useless encumbrances. When their fears were over, they became cheerful, chattered with freedom, and were inexpressibly diverted at the sight of their own persons in a mirror.

"They were fond of singing, sometimes

in a melancholy recitative, at others in a lively key; and often danced about the deck with great agility, slapping the lower part of their bodies with the back of their heels. Wine and spirituous liquors were disagreeable to them; no food seemed so palatable as fish, rice, and sugar. In a few weeks, having recovered strength and become fat, from the more than half-famished state in which they were brought on board, they began to think confinement irksome, and longed to regain their native freedom.

"In the middle of the night, when all but the watchman were asleep, they passed in silence into the Captain's cabin, jumped out of the stern windows into the sea, and swam to an island half a mile distant, where it was in vain to pursue them, had there been any such intention; but the object was to retain them by kindness, and not by compulsion, an attempt that has failed on every trial. Hunger may (and these instances are rare) induce them to put themselves into the power of strangers; but the moment that their want is satisfied nothing short of coercion can prevent them from returning to a way of life more congenial to their savage nature."

Like many other savage races, the Mineopies make a kind of festivity on each new moon; and as soon as the thin crescent appears they salute it after their odd fashion, and get up a dance. Their dances are rather grotesque, each performer jumping up and down, and kicking himself violently with the sole of his foot, so as to produce a smart slapping sound. This is the dance which is mentioned in the preceding account of the two captives.

When a Mineopie dies, he is buried in a very simple manner. No lamentations are made at the time; but the body is tied in a sitting position, with the head on the knees, much after the fashion employed among the Bechuanas, and described on page 300. It is then buried, and allowed to decay, when the remains are dug up, and the bones distributed among the relatives. The skull is the right of the widow, who ties it to a cord and hangs it round her neck, where it remains for the rest of her life. This outward observance is, however, all that is required of her, and is the only way in which she troubles herself to be faithful to the memory of her dead husband. It is rather strange that, though the Andamaners make no lamentations on the death of a relative, they do not altogether dispense with these expressions of sorrow, but postpone them to the exhumation and distribution of the relics, when each one who gets a bone howls over it for some time in honor of the dead.

THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

IMMEDIATELY to the south of the Andaman Islands, and barely thirty miles distant, lie the NICOBAR ISLANDS. The group consists of nine tolerably largo islands, and several of much smaller size. One of the large islands, called Great Nicobar, is twenty miles long by eight wide, while Little Nicobar is barely half these dimensions.

The islands are singularly fertile, and abound in various kinds of vegetation, especially in the cocoa-nut palm, not a specimen of which is to be found in the Andaman Islands. This curious fact is accounted for by the character of the Andamaners, who have an almost superstitious love for the cocoa-nut. If one of the nuts be washed ashore, it is always broken up and eaten; and if perchance one of the fruit happens to escape the sharp eyes of the natives and to germinate, its green feathery shoots are sure to attract the attention of the first Mincopie who passes in that direction. A similar barrier to the production of the cocoa-nut is found on the coast of Australia.

Although so close to the Andaman Islands, the inhabitants of Nicobar are very unlike the Mincopies, being a fine tall race, and of a copper rather than a black hue. Unlike the Mincopies, the men are very fat, especially about the breast, so that at a little distance they might easily be mistaken for women. Moreover, they wear the hair long, and parted in the middle, which to the eyes of a modern European, gives them a peculiar effeminate look. They wear neither beard nor moustache, their features are ugly, and their large mouths are stained a dark red from the juice of the betel-nut, which they are continually chewing.

There is one distinction, however, which is apparent at a considerable distance. In lieu of clothes, the men wear a strip of cloth, never more than two inches wide. This is passed round the waist, under the legs in front, and tucked through itself behind, the end being left as long as possible. The men place great value on the length of this tail, and he is the best dressed man who wears it the longest. Some of the wealthy among them have the tail dragging along the ground for several feet, like an European lady's train. If possible, this tail is made of blue cloth, an article that is held in very high estimation by the natives.

The women are quite as ill-favored as the men, and increase their natural ugliness by shaving off all their hair. They do not wear tails like the men, but have a plaited grass girdle, from which depends a soft fibrous fringe about a foot in depth.

The character of the Nicobarians is far gentler than that of the Mincopies, the latter being proverbially fierce and cruel toward strangers, and the former soon learning to

welcome foreigners when they have made up their minds that no harm is intended them. Captain Campbell, to whom I am indebted for most of the information respecting these natives, found them very agreeable and hospitable, ready to barter, and always welcoming him to their houses.

After a short time, even the women and children, who had at first been scrupulously concealed, after the manner of savages, came boldly forward, and were as hospitable as the men. On one occasion, while paying a visit to one of their huts, Captain Campbell tried to make friends with one of the children, all of whom were terribly frightened at the white face of their visitor. Finding that no response was made to his advances, he pulled the child from his hiding-place, and held him for a little time, in spite of his struggles. The mother made no opposition, but laughed heartily at the skirmish, evidently feeling that no harm was intended toward her little one.

The native weapons of the Nicobarians are very curious. As the people are not of a warlike character like the Mincopies, their weapons are used almost exclusively for killing game. The most formidable is a tolerably large spear headed with iron, which is used for killing hogs, and is thrown like the assegai of Southern Africa. They have also a smaller javelin for fish-killing, and a number of many-pointed hand-spears for the same purpose. The most remarkable of their weapons is a cross-bow, which is almost exactly like that of the Fan tribe of Africa. It is not very powerful, and only propels a small arrow. Its chief use is in killing birds.

Besides these weapons, every man carries a cutlass-blade from which the hilt has been removed, and a handle roughly made by wrapping some six inches of the butt with cocoa-nut fibre. It is intended not so much as a weapon as a tool, and with it the natives cut down trees, carve their canoes, and perform similar operations.

The architecture of the Nicobarians is infinitely superior to that of the Mincopies, and is precisely similar in character to that which is found among the inhabitants of New Guinea, the home of the Papuan race.

The native architect begins by fixing a number of posts in the ground, and erecting on them a platform of split bamboo. Over this platform he builds a roof shaped exactly like a beehive, and his house is then complete. The bamboo platform is the floor of the hut, and, being elastic as well as firm, serves also for a bed. To this hut the native ascends by a primitive sort of ladder, and passes into the chamber through a hole cut in the floor. The sides of the hut are adorned with the skulls of hogs, intermixed with spears,

knives, bows, and arrows. The huts are kept peculiarly neat and clean.

A rather remarkable use is made of the hut. The open space between the floor and the ground is far too valuable not to be utilized, as it affords a cool and airy shelter from the sunbeams. Under this floor is suspended a primitive sort of hammock, which is a board about six feet in length, slung by ropes. In, or rather on, this very uncomfortable hammock the Nicobarian likes to lounge away his time, dozing throughout the hot hours of the day, sipping palm wine at intervals, and smoking without cessation. In fact, we seem to have got again among the inhabitants of Western Africa, so similar is the character of the Nicobarian to that of the negro. The "Scene in the Nicobar Islands," represented on the 903d page, shows the personal appearance of the Nicobarians and their style of architecture.

The canoes of the Nicobarians are not so beautifully formed as those of the Mincopies, but are constructed on the same principle, being hollowed out of the trunks of trees, and supported by a slight outrigger. They have a very high and ornamental prow, and are propelled by short paddles. They are very light, and, when properly manned, skim over

the water at an astonishing pace. Some of them are nearly sixty feet in length, while others are barely six or seven feet long, and only intended for one person.

The mode of burial is not in the least like that which is employed among the Mincopies. When a man dies, the body is placed in a coffin, which is generally made from a canoe. The canoe is cut in half, the body being laid in one moiety, and covered with the other half. In order to supply the deceased with provisions for his journey to the spirit-land, a pig is killed and placed in the coffin, together with a supply of yams and cocoa-nuts. In case he should be attacked on his journey, a quantity of weapons, such as bows, spears, and cutlasses, are placed in the coffin.

The body is buried in the middle of the village, and the spot marked by a stick, to which is attached a small streamer. After some time, when the body has been consumed by the earth, the coffin is dug up again. The deceased being now supposed to have completed his journey to his spirit-home, his bones are thrown into the bush, and the cutlasses and other weapons distributed among his relatives.

CHAPTER XC.

NEW GUINEA.

THE HOME OF THE PAPUAN RACE—DISTINGUISHING MARKS OF THE RACE—DERIVATION OF THE NAME—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE PAPUANS—THE SIGN OF PEACE—AN UNFORTUNATE MIS-UNDERSTANDING—DRESS AND ORNAMENTS OF THE TRIBES OF DOURGA STRAIT—THEIR AGILITY AMONG THE TREES—THE OUTANATA TRIBES—TATTOOING AND ORNAMENTS—ELABORATE ARCHITECTURE—WEAPONS—THE DUST SIGNALS AND THEIR MEANING—THEIR UNSUSPICIOUS NATURE—ABRAUW, THE CHIEF.

WE now come to the very home and centre of the Papuan race.

New Guinea is a very large island, fourteen hundred miles in length, and, as far as has been ascertained, containing some two hundred thousand geographical square miles. It is separated from Australia only by Torres Strait, and, as we have seen, a certain amount of intercourse has taken place between the Papuans of the south of New Guinea and the natives who inhabit the north of Australia. Fertile in the vegetable kingdom, it possesses one or two animals which have the greatest interest for the naturalist, such as the tree-kangaroo, the crowned pigeon, and the bird of paradise. It is equally interesting to the ethnologist as being the home of the Papuan race.

Taken as a race, they are very fine examples of savage humanity, tall, well-shaped, and powerful. They are remarkable for two physical peculiarities. The one is a roughness of the skin, and the other is the growth of the hair. The reader may remember that some of the tribes of Southern Africa have the hair of the head growing in regular tufts or patches, each about the size of a pea.

It is a remarkable fact that, in the Papuan race, the hair grows in similar patches, but, instead of being short like that of the South African, it grows to a considerable length, sometimes measuring eighteen inches from root to tip. The Papuans are very proud of this natural ornament, and therefore will seldom cut it off; but as, if left untrained, it would fall over the eyes, they have various

modes of dressing it, but in most cases manage to make it stand out at right angles from the head. Sometimes they take the hair of each patch separately and sew it up into a ringlet. Sometimes they tease out all the hairs with a wooden comb of four or five prongs, and, as the hair is very coarse and stiff, it is soon induced to assume a mop-like shape, and to increase the apparent size of the head to an enormous extent.

Indeed, the word Papua is derived from this peculiarity of the hair. In the Malay language, the word which signifies "crisped" is *pua-pua*, which is easily contracted into *pa-pua*. Even the hair of the face grows in similar patches, and so does that on the breast of the man, and in the latter case the tufts are much further apart than on the head or face.

The color of the Papuans is a very dark chocolate, sometimes inclining to black, but having nothing in common with the deep shining black of the negro. Their features are large and tolerably well made, though the nose is very broad at the wings, and the lips wide. The nose, however, is not flat like that of the negro, but is prominent, rather arched, and descends so low that when seen in front the tip nearly reaches the upper lip. The natives seem to be perfectly aware of this peculiarity, and perpetuate it in their carvings.

Although taken as a whole, they are a fine race, there are many diversities among the different tribes, and they may be divided into the large and small tribes. The former are powerfully built, but more remark-

able for strength than symmetry — broad-breasted and deep-chested, but with legs not equal in strength to the upper parts of the body.

Their character has been variously given, some travellers describing them as gentle and hospitable, while others decry them as fierce and treacherous. Suspicious of strangers they certainly are, and with good reason, having suffered much from the ships that visited their coasts. A misunderstanding may soon arise between savage and civilized people, especially when neither understands the language of the other. An example of such a misunderstanding is given by Mr. Earle in his valuable work on the native races of the Indian Archipelago. Lieutenant Modera, an officer in the Dutch navy, embarked with several other gentlemen in the ship's boat, for the purpose of landing on the shore of Dourga Strait, a passage between the mainland and Frederick Henry Island.

"When the boat had proceeded to within a musket-shot distance from them, the natives, who were armed with bows, arrows, and lances, commenced making singular gestures with their arms and legs. The native interpreter called out to them in a language partly composed of Ceramese, and partly of a dialect spoken by a Papuan tribe dwelling a little further to the north; but his words were evidently quite unintelligible to them, as they only answered with loud and wild yells. We endeavored, for a long time without success, to induce them to lay aside their weapons, but at length one of them was prevailed upon to do so, and the others followed his example, on which we also laid down our arms, keeping them, however, at hand.

"We now slowly approached each other, and the interpreter, dipping his hand into the sea, sprinkled some of the water over the crown of his head as a sign of peaceful intentions. This custom seems to be general among all the Papuan tribes, and in most cases their peaceful intentions may be depended upon after having entered into this silent compact.

"This they seemed to understand, for two of them immediately did the same, on which the interpreter jumped into the shallow water, and approached them with some looking-glasses and strings of beads, which were received with loud laughter and yells. They now began dancing in the water, making the interpreter join, and the party was soon increased by other natives from the woods, who were attracted by the presents. Mr. Hagenholtz also jumped into the shallow water and joined in the dance, and they soon became so friendly as to come close round the boat; indeed some of them were even induced to get in."

Meanwhile their confidence increased, and they began to barter with their visitors,

exchanging their ornaments, and even their weapons, for beads, mirrors, and cloth. They were very inquisitive about the strange objects which they saw in the boat, and, although they handled everything freely, did not attempt to steal. One of them took up a loaded pistol, but laid it down at once when the owner said it was tapu, or forbidden. Unfortunately, a misunderstanding then took place, which destroyed all the amicable feeling which had been established.

"While all this was going on, they kept drawing the boat — unpereceived, as they thought — toward the beach, which determined us to return, as our stock of presents was exhausted, and there seemed no probability of our inducing any of them to go on board with us. Shortly before this, Mr. Boers had ornamented a Papuan with a string of beads, who, on receiving it, joined two of his countrymen that were standing a little distance off with the arms that had been laid aside, but which they had been gradually getting together again — a proceeding we had observed, but, trusting in the mutual confidence that had been established, we did not much heed it.

"At the moment in which we were setting off the boat to return on board, this man fixed an arrow in his bow, and took aim at Mr. Boers, who was sitting in the fore part of the boat, on which the latter turned aside to take up his gun, but before he could do so he received the arrow in his left thigh, which knocked him over, shouting, 'Fire! fire! I am hit!' as he fell. The order was scarcely given before every one had hold of his arms (which, as before stated, were kept at hand), and a general discharge put the natives to flight, swimming and diving like ducks.

"Before they took to flight, however, they discharged several more arrows at our people, one of which struck Mr. Hagenholtz in the right knee, another hit a sailor in the leg, while a third pierced a sailor's hat and remained sticking in it; and lastly, a Javanese had the handkerchief shot off his head, but without receiving any personal injury."

Three of the natives were severely wounded, if not killed, in this unfortunate affair, which evidently arose, as Mr. Earle points out, from misunderstanding, and not from deliberate treachery. Seeing the boats being pulled toward the ships while four of their companions were on board, they probably thought that they were being carried off as captives, as has so often been done along their coast by the slavers. They could not be expected to understand the difference between one white man and another, and evidently mistook the Dutch sailors for slavers, who had come for the purpose of inveigling them into the ships, where they could not be rescued.

The tribes of this part of the coast are not agreeable specimens of the Papuan race.

They are barely of the middle size, and lightly built. Their skin is decidedly black, and they ornament their bodies with red ochre, paying especial attention to their faces, which are made as scarlet as ochre can make them. The hair is deep black, and is worn in various ways. Most of the men plait it in a number of tresses, which fall nearly on the shoulders, while others confine it all into two tails, and several were seen with a curious headdress of rushes, the ends of which were firmly plaited among the hair. They are a dirty set of people, and are subject to diseases of the skin, which give them a very repulsive appearance.

Dress is not used by the men, who, however, wear plenty of ornaments. They mostly have a belt made of plaited leaves or rushes, about five inches wide, and so long that, when tied together behind, the ends hang down for a foot or so. Some of them adorn this belt with a large white shell, placed exactly in the middle. Earrings of plaited rattan, necklaces, and bracelets, were worn by nearly all. Some of them had a very ingenious armband, several inches in width. It was made of plaited rattan, and fitted so tightly to the limb that, when a native wished to take it off for sale, he was obliged to smear his arm with mud, and have the ornament drawn off by another person.

Their principal weapons are bows, arrows, and spears, the latter being sometimes tipped with the long and sharp claw of the tree-kangaroo.

The agility of these Papuans is really astonishing. Along the water's edge there run wide belts of mangroves, which extend for many miles in length with scarcely a break in them. The ground is a thick, deep, and soft mud, from which the mangrove-roots spring in such numbers that no one could pass through them even at low water without the constant use of an axe, while at high water all passage is utterly impossible.

As the natives, who are essentially maritime in their mode of life, have to cross this belt several times daily in passing from their canoes to their houses, and *vice versa*, they prefer doing so by means of the upper branches, among which they run and leap, by constant practice from childhood, as easily as monkeys. (See p. 909.) There is really nothing extraordinary in this mode of progress, which can be learned by Europeans in a short time, although they never can hope to attain the graceful ease with which the naked savages pass among the boughs. In some places the mangroves grow so closely together that to traverse them is a matter of perfect ease, and Mr. Earle remarks that he once saw a file of marines, with shouldered arms, making their way thus over a mangrove swamp.

The familiarity of these people with the trees causes them to look upon a tree as a natural fortress, and as soon as explorers suc-

ceeded in reaching the villages, the natives invariably made off, and climbed into the trees that surrounded the villages.

Wild and savage as they are, the Papuans of Dourga Strait display some acquaintance with the luxuries of civilized life and are inordinately fond of tobacco, the one luxury that is common to the highest and lowest races of mankind.

Some travellers have stated that these Papuans are cannibals, and it is certain that their gestures often favor such an opinion.

The Papuans of Dourga Strait are admirable canoe men, and paddle with singular skill and power. They always stand while paddling, a plan whereby they obtain a great increase of power, though perhaps at the expense of muscular exertion. They give as their chief reason for preferring the erect position, that it enables them to detect turtle better than if they were sitting, and to watch them as they dive under water after being wounded.

SKIRTING the coast of New Guinea and proceeding northward from Dourga Strait, we came to the OUTANATA River, at the embouchure of which is a tribe that differs much from those natives which have already been described. They are a finer and taller set of men than those of Dourga Strait, and seem to have preserved many of their customs intact since the time when Captain Cook visited them. Their skin is a very dark brown, and is described as having a bluish tinge, and they are said to rub themselves with some aromatic substance which causes them to diffuse an agreeable odor.

It is probable that the bluish gloss may be due to the same aromatic substance with which the body is perfumed. Mr. Earle thinks that the odoriferous material in question is the bark of the tree called the "rosamala."

The blue tinge is never seen among Papuan slaves, and this circumstance adds force to Mr. Earle's conjecture.

The features are rather large, especially the mouth, and the lips are thick. The custom of filing the teeth to a sharp point prevails among this tribe, but is not universal. The eyes are small, and the septum of the nose is always pierced so as to carry a piece of white bone, a boar's tusk, or some similar ornament. The hair is thick, and, instead of being trained into long tails like that of the Dourga Strait natives, it is plaited from the forehead to the crown.

The men wear scarcely any real dress, many of them being entirely naked, and none of them wearing more than a small piece of bark or a strip of coarse cloth made either of cocoa-nut fibre or of split bamboo. They are, however, exceedingly fond of ornament, and have all the savage love of tattooing, or rather scarifying, the body, which is done in a way that reminds the

observer of the same process among the Australians. The scarifications project above the skin to the thickness of a finger, and the natives say that this effect is produced by first cutting deeply into the flesh, and then applying heat to the wounds. Anklets, bracelets, and other articles of savage finery are common, and a man who does not wear an inch of clothing will pride himself on his boar's teeth necklace, his bracelets of woven rattan, and his peaked rush cap.

The women always wear some amount of clothing, however small, the very fact of possessing apparel of any kind being conventionally accepted as constituting raiment. Their solitary garment consists of a small apron, about six inches square, made from the cocoa-nut fibre.

It is rather remarkable that these people have the same habit of placing their newborn children in hot sand, as has already been described when treating of the now extinct Tasmanians. When the mother goes about her work, she carries the child by means of a sort of sling made of leaves or the bark of a tree.

The architecture of the Outanatas is far superior to that of their brethren of Dourga Strait. One of these houses, described by Lieutenant Modera, was at least a hundred feet in length, though it was only five feet high and six wide, so that a man could not stand upright in it. There were nineteen doors to this curious building, which was at first mistaken for a row of separate huts. The floor is covered with white sand, and the inhabitants generally seat themselves on mats. Each of these doors seemed to be appropriated to a single family, and near the doors were placed the different fireplaces. Over the roof a fishing net had been spread to dry in the sun, while a number of weapons were hung under the roof.

This house was built in a few days by the women and girls, and was placed near a much larger building, which had been raised on piles.

The weapons of the Outanatas are spears, clubs, and the usual bow and arrows, which form the staple of Polynesian arms.

The bows are about five feet in length, and are furnished with a string sometimes made of bamboo and sometimes of rattan. The arrows are about four feet in length, and made of cane or reed, to the end of which is attached a piece of hard wood, generally that of the betel-tree. The tips are mostly simple, the wood being scraped to a sharp point and hardened in the fire, but the more ambitious weapons are armed with barbs, and furnished with a point made of bone. The teeth of the sawfish are often employed for this purpose, and a few of the arrows are tipped with the kangaroo claw, as already mentioned in the description of the Dourga Strait spear.

Beside these weapons, the natives carry a

sort of axe made of stone lashed to a wooden handle, but this ought rather to be considered as a tool than a weapon, although it can be used in the latter capacity. With this simple instrument the Outanatas cut down the trees, shape them into canoes, and perform the various pieces of carpentering that are required in architecture.

The most remarkable part of an Outanata's equipment is an instrument which greatly perplexed the earlier voyagers, and led them to believe that these natives were acquainted with fire-arms. Captain Cook, who visited New Guinea in 1770, mentions that as soon as he reached the shore and had left his boat, three natives, or "Indians," as he calls them, rushed out of the wood, and that one of them threw out of his hand something which "flew on one side of him and burnt exactly like powder, but made no report." The two others hurled their spears at the travellers, who were in self-defence obliged to use their fire-arms.

Not wishing to come to an engagement, they retired to the boat, and reached it just in time, the natives appearing in considerable force. "As soon as we were aboard, we rowed abreast of them, and their number then appeared to be between sixty and a hundred. We took a view of them at our leisure. They made much the same appearance as the New Hollanders, being nearly of the same stature, and having their hair short-cropped. Like them they also were all stark naked, but we thought the color of their skin was not quite so dark; this, however, might be merely the effect of their being not quite so dirty.

"All this time they were shouting defiance, and letting off their fires by four or five at a time. What those fires were, or for what purpose intended, we could not imagine. Those who discharged them had in their hands a short piece of stick—possibly a hollow cane—which they swung sideways from them, and we immediately saw fire and smoke, exactly resembling those of a musket, and of no longer duration. This wonderful phenomenon was observed from the ship, and the deception was so great that the people on board thought they had fire-arms; and in the boat, if we had not been so near that we must have heard the report, we should have thought they had been firing volleys."

The reader will doubtless remark here that the travellers were so accustomed to associate fire with smoke that they believed themselves to have seen flashes of fire as well as wreaths of smoke issue from the strange weapon. Many years afterward, Lieutenant Modera contrived to see and handle some of these implements, and found that they were simply hollow bamboos, filled with a mixture of sand and wood-ashes, which could be flung like smoke-wreaths from the tubes. The Outanatas, their weap-

ons, canoes and the remarkable instrument just described, are illustrated on the following page.

Some persons have thought that the natives used these tubes in imitation of firearms, but the interpreters gave it as their opinion that they were employed as signals, the direction of the dust cloud being indicative of the intention of the thrower. Others say that the tubes are really weapons, made for the purpose of blinding their adversaries by flinging sand in their eyes. I cannot agree with this last suggestion, because the other weapons of the Outanatas show that the natives do not fight hand to hand like the New Zealanders. I think that the interpreters were right in their statement that the tubes are used for signalling, and this supposition is strengthened by the fact that the natives of Australia do use smoke for the same purpose, as has already been described.

The canoes of the Outanatas are often of considerable size, measuring fifty or sixty feet, and, although narrow in proportion to their length from stem to stern, containing a great number of men. They are handsomely carved and adorned with paint, and both ends are flat and broad. The rowers stand up when they use their paddles, which are necessarily of considerable length, having long handles and oval blades slightly hollowed. The narrowness of these canoes strengthens the opinion of several travellers, that the Outanatas are really an inland tribe, descending the river in flotillas, and returning to their inland home when the object of their expedition is accomplished.

They seem to be less suspicious than their countrymen of Dourga Strait, and have no hesitation in meeting Europeans and exchanging their own manufactures for cloth, knives, and glass bottles, the last mentioned objects being always favorite articles of barter with Polynesian savages, who employ them when entire for holding liquids, and, if they should unfortunately be broken, use the fragments for knives, lancets, points of weapons, and similar purposes. Lieutenant Modera describes the appearance of one of their flotillas as repre-

senting a perfect fair, the boats being laid closely together, and their decks crowded with natives laden with articles for barter.

Unlike the Dourga Strait natives, those of the Outanata River had no objection to come on board the European ships, and visited the vessels in great numbers. Even their principal chief came on board frequently. On the first occasion he disguised his rank, and merely came as an ordinary native, but he afterward avowed himself, and came freely on board in his own character. For convenience' sake he called himself Abrauw, *i. e.* Abraham, a name by which he was well known for a considerable distance. He offered no objection to going below and entering the Captain's cabin, though his subjects were rather uneasy at his absence, and shouted his name so perseveringly that he was obliged every now and then to put his head out of the cabin window. He had all the regal power of concealing astonishment, and witnessed with utter imperturbability the discharge of firearms, the ticking of watches, and examples of similar marvels. He did, however, display a little interest in the musketry practice, which was directed at a succession of bottles, slung from the yard-arm, but whether he was struck with the accuracy of aim or with the needless destruction of valuable bottles is doubtful.

He seemed to be worthy of his position as chief, and was desirous of establishing an European settlement near the mouth of the Outanata. Unfortunately, the river, although a noble stream, has a sandbar across the mouth which effectually prevents vessels of even light draught from passing except at high water. The people in general were wonderfully honest, not displaying the thievish propensities which cause the visits of many savage tribes to be so troublesome. They even brought on board articles which had been accidentally left on shore. They probably owe much of their superiority to their connection with the Malay Mohammedans, many of whom visit New Guinea as traders.



(1.) A SCENE IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS. (See page 807.)



(2.) THE OUTANATAS AND THEIR WEAPONS. (See page 902.)

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CHAPTER XCI.

NEW GUINEA—*Concluded.*

THE ALFOËRS OR HARAFORAS—VARIOUS REPORTS RESPECTING THEM—THEIR MODE OF GOVERNMENT—AN ALFOËRIAN DIVORCE COURT—TREPANG COLLECTING—DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—FUNERAL RITES—TRIBES OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST—A QUAINT DRUMMER—DRESS AND ORNAMENT—THE TATTOO—THE FULL-DRESS PETTICOAT—HAIR-DRESSING—EXCELLENCE OF THEIR CANOES—AN INGENIOUS SAIL—HOW TO STOP A LEAK—THE FIG-PET—ARCHITECTURE—DEFENCE AGAINST VERMIN—HOUSES OF REDESCAR BAY—DREAD OF STEEL—TRIBES OF THE NORTH-WEST COAST—THEIR CANOES—MODES OF FISHING—AQUATIC HOUSES—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—APPOINTMENT OF A NEW CHIEF—NEW GUINEA WEDDINGS—THE KAWWAR, OR HOUSEHOLD GOD—THE WAR-DANCE—CEREMONIES AT FUNERALS.

WE must here give a short space to some tribes called by various names, such as Haraforas, Alfouras, and Alfoërs, and supposed by many ethnologists to be a separate family living in New Guinea and the neighboring islands, but as distinct from the generality of the inhabitants as the Bostjesman of Southern Africa are from the Kaffir.

This theory, however, has now been shown to be untenable, and it is now known that the word Alfoërs, or Alfouras, is applied by the tribes of the coast to those who live in the interior. The word has a Portuguese origin, and as Mr. Earle remarks, is applied to the mountaineers of the interior, just as the Spaniards called the aborigines of America "Indians," and the Mohammedan inhabitants of Salce and Mindano "Moros," or "Moors."

Most of the accounts that have been received of the Alfoërs are not at all to be trusted. They have been described as peculiarly disgusting and repulsive, ferocious, gloomy, living in the depths of the forest, and murdering all strangers who came in their way. In fact, they have a worse reputation than the Andamaners. It has been ascertained, however, that these evil reports have originated from the coast tribes, who have a very strong objection to allow foreigners to penetrate inland.

The reason is obvious. The visits of the traders are exceedingly valuable, furnishing all kinds of tools, weapons and orna-

ments, which constitute the wealth of the savage. The natives, having purchased these with articles which to themselves are comparatively valueless, can sell their superabundance to the inland Alfoërs, and make an enormous profit on their bargain. If the white men were allowed to go inland and trade directly with the natives, their profitable traffic would be broken up.

As far as can be ascertained, the Alfoërs are in much the same state as were the Outanatas before they were visited by traders. Those who were seen were remarkable for a certain stupidity of aspect, a taciturnness of disposition, and a slowness of movement, which are not found among the Outanatas. As, however, they were slaves, it is more than likely that these characteristics were the result of servitude.

Subsequently some discoveries were made among the Alfoërs, which entirely contradicted the reports of the coast tribes. They are certainly rough in their manners, and if they take a dislike to a foreigner, or if he should perchance offend any of their prejudices, they eject him from the district with more speed than ceremony; taking care, however, not to inflict personal damage, and refraining from confiscating his property.

As far as can be ascertained from the slight intercourse which has been held with these tribes, there is no regular form of government, the elders deciding disputes, and their decisions being respected. They

are an honest set of people, paying the greatest regard to the rights of property; and being so scrupulous in this respect, that if any one should even enter the house of an absent man he is called to account, and made to pay a fine to the owner of the house. A similar law exists with regard to the women. If a man should even touch, though accidentally, the wife of another, he makes himself liable to a fine.

A curious example of this regulation is mentioned by Lieutenant Kolff. A man set out in his canoe to fish, intending to return in a week; but being caught by contrary winds, he was driven away from his own part of the coast, and was detained two months. Unfortunately he had only left at home provisions for a week, and his wife, finding herself without food, asked a neighbor to provide it for her. This he did, and as, day after day, nothing was heard of the husband, the woman transferred her affections and herself to the neighbor who had assisted her, and the pair went off to another island.

After two months had elapsed the husband came back, and, not finding his wife, demanded her from her brothers, who were then bound to produce her. They set off in search of the guilty couple, discovered them, and brought them back, when the injured husband demanded an enormous sum by way of fine. The man said that he could not possibly pay such a sum if he were to work for the rest of his lifetime. The affair was eventually brought before the elders, who decided that the husband had done wrong in leaving his wife so ill provided for, and that if he had supplied her with a sufficiency of provisions the acquaintance between herself and her paramour would probably have been avoided. So they decreed that the man should pay a small fine, and advised the husband to leave plenty of provisions at home when he next went out fishing.

The principal object for which the natives make these expeditions is the trepang, or sea-slug (*Holothuria*), which is in great demand in China, and is purchased by traders from the natives for the Chinese market. It is chiefly by means of the trepang that a man procures a wife. As is the case among many savage tribes, a wife can only be obtained by purchase, so that daughters are quite as valuable to their parents as sons. With the Alföers, the marriage present must always consist of foreign valuables, such as elephants' tusks, gongs, China dishes, cloth, and similar objects. These are obtained by exchanging trepang with the traders.

When, therefore, a young man wants a wife, and has settled the amount of the marriage portion with the father, he goes off for a year on a hunting expedition. He takes a canoe, and sails from island to island,

catching as much trepang as possible, and begging from all those whom he visits. At the end of the year he returns home, knowing that by means of the protective law his house and property will be perfectly safe, and presents himself to the father of the girl with the goods which he has obtained. It is seldom that he is able to make up the entire amount at once, but he is allowed to pay by instalments.

Property cannot be inherited, owing to a peculiar custom. As soon as any one dies, his relations assemble, gather together all his valuables, break them to pieces, and throw the fragments away. Even the precious brass gongs are thus broken, the survivors thinking that no one may use anything belonging to the dead. Large heaps of broken china, ivory, and metal are found on the outskirts of villages that have existed for any long time, showing that many deaths must have occurred within its limits.

The rest of the funeral ceremonies are curious, and are worthy of a brief description.

When death is ascertained, notice is sent to all the relatives of the deceased, who often are scattered widely apart, so that several days usually elapse before they can all assemble. The body meanwhile is kept sprinkled with lime, in order to retard decay as much as possible, and aromatic resins are burned in the house to counteract any ill odor. As the relatives come, they take their places in the house, and begin drinking. Before the traders supplied them with arrack, they had a fermented liquor made by themselves from fruit. They always offer the deceased a share of everything, putting a little food into the mouth of the dead person, and pouring a little liquid between the senseless lips. Meanwhile the women utter loud lamentations, gongs are beaten, and a stunning uproar is kept up until the time of the funeral.

When the relatives have all assembled, a bier is provided, covered with cloth, the quantity and quality of which accord with the wealth of the deceased; and the body is then brought out in front of the house, and supported in a sitting position against a post. The villagers then assemble, and a general feast takes place, a share of which is offered to the deceased as before. Finding that he will neither eat nor drink, in spite of the solicitations of his friends and companions, the body is carried into the woods, where it is placed on a platform erected on four feet.

This being done, the concluding ceremony is left to the women. They remove all their clothing, and then plant by the side of the platform a young sapling; this ceremony being called the "casting away of the body," and considered as a symbol that the deceased has done with his body, and thrown it from him.

PASSING more to the eastward of New Guinea, we come to some interesting nations inhabiting Brumer's Island, and the neighborhood. These islands are situate about lat. 10° 45' S. and lon. 150° 23' E.

Living as they do on a number of small islands, the largest being rather less than three miles in width, the natives are necessarily maritime, passing from one island to another in their admirably contrived vessels. They are accustomed to the visits of ships, and boldly put off to meet them, taking no weapons, except for sale, and displaying the greatest confidence in their visitors.

One of these natives caused great amusement by his imitation of the ship's drummer. Some one gave him a large tin can, which he, being a musical genius, immediately converted into a drum. At first he merely pounded it with his hands, but when the ship's drummer was sent into the chains, and began to play upon his instrument, the man watched him for a little time, and then began to imitate him in the most ludicrous manner, his antics and grimaces being especially provocative of laughter. The effect of his buffoonery was heightened by the manner in which he had adorned his face. He had blackened his naturally dark features with charcoal, and had drawn a streak of white paint over each eyebrow, and another under the chin to the cheekbones.

The mode of salutation is rather ludicrous to a stranger, as it consists of pinching. When they desire to salute any one, they pinch the tip of the nose with the finger and thumb of the right hand, while with the left they pinch the middle of their stomachs, accompanying this odd and complex gesture with the word "Magsaka." These natives seem to be a hospitable people, for, after several of them had been received on board and treated kindly, they returned on the following day, and brought with them a great quantity of cooked yams, for which they refused payment.

The men wear nothing but a small strip of pandanus leaf, but the women have a dress which in principle is exactly similar to the thong-aprons of Southern Africa. It consists of a number of very narrow strips of pandanus leaf, reaching nearly to the knee. The girls wear only a single row of these strips, but the women wear several layers of them, one coming a little below the other, like flounces. In wet weather the uppermost petticoat is taken from the waist and tied round the neck, so as to protect the shoulders from the rain, which shoots off the leaf-strips as off a thatched roof.

On gala days a much handsomer petticoat is worn. This consists of much finer leaf strips than those which constitute the ordinary dress, and it is dyed of various colors.

Some of them which were seen by Mr. McGillivray were red and green, with bands of pale yellow and pure white. The tufts of which they were composed were extremely light and soft, and looked like very fine-twisted grass blades. Several of the women, by way of finishing their toilet, had blackened their faces. This process, if it did not add to their beauty, certainly did not detract from it, as their faces were originally so plain that the black covering could not make them more ugly. The young men and lads formed a curious contrast to the women in this respect, many of them being remarkable for their good looks.

The women usually, though not invariably, divide their hair into a vast number of little tresses, and twist them up like the thirums of a mop, while the men tease out their stiff and wiry locks as much as possible, and fix in them a slender stick, some two feet in length, decorated with a little plume at the top, the base being cut into teeth and so used as a comb.

The inhabitants of Redscar Bay use a more elaborate system of tattooing than that which has been described above. The men generally restrict themselves to certain portions of the body, such as the breast, cheeks, forehead, and arms, and even on those spots the tattooing is comparatively slight. But the women are so covered with blue patterns, that there is hardly a portion of their bodies which has not been thus decorated. They have various patterns, but the usual type is formed by double parallel lines, the intervals between which are filled with smaller patterns, or with zigzag lines. As the dress of the women consists merely of the leaf-strip petticoat, the patterns of the tattooing are very fully displayed.

The hair of the men is dressed here after a rather singular fashion. It is shaved from the forehead for some three inches, and the remainder is combed backward to its full length. A string is then tied round it, so as to confine it as closely as possible to the head, leaving rather more than half its length to be frizzed into a mop-like bundle projecting from the crown.

Those who are especially careful of their personal appearance add an ornament which is not unlike the pigtail of the last century. A tolerably large bunch of hair is gathered together and tied into a long and straight tail, the end of which is decorated with some ornament. In one case, a man had attached to his pigtail a bunch of dogs' teeth. The mouths, naturally wide, are disfigured with the universal custom of chewing the betel-leaf mixed with lime, which stains the lips of a dull brick-red, and makes the whole mouth look as if it had been bleeding.

The hair is usually black, but some diversities of color are often seen. Sometimes it is black except the tips of each tress, where

the hue becomes yellow or reddish, and sometimes the whole of the hair is red. In all probability, this change of tint is produced by artificial means, such as lime-water, the use of which is known in various parts of New Guinea. Those who have the entire hair red have probably dyed it lately, while those who have only the tips red have passed several months without dyeing it. There is but little beard or moustache.

As far as can be judged from appearances, the women are treated better than is usually the case among savages, and seem to be considered as equal with the men. They are affectionate parents, as was proved by the fact that children were often brought by their fathers to look at the ships.

The average stature of these natives was rather small, few exceeding five feet four inches in height. They were very active, but not powerful, as was proved by testing their strength against that of the ship's crew.

Allusion has already been made to their skill in boating. These natives possess various canoes, some so small as only to hold, and by no means to accommodate, one person, while others contain with ease fifty or sixty at once.

The commonest canoe is that which is popularly called a catamaran, and which is more of a raft than a boat. It is formed of three planks lashed together with rattan. The man sits, or rather kneels, a little behind the centre, and is able to propel this simple vessel with great speed. Some of these catamarans are large enough to carry ten or twelve persons, together with a cargo. Instead of being merely three planks, they consist of three great logs of wood laid side by side, and lashed firmly together with rattan at their ends, in the centre, and midway between the centre and each end. There is no particular bow or stern, but the central log is longer than the others, so as to project at each end, and is generally carved into rude patterns, and ornamented with red and white paint.

Of course the sea washes freely over this primitive vessel, so that the natives are obliged to erect a small platform in the middle, on which they can place any goods that might be damaged by wetting.

One of the smaller catamarans is shown in the foreground of illustration, No. 2, on the next page, and just behind it is one of the large canoes with its sail struck. Such a canoe as this is about twenty-five feet in length. It consists of two parts, the canoe proper and the outrigger. The canoe proper is very curiously formed. It is cut from the trunk of a tree, and, in spite of its length, is not more than eighteen or nineteen inches in extreme width. The most curious part of its construction is, that the sides, after bulging out below, come together above, so that the space between the

gunwale is barely eight inches, there is only just room for a man's legs to pass into the interior of the boat. A section of the canoe would present an outline very much like that of the Greek Omega reversed, thus — Ω . In order to preserve the gunwales from injury, a slight pole is lashed to them throughout their entire length.

As is the case with the catamaran, both ends of the canoe are alike. They are generally raised well above the water, and are carved into the semblance of a snake's or turtle's head, and decorated with paint, tufts of feathers, shells, and similar ornaments.

The outrigger is as long as the canoe, to which it is attached by a series of light poles to the gunwale of the canoe itself. The method by which the outer ends of the poles are fastened to the outrigger is very curious, and can be better understood by reference to the illustration than by a description. Like the ends of the canoe, those of the outrigger poles are fashioned into a snake-like form.

The natives can run along these poles to the outrigger with perfect safety, often sitting upon it when the wind is high, so as to preserve the balance of the vessel. In many canoes, however, a slight platform is laid upon these poles, so as greatly to increase the burthen-carrying space of the vessel; and a corresponding but smaller platform projects from the opposite side of the canoe. On this platform several paddlers are stationed, finding it easier to work their long-handled paddles from the platform than from the narrow space of the canoe itself.

The sail is made of strips of palm leaf, interlaced with each other. When it is not required, the sail is struck and rolled up, so as to occupy as little room as possible, and the mast can also be struck, like those of our sailing barges while passing under a bridge.

Two other kinds of New Guinea canoes are shown in the same illustration. These canoes are not found in the same part of New Guinea, but, as the natives travel in them for considerable distances, they have been brought together in the same illustration for the convenience of comparison.

Beyond the large canoe is a smaller one, with a sail that is set in rather a curious manner. There is no mast, but the two edges of the sail are fastened to slight spars, and when the native finds the wind to be favorable, he fixes the lower ends of these spars in the canoe, and supports the upper ends by stays or ropes that were fore and aft. The reader will notice the pointed end of the cylindrical outrigger. On the opposite side to the outrigger is a slight platform made of planks. The platform itself is out of sight, but the reader may see the heads and shoulders of the two men who are sitting on it.

This canoe is made near Redscar Point,



(1.) THE MONKEY MEN OF DOURGA S TAIT. (See page 900.)



(2.) CANOES OF NEW GUINEA. (See page 908.)

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and, except in the arrangement of the sail, is somewhat similar to the vessels which are built at Brumer Island. The paddles are between six and seven feet in length, and are rather clumsily formed, without any attempt at ornament.

The canoe to the right of the illustration is the most curious of these vessels. The body of the canoe is made out of the trunk of a tree, which is first shaped to a conical form at each end, and then hollowed. Over the ends is firmly fixed a piece of wood, several feet in length, so as to make the two ends into hollow cones into which the water cannot force its way. The gunwale is raised about two feet by planks which box in the opening of the canoe, and act as wash-boards, the seams being pitched and rendered water-tight.

These particulars are mentioned because in general the natives of New Guinea are singularly indifferent as to the amount of water which is taken in by their canoes, provided that they are not sunk. There is, for example, one kind of New Guinea canoe found in Coral Haven, in which the gunwales are not connected at the stern, which is left open. The water would of course rush in, were it not that one of the crew sits in the opening, forcing his body into it so as to render it temporarily water-tight. Even with this precaution it is impossible to prevent some water from making its way between the body of the man and the sides of the canoe, as it heels over by the force of the wind, and in squally weather another of the crew is obliged to keep perpetually baling with a large shell.

The most curious part of the canoe which we are now examining is the sail, which, clumsy as it looks, is a very great improvement on those which have been previously described, inasmuch as it can be shifted and trimmed to suit the wind.

The mast, instead of being merely stuck upright when wanted, is permanently fixed, but is so short that it causes no inconvenience when the sail is struck and the paddles alone are employed. It is fixed, or "stepped," into a hole in a board at the bottom of the canoe, and is lashed to a transverse spar that extends across the canoe from one gunwale to the other. At the head of the mast is a stout projecting arm, through which is bored a hole.

The sail is made by matting stretched between two slight spars, and when not wanted it can be rolled up and laid up on the platform of the outrigger. The halyard, a rope by which the sail is hauled to its place, is fixed to the middle of the sail, and passes through the hole in the projecting arm of the mast-head. Ropes are fastened to each end, constituting the "tack" and the "sheet." When the crew wish to put their canoe about, they do so in a very expeditious manner, merely letting go the ropes and hauling

them in again, so as to turn the sail and convert the sheet into the tack, and *vice versa*. As both ends of the canoe are alike, the vessel at once obeys the new impulse, and goes off in the required direction.

The canoe is steered with one special paddle some nine feet in length, of which the oblong, rounded blade occupies half.

THE inhabitants of the New Guinea coasts are remarkable for their skill in swimming and diving. When H. M. S. *Rattlesnake* was off New Guinea, the anchor of one of the boats caught in the coral, and could not be dislodged. An old man who was standing on the beach saw that something was wrong, and swam off to the boat. He soon understood the case, and, after diving several times, succeeded in clearing the anchor, a feat for which he was rewarded by an axe. He always dived feet foremost, without an effort, and remained under water for about half a minute.

It is rather curious that the love of pigs which is found among the New Zealanders should be quite as strongly developed among the natives of New Guinea. The girls and women make great pets of them, and it is not at all an uncommon event to see a young girl tripping along in all the graceful freedom of the savage, holding a young pig in her arms, and caressing and talking to it as an European girl talks to her doll, or to her pet lapdog. These pigs are long-legged, black-skinned, stiff-haired animals, not at all agreeing with our ideas of a pig's proper form.

The dress used by the women consists of slender leaf-strips, and forms a really graceful costume. Many of the women employ a kind of tattooing, though they do not carry it to such an extent as to disfigure themselves. The patterns, though elaborate, are very small and delicate, and extend over a considerable portion of the body. The arms and front of the body display a regular pattern, which is usually carried over the shoulder for a little way, but leaves the back untouched. The most delicate pattern is reserved for the arm and waist, where it looks like a delicate blue lace fitting tightly to the skin. The women are very proud of this ornament, and are always gratified when a stranger expresses admiration of it. The men occasionally use the tattoo, but in a comparatively scanty manner, confining the patterns to a star or two on the breast. Now and then a man will have a double series of stars and dots extending from the centre of the chest to the shoulders, but on an average a native of this part of the country is not so much tattooed as an ordinary English sailor.

The architecture of this part of New Guinea differs from that of Dourga Strait in being much more elaborate, but throughout New Guinea the style of house-building is so similar that we will take a few examples, as representatives of the whole group of islands.

All the houses are elevated on posts like those of the Nicobar Islands, but have several improvements in architecture.

The posts vary in number according to the size of the house, and about four feet from the ground each post passes through a wide circular wooden disc, which serves as an effectual barrier against the rats and snakes, which would otherwise take possession of the dwellings. The posts are connected together at about five feet from the ground by rafters, on which the floor is laid.

These rafters, or joists, support a row of poles laid horizontally side by side, and upon them are laid crosswise a great number of slighter spars, thus forming a framework, on which is fixed the floor itself, which consists of a number of thin planks taken from the cocoa-nut tree. The supporting posts are about ten feet in total length, and are connected at their tops by horizontal poles, on which a second or upper floor is fixed, precisely similar to the principal floor, though much smaller. On this upper floor are kept the weapons, implements, provisions, and similar articles, for which accommodation cannot be found on the principal floor. A supply of water, for example, is generally kept in the huts, a number of empty cocoa-nut shells being used in lieu of bottles, and closed at the orifice by a plug of grass. In fact, they are identical in principal with the ostrich-egg vessels of the South African savage, which have been already described upon a preceding page.

Entrance is gained to the house by a square hole in the flooring, and the primitive staircase by which the inhabitants ascend into their houses is equally simple and effectual. It is necessary that the stairs—if we may use the term—should be so constructed, that while human beings can easily obtain access to the house, the rats and other vermin shall be kept out. If an ordinary ladder or even a notched pole were fixed to the house, the rats and snakes would be sure to climb up it and take possession of the dwelling. The native architect, therefore, proceeds after a different fashion.

Immediately under the opening in the floor he fixes two stout posts in the ground, leaving them to project rather more than three feet. The posts have forked heads, and upon them is laid a transverse pole, which is firmly lashed to them. From this transverse pole another pole is laid to the ground, so as to form an inclined plane up which the inhabitants of the house can walk. It will now be seen, that if a man walk up the inclined pole, to the transverse one, he can pass along the latter in a stooping attitude until he comes to the opening in the floor. He can then pass his body through the opening and lift himself to the level of the floor, while the space which intervenes between the horizontal post and the floor affords an effectual barrier against the rats and other vermin.

The reader will better understand this description by comparing it with illustration No. 1, on the 916th page, which represents three of these huts. That on the right is seen from the end, and is represented as half finished, in order to show the structure of the interior.

The sides and roof of the hut are formed of slight spars which are lashed together by a framework, so as to form a support for the thatching. This is made of coarse grass pulled up by the roots in large tufts, and covered with an outer layer of cocoa-nut leaves. If the house be a large one, there is an entrance at each end, and another in the middle, each being closed with neatly woven mats. Similar but coarser mats are fastened to the lower portion of the sides, in order to exclude the wind.

Up to this point the architecture is identical throughout the island, but a divergence takes place in the shape of the house itself, according to the locality. The usual form is that which is represented in the illustration. Such a house as is there drawn is on the average thirty feet in length, nine in width, and thirteen in total height, so that a space of about three feet intervenes between the upper floor and the roof. The central figure of the illustration shows the side view of a finished hut, and the left-hand figure shows the end view of a similar dwelling.

In some places, however, such for example as Redscar Bay, the form of the houses is different. Instead of having the slender poles which form the framework of the walls bent over in a curved form, they are arranged so as to make a lofty and sharply-pointed gable roof. A house of this description, which measures thirty feet in length, will reach, on an average, twenty-five feet in height. There is no distinction between the roof and walls of the huts, except that the lower portion of the roof is covered with sheets of a bark-like substance, which is supposed to be the base of the cocoa-nut leaf flattened by pressure. The entrance or door of these huts is at one end, and is covered with a mat as has already been mentioned. Access is obtained by a sloping pole resting on a short post. In some of these huts a number of spears were seen in the interior, lashed along the sides, together with several human skulls; but whether the latter were intended as ornaments, or whether they were preserved in memorial of the dead owners, is not certain.

The people who inhabit Redscar Bay and its vicinity exhibited a curious mixture of shyness and confidence. They came freely to the ships as they anchored in the bay, and were very anxious to be admitted on board, peeping into the ports in the most inquisitive manner, and holding up their weapons and implements for sale. They have in use a rather remarkable arrow, with

a head in the form of a pointed gouge or scoop.

One of these arrows is in my collection. The shaft is made in the usual manner from a reed, and is weighted at one end with a piece of hard and heavy wood. Into this wooden tip is cut a deep groove, into which slips the butt of the head. This is about eight inches in length, and is made of bamboo, the reed being nearly cut away so as to leave a piece rather more than half an inch in width in the middle, and tapering gently to one end so as to form a point, and abruptly to the other end in order to form a butt which can be slipped into the wooden tip of the arrow.

Bamboo scoops of a similar description, but of a larger size, are used as knives, and are sharpened by the simple process of biting off a piece of the edge. When Mr. McGillivray visited New Guinea, he asked a native the use of the bamboo scoop; and when he found that it was used as a knife, he produced his own knife, and, taking up a piece of wood, he showed the superiority of steel over bamboo by cutting a stick vigorously with it.

Strangely enough, instead of being gratified with the performance of the knife, the man was so frightened that he pushed off his canoe, called his friends around him, and explained to them the terrible deed that had been done. The knife was offered to him, but he looked upon the proffered gift as an aggravation of the original offence, and declined all overtures toward reconciliation. This aversion to steel was found to be prevalent among the inhabitants of this part of New Guinea.

The bow by which these arrows are propelled is a very effective though clumsily made weapon. My own specimen is about six feet in length, and is made from some hard and tough wood, apparently that of the cocoa-nut tree. It is very stiff, and requires a strong arm to draw it. The string is a strip of rattan, like that which has already been mentioned when treating of North Australia.

Passing to the north-west of the island, we find that their appearance and manners are not very dissimilar from those which belong to their brethren of the southern coast. Taking the Dory people as our type, we find that they often display good examples of the high and narrow forehead of the Papuan family, and many of them have narrow and arched noses, together with lips nearly as thin as those of an European. Indeed, some of these natives possess a cast of countenance which is so like that of an European that several travellers have thought that there must have been some admixture of foreign blood. Such, however, is not the case, these peculiarities belonging to the individual, and not implying any foreign mixture.

The canoes of this part of the country are rather different from those of the southern coast. The mast is made of three distinct spars, united at their tops. Two of them are fastened to the side by pins passing through them, on which they work backward and forward, as if on hinges. The third is not fastened to the vessel, but its butt fits into a cavity from which it can be removed at pleasure. If, therefore, the natives wish to use their paddles, all they have to do is to lift the foot of this spar out of its socket, when the whole of the triple mast can be lowered on deck. When the wind becomes favorable, and the sail is to be employed, the masts are raised again, the butt of the third spar is stepped into its socket, and the triple mast is thus kept firmly upright. A similar contrivance is now proposed for our ships of war, as these triple masts made of three slight iron bars cannot be so easily shot away as the single and solid mast.

The natives are very expert canoe-men, and are accustomed to the use of their vessels from childhood. Even the small boys have their little canoes, which are so light that they can be carried to and from the water without difficulty.

They excel as fishermen, being as expert in the water as on it. The trepang fishery is energetically conducted by them, as it is by the sale of trepang to the merchants that they obtain the greater part of the foreign luxuries on which they set so high a value. The hawksbill turtle is captured principally for the sake of the shell, which is also purchased by the traders, and, together with mother-of-pearl shell, is mostly sent to the Chinese markets.

The mode of fishing with a net is much the same as on all these coasts. The net is three or four feet in depth, and a hundred feet or more in length. The meshes are about an inch in width. One edge is furnished with a row of flat pieces of light wood, which act as floats, and along the other edge are fastened a number of perforated shells by way of weights.

When the natives wish to use this net, they place it in a canoe, and look out for a shoal of fish. As soon as a favorable opportunity is found, the canoe is taken to seaward of the shoal, and let carefully into the water. Each end is taken in charge by one or two men, who bring the net round the shoal in semi-circular form, so as to enclose the fish. These men gradually approach each other, while another man beats the water with a pole, or flings stones into it, so as to frighten the fish into the enclosure. As soon as the two ends of the net have been brought together, the canoe comes up, and the net, with the fish hanging in its meshes, is hauled on board. They also use fish-traps, like those which have been already described in the account of Australia, sinking them by

means of a stone, and raising them by a cord, to the end of which a bamboo buoy is fastened.

They are tolerable smiths, and have a kind of bellows identical in principle with those of savage Africa, but worked in a different manner. Instead of having a couple of inflated skins, they have a pair of wide bamboo tubes, about four feet in length, the lower ends of which are buried in the earth, and connected by means of channels with the hole in which the fire is made. The pistons are formed of bunches of feathers tied to bamboos, and the blower works them alternately up and down, so as to produce a tolerably constant blast. It is remarkable that the bellows of the Chinese itinerant jeweller are fitted with feather pistons. It is most probable that these bellows have been borrowed from the more eastern islands.

As to the actual working of the metal, it bears a curious similitude to that which is employed in savage Africa. The anvil is generally a stone, unless the native smiths can procure an iron "pig" or a piece of a broken anchor. They can work in silver and copper as well as iron, melting the two former metals and running them into moulds, to be afterward beaten and worked into shape.

The architecture of these tribes is rather remarkable. Like the generality of houses in New Guinea, the huts are raised on stakes in order to preserve them from vermin; but those of the Dory people are similarly elevated in order to preserve them from water. These natives have a curious predilection for building their huts on the sea-shore, and place them below the level of low water. They begin this curious style of architecture by building a long pier, or rather jetty, which extends far into the sea, and which keeps open a communication between the house and the shore.

At the end of this jetty the hut itself is situated, and is made of boarded walls and a thatched roof. Great as is the labor that is bestowed upon it, the house does not come up to our ideas of comfort. In the first place, the floors are made of rough spars, placed parallel to each other, but still far enough apart to cause some uneasiness, not to say danger, to an unpractised walker.

A good specimen of a Dory house is about seventy feet long, twenty-five wide, and fifteen high. Along the centre runs a tolerably wide passage, and at either side are a number of rooms, separated from each other and from the passage by mats. At the end next the sea there are no walls, but only a roof, so that a sort of verandah is formed, under which the inhabitants spend much of their time when they are not actively employed. Such a house as this is usually occupied by some forty or fifty individuals, consisting of about twenty men,

together with the wives and families of those who are married. All cooking is carried on by the different families in their own chambers, each of which is furnished with its own fireplace.

The dress of the Dory natives varies but little from that of other Papuans of New Guinea. The men, however, often ornament their bodies with raised scars like those of the Australians, and they are fond of tattooing their breasts and arms with figures of their weapons. They are fond of ornaments, such as shells, twisted wire, and armlets of plaited rattan. They ingeniously utilize the latter ornament by plaiting a very thick and strong bracelet, and wearing it on the left wrist and fore-arm, so as to protect the wearer from the recoil of the bowstring.

Though not a warlike people, they always go armed, carrying the invariable parang, or chopper, which, as its very name imports, is procured from the Malay tribes. These parangs are chiefly made in Borneo, as we shall see when we come to treat of the Dyaks. The Dory Papuans do not seem to fight, as do some savage tribes, for the mere love of combat; the chief object of warfare being the capture of slaves, each of whom is valued at fifty shillings.

This value is, however, a conventional term; and when a bargain is made with the Dory people for so many slaves, in most cases the conventional money value is intended, and not the actual slaves. In fact, the word "slaves" is used much as we use the word "horses" in reckoning the power of a steam-engine, or "tons" in describing the capacity of a ship. Perhaps the words "pony" and "monkey," of modern sporting slang, are better illustrations.

Still, slavery is rife among the Dory people, who sometimes make a raid into a district, capture a village, and carry off the inhabitants into servitude. They do not, however, treat their captives badly, but feed them well, and seem to consider them partly in the light of domestic servants, and partly as available capital, or as a means of exchange when any of their own friends are taken prisoners by hostile tribes.

The government of the Dory tribes is nominally a delegated chieftainship, but in reality a sort of oligarchy. There is a certain dignitary, called the Sultan of Tidore, under whose sway this part of the country is supposed to be, and from him the chief of the Dory tribes receives his rank. When the chief dies, one of his relatives goes to convey the news to the Sultan, taking with him a present of slaves and birds of paradise as tokens of allegiance. This man is almost always appointed to the vacant place, and is bound to pay a certain tribute of slaves, provisions, and war canoes, the latter being employed in collecting the Sultan's taxes. Should he fail to comply with these

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(1.) HUTS, NEW GUINEA. (See page 912.)



(2.) DANCE BY TORCHLIGHT, NEW GUINEA. (See page 917.)

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conditions, his village would be attacked by the Sultan's fleet, and the whole district ransacked; so that the position of chief has its anxieties as well as its privileges.

His authority is more nominal than real, for he decides nothing but unimportant matters, leaving more weighty subjects to a council of elders, who, as a rule, administer justice with impartiality. Their laws are really good and sensible, and, though lenient, are based on the principle of the old Jewish law, the eye for the eye and the tooth for the tooth.

Marriages are managed in a very simple manner, the bride and bridegroom sitting opposite each other, in front of an idol, and the former giving the latter some betel-leaf and tobacco. His acceptance of the present, and taking the hand of the giver, constitute the whole of the ceremony.

The idol which has been mentioned is called the Karwar, and is found in every house except those which belong to Mohammedan natives. The Karwar is a wooden figure, about eighteen inches in height, large-headed, wide-mouthed, and long-nosed,—this peculiarity of the Papuan face being exaggerated. It is represented as holding a shield, and wearing a calico wrapper on the body and a handkerchief on the head.

The Karwar plays an important part in the life of a Dory native. It is present at his birth, takes part in his funeral, and, as we have seen, is witness to his marriage. In all cases of perplexity the Karwar is consulted, the devotee stating his intentions, and abandoning them if he should feel nervous, such a sensation being supposed to be the Karwar's answer. There are plenty of fetishes, but these are only supplementary to the Karwar.

Without going into the details of the various tribes which inhabit this part of the earth, we will glance at a few of the most interesting customs.

These Papuans have a strong love for flowers, especially those which possess a powerful scent. They twine such flowers in their hair, weave them into garlands for their necks, and carry them in their bracelets and armlets.

They are fond of singing and music, and, as far as has been ascertained, are in the habit of composing extempore songs, as well as singing those ditties which they know by heart. As for their musical instruments, they consist chiefly of the cylindrical drum, a trumpet made of a triton shell, and a sort of Pandean pipe, composed of six or seven reeds of different lengths lashed firmly together. There is also a wind instrument, which is nothing but a bamboo tube some two feet in length.

Accompanied by these instruments, they perform their curious dances, one of which has been well described by Mr. M'Gillivray.

"They advanced and retreated together by sudden jerks, beating to quick or short time as required, and chanting an accompanying song, the cadence rising and falling according to the action. The attitude was a singular one—the back straight, chin protruded, knees bent in a crouching position, and the arms advanced.

"On another occasion, one of the same men exhibited himself before us in a war dance. In one hand he held a large wooden shield, nearly three feet in length, and rather more than one in width, and in the other a formidable looking weapon, two feet in length—a portion of the snout of the sword-fish, with long, sharp teeth projecting on each side. Placing himself in a crouching attitude, with one hand covered by the shield, and holding his weapon in a position to strike, he advanced rapidly in a succession of short bounds, striking the inner side of his shield with his left knee at each jerk, causing the large cowries hung round his waist and ankles to rattle violently. At the same time, with fierce gestures, he loudly chanted a song of defiance. The remainder of the pantomime was expressive of attack and defence, and exultation after victory.

"But a still more curious dance was once performed a few nights ago by a party of natives who had left the ship after sunset, and landed abreast of the anchorage. On seeing a number of lights along the beach, we at first thought they proceeded from a fishing party, but on looking through a night-glass the group was seen to consist of above a dozen people, each carrying a blazing torch, and going through the movements of the dance. At one time they extended rapidly lute line, at another closed, dividing into two parties, advancing and retreating, crossing and recrossing, and mixing up with each other. This continued for half an hour, and, it having apparently been got up for our amusement, a rocket was sent up for theirs, and a blue light burned, but the dancing had ceased, and the lights disappeared."

An accompanying illustration represents this wild and curious scene. In the foreground are the dancers, each with his torch in his hand, and indulging in the grotesque movements of the dance. To the left are seen the musicians, one playing on the bamboo pipe, and the other beating the drum which has before been mentioned. One of these drums is lying in the foreground. It is a hollow cylinder of palm wood, about two feet in length and four inches in diameter. One end is covered with lizard-skin, and along the side there run longitudinal slits. The native name for this drum is "baiati."

The funeral ceremonies appear to differ according to the locality. Among the Dory people, when a man dies, the body is rolled in white calico, and laid on its side in a

grave, its head resting on an earthenware dish. The weapons and ornaments of the dead man are laid in the grave, which is then filled up, and a thatched roof erected over it.

Should the deceased be a head of a family, the Karwar is brought to perform its last duties. When the man is buried, the Karwar is placed near the grave, and violently

execrated by all the mourners for allowing its charge to die. The thatched roof being finished, the idol is laid upon it, and idol and roof are left to decay together. As is usual with savage tribes, funeral feasts are held at the time of burial and for some days afterward, those which celebrate the deaths of chiefs being kept up for a whole month.

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CHAPTER XCII.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE AJITAS, OR AHITAS.

POSITION AND DIMENSIONS OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—THE MALAYS AND THE NEGRITOS, OR AJITAS—RESEMBLANCE TO THE BOSJESMAN—THE BOW AND POISONED ARROWS—SKILL IN ARCHERY—THE SAVAGE INSTINCT—MEETING A PARTY OF AJITAS—THEIR APPEARANCE, AND CHIRPING SOUND OF THEIR LANGUAGE—CONCILIATING THE AROMINGINES—GOVERNMENT OF THE AJITAS—THEIR ACTIVITY IN HUNTING—NOMADIC PROPENSITIES OF THE AJITAS—REVERENCE FOR THE DEAD—A QUARREL, AND ITS CAUSE.

To the north-west of New Guinea lie several islands, which are grouped together under the general name of Philippines. They consist of a considerable number of islands, of which the northern island, called Luzon, and the southern island, called Magindano, are by far the largest.

The inhabitants of the Philippines are of two kinds; namely, the Malays and the Negritos. The former are evidently not the aboriginal inhabitants, but have voyaged to the islands in their canoes and formed a number of settlements. As in the course of the work we shall see much of the Malay race, we will pass them by for the present, and only notice the Negritos, or little negroes, so called by the Spanish on account of their dark skins and small size.

This strange little race is mostly known by a name which is given in different forms. By some writers it is spelt Ajitas, by some Ahitas, and by others Iltas. Of these different forms I select the first, which, by the way, is pronounced as if it were spelled Ahietas.

The Ajitas are quite as small as the Bosjesmans of Southern Africa, their average height being four feet six inches. They are well shaped, and their skins, though of a very dark hue, are not so black as those of the negro tribes. The features are tolerably good, except that the nose is broad and rather flat, and that there is a marked deficiency of chin. The hair is woolly, like that of other Papuans, and, as they do not know how to dress it, they wear it in a sort of mop

round the head. The eyes are remarkable for a decided yellow tinge.

In common with other savages who lead an uncertain kind of life, fasting sometimes for two days together, and then gorging themselves like wolves, they are apt to have their limbs and projecting stomachs with a recurved back such as is the case with the Bosjesman, the back being bent like the letter S. Their shape is in no way concealed by their dress, which is nothing more than a wide belt of plaited bark fastened round the waist.

In many respects there is a great similarity between the Bosjesman and the Ajita. The latter live by the chase and by plunder, having no idea of agriculture. They always go armed, their weapons being bamboo lances and bows and arrows, the latter being poisoned. The effect of the poison with which they are tipped is to produce an unextinguishable thirst in the animal, which seeks the nearest water, drinks, and dies. As soon as it is dead, the hunter cuts away the flesh from around the wound, as the poison would otherwise communicate so bitter a taste to the whole carcase that the flesh could not be eaten.

Their bows are but slight, as are their arrows, the poison doing the work of death, and the depth of the wound being of no consequence. They are skilful archers, having the bow and arrow in their hands from infancy, and practising at any object that may take their attention. Both sexes use the bow, and the little boys and girls are fond of

wading along the banks of streams and shooting the fish.

Like the Bosjesman, the Ajita is always at feud with the other races that inhabit the same country, and, small as he is, makes himself dreaded by reason of his poisoned weapons. Sometimes Ajitas are taken prisoners, and are generally enslaved. As they are light, active, and not bad-looking, they are often employed as servants by the dignitaries of Manila.

One of these people was in the household of an Archbishop of Manila, and was educated by him with great care. To all appearance he was thoroughly civilized, and at last was ordained priest. But the instincts of his savage nature were too strong for him, and the man escaped from his position and civilized society, threw off his garments, and rejoined his savage relatives. Such instances are continually occurring, and it is almost impossible to retain an Ajita in civilized society, no matter how well he may be treated, or how young he may be when captured.

The habits of the Ajitas are essentially of a savage character, and, as a rule, travellers in the Philippines are obliged to be very careful lest they should suddenly be set upon by these dangerous little creatures. Sometimes, however, they can be gentle, and even hospitable, and an instance of such conduct is related by M. de la Gironière, part of whose narrative has been translated and quoted by Mr. Earle: "We directed our course toward the north, among mountains always covered with thick forests, and which, like those we had just quitted, presented no traced route, excepting a few narrow pathways beaten by wild beasts. We advanced with caution, for we were now in the parts inhabited by the Ajitas. At night we concealed our fires, and one of us always acted as sentinel, for what we feared most was a surprise.

"One morning, while pursuing our way in silence, we heard before us a chorus of squeaking tones, which had more resemblance to the cries of birds than to the human voice. We kept on our ground, concealing our approach as much as possible with the aid of the trees and brambles. All at once we perceived at a little distance about forty savages, of all sexes and ages, who had absolutely the air of animals. They were on the banks of a rivulet, surrounding a great fire. We made several steps in advance, and presented the butt-end of our guns toward them. As soon as they perceived us, they set up shrill cries and prepared to take to flight; but I made signs to them, by showing them some packets of cigars, that we wished to offer them for their acceptance.

"I had fortunately received at Binangonan all the instructions necessary for knowing how to open a communication with

them. As soon as they comprehended us, they ranged themselves into a line, like men preparing for a review; this was the signal that we might approach. We went up to them with our cigars in our hands, and I commenced distributing them from one extremity of the line. It was very important that we should make friends with them, and give each an equal share, according to their custom. The distribution being over, an alliance was cemented, and peace concluded, when they commenced smoking.

"A deer was hanging to a tree, from which the chief cut three large slices with a knife of bamboo, and threw them upon the fire, and, drawing them out an instant afterward, presented a piece to each of us. The exterior was slightly burned and sprinkled with ashes, but the interior was perfectly raw and bloody. It would not do, however, to show the repugnance I felt at making a repast scarcely better than that of a cannibal, for my hosts would have been scandalized, and I wished to live in good correspondence with them for some days. I therefore ate my piece of venison, which, after all, was not ill flavored, and my Indian having followed my example, our good repute was established, and treason on their part no longer possible."

M. de la Gironière showed his wisdom in accommodating himself to circumstances, and in sacrificing his own predilections in favor of expediency; and if all travellers had acted in a similar manner, we should have known much more of savage manners and customs than we do at the present time. After propitiating his little black hosts by tact and kindness, he remained among them for some time, and by means of an interpreter, whom he was fortunate enough to obtain, continued to procure a considerable amount of information concerning a people of whom scarcely anything had been previously known since their existence.

The Ajitas live in small tribes, consisting of some fifty or sixty individuals. They have no fixed residence, but wander about the country according to the amount of game which they find. They have not the least notion of house-building, and in this respect are even below the aborigines of Australia, and at night they crowd round the fire and lie as close to it as possible. This fire is the central point of the tribe, the old people and children assembling round it during the day while the adults are hunting for game; and if the hunters should be able to bring in enough food to last for some days, they remain round the fire until it is all consumed.

There seems to be no particular form of government among the Ajitas, who always choose one of the oldest men to be the chief of each little tribe, and do not acknowledge any principal chief or king. Age is respected among them, and in this point the

Ajitas show their superiority over many savage tribes. The language of the Ajitas is said to resemble the chirping of birds rather than the voice of mankind, but it must be remembered that the same was said of the Bosjesmen's language when European travellers first came among them. Any language which is heard for the first time affects the ear unpleasantly, and even those of Europe are generally stigmatized by foreigners as gabbling or grunting, according to the pitch of the voice. Of the structure of the Ajitas' language nothing is yet known.

In one point they are superior to many savage people. A man has but one wife, and both are faithful in the married state. When a young man wishes to marry, he asks the consent of her parents, who, on a fixed day, send her into the woods alone before sunrise, and after an hour the young man goes after her. If he can find her, and bring her back before sunset, the marriage is acknowledged; but if he cannot succeed in his search, he must yield all claims to her. It will be seen that the real choice lies with the girl, who can always conceal herself if she dislikes the intended bridegroom, or, even if he did find her, could refuse to come back with him until the stipulated time has passed.

The religion of the Ajitas seems to be, as far as can be ascertained on a subject from which a savage always shrinks, a mere fetishism; any object, such as an oddly-shaped tree trunk or stone, being worshipped for a day, and then forsaken in favor of some other idol.

Any real reverence in the nature of the Ajitas seems to be given to the dead, whom

they hold in veneration. Year after year they will resort to the burial-places of their friends for the purpose of laying betel-nut and tobacco upon the grave. Over each spot where a warrior is buried his bow and arrows are hung, the Ajitas having an idea that at night the man leaves his grave, and hunts until the morning. Owing to this reverence for the dead, M. de la Gironière's expedition nearly came to a fatal termination. They had succeeded in procuring a skeleton from the burial-place, when the theft was discovered by the Ajitas, who at once set upon them, and fairly chased them out of their country, the poisoned arrows proving to be weapons too formidable to be resisted, especially when used by foes as active as monkeys, who could pour their arrows on their foes, while they scarcely exposed an inch of their little dark bodies to the enemy.

It is owing to another form of this veneration for the dead that travellers have so often come in collision with the Ajitas. When a warrior dies, his companions are bound to take their weapons and roam through the country, for the purpose of killing the first living thing that they meet, whether man or beast. As they pass along, they break the boughs in a peculiar manner as warnings to others, for even one of their own tribe would be sacrificed if he fell in their way. Travellers from other countries would either fail to see, or, if they saw, not understand, the meaning of these little broken twigs, and in consequence have been attacked by the Ajitas, not from any unfriendly feelings, but in fulfilment of a national custom.

CHAPTER XCIII.

FIJI.

APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE FIJIANS.

POSITION OF THE FIJI ISLANDS—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—THEIR PECULIAR HAIR, AND VARIOUS MODES OF DRESSING IT—HAIR-DYES—THE FIJIAN MIRROR—WIG-MAKING—THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS MESSAGE—THE FIJIAN TURBAN—WATER-PROOF HEADDRESSES—DRESS OF THE FIJIANS—THE "MASI," AND METHOD OF WEARING IT—EAR-ORNAMENTS—NECKLACES AND FLOWERS—TATTOOING AND PAINT—PATTERNS USED FOR THE FACE—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—THE ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN AND USE OF PAINT—HAIR-DRESSING—MAKING MASI AND MODE OF PRODUCING PATTERNS—INGENIOUS MODE OF STENCILLING—THE WOMAN'S AFRON, OR "LIKU," AND MODE OF WEARING IT.

To describe the inhabitants of all the multitudinous islands of Polynesia would be an agreeable, but impossible task, our space confining us within limits which may not be transgressed. We will therefore pass at once to the large and important group of islands which is popularly known by the name of FIJI.

This group of islands lies due north of New Zealand, and to the eastward of New Guinea, so that they are just below the Equator. The collective name of the islands has been variously given, such as Fiji, Beete, Feegee, Fidge, Fidschi, Vihi, and Viti. Of all these names, the first and the last are correct, the northern portion of the islands being known as Fiji, and the southern as Viti. The reader must remember that these names are pronounced as if written Feegee and Veete.

The inhabitants of Fiji are a fine race of savages, tolerably well formed, and with dark, though not black skin. Like other Papuans, they are remarkable for their thick, bushy hair, which they dress in a singular variety of patterns. As the appearance and costume of savage races are the first points which strike a stranger, we will at once proceed to describe them.

The most conspicuous part of a Fijian's general appearance is his headdress, in the arrangement of which he gives the reins to his fancy, and invents the most extraordinary variations of form and color. Examples of the Fijian headdress will be seen in most of the illustrations. But as it would be tedious to describe them as they occur, I

will mention a few of the most prominent varieties.

The hair of the Papuan race is always stiff, wiry, and plentiful, and grows to a considerable length; so that it necessarily assumes a wavy form if suffered to grow according to its own will. The Fijian, however, thinks that nature is to be improved by art, and accordingly lavishes all the resources of a somewhat artistic character on his hair. To train the hair into any of the graceful and flowing methods which distinguish those soft-haired races would be utterly impossible for a Fijian. He goes on quite the opposite principle, and, true to real artistic feeling, tries to develop to the utmost those characteristics which rightly belong to him, instead of endeavoring to produce effects which would not be consonant with their surroundings.

The principle on which a Fijian *coiffure* is arranged is, that every hair is presumed to grow naturally at right angles to the skin, and to stand out stiffly and boldly. Supposing, then, that each hair could be induced to follow its own course, without being entangled by others, it is evident that the whole head of hair would form a large globular mass, surrounding the face. It is, therefore, the business of the Fijian hair-dresser to accept this as the normal form of the hair, and to change or modify it as he thinks best.

It is impossible to describe the various modes of Fijian hair-dressing better than has been done by Mr. Williams, who resided in Fiji for thirteen years. "Most of the chiefs have a hair-dresser, to whose care his

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(1.) THE AMBASSADOR'S MESSAGE. (See page 925.)



(2.) FIJIAN CANOE IN A BREEZE. (See page 932.)

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master's hair is intrusted, often demanding daily attention, and at certain stages of progress requiring several hours' labor each day. During all this time, the operator's hands are *tapu* from touching his food, but not from working in his garden.

"The hair is strong, and often quite wiry, and so dressed that it will retain the position in which it is placed, even when projecting from the head a distance of six or eight inches. One stranger, on seeing their performance in this department, exclaims, 'What astonishing wigs!' another thinks, 'Surely the *beau idéal* of hair-dressing must exist in Fiji;' a third, 'Their heads surpass imagination.'" No wonder, then, that they defy description.

"Whatever may be said about the appearance being unnatural, the best *coiffeurs* have a surprising and almost geometrical accuracy of outline, combined with a round softness of surface and uniformity of dye which display extraordinary care, and merit some praise. They seem to be carved out of some solid substance, and are variously colored. Jet-black, blue-black, ashy white, and several shades of red prevail. Among young people, bright red and flaxen are in favor. Sometimes two or more colors meet on the same head. Some heads are finished, both as to shape and color, nearly like an English counsellor's wig.

"In some, the hair is a spherical mass of jet black hair, with a white roll in front, as broad as the hand; or, in lieu of this, a white, oblong braid occupies the length of the forehead, the black passing down on either side. In each case the black projects further than the white hair. Some heads have all the ornamentation behind, consisting of a cord of twisted coils, ending in tassels. In others, the cords give place to a large red coil or a sandy projection falling on the neck. On one head, all the hair is of one uniform length, but one-third in front is ashy or sandy, and the rest black, a sharply defined separation dividing the two colors.

"Not a few are so ingeniously grotesque as to appear as if done purposely to excite laughter. One has a large knot of fiery hair on his crown, all the rest of the head being bald. Another has the most of his hair cut away, leaving three or four rows of small clusters, as if his head were planted with small paint brushes. A third has his head bare, except where a black patch projects over each temple. One, two, or three cords of twisted hair often fall from the right temple, a foot or eighteen inches long. Some men wear a number of these braids so as to form a curtain at the back of the neck, reaching from one ear to the other.

"A mode that requires great care has the hair wrought into distinct locks, radiating from the head. Each lock is a perfect cone, about seven inches in length, having the base outward, so that the surface of the hair

is marked out into a great number of small circles, the ends being turned in, in each lock, toward the centre of the cone. In another kindred style, the locks are pyramidal, the sides and angles of each being as regular as though formed of wood. All round the head they look like square black blocks, the upper tier projecting horizontally from the crown, and a flat space being left at the top of the head. When the hair, however, is not more than four inches long, this flat does not exist, but the surface consists of a regular succession of squares or circles. The violent motions of the dance do not disturb these elaborate preparations, but great care is taken to preserve them from the effects of the dew or rain."

Whenever the Fijian desires to know whether his headdress is in proper order, he has recourse to his mirror. This is not a portable, but a fixed article of manufacture, and is necessarily situated in the open air. When the native sees a large tree with a sloping trunk, he cuts in the upper part of the trunk several deep hollows, and arranges the leaves of the tree so that the water from the foliage drips into them, and keeps them full. These are his mirrors, and by their aid he examines his hair, sees if the outline be quite correct, and, if he be dissatisfied, arranges it with his long-handled comb, and then replaces the comb in his mop of a head, carefully sticking it over one ear as a soldier does his forage cap.

Not content with having the hair plaited and frizzed out as has already been described, many of the Fijians wear great wigs over their own hair, thus increasing the size of their heads to the most inordinate dimensions. The natives are excellent wig-makers and, as their object is not to imitate nature, but to produce as fantastic an effect as possible, it is evident that the result of their labor is often very ludicrous. As is the case with their own hair, they dye these wigs of various colors, red and white being the favorite hues.

Three examples of these curious headdresses are shown in illustration No. 1, on preceding page, which represents an ambassador delivering a message from his chief to some man of consequence. Savages such as these have no idea of writing, but, lest they should forget the various terms of their message, they have recourse to a simple *memoria technica*, consisting of a bundle of sticks, no two being of the same length.

Each of these sticks answers to one of the terms of the message, which is repeated once or twice to the ambassador, who reckons them over on his sticks. When he delivers his message, he unties the bundle, selects the sticks in their order, and, laying them down in succession, delivers the message without a mistake.

In the illustration, the principal figure represents the ambassador, the others being

his attendants. He has laid down several of the sticks, and is delivering the message belonging to one of them, while he is holding the rest in his left hand. His headdress is of that remarkable kind which consists of a number of conical locks of hair—a fashion which denotes a man of rank, as no other could afford to have such a *coiffure* kept in order. The man seated next to the ambassador has his hair in two colors, the greater part being dark and frizzed out from the head, while a couple of rolls of a lighter hue pass over the forehead. The central figure exhibits a favorite mode of hair-dressing, in which the hair is clipped very short, except in certain spots, in which it is allowed to grow, so as to form a series of brush-like tufts.

Men of consequence mostly protect their enormous mops of hair by a sort of thin turban, which is wrapped round them. The turban is made of a piece of very delicate bark cloth, or masi, nearly as thin as gauze, and perfectly white. It is sometimes six feet in length, but varies according to the quantity of hair. It is twisted round the head in different fashions, but is mostly fastened by a bow on the forehead, or on the top of the head. Several examples of the turban will be seen in the course of the following pages. Men of rank often wear the masi of such length that the ends fall down behind like a scarf.

In order to preserve their hair from being displaced by rain, they use a waterproof covering of their own invention. This is a young banana leaf, which is heated over a fire, and then becomes as thin, transparent, and impervious to water as oiled silk. The light turban offers no protection whatever, being soaked as easily as tissue paper, which it somewhat resembles.

Material similar to that which is worn on the head is used for the dress. The masi which is employed for this purpose is mostly from twenty to thirty feet in length, though a wealthy man will sometimes wear a masi of nearly three hundred feet long. In this case, it is made of very delicate material. It is put on in a very simple manner, part being wound round the loins, and the rest passed under the legs and tucked into the belt, so as to hang as low as the knees in front, and to fall as low as possible behind. A wealthy man will often have his masi trailing far behind him like a train. This is all the dress which a Fiji man needs. Clothing as a protection from the weather is needless, owing to the geniality of the climate, and the masi is worn simply as a matter of fashion.

Ornaments are worn in great profusion, and are of the kinds which seem dear to all savage races. Ear ornaments of portentous size are worn by the inhabitants of Fiji, some of them stretching the lobe to such an extent that a man's two fists could be placed

in the opening. The Fijians also wear breast ornaments, very similar in shape and appearance to the large dibbi-dibbi which is worn by the Northern Australians, and has evidently been borrowed from the Papuan race. Any glittering objects can be made into necklaces, which often combine the most incongruous objects, such as European beads, bits of tortoise-shell, dogs' teeth, bats' jaws, and the like.

Flowers are plentifully worn by the Fijian, who keeps up a constant supply of these natural ornaments, weaving them into strings and chaplets, and passing them, like belts, over one shoulder and under the other. In the illustration on page 937th, which represents the payment of taxes, several girls are seen adorned with these garlands.

Tattooing is almost entirely confined to the women, and even in them is but little seen, the greater part of the patterns being covered by the *liku* or fringe apron. When young, the women usually tattoo their fingers with lines and stars in order to make them look ornamental as they present food to the chief, and, after they become mothers, they add a blue patch at each corner of the mouth. The operation is a painful one, though not so torturing as that which is employed in New Zealand, the pattern being made by the punctures of a sharp-toothed instrument, and not by the edge of a chisel driven completely through the skin.

Paint is used very largely, the three principal colors being black, white, and red. With these three tints they contrive to produce a variety of effect on their faces, that is only to be rivalled by the fancy displayed in their hair-dressing. Sometimes the face is all scarlet with the exception of the nose, which is black, and sometimes the face is divided like a quartered heraldic shield, and painted red and black, or white, red, and black in the different quarterings. Some men will have one side of the face black and the other white, while others paint their countenances black as far as the nose, and finish them off with white.

Reversing the first-mentioned pattern, the Fijian dandy will occasionally paint his face black and his nose red, or will have a black face, a white nose, a scarlet ring round each eye, and a white crescent on the forehead. Sometimes he will wear a white face covered with round scarlet spots like those on a toy horse; or will substitute for the round spots a large patch on each cheek and another round the mouth, just like the face of a theatrical clown.

Some very curious effects are produced by lines. A white face with a single broad black stripe from the forehead to the chin has a very remarkable appearance, and so has a face of which one side is painted longitudinally with black stripes on a white ground, and the other half with transverse

stripes of the same colors. A similar pattern is sometimes produced with black upon red. Perhaps the oddest of all the patterns is formed by painting the face white, and upon the white drawing a number of undulating lines from the forehead downward, the lines crossing each other so as to form a sort of rippling network over the face.

So much for the dress of the men. That of the women is different in every way. Though possessing the same kind of stiff, wiry, profuse hair as the men, they do not trouble themselves to weave it into such fantastic designs, but mostly content themselves with combing it out so as to project as far as possible on every side. Sometimes they twist it into a series of locks, which are allowed to fall on the head merely at random, like the thrums of a mop.

Paint is employed by them as by the men, though not with such profusion. Scarlet seems to be their favorite color in paint, and to this predilection Mr. Pickering was indebted for opportunities of ascertaining by touch the peculiar roughness of the Papuan skin. The Fijians, an essentially ceremonious and punctilious people, will not allow themselves to be handled, and Mr. Pickering was rather perplexed as to the means of ascertaining whether this roughness belonged to the race, or whether it were only a peculiarity belonging to individuals. The love of scarlet paint here came to his assistance. The vermilion prepared by European art was so much superior to the pigments of Fiji, that the natives were only too glad to have so brilliant a color put on their faces and bodies. Accordingly men and women, old and young, pressed forward to have a little vermilion rubbed on them, and the mothers, after having their own faces painted, held out their infants to participate in the same benefit.

The native cloth, or masi, which has already been mentioned, is made from the inner bark of the malo tree, and is manufactured in a simple and ingenious manner.

As at the present day English fabrics are largely imported into Fiji, and are rapidly supplanting the delicate and becoming native manufactures, the art of making the masi will soon become extinct in Fiji, as has been the case in other islands where Europeans have gained a footing. I shall therefore devote a few lines to the description of its manufacture.

The natives cut off the bark in long strips, and soak them in water for some time, until the inner bark can be separated from the outer, an operation which is performed with the edge of a shell. After it has been removed from the coarse outer bark, it is kept in water so as to preserve it in the necessary state of moisture; and when a sufficient quantity is collected, the operation of beating it begins.

Masi is beaten upon a log of wood flat-

tened on the upper surface, and so arranged as to spring a little with the blows of the mallet. This tool does not resemble our mallet with a handle and a head, but is simply a piece of wood about fourteen inches in length and two in thickness, rounded at one end so as to form a handle, and squared for the remainder of its length. Three sides of this mallet, or lki, as it is called, are covered with longitudinal grooves, while the fourth side is left plain. Those specimens that I have seen have the sides not quite flat, but very slightly convex, perhaps by use, perhaps rounded intentionally. A masi maker has several of these mallets, sometimes as many as six or seven, each having some difference in the fluting, and with them she contrives to produce a fabric that has all the effect of woven linens among ourselves, the pattern being incorporated with the material.

There are in my collection several specimens of masi, one of which is singularly beautiful. It is thin, snowy white, and soft as silk, and, even at a distance, must have looked very graceful when wrapped round the dark body of a Fijian warrior. But it is only on a closer examination that the real beauty of the fabric is displayed. Instead of merely beating the masi after the usual fashion, so as to impress upon it the longitudinal grooves of the mallet, the native manufacturer has contrived to change the position of her mallet at every blow, so as to produce a zigzag pattern on the fabric, very much like the well-known Greek pattern of European decorators. It is beautifully regular, and, when the fabric is held up to the light, looks like the water mark in paper.

The plasticity of the malo bark is really wonderful. A strip of two inches in length can be beaten to the width of eighteen inches, its length being slightly reduced as the width increases. As the material is very thin and flimsy, a single piece being, when beaten out, no thicker than tissue paper, two or more pieces are usually laid on each other and beaten so as to form a single thickness, the natural gluten which this material contains being sufficient to unite them as if they had been one piece. Some specimens of their larger mantles, now in my collection, are as thick as stout brown paper, and very much tougher, appearing both to the eye and the touch as if made of leather.

When a large masi has to be made, many lengths of the bark are united to each other, the ends being soaked in arrowroot starch, laid carefully over each other, and then subjected to the mallet, which forces the two pieces of bark to unite as if they were one substance, and does not exhibit the least trace of the junction. As I have already mentioned, some of these masis are of very great length. Mr. Williams measured one which was for the use of the king on festival days, and found its length to be five hundred and

forty feet. Many of the large, and at the same time thin masis, are used as mosquito curtains, and in that case are decorated with patterns of dusky red and black. The patterns generally commence at the centre, and are gradually extended toward the edges. The mode of making these patterns is well described by Mr. Williams:—

"Upon a convex board, several feet long, are arranged parallel, at about a finger's width apart, thin straight strips of bamboo, a quarter of an inch wide; and by the side of these, curved pieces, formed of the mid-rib of cocoa-nut leaflets, are arranged. Over the board thus prepared the cloth is laid, and rubbed over with a dye obtained from the *lauai* (*Aleurites triloba*). The cloth, of course, takes the dye upon those parts which receive pressure, being supported by the strips beneath, and thus shows the same pattern in the color employed. A stronger preparation of the same dye, laid on with a sort of brush, is used to divide the squares into oblong compartments, with large round or radiated dots in the centre. The kesa, or dye, when good, dries bright.

"Blank borders, two or three feet wide, are still left on each side of the square, and to elaborate the ornamentation of these so as to excite applause is the pride of every Fijian lady. There is now an entire change of apparatus. The operator works on a plain board; the red dye gives place to a jet black; her pattern is now formed by a strip of banana leaf placed on the upper surface of the cloth. Out of the leaf is cut the pattern, not more than an inch long, which she wishes to print upon the border, and holds by her first and middle finger, pressing it down with the thumb. Then, taking in her right hand a soft pad of cloth steeped in dye, she rubs it firmly over the stencil, and a fair, sharp figure is made.

"The practised fingers of the women move quickly, but it is after all a tedious process. In the work above described, the Lakemba women excel. On the island of Matuku very pretty curtains are made, but the pattern is large, and covers the entire square, while the spaces between the black lines are filled in with red and yellow."

We now pass to the liku, or fringed girdle of the women. This is made of various materials, and much trouble is usually ex-

pended in its manufacture. The ordinary likus are little more than a number of slight thongs fixed to a belt, and allowed to hang down for several inches. When worn, it is passed round the waist and tied, not behind, but on one side, and on festivals the bark cord by which it is fastened is allowed to hang so low that it often trails on the ground as the wearer walks along.

The thongs are made of the bark of a species of hibiscus, called by the natives *vau*, and used for many purposes, of long flexible roots like that of the *caneus* grass, and of different grasses. One kind of liku which is rather fashionable, is made of a vegetable parasite, called by the natives *valoa*. The thongs of this liku are not thicker than packthread, and when fresh, are as flexible as silk. In process of time, however, they become brittle, and are apt to break. The color of this material is deep glossy black.

There are in my collection two specimens of the liku, one of them being made of the fashionable *valoa*. The other is the common liku. It is made of split grass, the blades of which are more than three feet in length. In order to make them into the garment they have been doubled, and the loops woven into a narrow plaited belt of the same material. The better kind of likus are, however, made with far greater care than is bestowed on this article. There is but little difference in the thongs, the chief labor being bestowed on the belt. In some cases the belt of the liku is four inches in width, and is plaited into elegant patterns, plaiting being an art in which the natives excel.

In general shape the liku never varies, being worn by girls and women alike. As long as a girl is unmarried, she wears a liku the fringe of which is not more than three inches in depth, and the whole article is so scanty that when tied round the waist the ends do not meet at the hips by several inches. As soon as the girl is married, she changes her liku in token of her new rank, and wears a garment with a fringe that reaches half-way to her knees, and which entirely surrounds the body. After she has become a mother, she wears an apron which quite reaches to the knees, and sometimes falls below them.

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CHAPTER XCIV.

FIJI—Continued.

MANUFACTURES.

MAT MAKING—SAILS FOR THE CANOES—FLOOR MATS AND BEDDING—ROPE AND STRING—SINNET AND ITS VARIOUS USES—THE NETTING NEEDLE AND MESH—FANS AND SUNSHADES—THE ORATOR'S FLAPPER—BASKET WORK—FIJIAN POTTERY, AND NATIVE ART—POTTERY RESTRICTED TO THE WOMEN—THEIR SIMPLE TOOLS AND IMPERFECT MATERIALS—MODE OF "FIRING" THE VESSELS—GLAZING THE WATER VESSELS—FIJIAN FISHERMEN—VARIOUS KINDS OF NETS, AND MODES OF USING THEM—THE TURTLE FISHERY—A BOLD DIVER—CONTRACTORS FOR TURTLE—MODES OF CATCHING THE REPTILE—A "HEAD" OF TURTLE AND ITS VALUE—DANGERS OF THE FISHERY—FIJIAN CANOES, AND MODE OF MANAGING THEM—BUILDING CANOES—INGENIOUS METHOD OF JOINING THE PLANKS—TONGA CARPENTERS—THE FIJIAN INFERIOR SAILORS TO THE TONGANS—FIJIAN TRADERS.

MATS of various kinds are made by the women, and they display as much ingenuity in mat-making as in the manufacture of masi. Mats are employed for many purposes. The sails of the Fijian canoes are always made of matting, which is woven in lengths and then sewed together afterward, just as is the case with our own canvas sails. The width of the strips varies from two to four feet, and their length from three to a hundred yards. On an average, however, the usual length of these strips is twenty feet, that being the ordinary length of a sail. Sail mats are necessarily rather coarse, and are made from the leaf of the cocoa-nut palm.

Then there are floor-mats, which are used as carpets in the houses. These vary in size according to the dimensions of the house, but twenty feet by sixteen is a very ordinary measurement. They are generally adorned with a border or pattern round the edges, this border being about six inches wide, and often decorated with feathers and scraps of any colored material that can be procured. Mats of a similar character, but much finer texture, are used as bedding; the best kind, which is called *ono*, being of a very fine texture.

The native love of ornament is in no way better displayed than in their rope and string making. The best rope is formed from several strands of sinnet. This is a sort of plait made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut. The fibre is carefully removed from the nut,

baked, and combed out like wool. Cordage is made by twisting sinnet together, and some of the Fijian cords are nearly as thick as a cable, and possessed of extraordinary elasticity and strength. The sinnet is used in a great variety of offices, houses being built and the planks of the canoes tied together with this most useful material.

When made, the sinnet is made into great rolls, some of them being of gigantic dimensions. Mr. Williams saw one which was twelve feet long, and nearly seven feet in diameter. These rolls are differently shaped, and each shape is known by its own name, such as the double cone, the plain hank, the oval ball, the honeycomb ball, and the variegated roll. These rolls are given as presents, and offered to the chiefs as tribute, together with other property. In the large illustration on page 937, which represents a tax-paying scene, one or two of these rolls are shown.

Sinnet is the favorite material for net making, but as it is costly, nets are often constructed of the hibiscus bark. Another material is a sort of creeper named *yaka*, which is steeped in water to dissolve the green matter, then scraped to clean the fibres, and, lastly, twisted into strings. It is remarkable that the netting needle and mesh are exactly similar to those which are employed by ourselves, and the same may be said of the mesh and needle of the Esquimaux.

The same ingenuity in plaiting which is expended in the making and rolling of sinnet asserts itself in various other manufactures, such as basket and fan making. In the latter art the Fijian excels, and, as the fan is almost as important to the Fijian as to the Japanese, much play of fancy is exhibited in fan making. Dissimilar as are these fans in shape, there is always a sort of character about them which denotes their origin to a practised eye.

I have a specimen in my collection, which is a very good type of the Fijian fan. It is two feet in length, and rather more than a foot broad in the widest part. The handle is made of coco-nut wood, and extends nearly to the end of the fan, so as to form a support through its entire length. It is fastened to the fan by double bands of the finest and most beautifully plaited sinnet. The material of which the fan is composed is coco-nut leaf, divided into doubled strips about the third of an inch in width near the base of the fan, and gradually decreasing toward its tip. A strong band of the same material runs round the edges of the fan, and the two ends of this band are secured to the handle by the same sinnet as has been just mentioned.

Such a fan as this is employed rather as a sunshade or parasol than a fan, and is held over the head when the owner happens to be seated in the sunshine. It is very light, and is really a much more efficient implement than its appearance intimates.

The form of the fan is exceedingly variable. Sometimes they are triangular, with the handle projecting from one of the angles, and sometimes they are square, but with the handle passing diagonally across them. Various modifications of the battle-door are in much favor, and there is one form which almost exactly resembles that of the Japanese handscreen.

It is rather remarkable that the aborigines of tropical America, such as the Caribs, the Accowais, and the like, make fans of precisely similar material and structure, except that the handle is not separately made of wood, but is formed from the ends of the leaf-strips of which the implement is made.

There is another curious article of manufacture which is properly Fijian, but extends through several of the Polynesian group. It is the orator's flapper, which the native holds in his hand while he speaks in council. An engraving showing its form is given on the 949th page. The handle is carved into various patterns, and mostly, though not invariably, is terminated by a rude representation of a couple of human figures seated back to back. Sometimes the entire handle is covered with sinnet, plaited in the most delicate patterns, as none but a Fijian can plait. The tuft at the end is formed of coco-nut fibre, which has first been soaked in water, next rolled round a small twig,

and then dried. When it is unwound from the stick, it has a crisp, wrinkled appearance, very like that of the Fijian's hair, and is probably intended to imitate it. In the specimens of my collection, some have sinnet-covered handles, and some carved handles, while some have the tuft black, and others sandy red, just as is the case with the hair of the natives.

In their basket making, the Fijians are equally lavish of their artistic powers, weaving them in patterns of such elaborate intricacy as to put the best European makers to shame, and then, as if not satisfied with the amount of work bestowed upon them, covering all the edges with sinnet, braided into really artistic patterns.

Indeed, the Fijians are born artists. Their work, although sometimes grotesque, is always artistic, because always appropriate. They carry this feeling of art into the material whose plasticity allows the greatest freedom of manipulation; namely, earthenware. Some of the vessels which are intended for cooking are quite plain, while others which are made for other purposes are of elegant shape, and covered with ornaments. Mr. Williams suggests, with much probability, that the cooking pots are made in imitation of the cells of a species of black bee which inhabits the Fiji group of islands.

Several specimens of Fijian pottery are in the British Museum. As examples of intuitive art they are far superior in outline and ornament to the generality of decorated earthenware in civilized countries. A conventional imitation of nature is the principle which is employed by the Fijian potters, who find their chief patterns in flowers, leaves, and fruits, thus obtaining the most graceful curves, joined to great certainty and precision of outline.

Rude as is the manipulation of the potter, and coarse as is the material, the design of the vessel is sure to be bold and vigorous, putting to shame the feeble prettiness with which we are too familiar in this country. Going to nature for their models, the Fijian potters display a wonderful power, fertility, and originality of design. In any country, an artist who really studies nature is sure to produce works that are fresh and original; and in a country like Fiji, which is within the tropics, and in which the magnificent vegetation of the tropics springs up in luxuriant profusion, it is likely that an artist, however rude he may be, who studies in such a school, will produce works of genuine merit.

The art of pottery is confined to the women, and is practically restricted to the wives and daughters of fishermen. The material employed by them is a red or blue clay mixed with sand, and their implements are merely an annular cushion, a flat stone, one or two wooden scrapers, a round stone to hold against the inside of the vessel, and

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a sharp stick. They have no wheel; and yet, in spite of such disadvantages, they contrive to produce vessels so true in outline, that few persons, unless they are practically acquainted with pottery, could believe that they were merely rounded by the eye.

The shapes of nearly all the vessels are very elegant, as is likely to be the case from the models employed by the maker. They are often wonderfully elaborate specimens of workmanship. Permanently covered vessels, with a hole in the lid, are very common, and Mr. Williams saw one jar as large as a hog's head, that was furnished with four openings for the purpose of filling and emptying it rapidly. The most remarkable examples are the compound vessels, several being united together at the point where they touch, and further connected by arched handles. In some cases, even the handles are hollow, and have an opening at the top, so that the vessels can be filled or emptied through them. This compound form has lately been copied by Europeans.

Considering the amount of labor and artistic skill which is given to pottery, it is a pity that the natives are not better off for material and firing. The material is very coarse, and the very imperfect mode of baking fails to give to the vessels the hard and almost imperishable quality which distinguishes properly prepared earthenware.

After the vessels have been shaped, and the decorative patterns traced on them with a sharp stick, they are placed on the ground close together, but not touching each other, and covered with a quantity of dried leaves, grass, reeds, and similar materials. The pile is then lighted, and when it has burned itself out the baking is supposed to be finished. Those pots that are to be glazed are rubbed, while still hot, with kawri, the same resin which has already been mentioned in the account of New Zealand.

As may be expected in an island population, the Fijians are expert fishermen, and employ various means of securing their prey. Nets, weighted at one edge with shells and floated at the other with pieces of light wood, are much used; and so are the hook, the creel, and the weir. In some places a very remarkable net, or rather an imitation of a net, called the *rau*, is used. To the long, flexible stems of creepers are fastened a quantity of split cocoa-nut leaves, so as to make a fringe of considerable depth and very great length, one of these *raus* sometimes measuring nearly ten thousand feet from one end to the other.

When completed, the *rau* is taken out to sea and thrown into the water, the ends being attached to canoes, which stretch it to a straight line. They then make for a small bay, across which the *rau* can be drawn, and then capture all the fish by smaller nets or spears. Sometimes they do

not trouble themselves to return to the shore, but bring the net round in a circle, the fish being so afraid of the leafy fringe that they avoid it, and keep themselves in the middle of the toils.

The principal use of the net is, however, in turtle fishing, a sport which may be almost called an art. The turtle fishers supply themselves with sinnet nets, some ten feet in width, and one or two hundred yards in length. While the turtle are feeding upon the shore, the fishermen carry out the net and shoot it to seaward, so that when the turtle returns to the sea after feeding, it is sure to be intercepted by the net, which has large meshes, in order to entangle the flippers of the reptile.

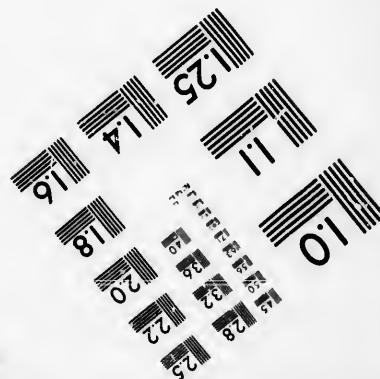
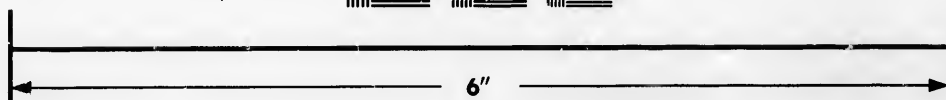
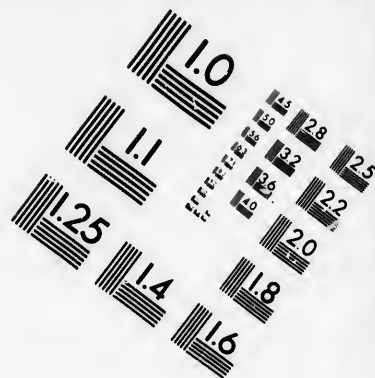
When the fishermen feel that the turtle is fairly caught, they proceed to get it on board, a task of very great difficulty and some danger, inasmuch as the turtle is in its own element, and the men are obliged to dive and conduct their operations under water. The most active diver tries to seize the end of one of the fore-flippers, and pulls it violently downward, knowing that the instinctive desire to rid itself of the inconvenience will cause the reptile to rise. Of course the diver can only retain his hold for a limited time, but as soon as he rises to the surface for breath another takes his place. Should the turtle be a vicious one, as is often the case, one of the divers grasps it across the head, fixing his finger and thumb in the sockets of the eyes, so as to prevent the creature from doing mischief.

Finding itself thus hampered, the turtle rises to the surface, when it is seized by the other fishermen who are in the canoe, hauled on board, and laid on its back, in which position it is utterly helpless. The successful fishermen then blow loud blasts of triumph on their couch-shell trumpets, and bring their prize to land.

In consequence of the number of men who are employed in this pursuit, the men almost invariably fish in parties, who are engaged by some individual. Sometimes they are the servants of a chief, and fish on his account, all the captured turtles belonging to him, but the fishermen always receive a present of some kind when they have been successful. Should the fishers be free men, they hire themselves, their nets, and canoe to some one who will pay the regular price, for which they are bound to make ten expeditions. Should they be entirely unsuccessful, they get nothing, but each time that they bring a turtle ashore they receive a present from the hirer, who is obliged, after the completion of the fishing, to give the men a handsome present. Sometimes several turtles are taken in a single day; but the business is a very precarious one, even the best fishermen returning day after day without catching a single turtle.

Some of the modes of catching the turtle





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are very ingenious. When the men have no net, they chase the reptile as they best can, keeping the shadow of the sail just behind it so as to frighten it, and keep it continually on the move. They will pursue it in this way for a long time, until the creature is so exhausted that it can be captured by a few divers without the aid of a net. When brought home, the turtles are kept in pens and killed as wanted.

Although the flesh of the turtle is highly esteemed, and the green fat is appreciated nearly as much as in England, the chief value of the turtle lies in its shell, the thirteen plates of which are called a "head," and sold to the traders by weight. A "head" weighing three pounds is a fair one, a head that weighs four pounds is exceptionally good, while one that exceeds five pounds is hardly ever seen.

The dangers that beset the turtle fishery are many. Chief among them is the shark, which is very plentiful on these coasts, and which is equally fond of men and turtle, so that when it sees a turtle entangled in the net it makes an attack, and is as likely to take off the limb of one of the divers as to seize the reptile. Another fertile source of danger lies in the structure of the coral reefs, which form the principal shores of these islands. They are full of hollows and crannies, and it sometimes happens that a diver becomes entangled in them, and is not able to extricate himself in time to save his life.

As the canoes return home after turtle fishing, the women come down to the shore and meet them. Should the expedition be successful, the men return with songs and shouts of triumph, as if they were bringing home the bodies of slain foes, on which occasion, as we shall presently see, a scene of horrid rejoicing takes place. Should they be unsuccessful, they return in sad silence.

In the former case, the women welcome the successful fishermen with songs and dances, and sometimes become rather rough in the exuberance of their delight. Mr. Williams once witnessed an amusing scene, in which the women brought a quantity of bitter oranges down to the shore, and when the fishermen were about to land, pelted them so mercilessly that the men were in self-defence obliged to drive their aggressors off the beach.

As the canoe has so often been mentioned in connection with fishing, it will be now described. In principle it resembles the form which prevails among the great Polynesian group, though in detail it differs from many of the ordinary vessels. All the canoes possess modifications of the outrigger, but the best example is the double canoe, where two boats are placed side by side in such a manner that one of them acts as the outrigger and the other as the canoe.

If the reader will refer to illustration No.

1, on the 924th page, he will be able to understand the general appearance of this curious vessel. The two canoes are covered over, so as to keep out the water, and are connected by a platform which projects over the outer edges of both boats. Hatchways are cut through the platform, so as to enable the sailors to pass into the interior of the canoes. In the illustration a man is seen emerging from the hatch of the outer canoe. Upon this platform is erected a sort of deck-house for the principal person on board, and on the top of the deck-house is a platform, on which stands the captain of the vessel, so that he may give his orders from this elevated position, like the captain of a steamboat on the paddle-box or bridge. This position also enables him to trace the course of the turtle, if they should be engaged in the profitable chase of that reptile.

The mode of manning the vessel is extremely ingenious. The short mast works on a pivot at the foot, and can be slackened over to either end of the vessel. When the canoe is about to get under way, the long yard is drawn up to the head of the mast, and the latter inclined, so that the mast, the yard, and the deck form a triangle. The balyards are then made fast, and act as stays. When the vessel is wanted to go about, the mast is slackened off to the other end, so that the stern becomes the bow, the tack and the sheet change places, and away goes the vessel on the other course.

It will be seen that such a canoe sails equally well in either direction, and, therefore, that it can be steered from either end. The rudder is a very large oar, some twenty feet in length, of which the blade occupies eight, and is sixteen inches wide. The leverage of such an oar is tremendous, and, in a stiff gale, several men are required to work it. In order to relieve them in some degree, rudder-hands are used; but even with this assistance the men have great difficulty in keeping the canoe to her course, and are nearly sure to receive some very sharp blows in the side from the handle of the steering oar. Sometimes a sudden gust of wind, or a large wave, will bring round the rudder with such violence that the handle strikes a man in the side and kills him. With all these drawbacks, canoe sailing is a favorite occupation with the Fijians, who are as merry as possible while on board, singing songs to encourage the steersman, watching the waves and giving notice of them, and adding to the joyous tumult by beating any drum that they may happen to have on board. Even when the wind fails, and the canoe has to be propelled by poling if she should be in shoal water, or by sculling if she should be too far out at sea for the poles, the crew do their work in gangs, which are relieved at regular intervals, those who are resting singing songs and encouraging those who are at work.

Sculling one of these large canoes is rather heavy work, the great paddles being worked from side to side in perfect unison, the men moving their feet in accordance with the rhythm of their comrades' song. As many as eight sculls are sometimes employed at the same time, should the canoe be a large one and the crew tolerably numerous. The sculling oars pass through holes in the deck, an equal number being out fore and aft.

The mode of building these canoes is so ingenious that I will try to describe it, though without a plentiful use of diagrams description is very difficult. Canoes of moderate size are cut out of single logs; and in these there is nothing particularly worthy of remark. But when the native ship-builder wishes to construct one of the great war canoes, he has to exercise all the skill of his craft.

Here it must be mentioned that the canoe makers form a sort of clan of their own, and have their own chief, who is always a man eminent for skill in his profession. The experienced Fijians know the workmanship of these men as well as our artists know the touch and style of a celebrated sculptor or painter, and contemplate both the man and his workmanship with respectful admiration.

The first process in canoe building is to lay the keel, which is made of several pieces of wood carefully "scarfed" together; and upon it the planking is fixed, without requiring ribs, as in our boats. The most ingenious part of boat building is the way that the planks are fastened, or rather tied together, without a vestige of the sinnet appearing on the outside. Along the inside edge of each plank runs a bold flange, through which a number of holes are bored downward at regular distances, so that when two planks are placed together, the holes in the flanges exactly coincide, and a cord can be run through them.

When a plank has been made, and all the flange holes bored, the edges are smeared with a sort of white pitch, upon which is laid a strip of fine masi. This of course covers the holes, which are reopened by means of a small fire-stick. The planks thus prepared are called "vonos." When the vono is ready, it is lifted to its place, and very carefully adjusted, so that all the holes exactly coincide. The best and strongest sinnet is next passed eight or ten times through the hole, drawn as tight as possible, and then tied. It will be seen, therefore, that all the tying is done inside the vessel. In order to tighten the sinnet still more, a number of little wedges are inserted under it in different directions, and are driven home with the mallet.

By this process the planks are brought so tightly together that, when the carpenter comes to smooth off the outside of the ves-

sel with his adze, he often has to look very closely before he can see the line of junction. Caulking is therefore needless, the white pitch and masi rendering the junction of the planks completely waterproof. The vonos are by no means equal in size, some being twenty feet in length, while others are barely thirty inches, but all are connected in exactly the same manner.

The gunwales, and other parts above the water mark, do not require so much care, and are fastened without flanges, a strip of wood or "bead" being laid upon the junction, and the sinnet bands passing over and over it and drawn tight with wedges, and the holes carefully caulked with fibre and pitch. When the canoe is completed, it is beautifully finished off, the whole of the outside being first carefully trimmed with the adze, and then polished with pumice stone, so that it looks as if it were made of one piece of wood.

Ornament is freely used in the best canoes, especially in the two projecting ends, which are carved in patterns, and frequently inlaid with white shells belonging to the genus *Ovulum* or egg shells. This form of canoe has gradually superseded the more clumsy forms that were once in use in Tonga and the neighboring islands. The Tongans often made voyages to Fiji, being better and bolder sailors, though their canoes were inferior; and, having been struck with the superiority of Fijian boat-building, have by degrees built their own vessels after Fijian models. Being also remarkably good carpenters, they have taken to boat building even in Fiji itself, and have in a great measure ousted the native builders, being able to work better and quicker, and for less pay.

In spite of their excellent canoes, and their skill in managing their vessels, the Fijians are not bold sailors, and, according to Mr. Williams, "none have yet taken their canoes beyond the boundaries of their own group." He knew one old man named Toalevu (Great Fowl) who had a fancy that he could make a profitable trading expedition westward, and who accordingly loaded his canoe with pottery and masi, and started off. After two or three days, however, he became frightened, and made the best of his way back again, only to become a standing warning to rash voyagers. Yet in waters which they know the Fijians are excellent sailors, and the women appear to be as bold and skilful as the men, assisting in steering, managing the sail, and even in the laborious task of sculling or poling.

Owing to their excellence in canoe building, the Fijians carry on a brisk trade with other islands, supplying them not only with the canoes, but with the masts, sails, sinnet, and other nautical appliances, receiving in exchange the whales' teeth, shells, weapons, and other valued commodities.

CHAPTER XCV.

FIJI—Continued.

GOVERNMENT AND SOCIAL LIFE.

A NATIVE LEGEND—THE RAT GOD, AND HIS MISHAPS ON A JOURNEY—EVASION OF A HUMILIATING CUSTOM—MODERN CHANGES OF GOVERNMENT—THE VARIOUS RANKS OF CHIEFS AND PEOPLE—THE SYSTEM OF VASU, OR NEPOTISM EXTRAORDINARY—SINGULAR POWER OF THE VASU—THE SYSTEM A HINDRANCE TO INDUSTRY—THE VASU AS AN AMBASSADOR—PAYMENT OF TAXES—PRESENTATION OF THE CANOE—TRIBUTE PAID IN KIND AND IN LABOR—THE TENURE OF LAND—A SINGULAR CUSTOM—ATTACHMENT TO THE SOIL—THE DISAPPOINTED PURCHASER—THE FAMILY THE TYPE OF FIJIAN GOVERNMENT—CODE OF ETIQUETTE AMONG THE FIJIANS—THE COURT LANGUAGE—THE "TAMA," AND ITS MODIFICATIONS—MEETING A SUPERIOR—THE "BALE-MURI" CUSTOM—THE POLITE NATIVE WHO DID NOT GET A MUSKET—HOW GREAT CHIEFS VISIT EACH OTHER—ORATORY, AND MODES OF GREETING—STRICTNESS OF THE CODE OF ETIQUETTE—THE YOUNG CHIEF AND THE GUANA'S TAIL—A FIJIAN FEAST—THE VAST OVENS, AND MODE OF MAKING THEM—PREPARATIONS FOR THE FEAST—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BANQUET—VARIETY OF DISHES—MODE OF DRINKING—HOW TO OPEN A COCOA-NUT—CANNIBALISM—THE KING THAKOMBAU—PRESUMED ORIGIN OF CANNIBALISM—NATIVE LEGEND—THE CANNIBAL FORKS—OPPORTUNITIES FOR HUMAN SACRIFICES—"TAKING DOWN THE MAST"—AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

OWING to the geographical nature of the Fiji group, which consists of seven groups of islands, some of them very large and some very small, the mode of government has never been monarchical, the country being ruled by a number of chiefs of greater or less importance, according to the amount of territory over which their sway extended. The various islands had in former days but little connection with each other. At the present time, more intercourse takes place, and in one instance the visit involves a singular and ludicrous ceremonial.

One of the gods belonging to Somo-somo, named Ng-gurai, went to visit Mbau a spot on the eastern coast of Viti Lemi, one of the greater islands, and to pay his respects to the god of that place. He was accompanied by a Vuna god named Vatu-Mundre, who gave him a bamboo by way of a vessel, and undertook to guide him on his journey. Ng-gurai then entered into the body of a rat, seated himself on the bamboo, and set off on his journey. After they had sailed for some time, Ng-gurai lost his way on account of wanting to call at every island which he passed, and at last, just as he arrived on the Mbau shore, he was washed

off the bamboo and nearly drowned in the surf.

From this fate he was rescued by a Mbau woman, who took him into the chief's house, and put him among the cooks on the hearth, where he sat shivering for four days. Meanwhile, Vatu-Mundre arrived at his destination, and was received in royal manner by the Mbau god, who tried in vain to induce him to become tributary to him.

After a proper interval, the Mbau god returned the visit of Vatu-Mundre, who had craftily greased the path, so that when his visitor became animated, his feet slipped, and he fell on his back. Vatu-Mundre then took advantage of his situation, and forced his visitor to become his tributary.

In consequence of this affair, the Mbau people pay a homage to the natives of Vuna, but indemnify themselves by exacting a most humiliating homage from the men of Somo-somo, though in fact Somo-somo is the acknowledged superior of Vuna.

Whenever a Somo-somo canoe goes to Mbau, the sail must be lowered at a certain distance from shore, and the crew must paddle in a sitting position. To keep up the sail or to paddle in the usual standing

position would cost them their lives. As soon as they come within hearing of the shore they have to shout the Tama, i. e. the reverential salutation of an inferior to a superior, and to reiterate it at short intervals.

Arrived on shore, they are not allowed to enter a house, but are kept in the open air for four days, during which time they are obliged to wear their worst dresses, move about in a stooping attitude, and to say the Tama in a low and trembling voice, in imitation of the shivering rat-god. After the four days have expired, they may enter houses and dress in better clothes, but are still obliged to walk in a half-bent attitude. When a Mbau man meets one of these crouching visitors, he cries out, "Ho! Ho!" in a jeering manner, and asks the Somo-somo man whether his god is yet at liberty. The unfortunate visitor is then obliged to place his hand on his heart, stoop half-way to the ground, and say humbly that Ng-gurai is allowed his liberty.

Naturally disliking this oppressive and humiliating custom, the people of Somo-somo have of late years managed to evade it by means of foreign vessels. The custom of lowering the sail and paddling while seated was not binding on people of other countries, and so they contrived to visit Mbau on board of Tongan canoes, or, better still, English ship-boats.

Of late years the government has assumed a feudal aspect, the chiefs of large districts being considered as kings, and having under them a number of inferior chiefs who are tributary to them, and bound to furnish men and arms when the king declares war. According to Mr. Williams, the Fijians may be ranked under six distinct orders. First come the kings, and next to them the chiefs of separate large islands or districts. Then come the chiefs of towns, the priests, and the Mata-ni-vanua, or aides-de-camp of the great chiefs. Next to them come the chiefs of professions, such as canoe building and turtle fishing, and with them are ranked any distinguished warriors of low birth. The fifth rank includes all the commonalty, and the sixth consists of the slaves, who are always captives.

As is often the case in countries where polygamy is practised, the law of descent passes through the female line, the successor of the king or chief being always the son of a woman of high rank.

The oddest part of Fijian political economy is the system of Vasu, or nephew — a system which may be described as nepotism carried to the greatest possible extreme. Mr. Williams's description of the Vasu is very curious. "The word means a nephew, or niece, but becomes a title of office in the case of the male, who in some localities has the extraordinary privilege of appropriating whatever he chooses belonging to his uncle, or those under his uncle's power.

"Vasus are of three kinds: the *Vasu-taukei*, the *Vasu-levu* and the *Vasu*; — the last is a common name, belonging to any nephew whatever. *Vasu-taukei* is a term applied to any Vasu whose mother is a lady of the land in which he was born. The fact of Mbau being at the head of Fijian rank gives the Queen of Mbau a pre-eminence over all Fijian ladies, and her son a place nominally over all Vasus.

"No material difference exists between the power of a *Vasu-taukei* and a *Vasu-levu*, which latter title is given to every Vasu born of a woman of rank, and having a first-class chief for his father. A *Vasu-taukei* can claim anything belonging to a native of his mother's land, excepting the wives, home, and laud of a chief. Vasus cannot be considered apart from the civil polity of the group, forming, as they do, one of its integral parts, and supplying the high-pressure power of Fijian despotism.

"In grasping at dominant influence, the chiefs have created a power, which ever and anon turns round and grips them with no gentle hand. However high a chief may rank, however powerful a king may be, if he has a nephew, he has a master, one who will not be content with the name, but who will exercise his prerogative to the full, seizing whatever will take his fancy, regardless of its value or the owner's inconvenience in its loss. Resistance is not to be thought of, and objection is only offered in extreme cases. A striking instance of the power of the Vasu occurred in the case of Thokonauto, a Rewa chief, who, during a quarrel with an uncle, used the right of Vasu, and actually supplied himself with ammunition from his enemy's stores. . . .

"Descending in the social scale, the Vasu is a hindrance to industry, few being willing to labor unrewarded for another's benefit. One illustration will suffice. An industrious uncle builds a canoe in which he has not made half-a-dozen trips, when an idle nephew mounts the deck, sounds his trumpet-shell, and the blast announces to all within hearing that the canoe has that instant changed masters."

The Vasu of a king is necessarily a personage of very great importance; and when he acts as delegate for the king, he is invested for the time with royal dignity. He is sent, for example, to other places to collect property, which is handed over to his king as tribute; and were it not for a check which the king has over him, he might be tempted to enrich himself by exacting more from the people than they ought to give. In this case, however, the Vasu is held amenable to the king, and should he exceed his proper powers, is heavily fined.

Taxes, to which reference is here made, are paid in a manner differing materially from the mode adopted in more civilized countries. In Europe, for example, no one

pays a tax if he can possibly escape from it, and the visits of the tax-gatherer are looked upon as periodical vexations. In Fiji the case is different. People take a pride in paying taxes, and the days of payment are days of high festival.

On the appointed day the king prepares a great feast, and the people assemble in vast multitudes with their goods, such as rolls of sinnet, masi, whales' teeth, reeds, women's dresses — and often accompanied by their wearers — ornaments, weapons, and the like, and present themselves in turn before the king. Each man is clad in his very best raiment, is painted in the highest style of art, and displays the latest fashion in hair-dressing. With songs and dances the people approach their monarch, and lay their presents before him, returning to the bauquet which he has prepared for them.

It is hardly possible to imagine a more animated scene than that which occurs when the tribute from a distant place is taken to the king, especially if, as is often the case, a valuable article, such as a large war canoe, is presented as part of the tribute. A fleet of canoes, containing several hundred people and great quantities of property, makes its appearance off the coast, and is received with great hospitality, as well may be the case. The king having seated himself on a large masi carpet, the principal chief of the tribute bearers comes before him, accompanied by his men bringing the presents with them in proper ceremonial, the chief himself carrying, in the folds of his robe, a whale's tooth, which is considered as the symbol of the canoe which is about to be presented, and which is called by the same name as the canoe which it represents.

Approaching the king with the prescribed gestures, the chief kneels before him, and first offers to his master all the property which has been deposited on the ground. He then takes from the folds of his voluminous dress, which, as the reader may remember, is often several hundred feet in length, the whale's tooth, and makes an appropriate speech. He compliments the king on the prosperity which is enjoyed by all districts under his sway, acknowledging their entire submission, and hoping that they may be allowed to live in order to build canoes for him. As an earnest of this wish, he presents the king with a new canoe, and, so saying, he gives the king the symbolical whale's tooth, calling it by the name of the vessel. On receiving the tooth, the king graciously gives them his permission to live, whereupon all present clap their hands and shout, the cry of the receivers being different from that which is employed by the givers.

In the following illustration one of these animated scenes is represented.

Nearly in the centre is the king seated on the masi carpet, having his back to the

spectator in order to show the mode in which the flowing robes of a great man are arranged. In front of him kneels the chief of the tax-paying expedition, who is in the act of offering to the king the symbolical whale's tooth. One or two similar teeth lie by his side, and form a part of the present. In the distance is the flotilla of canoes, in which the tax-paying party have come; and near the shore is the new war canoe, which forms the chief part of the offering.

In the foreground are seen the various articles of property which constitute taxes, such as yams, rolls of cloth and sinnet, baskets, articles of dress, and young women, the last being dressed in the finest of likus, and being decorated, not only with their ordinary ornaments, but with wreaths and garlands of flowers. Behind the offering chief are his followers, also kneeling as a mark of respect for the king; and on the left hand are the spectators of the ceremony, in front of whom sit their chiefs and leading men.

Tribute is not only paid in property, but in labor, those who accompany the tax-paying chief being required to give their labor for several weeks. They work in the fields, they thatch houses, they help in canoe building, they go on fishing expeditions, and at the end of the stipulated time they receive a present, and return to their homes.

Should the king take it into his head to go and fetch the taxes himself, his visit becomes terribly burdensome to those whom he honors with his presence. He will be accompanied by some twenty or thirty canoes, manned by a thousand men or so, and all those people have to be entertained by the chief whom he visits. It is true that he always makes a present when he concludes his visit, but the present is entirely inadequate to the cost of his entertainment.

The tenure of land is nearly as difficult a question in Fiji as in New Zealand. It is difficult enough when discussed between natives, but when the matter is complicated by a quarrel between natives and colonists, it becomes a very apple of discord. Neither party can quite understand the other. The European colonist who buys land from a native chief purchases, according to his ideas, a complete property in the land, and control over it. The native who sells it has never conceived such an idea as the total alienation of land, and, in consequence, if the purchaser should happen to leave any part of the land unoccupied, the natives will build their houses upon it, and till it as before. Then as in process of time the proprietor wants to use his ground for his own purposes, the natives refuse to be ejected, and there is a quarrel.

The state of the case is very well put by Dr. Pritchard: "Every inch of land in Fiji has its owner. Every parcel or tract of ground has a name, and the boundaries are defined and well-known. The proprietor-

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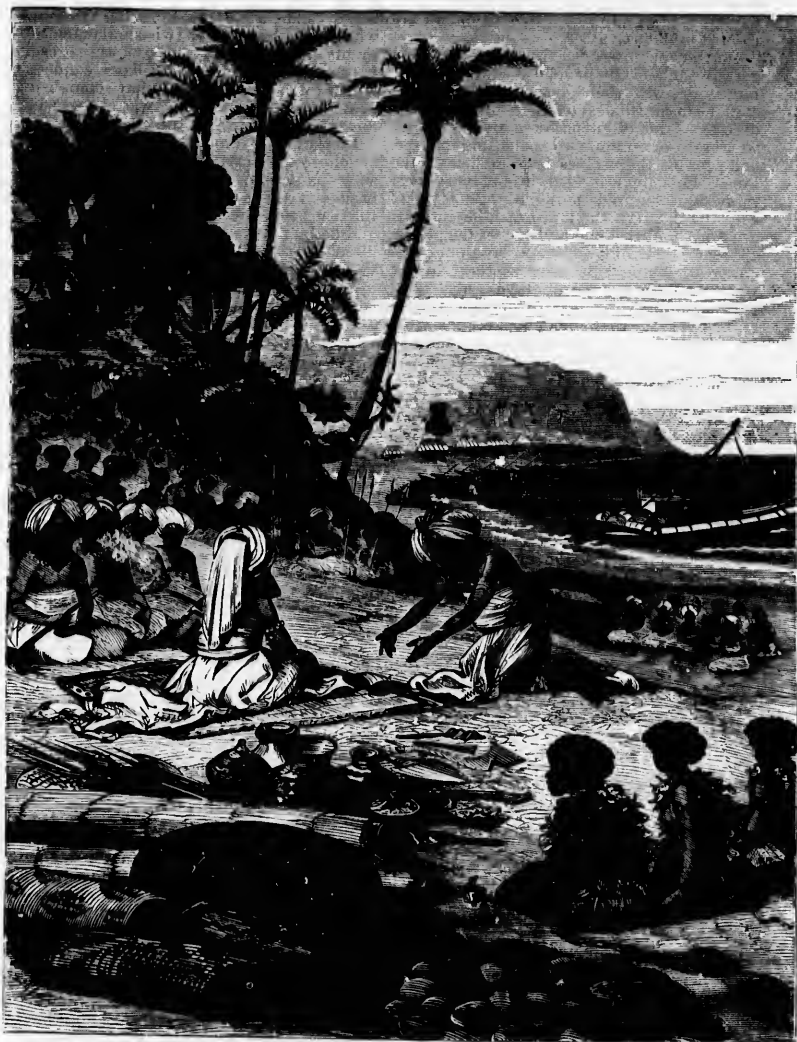
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ship rests in families, the heads of families being the representatives of the title. Every member of the family can use the lands attaching to the family. Thus the heads of families are the nominal owners, the whole family are the actual occupiers. The family land maintains the whole family, and the members maintain the head of the family.

"A chief holds his lands under precisely the same tenure, as head of his family, and his *personal* rights attain only to the land pertaining to his family, in which right every member of his family shares so far as on any portion of the land. But the chief is also head of his tribe, and, as such, certain rights to the whole lands of the tribe appertain to him. The tribe is a family, and the chief is the head of the family.

"The families of a tribe maintain the chief. In war they give him their services, and follow him to the fight. In peace they supply him with food. In this way, the whole tribe attains a certain collective interest in all the lands held by each family; and every parcel of land alienated contracts the source whence the collective tribal support of the chief is drawn. From this complicated tenure it is clear that the alienation of land, however large or small the tract, can be made valid only by the collective act of the whole tribe, in the persons of the ruling chief and the heads of families. Random and reckless land transactions under these circumstances would be simply another seizure of Naboth's vineyard, for which the price of blood would inevitably have to be paid."

Another cause of misunderstanding lies in a peculiar attachment which the Fijian has to the soil. When he sells a piece of land, it is an understood thing between the buyer and seller that the latter shall have the exclusive right of working on the ground, that none but he shall be employed to till the ground, or build houses upon it. The white settlers who understand the customs of the natives have accepted the condition, and find that it answers tolerably well. Those who are unacquainted with native ideas have often suffered severely for their ignorance, and, when they have brought a gang of their own workmen to put up a house on the newly purchased land, have been fairly driven out by armed parties of natives.

Mr. Pritchard narrates an amusing anecdote, which illustrates the working of this principle. A missionary had purchased some land according to the code of laws which had been agreed upon by the native chiefs and the colonists; all the natives who belonged to the family having been consulted, and agreed to the purchase. As a matter of course, they expected that the work of clearing the ground and building the house would be given to them. Being ignorant of this custom, the purchaser took some of his own people, but was immediately surrounded by a body of armed savages, who flourished their

clubs and spears, and frightened him so much that he retreated to his boat, and made off. When he was well out of range, all those who had muskets fired them in the direction of the boat, as if to show that their intention was not to kill but merely to intimidate.

It will be seen from the foregoing passages, that the whole government of Fiji is a repetition of one principle, namely, that of the family. The head of a family is the nominal possessor of the land. All the members of the family use the land, and support their head, as a return for the use of the land. Districts again are considered as families, the chief being the head, and being supported by the district. The king, again, is considered as the father of all the chiefs, and the nominal owner of all the land in his dominions, and he is therefore entitled to be supported by the taxation which has been described. Practically, however, he has no more right to land than any other head of a family.

From the preceding observations the reader may see that a definite code of etiquette prevails among the Fiji islands. Indeed, there is no part of the world where etiquette is carried to a greater extent, or where it is more intimately interwoven with every action of ordinary life. If, for example, one man meets another on a path, both having, as usual, their clubs on their shoulders, as they approach each other they lower their clubs to their knees, as a token that they are at peace, and pass on. Retaining the club on the shoulder would be equivalent to a challenge to fight.

The leading characteristic of this code of etiquette is the reverence for the chief, a reverence which is carried to such a pitch that in battle a chief sometimes comes out unhurt simply because his opponents were so much awe-stricken by his rank that they did not dare to strike him. Each superior therefore partakes of the chiefly character as far as his inferiors are concerned, and expects the appropriate acknowledgments of rank.

This extraordinary reverence is carried so far that it has invented a language of etiquette, no one with any pretensions to good breeding speaking in ordinary language of a chief, of a chief's head or limbs, of a chief's dress, or indeed of any action performed by a chief, but supplying a paraphrastic and hyperbolic phraseology, of which our own court language is but a faint shadow. The Tama, which has before been mentioned, is the right of a chief, and is therefore uttered by men of inferior rank, not only when they meet the chief himself, but when they come within a certain distance of his village. So elaborate is this code of ceremony that, discourteous as it might be to omit the Tama when due, it would be thought doubly so to utter it on occasions when it was not due. For example, the Tama is not used toward

the close of the day, or when the chief is either making a sail or watching a sail maker at work; and if the Tama were uttered on any such occasion, it would be resented as an insult.

Passing a superior on the wrong side, and sailing by his canoe on the outrigger side, are considered as solecisms in manners, while passing behind a chief is so deadly an insult that the man who dared do such a deed would run the risk of getting his brains knocked out on the spot, or, if he were a rich man, would have to pay a very heavy fine, or "soro," by way of compensation. The reason of this rule is evident enough. The Fijian is apt to be treacherous, and when he attacks another always tries to take him unawares, and steals on him, if possible, from behind. It is therefore a rule, that any one passing behind a superior is looked upon as contemplating assassination, and makes himself liable to the appropriate penalty.

If a man should meet a chief, the inferior withdraws from the path, lays his club on the ground, and crouches in a bent position until the great man has passed by. If, however, the two men should be of tolerably equal rank, the inferior merely stands aside, bends his body slightly, and rubs the left arm with the right hand, or grasps his beard and keeps his eyes fixed on the ground.

The act of giving anything to the chief, touching him or his dress, or anything above his head, or receiving anything from him, or hearing a gracious message from him, is accompanied by a gentle clapping of the hands. Standing in the presence of a chief is not permitted. Any one who addresses him must kneel; and if they move about, must either do so on their knees, or at least in a crouching attitude.

In some cases the code of etiquette is carried to an extreme which appears to us exceedingly ludicrous. If a superior fall, or in any other way makes himself look awkward, all his inferiors who are present immediately do the same thing, and expect a fee as recognition of their politeness.

Mr. Williams narrates an amusing anecdote of this branch of etiquette, which is called *bale-muri* (pronounced *bahleh-moorree*), i. e. follow in falling. "One day I came to a long bridge formed of a single cocon-nut tree, which was thrown across a rapid stream, the opposite bank of which was two or three feet lower, so that the declivity was too steep to be comfortable. The pole was also wet and slippery: and thus my crossing safely was very doubtful.

"Just as I commenced the experiment, a heathen said with much animation, 'to-day I shall have a musket.' I had, however, just then to heed my steps more than his words, and so succeeded in reaching the other side safely. When I asked him why

he spoke of a musket, the man replied, 'I felt certain you would fall in attempting to go over, and I should have fallen after you (that is, appeared to be equally clumsy); and as the bridge is high, the water rapid, and you a gentleman, you would not have thought of giving me less than a musket.' Ludicrous as this custom appears, it is based upon a true sense of courtesy, a desire to spare the feelings of others.

When one person of rank visits another, a number of ceremonies are performed in regular order. Should the visit be paid in a canoe, as is mostly the case, a herald is sent a few days previously to give notice of his coming, so as to avoid taking the intended host by surprise. As soon as the canoe comes in sight, a herald is sent out to inquire the name and rank of the visitor, who is met on the shore by a deputation of petty chiefs, headed by one of the Matas, or aides-de-camp. If the visitor be a personage of very high rank, the Matas will go ten miles to meet him.

As soon as the visitor and his retinue have reached the house of their entertainer, they seat themselves, and the host, after clapping his hands gently in token of salutation, welcomes them in a set form of words, such as "Come with peace the chief from Mbau," or "Somo-somo," as the case may be.

A series of similar remarks is made by both parties, the main point being that Fijian oratory is the driest and dulllest of performances, always broken up into short sentences, without any apparent connection between them, and further hindered by the attitude of courtesy which the speaker has to adopt. It is impossible for the finest orator in the world to make an effective speech if he has to deliver it in a kneeling position, with his body bent forward, his hands holding his beard, and his eyes directed to the ground. In some parts of Fiji etiquette requires that the orator's back should be toward the chief whom he is addressing. Nobody takes the trouble to listen to these speeches, or is expected to do so, the chiefs often talking over indifferent matters while the proper number of speeches are rehearsed.

The ceremonies on leave-taking are quite as long, as intricate, and as tedious; and, when the speeches are over, the two great men salute each other after the fashion of their country, by pressing their faces together, and drawing in the breath with a loud noise, as if smelling each other. A chief of inferior rank salutes his superior's hand, and not his face.

When the visitors start upon their return journey, the host accompanies them for a part of the way, the distance being regulated by their relative rank. If they should have come by sea, the proper etiquette is for the host to go on board, together with some of his chief men, and to accompany

his visitors to a certain distance from land, when they all jump into the sea and swim ashore.

As is the case in all countries, whether savage or civilized, the code of etiquette is rigidly enforced at meal-times. Even the greatest chief, if present at a banquet, behaves in as deferential a manner as the commonest man present. Though he may be in his own dominions, and though he may hold absolute sway over every man and woman within sight, he will not venture to taste a morsel of food until it has first been offered to him. Many years ago one chief did so, and, in consequence, the Fijians have hated his very name ever since.

So great would be the breach of manners by such a proceeding, that the life of the offender would be endangered by it. On one occasion it did cost the chief his life. He inadvertently ate a piece of cocoa-nut which had not been offered to him; and this insult so rankled in the mind of one of his officers, who was in attendance, that he ran away from his own chief, and joined another who was at war with him. A battle took place, the offending chief was worsted, and was running for his life, when he met the insulted officer, and asked for his assistance. The man was inclined to give it, but the insult could not be forgotten, and so, with an apology for the duty which he was called on to perform, he knocked out his former master's brains with his club.

A still more astonishing instance of this feeling is mentioned by Mr. Williams. A young chief and his father-in-law were about to dine together, and a baked guana was provided for each. The guana is a lizard which has a long and slender tail. In passing by his relative's guana, the young man accidentally broke off the end of its tail, which would necessarily be rendered brittle by cooking. This was held to be so gross an insult, that the offender paid for it with his life.

Etiquette is shown to its fullest extent when a king or principal chief gives a great banquet. As with the New Zealanders, such a feast is contemplated for many months previously; vegetables are planted expressly for it, and no one is allowed to kill pigs or gather fruit, lest there should not be a sufficient quantity of provisions.

Just before the day of festival, the final preparations are made. Messages are sent to all the neighboring tribes, or rather to the chiefs, who communicate them to the people. The turtle fishers bestir themselves to get their nets and canoes in order, and, as soon as they are ready, start off to sea. Yams and other root crops are dug up, the ovens made, and the fuel chopped and brought ready for use.

These ovens are of enormous size, as each is capable of cooking a number of pigs, turtles, and vast quantities of vegetables. With

all our skill in cooking, it is to be doubted whether we are not excelled by the Fijians in the art of cooking large quantities of meat at a time. The ovens are simply holes dug in the ground, some ten feet in depth and fifteen feet or so in diameter.

The mode of cooking is very simple. A small fire is made at the bottom of the pit, which is then filled with firewood, and as soon as the wood is thoroughly on fire, large stones are placed on it. When the wood has all burned away, the pigs, turtles, and vegetables are laid on the hot stones, some of which are introduced into the interior of each animal, so that it may be the more thoroughly cooked. The oven is then filled up with boughs and green leaves, and upon the leaves is placed a thick covering of earth. The oven regulates its own time of cooking, for as soon as steam rises through the earthy covering, the contents of the oven are known to be properly cooked.

For the two or three days preceding the feast, all the people are full of activity. They take a pride in the liberality of their chief, and each man brings as many pigs, yams, turtles, and other kinds of food as he can manage to put together. The king himself takes the direction of affairs, his orders being communicated to the people by his Matas, or aides-de-camp. Day and night go on the preparations, the pigs squealing as they are chased before being killed, the men hard at work digging the ovens, some loosening the earth with long pointed sticks, others carrying off the loosened soil in baskets, while the flames that blaze from the completed ovens enable the workmen to continue their labors throughout the night.

On these occasions the Fijians dispense with their ordinary feelings respecting cooking. In Fiji, as in New Zealand, cooking is despised, and the word "cook" is used as a term of reproach and derision. In consequence of this feeling, all cooking is performed by the slaves. But on the eve of a great feast this feeling is laid aside, and every man helps to cook the food. Even the king himself assists in feeding the ovens with fuel, arranging the pigs, stirring the contents of the cooking pots, and performing offices which, on the following day, none but a slave will perform.

By the time that the cooking is completed, the various tribes have assembled, and the ovens are then opened and the food taken out. It is then arranged in separate heaps, a layer of cocoa-nut leaves being placed on the ground by way of dish. On the leaves is placed a layer of cocoa-nuts, then come the yams and potatoes, then puddings, and at the top of all several pigs. The quantity of provisions thus brought together is enormous. Mr. Williams mentions that at one feast, at which he was present, two hundred men were employed for nearly six hours in piling up the food.

There were six heaps of food, and among their contents were about fifty tons of cooked yams and potatoes, fifteen tons of pudding, seventy turtles, and about two hundred tons of uncooked yams. There was one pudding which measured twenty-one feet in circumference.

Profusion is the rule upon these occasions, and the more food that a chief produces, the more honor he receives. One chief gained the honorable name of High Pork, because he once provided such vast quantities of food that before it could be finished decomposition had begun in the pork.

All being arranged, the distribution now begins, and is carried out with that precision of etiquette which pervades all society in Fiji. The various tribes and their chiefs being seated, the Tui-rara, or master of the ceremonies, orders the food to be divided into as many portions as there are tribes, regulating the amount by the importance of the tribe. He then takes the tribes in succession, and calls their names. As he calls each tribe, the people return their thanks, and a number of young men are sent to fetch the food. This goes on until the whole of the food has been given away, when a further distribution takes place among the tribes, each village first taking a share and then each family receiving its proper portion, which is handed to its head.

It is evident that the Tui-rara has no sinecure. He must possess the most intimate knowledge of all the tribes, and the ranks of their respective chiefs, and must at the same time be on the alert to distinguish any stranger that may make his appearance. Should he be a foreigner, he is considered a chief, and a chief's portion, *i. e.* a quantity sufficient for twenty Fijians or sixty Englishmen, is sent to him. Of course he gives the greater part away, but in so doing he acts the part of a chief. It is, in fact, the old story of Benjamin's mess translated into Fijian.

The men always eat their food in the open air, but send the women's portion to the houses to be eaten within doors.

The first illustration on the next page will give an idea of a Fijian feast. On the left hand is seen the master of the ceremonies, calling the name of a tribe, and in the centre are seen the young men running to fetch the food. In the foreground is the portion of their tribe, consisting of pigs, yams, turtles, and so forth. In front of them are some of the curious drums, which will be presently described, and in the distance are seen the members of the different tribes, some eating, and others waiting for their portion. The curious building in the background is one of the Burés, or temples, which will be presently described.

From the preceding description it will be seen that the Fijians are not bad cooks, and that the number of dishes which they pro-

duce is by no means small. The variety of the dishes is, however, much greater than has been mentioned. They eat many kinds of fish, together with almost every living creature that they find in the coral reefs. Some of their preparations very much resemble those to which we are accustomed in England. For example, a sort of shrimp sandwich is made by putting a layer of shrimps between two taro leaves. Several kinds of bread are known, and nearly thirty kinds of puddings. Turtle soup is in great favor, and so are various other soups.

The Fijians even make sauces to be eaten with various kinds of food, the sweet juice of the sugar-cane being much used for this purpose. They also have a sort of an imitation of tea, infusing sundry leaves and grasses in boiling water, and drinking it when it becomes sufficiently cool. Most of their food is cooked; but, like ourselves, they prefer some food in an uncooked state. Small fish, for example, are eaten alive, just as we eat oysters.

They mostly drink water, or the milk of the cocoa-nut. To drink water in native fashion is not very easy. They keep it in long bamboo tubes, so that when it is raised to the lips the greatest care is required lest it should suddenly deluge the face and body.

Cocoa-nuts are opened in rather a curious manner. A stout stick is sharpened at both ends, and one end driven firmly into the ground. Taking the nut in both hands, the native dashes it on the stick, which splits open the thick husk, and allows the nut to be extracted. With a stone, or even with another cocoa-nut in case a stone should not be at hand, the native hammers away round the pointed end, and contrives to knock off a small round lid, which is then removed, leaving a natural drinking-cup in his hand.

WE now come to the terrible subject of cannibalism, on which no more will be said than is necessary to illustrate the character of the people.

The Fijians are even more devoted to cannibalism than the New Zealanders, and their records are still more appalling. A New Zealander has sometimes the grace to feel ashamed of mentioning the subject in the hearing of an European, whereas it is impossible to make a Fijian really feel that in eating human flesh he has committed an unworthy act. He sees, indeed, that the white men exhibit great disgust at cannibalism, but in his heart he despises them for wasting such luxurious food as human flesh.

Even the Christianized natives have to be watched carefully lest they should be tempted by old habits, and revert to the custom which they had promised to abjure. For example, Thakombau, the King of Mbau, became a Christian, or at least pretended to

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(1.) A FIJIAN FEAST. (See page 942.)



(2.) THE FATE OF THE ROASTER. (See page 952.)

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do so. He was not a particularly creditable convert. Some time after he had announced himself to be a Christian, he went in his war canoe to one of the districts under his sway. He was received with the horribly barbarous ceremonial by which a very great chief is honored, conch-shell trumpets blowing before him, and the people shouting their songs of welcome. Thus accompanied, he walked through a double row of living victims — men, women, and children of all ages — suspended by their feet, and placed there to give the king his choice. The hopeful convert was pleased to accept the offering, touching with his club as he passed along those victims which seemed most to his taste.

The natives are clever enough at concealing the existence of cannibalism when they find that it shocks the white men. An European cotton-grower, who had tried unsuccessfully to introduce the culture of cotton into Fiji, found, after a tolerably long residence, that four or five human beings were killed and eaten weekly. There was plenty of food in the place, pigs were numerous, and fish, fruit, and vegetables abundant. But the people ate human bodies as often as they could get them, not from any superstitious motive, but simply because they preferred human flesh to pork.

Many of the people actually take a pride in the number of human bodies which they have eaten. One chief was looked upon with great respect on account of his feats of cannibalism, and the people gave him a title of honor. They called him the Turtle-pond, comparing his insatiable stomach to the pond in which turtles are kept; and so proud were they of his deeds, that they even gave a name of honor to the bodies brought for his consumption, calling them the "Contents of the Turtle-pond." This man was accustomed to eat a human body himself, suffering no one to share it with him. After his family were grown up, he betought himself of registering his unholy meals by placing a stone on the ground as soon as he had finished the body. His son showed these stones to an English clergyman, who counted them, and found that there were very nearly nine hundred.

One man gained a great name among his people by an act of peculiar atrocity. He told his wife to build an oven, to fetch firewood for heating it, and to prepare a bamboo knife. As soon as she had concluded her labors her husband killed her, and baked her in the oven which her own hands had prepared, and afterward ate her. Sometimes a man has been known to take a victim, bind him hand and foot, cut slices from his arms and legs, and eat them before his eyes. Indeed, the Fijians are so inordinately vain, that they will do anything, no matter how horrible, in order to gain a name among their people; and Dr. Pritchard, who

knows them thoroughly, expresses his wonder that some chief did not eat slices from his own limbs.

Cannibalism is ingrained in the very nature of a Fijian, and extends through all classes of society. It is true that there are some persons who have never eaten flesh, but there is always a reason for it. Women, for example, are seldom permitted to eat "bakolo," as human flesh is termed, and there are a few men who have refrained from cannibalism through superstition. Every Fijian has his special god, who is supposed to have his residence in some animal. One god, for example, lives in a rat, as we have already seen; another in a shark; and so on. The worshipper of that god never eats the animal in which his divinity resides; and as some gods are supposed to reside in human bodies, their worshippers never eat the flesh of man.

According to the accounts of some of the older chiefs, whom we may believe or not, as we like, there was once a time when cannibalism did not exist. Many years ago, some strangers from a distant land were blown upon the shores of Fiji, and received hospitably by the islanders, who incorporated them into their own tribes, and made much of them. But, in process of time, these people became too powerful, killed the Fijian chiefs, took their wives and property, and usurped their office.

In this emergency the people consulted the priests, who said that the Fijians had brought their misfortunes upon themselves. They had allowed strangers to live, whereas "Fiji for the Fijians" was the golden rule, and from that time every male stranger was to be killed and eaten, and every woman taken as a wife.

Only one people was free from this law. The Tongans, instead of being killed and eaten, were always welcomed, and their visits encouraged, as they passed backward and forward in their canoes, and brought with them fine mats and other articles for barter. So much have these people intermingled, that in the eastern islands, which are nearest to those of Tonga, there is a decided mixture of Tongan blood. With this exception, however, the Fijians went on the same principle as the Ephesians of Shakespeare —

"If any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;"

save that, instead of merely putting to death those who came from one country, they only excepted one country from the universal law.

The reader may remember that a sort of respect is paid to a human body used for food. Educated people speak of it in the court language, and, instead of using any vulgar term, such as a human body, they

employ the metaphorical language, and call it the "long pig." As a general rule, the vessels in which human flesh is cooked are reserved expressly for that purpose, and both the vessel in which it is cooked and the dish from which it is eaten are held as tapu.

So highly is "bakolo" honored, that it is eaten, not with fingers, but with a fork, and the implement in question is handed down from father to son, like the *merais* and *tikis* of the New Zealander. These forks are quite unlike those which are used in England. They mostly have four prongs, but these prongs, instead of being set in a line, are generally arranged in a circle or triangle as the case may be. They are carved out of some very hard wood, and, when they have become venerable by reason of age or of the rank of their proprietor, they receive names of honor. For example, the cannibal chief who ate nearly nine hundred human bodies had a fork which was named "Undro-undro," the title signifying a small person carrying a great burden. The fork was a small object, but it had carried to the lips of its master the bodies of nearly nine hundred human beings.

As the Fijians set such a value on human flesh, it is to be expected that they will invent a variety of excuses for obtaining it. For example when a chief builds a house, he kills at least one human victim to celebrate the event. If he builds a large war canoe, a series of sacrifices takes place. A man is killed, for example, when the keel is laid, and, if the chief be a very powerful one, he will kill a victim as each plank is fixed in its place. Even when it is finished the slaughter is not over, as, in the first place, the planks of the new vessel have to be washed with human blood, and, in the next, the launch must be commemorated in the same way as the building. One chief gained some notoriety by binding a number of men, and laying them side by side along the shore to act as rollers over which the canoe was taken from the land into the sea. The weight of the canoe killed the men, who were afterward baked and eaten.

Even after the canoe is launched, excuses are found for carrying on the system of human butchery. Whenever it touches at a place for the first time, a man must be sacrificed in honor of taking down the mast, this being done to show that the vessel means to make some stay at the place. If a chief should arrive in a new canoe, and keep up his mast, the people understand the signal, and bring on board a newly-slain victim, so that the mast may be taken down.

On one occasion, when a war canoe had been built at Somo-somo, the missionaries exerted themselves so successfully that the canoe was launched without the sacrifice of a single life. Eventually, however, their

well-intentioned interference rather increased than diminished the number of victims. When the canoe arrived at Mbau, the chiefs were so vexed that it had reached them unhonored by human blood that they straightway attacked a village, killed some fourteen or fifteen men, and ate them in order to do honor to the ceremony of taking down the mast.

Sometimes, in order to secure a victim whenever one is wanted, the chiefs pick out secretly a certain number of men, and put them, so to speak, on the black list. Whenever a sacrifice is needed, all the executioners have to do is to find out how many victims are wanted, and then to go and kill the requisite number of the black-list men.

Whole towns are sometimes put on the black list, a curious example of which custom is given by Mr. Williams. "Vakambua, chief of Mbau, thus doomed Tavua, and gave a whale's tooth to a Nggar chief, that he might at a fitting time punish that place. Years passed away, and a reconciliation took place between Mbau and Tavua, but, unhappily, the Mbau chief failed to neutralize the engagement made with the Nggar. A day came when human bodies were wanted, and the thoughts of those who held the tooth were turned toward Tavua. They invited the people of that place to a friendly exchange of food, and slew twenty-three of their unsuspecting victims.

"When the treacherous Nggarans had gratified their own appetites by pieces of the flesh cut off and roasted on the spot, the bodies were taken to Vakambua, who was greatly astonished, expressed much regret that such a slaughter should have grown out of his carelessness, and then shared the bodies to be eaten."

The Fijian can seldom resist meat, and that he should resist "bakolo" could not be expected of him. In Mrs. Smythe's "Ten Months in the Fiji Islands," an amusing instance of this predilection is recorded. "A white man had shot and carried off a pig belonging to a Fijian, who, being a convert, went to a native teacher named Obadiah, and asked him to go to the delinquent and remonstrate with him. The teacher put on his black coat, went to the man's house, and with much earnestness pointed out to him the iniquity of the deed, asking him how he would have liked it had a Fijian killed one of his own pigs. The man listened very respectfully, and allowed the error of his ways, acknowledging that the teacher had put the matter in a new light. 'But,' said he 'the pig is now dead, and we cannot bring it to life again. Shall we throw it out and let it go to waste, or, as it is just baked, and you have not breakfasted, shall we not sit down, and you will ask a blessing?'

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CHAPTER XCVI.

FIJI—Continued.

WAR AND AMUSEMENTS.

WEAPONS OF THE FIJIANS—THE SLING, AND MODE OF USING IT—THE CLUB, AND ITS VARIOUS MODIFICATIONS—GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CLUB INTO THE PADDLE—MODE OF MAKING THE CLUBS, AND PREPARATION OF THE TREES—ORNAMENTS OF THE CLUBS, AND THEIR NAMES—FIJIAN SPEARS—THEIR TERRIBLE BARBS—OBJECTS OF WAR—THE REVIEW—THE FATE OF THE DOASTER—INGENIOUS ENGINEERING—CRUELTY TOWARD PRISONERS—"CONSECRATION" OF A WARRIOR, AND HIS NEW NAME—DOMESTIC LIFE—CEREMONIES AT BIRTH—TRAINING IN REVENGE—AMUSEMENTS—VARIOUS GAMES—RIRIKI—WOMEN AGAINST MEN—DANCES AND SONGS—MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES—WEDDING OF A CHIEF'S DAUGHTER—DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE—THE KING'S STAFF—FESTIVITIES AT HOUSE BUILDING—MODE OF THATCHING AND DECORATING THE HOUSES—A PRACTICAL JOKE.

In accordance with the plan on which this work has been arranged, Fijian warfare will be described as it was before fire-arms were introduced, and had changed the ancient style of warfare.

The original weapons of the Fijian are the club, the axe (which, by the way, is little more than a modification of the club), the bow, the sling, and the spear. In most of these weapons is exhibited the fancifully artistic nature of the manufacturers. The sling is perhaps the only weapon from which ornament is almost wholly absent. Like the corresponding weapon of the New Caledonians, it carries stones of tolerable weight and great hardness, and, when wielded by a skilful hand, becomes no inefficient weapon even against fire-arms themselves. A stone hurled from a Fijian sling has been known to render a musket useless, the stone having struck the barrel, and bent and indented it as much as would have been done by a bullet.

The chief weapon of the Fijian is the club, and upon this he lavishes all the artistic power at his command, covering nearly the whole of it with the most intricate and delicately executed carvings. Some clubs are straight, like thick cudgels, others are curved. Those which are knobbed at the end have an infinite variety in the knob, as we shall presently see. Some are more or less flattened, while there are some which are so flat and so broad that it is not easy at first sight to determine whether they are clubs or paddles. Some are so large that

they require the whole exertion of a muscular man to wield them, while others are so short that they are kept stuck in the girdle, and used as missiles, precisely as the short knob-keries are used by the South Africans. A Fijian will often carry two or more of these clubs in his girdle.

Some of the most characteristic forms of Fijian clubs are given on the following page, all being drawn from specimens in my collection. Fig. 1 represents a club, and is evidently modified from a gnarled and knotted branch, and by comparing a number of specimens together it is easy to trace the progress of manufacture. This form of club is also to be found among the Papuans of New Guinea, the natives of the Outanata district carrying it. With the exception of the deep transverse cuts, there is no attempt at ornament. It is tolerably heavy, though not very large, and requires two hands to be wielded properly.

Figure 2 represents one of the paddle-like clubs which have just been mentioned. The blade is not an inch in thickness in the middle, and it gradually slopes off to either side, so as to form a tolerably sharp edge. With the exception of the handle, it is entirely covered with carving; the dentated pattern, which seems common to nearly all savage art, being very conspicuous. It is extremely weighty, and, to an European, appears a very awkward instrument, except perhaps that the broad blade might be utilized as a shield.

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(1.) ORATOR'S FLAPPER.
(See page 730.)

(2.) IDOL OF SOLOMON
ISLANDS. (See page 970.)

SPEAR. (See page 932.)

(1.) FIJIAN CLUBS. (See page 948.)

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Fig. 3 is a club, which may be considered as a sort of intermediate form between the two already mentioned. Like the last, it has a broad blade, but is evidently a club and not a paddle. The blade is strengthened by a bold ridge running along the centre. In order to show the mode in which it is flattened, a side view of the lower part is shown at fig. a, and a cross section of the blade is given at fig. b. This kind of club is modified in various ways, but is always made on the same principle, i. e. a round handle and a flattened paddle-like end, sometimes nearly plain, as in the above mentioned specimens, and sometimes furnished with knobs, teeth, and spikes projecting from the sides. In some cases it assumes the shape of a crescent, and looks, indeed, much like a cheese knife very much magnified.

Another very characteristic shape is given in fig. 4. As may be imagined from the illustration, it is very weighty, so that even to carry it about must be rather troublesome. It is covered with carvings in the most lavish manner, and such value has been set by the manufacturer upon the weapon, that he has even taken the trouble to invent different patterns for the opposite sides.

The peculiar form of this club is evidently due to the structure of the branch from which it was cut, the projecting portion being the base of another branch. Although in many specimens—my own among the number—the club has been carved from a great log of solid wood, the form has evidently been borrowed from the junction of two branches. The edge of the club is cut into slight teeth, and just within the edge are a number of round holes, set in a line. A tolerably hold ridge runs along the head of the club and follows its curve, and through this ridge are also bored a number of holes, apparently for the purpose of attaching bunches of feathers, or other ornaments, to the weapon.

The most characteristic club of Fiji is, however, that of which an example is given in fig. 5. It is made from the stem and part of the root of a young tree. In this part of the world there are certain trees which grow in a manner which to us seems very peculiar. As is the case with many trees, it sends a tap-root deeply into the earth, and is further supported by a number of smaller roots which diverge from it on all sides, and retain it in its upright position, just as a mast is upheld by the standing rigging.

While the tree is very young, it is drawn down nearly horizontally, and fixed in that position, so as to be bent nearly at right angles close to the earth. When it has grown to the thickness of a man's wrist, the top is cut off and the roots dug out of the ground. The tap-root is then scraped down to a point, and all the smaller roots are cut off to within an inch and a half of the tap-root,

so as to form a radiating mass of spikes, which are sharpened, and thus present the appearance shown in the illustration.

Such a club as this is an exceedingly valuable weapon, and the greatest care is taken in its manufacture. The spike at the end is scraped and rounded until it assumes a perfectly regular shape, and is then polished until it shines like a well-rubbed piece of mahogany. The radiating spikelets are each trimmed with the greatest nicety, so that, in whatever direction the weapon is viewed, they all radiate with exact regularity.

The handle is polished as carefully as the lower spike, and in most cases is adorned with elaborately carved patterns. In many clubs it is completely covered with black and white sinnet made expressly for this purpose, and plaited in patterns as elaborate as those which are carved. Some of the best clubs are further ornamented by having scarlet feathers worked in with sinnet. There are, indeed, scarcely any bounds to the decoration of clubs, many of which are inlaid with shell, or hogs' tusks, or whales' teeth, or even the teeth of men. These latter ornaments are chiefly reserved for the knobs of the small missile club.

Beside these, there is an infinite variety of forms, some of the clubs exactly resembling the steel maces of the days of chivalry, others being first squared and then cut into pyramidal form, while others look just like enormous mushrooms. Some of them have the handles completely covered with wicker-work; but, as a rule, these highly ornamental weapons are not for use but for show, like the court sword of the present day.

Some of the names given to these clubs are highly suggestive. For example, one was called "Weeping urges me to action," others "Dispenser," "Smasher," and so forth. Those which belong to well-known chiefs or distinguished warriors are used much as cards among ourselves. If, for example, a great chief desires to pay a visit, he will send his club as an intimation that the owner will follow. Or, if one chief asks another for aid in war, the ordinary mode of showing that the application is favorably received is for the latter to send his club by the ambassador who brought the message.

There is as great variety of spears as of clubs. Spears are almost invariably of great length, some measuring fourteen or fifteen feet in length. They are made from hard wood and are almost invariably armed with a series of barbs. In the manufacture and arrangement of the barbs, the Fijians show wonderful ingenuity. Mostly, they are not from the same piece of wood as the spear itself, but in many weapons they are made of other materials. The sharp tail-bone of the sting-ray is a favorite material, both for the points and barbs of spears, probably because it is very hard, and so brittle that it is nearly sure to break off in the wound.

Other harbs are made of a wood which has the property of swelling up when moistened, and bursting in the wound, so that it can hardly be extracted. Such spears as this are called by a very ominous title, "The priest is too late." Some of the spears are not only carved in various patterns, but have the heads cut into a kind of bold open work pattern, which has a very elegant appearance, though it must detract greatly from the strength of the weapon. One of the ordinary Fijian spears is shown on page 949, and is taken from specimens in my collection, in which there are several others, but all of a similar character.

Many of the weapons have more than one point. In the specimens which I have, the points are rather more than a yard in length, and are made of separate pieces of wood, ingeniously dovetailed into the shaft of the spear, and held in their place by lashings of sinnet. In my specimen, the manufacturer has been so lavish of his labor, that he has not only woven the sinnet into elegant patterns, but has continued them along the whole of the shaft, covering it with a sort of mixture of the zigzag and the dentated patterns. There are also spears with several points, each point being barbed or deeply serrated on the inside cap. These are not for war, but for fishing purposes. As for the war in which these weapons are used, it is hardly deserving of the name.

When two chiefs have decided on going to war, messengers pass between them, and both sides beat up recruits for their armies and offer gifts to the gods. Whales' teeth and food form the chief part of these offerings, and the latter is often given in vast quantities. Independent chiefs often take advantage of war to increase their property. Such a chief, for example, though urged by both sides to join them, trims and hesitates, and bides his time. One party will then send him a bribe, and as soon as the other party hear of it, they send a larger bribe, in order to "press down" the former gift. The result usually is, that the recipient keeps both bribes, and eventually declines to fight on either side.

The forces are gathered by a series of reviews, held as the army marches. These reviews form the great charm of war, as any amount of boasting may be done without the slightest risk. Each warrior rushes up to the commanding chief, brandishes his weapons, and boasts of the great deeds which he is going to do; all the warriors being in their very best, with bodies covered with black powder, so as to contrast with the snow-white masi, and their faces painted as none but a Fijian can paint them, in order to look as martial as possible.

The chief often ridicules the pretensions of these men, insinuating that they will be more ready to run away than to fight; but this is only for the purpose of inciting them

to display their courage, and, by way of inducing them to fight well, large gifts are promised to those who distinguish themselves in battle.

Sometimes a warrior, carried away by the excitement of the moment, boasts that he will kill the enemy's chief, eat his flesh, and make a drinking-cup of his skull. This is generally a very foolish proceeding. The menaced chief is sure to hear of it, and to promise a large reward if the boaster be taken alive.

Should he be captured, his fate is certain. His hands are bound behind him, and a large bundle of dried cocoa-nut leaves is fastened tightly across his shoulders, projecting for several feet on either side. The ends of the leaves are then lighted, and the poor wretch is left to die, the spectators laughing and jeering at him as he runs about, maddened by the torment. This punishment is called by a name which signifies carrying fuel. The artist has represented in the lower engraving, on the 943d page, this frightful fate of the boaster.

The party that are attacked usually retire into a native fort, the structure of which often shows great engineering skill. The Fijians are very apt at selecting a spot which is difficult of access, and fortifying it in such a manner that two or three men could hold it against a thousand. Mr. Williams visited one of these forts, and found that the approach to it was not without danger, even in time of peace. The only path to the fort led through thick and tangled vegetation, and terminated on the edge of a precipice. The entrance to the fort was on the face of the precipice, several yards from the end of the path, and there was no mode of getting to it except by crawling along the perpendicular rock by means of little holes in which the toes and fingers could be inserted.

When the natives cannot find a place of such natural strength, they have a way of defending the entrance by a series of gates with traverses between them, so that any enemies who forced the first gate were obliged to go for some distance through a narrow passage which was pierced with loopholes, through which spears could be thrust and arrows shot. Even if they succeeded in passing the second gate, a similar gauntlet had to be run before they could reach the third. Thorny trees are in great request for the outer defences of these forts, the bare-skinned natives greatly dreading the prickly walls, which every year grow more dense and less penetrable.

Knowing the strength of the forts, the natives do not care about assaulting them, and, as they advance to the walls, avail themselves of every cover. They then yell and shout derisive taunts at the enemy, challenging them to come out and fight. Sometimes the challenge is answered, a

number of warriors issuing from the fort and each selecting an adversary; often, however, as soon as the besiegers see their challenge answered, they run away as fast as they can, the Fijian liking to come behind his enemy and knock him on the head stealthily better than to oppose him in open fight.

Should a fort be taken, the slaughter is dreadful, and is nothing but a massacre, the greater number being killed, and the rest reserved to be put to death by torture. One favorite mode of torture is to stun the unhappy captive with a club, and to throw him into a heated oven by way of bringing him back to his senses. The struggles of the unfortunate man as the fierce heat restores him to consciousness are greeted with laughter and jeers by the delighted spectators. Others are bound hand and foot and given to the sons of chiefs as subjects on which they can try their skill at torturing.

As these expeditions are nearly always made in canoes, the return of the war party is seen from a great distance, and all the population assemble on the beach to welcome the victorious warriors, the women dancing and singing songs of triumph in honor of the conquerors. A horrible scene then takes place, too horrible indeed to be described; the bodies of the dead are offered in the temples, the ovens are prepared, and for some days unbridled license reigns supreme.

In connexion with warfare must be mentioned a curious custom of giving a new name to men who have killed any of the enemy during the campaign. Whether the enemy be an armed warrior slain in fair fight, an unarmed man knocked down by stealth, a woman, or even a little child, signifies nothing. The warrior has clubbed an enemy, and has a right to his new name of honor. Should he have killed a chief, he takes the name of his victim, and sometimes his own chief honors him by calling the man his flag, his canoe, his comb, &c. Of the consecration ceremony, wherein the new name is given, Mr. Williams once saw a very excellent example at Somo-somo, the subject of consecration being a young chief.

"The king and leading men having taken their seats in the public square, fourteen mats were brought and spread out, and upon these were placed a bale of cloth and two whale's teeth. Near by was laid a sail mat, and on it several men's dresses. The young chief now made his appearance, bearing in one hand a large pine-apple club, and in the other a common reed, while his long train of masi dragged on the ground behind him.

"On his reaching the mats, an old man took the reed out of the hero's hand, and despatched a youth to deposit it carefully in the temple of the war god. The king then

ordered the young chief to stand upon the bale of cloth; and while he obeyed, a number of women came into the square, bringing small dishes of turmeric mixed with oil, which they placed before the youth, and retired with a song. The masi was now removed by the chief himself, an attendant substituting one much larger in its stead. The king's Mata (aide-de-camp) next selected several dishes of the colored oil, and anointed the warrior from the roots of the hair to his heels.

"At this stage of the proceedings one of the spectators stepped forward and exchanged clubs with the anointed, and soon another did the same. Then one left him a gun in place of the club, and many similar changes were effected, under a belief that the weapons thus passing through his hands derived some virtue.

"The mats were now removed, and a portion of them sent to the temple, some of the turmeric being sent after them. The king and old men, followed by the young man and two men sounding conchs, now proceeded to the seaside, where the anointed one passed through the ancients to the water's edge, returned, while the king and those with him counted one, two, three, four, five, and each then threw a stone into the sea. The whole company now went back to the town with blasts of the trumpet shells, and a peculiar hooting of the men.

"Custom requires that a hut should be built, in which the anointed man and his companions may pass the next three nights, during which time the newly named hero must not lie down, but sleep as he sits; he must not change his masi, or remove the turmeric, or enter a house in which there is a woman, until that period has elapsed. In the case now described, the hut had not been built, and the young chief was permitted to use the temple of the god of war instead.

"During the three days he was on an incessant march, followed by half a score lads reddened like himself. After three weeks he paid me a visit, on the first day of his being permitted to enter a house in which there was a female. He informed me his new name was *Kuila*, or *Flag*."

When a name of honor has thus been given to a man, the complimentary title of *Koyoi*, or consecrated, is prefixed to it.

The battles of the Fijians are not, as a rule, remarkable for the slaughter that takes place. They are, in fact, little but a series of single combats. When a man falls, his friends try to get him off the ground to save his life, if possible, or to be able to bury the body if he should die; while the enemy use their best endeavors to secure the wounded man in order to bake and eat him. No dishonor is attached to the fact of a slain man being eaten. On the contrary, it is a proof of his courage, for none but those who die

bravely in battle are eaten in the feast which follows upon the victory, the bodies of slain cowards being contemptuously thrown into the bush.

WE now come to a more pleasing part of Fijian character, namely, the various incidents of domestic life.

As soon as the Fijian child comes into the world, it is taken from the mother, and given to another woman for three days, during which time she lies at her ease. The first clothing which the child receives is a thick coating of turmeric oil, and the first food which it knows is either the juice of sugar-cane or of cocoa-nut. A name is given to the child as soon as possible after its birth, and these names are generally significant of some event that has happened either to the child itself or to some member of its family.

Though the Fijian children spend the great part of their time in the open air, and are untrammelled by clothing, they are liable to a very unpleasant disease called the "thoko," which somewhat resembles the "yaws" of the negro tribes. The parents are rather glad than sorry to see their children afflicted with this disease, as they believe that it forms a necessary adjunct to infantile health, and that a child who escapes the thoko is sure to be sickly and feeble when it grows up.

The Fijian child receives no training, unless encouragement of every bad passion may be called by that name. Revenge is impressed upon the child's mind from its earliest infancy, and most horrible are the means which are sometimes employed for this purpose. In riper years the duty of revenge is kept always before his eyes. Should one man insult another, the offended individual keeps himself constantly reminded of the offence by placing some object in his sight, and not removing it until he has avenged himself.

Sometimes he will effect the same purpose by depriving himself of some luxury until he has had his revenge. One man, for example, will plait his hair in a particular manner, another will hang some article of dress in his house, while another will refuse to dance, or to eat of some particular kind of food. One chief, for example, hung a roll of tobacco on the roof of his house, with the intention of refusing to smoke until he had killed his enemy and could smoke that tobacco over the dead body. Another refrained from speaking, and would only answer by whistling.

The knowledge of this custom makes the Fijians a most nervous race. Should a strange canoe appear off the coast, the inhabitants of the villages are all in a stir, some escaping to the woods, and others concealing their food and other valuables in secret storehouses. They do not like to

walk alone in the evening. Mr. Williams mentions that he has seen a whole company disperse at the lifting of a telescope, and, more than once, when he was visited by natives and the door suddenly slammed with the wind, the whole of his visitors rushed tumultuously out of the windows. On one occasion, a number of men were dragging a large canoe into the sea, when one of them espied a slight crack on one side. He whispered his discovery to the man next him, he to the next, and so on, and in a few minutes every man had run away from the boat, fearing lest the owner should charge him with having done the damage.

The amusements of the Fijians are rather more varied than is usually the case among savages. Some of them are identical with many of our own children's games, such as "hide and seek," "blind man's bluff," and a sort of "hop, skip, and jump." A sort of "pitch and toss," is also in vogue, the substitute for pence being the flat, circular fruit of a species of mimosa.

They have one game which bears some resemblance to that of the "kangaroo-rat" of Australia, which has been described on page 730. The players have a reed about four feet in length, at one end of which is an oval piece of hard and heavy wood some six inches in length. This instrument is held between the thumb and middle finger, the end of the forefinger being applied to its extremity. With a peculiar underhand jerk the player drives it horizontally, so that it glides over the ground for a considerable distance, the player who sends the missile farthest being the winner. In order that this favorite game may be constantly played, each village has attached to it a long strip of smooth sward, which is kept sedulously trimmed, so that the missile may skim along with as little resistance as possible.

Then there is the swing. This is made much like the New Zealand swing, but is used in a different manner. Instead of being held by the hands alone, the rope has a loop at the end, into which the swinger inserts his foot. Sometimes it has a large knot, on which both feet can be supported. Drawing the rope to the top of a convenient bank, the swinger grasps it with his hands, leaps in the air, places his foot in the loop, and goes sweeping through an enormous arc, the radius of which often exceeds fifty feet. In some cases the swing is fixed by the water side, and the more daring of the performers loosen their grasp at the proper moment, and are hurled through the air into the water.

One favorite game, called Ririki, is played after the following fashion:—Close to the water's edge is fixed a stout post, and on this is laid the trunk of a tall cocoa-nut tree, so that its base rests on the ground, and the tip projects over the water. The game consists in running at full speed up this in-

clined tree, and jumping into the water one after the other, swimming ashore and repeating the process. This is a very lively game, the natives shouting and laughing the whole time, and plunging so rapidly in succession that the water beneath the end of the inclined tree is white with foam. The people are admirable swimmers, and, having been accustomed to swim as soon as they could walk, disport themselves in the water with as much ease as on land. They are fond of swimming out to sea in parties, and join in various aquatic games, such as trying to push each other under water, diving, racing, and so forth.

Some of their sports are rather rough. They have one game which bears a certain resemblance to snow-balling, except that the missiles are bitter oranges instead of snow-balls. In some places they jerk stones at each other by means of elastic bamboos, and do so with such force that considerable pain is caused when the missile strikes the bare skin.

Sometimes a sort of mock battle takes place. When food is brought to the men, the women suddenly rush upon them, try to drive them away, and to seize the food. Rough as the women may be, the men seldom retaliate, except by taking their assailants round the waists and throwing them on the ground. Mr. Williams mentions one instance when a woman actually shot a man dead with an arrow, turning the mock fight into a sad reality. Several cases are known where the men have been so severely handled that they have afterward died of their wounds.

On certain occasions an amusing game is played by the young men. A thin earthenware vessel is filled with water and suspended from a bough, and a number of young men with their eyes blindfolded, try to break the vessel by striking at it with long sticks.

Music and dancing are greatly studied among the Fijians, and any one who knows a new dance is sure to earn plenty of goods by teaching it. Their musical instruments are very poor, consisting of drums, pipes, and trumpets. The first-mentioned instruments are nothing more than wooden cylinders, through one side of which a groove is cut about an inch or so in width. The pipes are of two kinds; namely, a sort of paudean pipe made of several strips of bamboo fastened together, and the flute. This latter instrument is played by placing the aperture close to one nostril, and breathing through it while the other is stopped with the thumb of the left hand. The trumpets are merely conch-shells blown through a hole in the side.

The dances are very carefully got up, and more resemble military movements than dances, the stiltitude being increased by the martial array of the dancers, who are all

dressed as if for war, their faces painted with scarlet, their bodies powdered with black, and their best clubs or spears in their hands. They execute intricate manoeuvres, marching in various figures, wheeling, halting, and stamping their feet in exact time to the rhythm of the song and the beat of the drum. Sometimes several hundred men are engaged in the dance, while the musicians are twenty or thirty in number.

The scene at one of these dances is very picturesque, but it wants the furious energy which gives such fiery animation to the war dance of the New Zealanders, the movements, though correct in point of time, being comparatively dull and heavy. In order to enliven it a little more, a professional buffoon is usually introduced upon the scene, who performs sundry grotesque movements, and is usually applauded for his exertions.

Music and dancing are always used at the celebration of a marriage, and, as may be imagined from the punctilious nature of the Fijian, there is no lack of ceremony on the occasion.

Mostly, girls are betrothed when they are quite infants, no regard being paid to disparity of age between themselves and their intended husbands. The form of betrothal is rather curious, and consists in the mother of the child taking a small *liku*, or woman's girdle, and presenting it to the man, who from that moment takes her daughter under his protection until she is old enough to be married.

In those cases where a young man takes a liking to a young woman, he asks her of her father, making at the same time a small present as a matter of form. Should the application be successful, an interchange of presents then takes place between the friends of both parties, and in a few days follows the ceremony called "*warmi g.*" which consists in conveying to the house of the bride some food prepared by the intended husband. In most parts of Fiji, the bride has a complete holiday for four days, sitting quietly at home, dressed in her finest apparel, and painted with turmeric and oil. At the expiration of the four days, she is taken by a number of married women to the sea, where they all join in fishing, and afterward cook the fish that they have taken. The cooking being completed, the bridegroom is sent for, and the betrothed couple eat together, each giving the other a portion of food.

After this ceremony comes a period during which the bridegroom is employed in building a house for his intended wife, and the girl undergoes the painful tattooing which marks her as having taken her place among women. During this time, she remains within the house so as to shield her complexion from the sun. The house being completed, all the friends of both families

are gathered together, and a great feast takes place, at which the givers make it a point of honor to be as lavish as possible. At the end of this feast, the girl is formally handed over to her husband, and exchanges her narrow luku for the broader garment befitting her new condition.

When the daughter of an important chief is married, her father always gives her a number of female attendants, sometimes as many as twelve or fifteen accompanying the bride to her home. They are placed under the charge of an elderly woman who acts as their superintendent, and are called by a name which signifies a pet servant. There is always a great scene at the departure of a bride to her home, all her relations and friends crowding round her, and kissing her until she is nearly smothered by their caresses.

An interesting description of the presentation of a bride is given by Mr. Williams, and the artist has reproduced the scene in the engraving No. 1, on the next page. "She was brought in at the principal entrance by the king's aunt and a few matrons, and then, led only by the old lady, approached the king. She was an interesting girl of fifteen, glistening with oil, wearing a new luku, and a necklace of curved ivory points, radiating from her neck, and turning upward. The king then received from his aunt, the girl, with two whale's teeth, which she carried in her hand. When she was seated at his feet, his majesty repeated a list of their gods, and finished by praying that the girl might live, and bring forth male children.

"To her friends, two men who had come in at the back door, he gave a musket, begging them not to think hardly of his having taken their child, as the step was connected with the good of the land, in which their interests, as well as his own, were involved. The musket, which was about equivalent to the necklace, the men received with bent heads, muttering a short prayer, the close of which was exactly the same as they had offered for years, 'Death to Natawa.' Tulkilakila then took off the girl's necklace and kissed her. The gayest moment of her life, as far as dress was concerned, was past; and I felt that the untying of that polished ornament from her neck was the first downward step to a dreary future. Perhaps her forebodings were like mine, for she wept, and the tears which glanced off her bosom and rested in distinct drops on her oily legs were seen by the king, who said, 'Do not weep. Are you going to leave your own land? You are but going a voyage, soon to return. Do not think it a hardship to go to Mbau. Here you have to work hard; there you will rest. Here you fare indifferently; there you will eat the best of food. Only do not weep to spoil yourself.' As he thus spoke, he played with her curly locks, complimenting her on her face and figure. She

reminded him of a sister of hers, who had been taken to Mbau in years past."

She had certainly reason for her tears, as the condition of Fijian wives is not a very enviable one. As is the case with most countries in which polygamy is practised, the wives are apt to be very jealous of each other, and to quarrel among themselves. Generally, their squabbles are treated with contemptuous indifference by the husband as long as they do not annoy him personally; but if he should feel himself angered, he speedily checks the tumult by belaboring all parties alike with a very sufficient stick which he keeps for the purpose. One chief had a cudgel as thick as a broomstick, in which he seemed to take no little pride, having carved and inlaid it with ivory.

Women are not held in any great estimation, whether they be single or married. A rather ludicrous example of the value set by Fijians upon women occurred in the course of traffic between Europeans and natives. A chief had bargained with the captain of a ship for a musket, the price of which was to be two pigs. The chief went off with his musket, but could only find one pig. So he honorably kept his bargain by sending the one pig and a young woman instead of the other.

In the description of the ceremonies attendant upon a wedding, mention was made of the custom of building a house for the bride. The form of Fijian houses varies according to locality. In some places they are sharp-ridged and gabled, like those which have already been described when treating of New Guinea. In others they are round, and in others conical. Some are built on posts, and others simply on the ground. As is the case throughout all Polynesia, the houses are made of a wooden framework lashed together, and covered with a thatch of reeds. Many of these houses are of great size, more than a hundred feet in length and about forty in width. A house that is meant to endure for any length of time is made of a wood called by the natives *resi*, which is exactly similar to the greenheart of India, and a sort of sandal wood is also used for the same purpose.

The walls are generally made of reeds arranged in three layers, the middle layer being horizontal and the outer and inner layers perpendicular. They are tied or sewed together with sinnet, and it is the Fijian architect's pride to weave the sinnet into elegant patterns. Some men are celebrated for their skill in inserting and executing these patterns, and go about from place to place as they are wanted. Even the posts that support the edifice are often covered with reeds, bound together in the same ingenious manner. The door is always a single one, probably for the same reason that makes a Kafir to make so low an en-

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(1.) A FIJIAN WEDDING. (See page 956.)



(2.) HOUSE THATCHING. (See page 956.)

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trance to his hut; namely, fear of enemies.

The thatch is sometimes of cocoa-nut or sugar-cane leaves, and sometimes of grass, while in a few of the best houses both are used. The leaves are doubled over reeds and sewed together, so as to form lengths of about five or six feet. Grass thatch is fixed almost exactly as straw is used in England being laid on the roof in bundles, and held down by long mangrove branches, and tied firmly with rattan.

House thatching is one of the most animated scenes that can be imagined. As soon as the roof is finished, notice is given that the thatchers are wanted, and then straightway assemble a gang of merry laborers, varying in number according to the size of the house, as many as three hundred sometimes uniting to thatch a very large house. Some bring the leaves and grass, others bind and sew them into the proper form, and others take them to the thatchers. Those who actually apply the reeds always arrange themselves in pairs on the roof, one outside and the other inside the building, so that one can take the end of the lashing as it is pushed through the thatch by his comrade, draw it tight, and return it to him. The reader may find house thatching represented in a spirited engraving, on the 95th page.

The noise that arises from a large house during the process of thatching is almost deafening. Naturally, the Fijian has a great genius for shouting, and on such occasions he fairly outdoes himself. Some call for more grass, leaves, mangrove rods and rattans; others from below shout in reply to them. Those who bring the materials must needs shout as they clamber to the roof, and every one throws in a few yells occasionally by way of encouragement to his companions.

The most characteristic part of a Fijian house is the ridge pole which runs along the top of the roof. It projects at either end for a considerable distance, and in first-class buildings is worked into a trumpet-like shape at the extremities. These projecting ends are mostly blackened, and decorated with large white cowrie shells. A sort of cable made of grass and bound with vine-stalks is generally laid on the ridge pole, and in many cases is finished off with a row of tassels, and nearly covered with patterns worked in sinnet.

Some, though not all, the houses have openings by way of windows, which can be closed by means of mats fastened over them like curtains. Within the house, and nearly in the centre, is the fireplace, which is sunk in the ground to a foot or so in depth, and surrounded by a sort of fender made of hard

wood. In very large houses, the fireplace is ten or twelve feet square, and is covered by a wooden framework of several tiers, on which cooking pots and similar utensils can be kept. There is no chimney, nor even a hole in the roof, so that all the smoke from the fireplace ascends to the roof, and finds its way out through the thatch as it best can. In nearly every case the doorway is furnished with a projecting roof.

In connection with roof thatching, a characteristic joke is recorded of the Mbau people. The short missile club is called *ula*, and the act of hurling it is called *ulaula*. The latter word, however, also signifies house thatching. By way of a practical joke, the people of Mbau sent to those of Tailevu, asking them to come and *ulaula*. The latter, taking the word in its ordinary sense, accepted the invitation, and came, expecting the usual scene of merriment, when to their surprise, they were saluted by a volley of *ulas* hurled at them by their entertainers.

The furniture of a Fijian house is simple. At one end is a raised dais, on which the master of the house sleeps by night and reclines by day. It is covered with mats, and over it are hung the sheets of thin masi which are used as mosquito curtains. On this dais are generally one or two pillows. These implements are not unlike those of the Kaffirs, being nothing more than cylindrical bars of wood supported on legs at either end. Some of them are from four to five feet in length. This form of pillow is used on account of the mop-like headdress of the natives, which would be pressed out of all shape were it laid on an ordinary pillow.

On the hearth are several large earthenware cooking pots, oval in shape, and each set on three stones. As the quantity of food in them diminishes, they are gradually tilted, so that when they contain but very little food they lie quite on their sides. Near the hearth lies the thick concave board on which bread is kneaded, and close to the board are the smooth round stones by which the operation of kneading is conducted. The small hand nets used for fishing are kept near the fire, together with the knives and other implements used in preparing food. Several earthen water jars are always placed near the fire. They may be distinguished by their glazed surfaces, and are placed carefully on a thick bed of grass. A few bamboo vessels containing salt and fresh water, are generally placed near the larger jars. Round the foot of the wall are ranged a series of bowls and jars, which contain the arrowroot and similar articles of food.

CHAPTER XCVII.

FIJI—Continued.

RELIGION AND FUNERAL RITES.

THE GODS AND THEIR ABODES—VISIT OF THE LAND CRAB—FIJIAN PRIESTS AND THEIR INSIGNIA—CONSULTING THE DEITY—VARIOUS MODES OF DIVINATION—THE DIFFICULT PASSAGE TO HEAVEN—NATIVE TEMPLES, THEIR STRUCTURE AND USES—FEASTS GIVEN TO THE GODS—SACRED STONES—MURDER OF THE AGED AND SICK—A STRANGE MARK OF AFFECTION—PROVIDING THE DEAD WITH ATTENDANTS—BURIAL OF A LIVING KING—A TERRIBLE SCENE—VOYAGE TO THE CEMETERY, AND THE FUNERAL—SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE CUSTOMS OF FIJI AND INDIA—MODE OF MOURNING—THE SUCCESSIVE RITES AFTER A FUNERAL—THE CUSTOM OF LOLOKU—TOMB OF A CHIEF'S WIFE.

THE religion, or rather the superstition, of the Fijians is much like that of other polytheists. The people acknowledge vast numbers of gods of greater or lesser power; most, if not all, of which are symbolized under some natural form, such as a hawk, a tree, or the like. Every Fijian considers himself under the protection of some especial god, and, as has been stated, will not eat the animal which is his symbol.

An amusing instance of the reverence paid to the symbols of the gods occurred at Tilioa. A very powerful god, who is worshipped at that place, resides in a land crab, but, as that crustacean is scarcely ever seen in the locality, there are but few opportunities of paying the proper worship. Whenever any one saw a land crab, he immediately ran to the priest, and forthwith the whole place was in a commotion. The people assembled to pay their respects to their deity, and a number of cocoa-nuts were gathered, strung together, and humbly presented to the crab deity in order to propitiate him, and to induce him to give them fair weather and a healthy season.

As to the particular doctrines of the Fijian religion, it is scarcely possible to learn much about them. In the first place, the people know nothing, and the priests, who know but little, dislike communicating their knowledge. Even the Christian converts can seldom be induced to speak on the subject with any degree of truth.

The priests are known by their official insignia, which consists of an oval frontlet of scarlet feathers, and a long-toothed comb made of separate pieces of wood ingeniously fastened together. Several of these combs are in my collection, and are excellent examples of the artistic capabilities of the makers. No two of them are alike, the delicate thread which fastens them together being woven in a singular variety of patterns. The threads are nearly as fine as hairs, and an additional beauty is given to the pattern by using alternately a deep black and a glittering yellow thread.

The priests communicate with their deities by throwing themselves into a sort of ecstatic state, technically called "shaking," in which the whole body is convulsed, and the utterances which come from the foaming lips are held to be the responses of the god. A vivid idea of this mode of consulting a deity is given by Mr. Williams in the valuable work to which reference has often been made.

"Nothing like regular worship or habitual reverence is found, and a principle of fear seems the only motive for religious observances; and this is fully practised on by the priests, through whom alone the people have access to the gods, when they wish to present petitions affecting their social or individual interest. When matters of importance are involved, the *soro* or offering consists of large quantities of food, together with

whales' teeth. In smaller affairs a tooth, club, mat, or spear, is enough. Young nuts covered with turmeric powder formed the meanest offering I have known. On one occasion, when Tuikilakila asked the help of the Somo-somo gods in war, he built the war god a large new temple, and presented a quantity of cooked food, with sixty turtles, beside whales' teeth.

"Part of the offering—the *siyana*—is set apart for the deity, the rest forming a feast of which all may partake. The portion devoted to the god is eaten by his priest and by old men, but to youths and women it is tapu.

"Strangers wishing to consult a god eat a quantity of fire wood for the temple. Sometimes only a dish of yams or a whale's tooth is presented. It is not absolutely necessary for the transaction to take place at a temple. I have known priests to become inspired in a private house or in the open air; indeed, in some parts of Fiji, the latter is usually the case.

"One who intends to consult the oracle dresses and oils himself, and, accompanied by a few others, goes to the priest, who, we will suppose, has been previously informed of the intended visit, and is lying near the sacred corner getting ready his response. When the party arrives, he rises and sits so that his back is near to the white cloth by which the god visits him, while the others occupy the opposite side of the Buré. The principal person presents a whale's tooth, states the purpose of his visit, and expresses a hope that the god will regard him with favor. Sometimes there is placed before the priest a dish of scented oil with which he anoints himself, and then receives the tooth, regarding it with deep and serious attention.

"Unbroken silence follows. The priest becomes absorbed in thought, and all eyes watch him with unblinking steadiness. In a few minutes he trembles; slight distortions are seen in his face, and twitching movements in his limbs. These increase to a violent muscular action, which spreads until the whole frame is strongly convulsed, and the man shivers as with a strong ague fit. In some islands this is accompanied with murmurs and sobs, the veins are greatly enlarged, and the circulation of the blood quickened.

"The priest is now possessed by his god, and all his words and actions are considered as no longer his own, but those of the deity who has entered into him. Shrill cries of 'Koi au! Koi au!' ('It is I! It is I!') fill the air, and the god is supposed thus to notify his approach. While giving the answer, the priest's eyes stand out and roll as if in a frenzy; his voice is unnatural, his face pale, his lips livid, his breathing depressed, and his entire appearance like that of a furious madman. The sweat runs from every pore, and

tears start from his strained eyes; after which the symptoms gradually disappear. The priest looks round with a vacant stare, and as the god says 'I depart,' announces his actual departure by violently flinging himself down on the mat, or by suddenly striking the ground with a club, when those at a distance are informed by blasts on the conch, or the firing of a musket, that the deity has returned into the world of spirits."

In many cases it is evident that the priests enact deliberate impositions, but it is also certain that in many others they are completely under the dominion of frenzy, and that they do not recollect afterward the words which they uttered while in their delirious state. "My own mind," said one of them, "departs from me, and then, when it is truly gone, my god speaks by me."

Various modes of divination are employed by the Fijian priests. They have, for example, divination by the leaf, by the reed, by the nut, and by water. The leaf is tested by taking it between the front teeth and biting it. If it be completely severed, the omen is good; if it hang together, even by a single fibre, the omen is unfavorable. One priest had a very strange mode of divination by the leaf. He had two magic leaves, which he placed on the sides of the applicant, and then left them. If the leaf on the right side stung the skin, the omen was good; but if any plots or treacheries were hatched, the leaf stung the man on the left side, and so warned him of the danger. Another mode of divination by the leaf is to bite it, and judge by the flavor whether the omen be adverse or the contrary.

The reed test is managed as follows. A number of short reeds are cut, and laid in a row on the ground, a name being given to each. The priest then holds his right foot over each, and the response is given by the trembling of the foot.

The water test is performed by holding the straightened arm slightly upward, and pouring a few drops of water on the wrist. If the water should run to the shoulder, the response is favorable; should it fall off at the elbow, the answer is adverse.

The next test is performed by laying a cocoa-nut on a small surface and spinning it. When it stops, the response is given by the direction in which the eye points.

According to Fijian notions, the passage to Buruto or heaven is a very difficult one, except for great chiefs, and the only plan by which a man of inferior rank can hope to obtain admission is by telling the god a lie, and proclaiming himself a chief with so much apparent truthfulness that he is believed, and allowed to pass. Taking on his shoulder his war club and a whale's tooth, the Fijian spirit goes to the end of the world, where grows a sacred pine, and throws the tooth at it. Should he miss it, he can go no further; but if he hit it, he travels on to a spot where

he awaits the arrival of the women who were murdered at his death.

Escorted by them, he proceeds until he is met and opposed by a god called Ravvayalo, whom he fights with his club. Should he fail, he is killed and eaten by the god, and there is an end of him. Should he conquer, he proceeds until he finds a canoe, into which he gets, and is conveyed to the lofty spot where the chief god, Ndengei, lives. Over the precipice extends the long steering oar of the god's canoe. He is then asked his name and rank, when he replies with a circumstantial account of his grandeur and magnificence, of the countries over which he has ruled, of the deeds which he did in war, and of the devastation which he caused. He is then told to take his seat on the blade of the oar. Should his story have been believed, he is conveyed to Buruto; but should Ndengei disbelieve his story, the oar is tilted up, and he is hurled down the precipice into the water below whence he never emerges.

It has been mentioned that the spirit has to wait for the escort of his wives. This is in order to prove that he is a married man, bachelors having no hope of admission into Buruto. Should a wifeless man start on his journey, he is confronted by a goddess, called the Great Woman, who has a special hatred of bachelors, and, as soon as she sees one, flies at him and tries to tear him in pieces. Sometimes she misses him in her eagerness; but, even in such a case, he has to deal with another god, who hides himself in the spirit path, and, as the soul of the bachelor passes by, he springs on the wretched being, and dashes him to atoms against a stone.

The Burés or temples of the gods abound in Fiji, at least one Buré being found in every village, and some of the villages having many of these buildings. They are made of the same material as the houses, but with much more care. Instead of being merely set on the ground, they are placed on the top of a mound of earth, sometimes only slightly elevated, and sometimes twenty feet or more in height.

The natives think no labor too great for the decoration of a Buré, and it is in those buildings that their marvellous skill in plaiting sinnet is best shown. Every beam, post, and pillar is entirely covered with sinnet plaited into the most beautiful patterns, black and red being the favorite colors; and even the reeds which line the window frames, and fill up the interstices between the pillars, are hidden in the plaited sinnet with which they are covered. So lavish are the natives of their work, that they are not content with covering the pillars and reeds with sinnet work, but they make large plaited cords of the same material, and hang them in festoons from the eaves.

It has already been mentioned that the best houses have the ends of the ridge-poles decorated with cowries, but those of the

Buré are adorned with long strings of cowries that sometimes reach the ground. Ordinary laths are thought too common to be used in thatching temples, and the beautifully carved spears of warriors are employed instead of simple wood. When the Buré is erected on a high mound, entrance is gained to it by means of a very thick plank cut into notched steps.

Although the Burés are considered as temples, and dedicated to the god, they are mostly used for secular purposes. Visitors from a distance are generally quartered in them, and in many instances the principal men of the village make the Buré their sleeping-place. Councils are held in the Burés, and entertainments are given in them, of which the offerings to the god form a large part. Sometimes, as has been mentioned, a chief who wishes to propitiate some deity offers a great quantity of food in his temple, and this food is consumed in a general feast. A certain portion is dedicated to the god, and may only be eaten by the priests and the old men, but the remainder may be eaten by any one.

None of the food is left to perish, the Fijians having a convenient belief which combines piety with self-indulgence. The god is supposed to be a great eater, but only to consume the soul of the provisions, so that when food is cooked and offered, the god eats the soul and the people the body. The chief god, Ndengei, used to be both greedy and dainty in his demands for food. He sometimes ate two hundred hogs and a hundred turtles at a single feast, and was continually insisting on human sacrifices. In order to procure these, no respect was paid to persons, and so infatuated were the people that, to keep up Ndengei's supplies of human food, chiefs were known to kill their own wives.

No regular worship is ever offered in the Burés, which, indeed, are often left to fall into decay until some one desires to consult or propitiate the god, when the building is repaired and cleaned for the occasion. As may be expected, during the building of the Buré several human sacrifices are offered.

If the reader will refer to the drawing of the Buré on the following page, he will see that in front of it are two oddly-shaped objects. These are examples of the sacred stones, several of which are to be found in various parts of Fiji. They are considered as the dwelling-place of certain gods, and are held to be either male or female, according to the sex of the deity who inhabits them. Should the god be of the female sex, the fact is known by a woman's apron or liku being tied round the stone. One such god is a very useful one, because he hates mosquitoes, and keeps them away from the spot in which he dwells. Food is prepared and offered to those sacred stones, the god, as usual, eating the spirit of the food, and the

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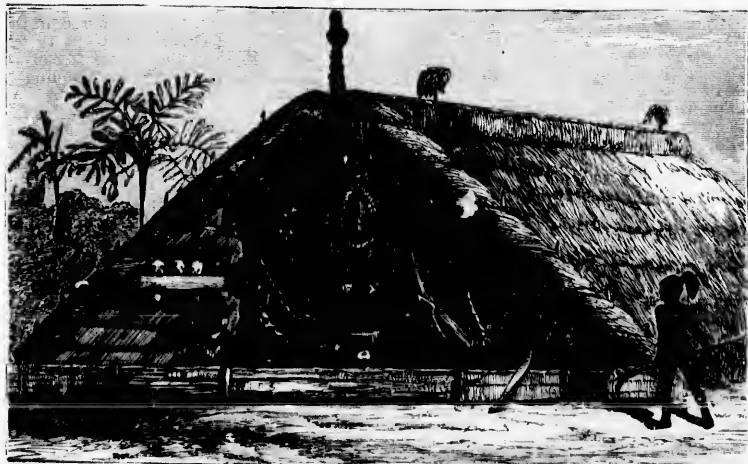
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(1.) A BURÉ, OR TEMPLE. (See page 962.)



(2.) CANOE HOUSE AT MAKIRA BAY. (See page 970.)

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priest and officers consuming its outward form.

WE now come to the funeral ceremonies of Fiji, taking those of the chiefs as types of the whole.

Among the Fijians a very singular superstition reigns. When men or women become infirm with age, they are considered to have lived their full time on earth, and preparations are made for their burial. So ingrained is this belief, that if a man finds himself becoming feeble with age or disease, he requests his sons to strangle him, and with this request they think themselves bound to comply. Indeed, if they think that he is too slow in making the request, they suggest to him that he has lived long enough, and ought to rest in the grave. Such conduct seems to imply that they are destitute of affection, but in reality it is their way of showing their love for their parent.

They are really a most affectionate race of people. A young chief has been seen to sob with overpowering emotion at parting from his father for a short time, and yet, were his parents to become ill or infirm, he would think it his duty to apply the fatal rope with his own hands. To be strangled by one's children, or to be buried alive by them, is considered the most honorable mode of death. The reason for this strange custom seems to be that the Fijians believe the condition of the spirit in the next world to be exactly the same as that of the individual when in life. Consequently, affectionate children are unwilling to allow their parents to pass into the next world in an infirm state of body, and therefore strangle them out of sheer kindness.

From a similar notion of kindness, they also strangle the favorite wives and attendants of the dead chief, so as to provide him with the followers to whom he has been accustomed. They also kill a powerful warrior, in order that he may go before his chief through the passage into the spirit land, and drive away the evil spirits who oppose the progress of a new comer. These victims go by the name of "grass," and are laid at the bottom of the grave; the warrior painted and dressed for battle, with his favorite club by his side, the women arranged in folds of the finest masi, and the servants with their implements in their hands; so that the inhabitants of the spirit world may see how great a chief has come among them.

All their preparations are carried on in a quiet and orderly manner, the victims never attempting to escape from their fate, but vying with each other for the honor of accompanying their chief. In some cases, when a chief has died young, his mother has insisted on sharing his grave. So deeply do the Fijians feel the necessity for this sacrifice that the custom has been a greater barrier against Christianity even than canni-

balism or polygamy, and even those natives who have been converted to Christianity are always uneasy on the subject. On one occasion a Christian chief was shot, and by the same volley a young man was killed. The Christian natives were delighted with the latter catastrophe, inasmuch as it provided an attendant for their slain chief.

The scene which takes place when a great chief is expected to die has been described by Mr. Williams with great power. The King of Somo-somo, a magnificent specimen of the savage, was becoming infirm through age, and toward the middle of August 1845 was unable to do more than walk about a little;—

"I visited him on the 21st, and was surprised to find him much better than he had been two days before. On being told, therefore, on the 24th that the king was dead, and that preparations were being made for his interment, I could scarcely credit the report. The ominous word *preparing* urged me to hasten without delay to the scene of action, but my utmost speed failed to bring me to Nasima—the king's house—in time. The moment I entered it was evident that, as far as concerned two of the women, I was too late to save their lives. The effect of that scene was overwhelming. Scores of deliberate murderers in the very act surrounded me: yet there was no confusion, and, except a word from him who presided, no noise, only an unearthly, horrid stillness. Nature seemed to lend her aid and to deepen the dread effect; there was not a breath stirring in the air, and the half-subdued light in that hall of death showed every object with unusual distinctness.

"All was motionless as sculpture, and a strange feeling came upon me, as though I was myself becoming a statue. To speak was impossible; I was unconscious that I breathed; and involuntarily, or rather against my will, I sunk to the floor, assuming the cowering posture of those who were actually engaged in murder. My arrival was during a hush, just at the crisis of death, and to that strange silence must be attributed my emotions; and I was but too familiar with murders of this kind, neither was there anything novel in the apparatus employed. Occupying the centre of that large room were two groups, the business of whom could not be mistaken.

"All sat on the floor; the middle figure of each group being held in a sitting posture by several females, and hidden by a large veil. On either side of each veiled figure was a company of eight or ten strong men, one company hauling against the other on a white cord which was passed twice round the neck of the doomed one, who thus in a few minutes ceased to live. As my self-command was returning to me the group furthest from me began to move; the men slackened their hold, and the attendant

women removed the large covering, making it into a couch for the victim.

"As that veil was lifted some of the men beheld the distorted features of a mother whom they had helped to murder, and smiled with satisfaction as the corpse was laid out for decoration. Convulsion strongly on the part of the poor creature near me showed that she still lived. She was a stout woman, and some of the executioners jocosely invited those who sat near to have pity and help them. At length a woman said, 'she is cold.' The fatal cord fell, and as the covering was raised I saw dead the oldest wife and unwearied attendant of the old king."

Leaving the house of murder, Mr. Williams went to the hut of the deceased king, determining to see his successor, and beg him to spare the lives of the intended victims.

To his horror and astonishment, he found that the king was still alive. He was lying on his couch, very feeble, but perfectly conscious, every now and then placing his hand to his side as he was racked by cough. The young king was full of grief. He embraced his visitor with much emotion, saying, "See, the father of us two is dead." It was useless to dispute the point. The poor old king certainly did move and speak and eat; but, according to the son's ideas, the movements were only mechanical, the spirit having left the body.

So the preparations for his funeral went on. His chief wife and an assistant employed themselves in covering his body with black powder, as if dressing him for the war dance, and fastening upon his arms and legs a number of long strips of white masi, tied in rosettes, with the ends streaming on the ground. They had already clad him in a new masi of immense size, the white folds of which were wrapped round his feet. In place of the usual masi turban, a scarlet handkerchief was bound on his hair with a circlet of white cowrie-shells, and strings of the same shells decorated his arms, while round his neck was an ivory necklace, made of long curved claw-like pieces of whale's teeth.

The reader may perhaps wonder that the chief wife of the king was suffered to live. The fact was that the young king would not allow her to be killed, because no executioner of sufficient rank could be found. She lamented her hard lot in being forbidden to accompany her husband to the spirit land, and begged to be strangled, but without success.

Presently the sound of two conch-shell trumpets was heard outside the house, this being the official intimation that the old king was dead, and the new king was then formally acknowledged by the chiefs who were present. He seemed overcome with grief, and, gazing on the body of his father's attendant, he exclaimed, "Alas, Moalevu! There lies a woman truly wearied, not only

in the day but in the night also; the fire consumed the fuel gathered by her hands. If we awoke in the still night, the sound of our feet reached her ears, and, if spoken to harshly, she continued to labor only. Moalevu! Alas, Moalevu!"

The bodies of the murdered women were then rolled up in mats, placed on a bier, and carried out of the door, but the old king was taken through a breach made in the wall of the house. The bodies were carried down to the seaside and placed in a canoe, the king being on the deck, attended by his wife and the Mata, who fanned him and kept off the insects.

When they arrived at Weilangi, the place of sepulture, they found the grave already dug, and lined with mats. The bodies of the women were laid side by side in the grave, and on them the dying king. The shell ornaments were then taken from him, and he was entirely enveloped in mats, after which the earth was filled in, and thus he was buried alive. The poor old man was even heard to cough after a quantity of earth had been heaped on him.

This final scene is represented in an illustration on the 980th page. In the foreground is seen the open grave, with the bodies of the murdered women lying in it as "grass." The still living king is being borne to the grave by the attendants, while his successor sits mournfully surveying a scene which he knows will be re-enacted in his own case, should he live to be old and infirm. Just above the grave are the rolls of fine mats with which the body of the king is to be covered before the earth is filled in; and in the background appears the mast of the canoe which brought the party to the burial-ground.

The reader cannot but notice the resemblance between this Fijian custom of strangling the wives and the well-known suttee of India. In both cases the women are the foremost to demand death, and for the same reason. Just as the Hindoo women arrange their own funeral pile, and light it with their own hands, the Fijian woman helps to dig her own grave, lines it with mats and then seats herself in it.

The fact is, that the woman has positively no choice in the matter; a wife who survives her husband is condemned to a life of neglect, suffering, and insult, so that the short agony of immediate death is preferable to such a fate, especially as by yielding to the national custom she believes that she shall secure a happy and honored life in the spirit land. Moreover, her relatives are bound by custom to insist upon her death, as, if they did not follow this custom, they would be accused of disrespect toward her husband and his family, and would run the risk of being clubbed in revenge.

In consequence of this horrid custom, the population of Fiji has been greatly checked,

for not only is there the direct sacrifice of life, but much indirect loss is occasioned. Many of the murdered women are mothers, whose children die for want of maternal care, so that, what with the perpetual feuds and continual murders, the custom of cannibalism, the sacrifice of wives with their husbands, the strangling of the old or sick, and the death of children by neglect, very few Fijians die from natural causes. Mr. Williams mentions that in a class of nine children under his charge, the parents had all been murdered with the exception of two, and these had been condemned to death, and only saved through the exertions of the missionaries.

After a king is buried, sundry ceremonies are observed. For twenty days or so, no one eats until the evening, the people shave their heads either partially or entirely, and the women cut off their fingers, which are inserted in split reeds, and stuck along the eaves of the royal house. Those who are nearly related to the dead king show their grief by refusing to wear their usual dress, and substituting rude garments of leaves. They often deny themselves the luxury of a mat to lie upon, and pass their nights on the grave of their friend. The coast is rendered tapu for a certain distance, no one being allowed to fish until the proper time has elapsed, and the cocoa-nut trees are placed under a similar restriction.

Various strange rites take place on certain days after the funeral. On the fourth day the friends assemble, and celebrate the melancholy ceremony called the "jumping of maggots," in which they symbolize the progress of corruption. Next evening is one of a directly opposite character, called the "causing to laugh," in which the immediate friends and relatives of the dead are entertained with comic games. On the tenth day the women have an amusing ceremony of their own. Arming themselves with whips, swords, they fall upon every man without respect to age or rank, the men only being exempt from this punishment. The men are not allowed to retaliate, but by flinging mud at their assailants, those who have witnessed the scene say that nothing more ludicrous can be imagined than to see grave, elderly men running in all directions, pursued by the women with their whips and switches.

The last ceremony is the completion of some special work begun in honor of the dead. It may be the erection of a house, the

making of a huge ball of sinnet, a great bale of cloth, and, in any case, it bears the name of the person in whose honor it was undertaken. Building large canoes is a favorite form of this custom, and, during the whole time that the work is in progress, the canoe is put to sleep at night by the beating of drums, and awakened every morning in a similar manner, when the carpenters come to their work.

A curious ceremony takes place in Fiji when one of the principal chiefs has died. It is called the loloku of the sail, and is a sort of a signal of honor. Whenever a canoe approaches the coast for the first time since the death of the chief, the vessel is obliged to show the loloku. This is generally a long strip of masi tied to the head of the mast, and as soon as the canoe touches the land, both the sail and masi are thrown into the water. Sometimes, when the owner of the canoe is tolerably rich, he adds to the simple loloku a whale's tooth, which is flung from the mast-head into the water, when the people dive and scramble for it.

Should the chief perish at sea, or be killed in a warlike expedition, and be eaten by his enemies, the loloku is shown as carefully as if he had been buried on shore, and his relatives try to compensate him for his adverse fate, by killing an unusual number of women as his attendants. Nearly twenty women have thus been sacrificed on the death of a young chief who was drowned at sea.

The graves of chiefs and their wives are marked by tombs. These are sometimes nothing but stones at the head and foot of the grave, or large cairns of stones piled on the deceased. Sometimes they are roofs from three to six feet in height, decorated, after Fijian custom, with patterns worked in sinnet.

One tomb, that of a chief's wife, was a very remarkable one. Her husband had a large mound of earth thrown up, and faced with stones. On the top of the mound was a double canoe, forty feet in length, held firmly in its place by being imbedded in earth. Fine shingle was strewn on the deck, and mats were spread on the shingle for the reception of the body. Sand was then heaped over the canoe, and on the sand was laid the body of a little child of whom the deceased woman had been very fond. Over all was then built a large roof, made of mahogany, and adorned with white cowrie-shells.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS AND NEW HEBRIDES.

CHARACTER, DRESS, CUSTOMS.

POSITION OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS—REASON FOR THE NAME OF THE GROUP—CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—CANNIBALISM—DRESS AND ORNAMENTS—NEW IRELAND AND NEW BRITAIN—NOMAD CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES—CAVE HOUSES—THE ADMIRALTY ISLANDS—DISTINGUISHING MARKS OF THE CHIEFS, AND THEIR DOMINION OVER THE PEOPLE—THE DOUKA ISLAND—THE NEW HEBRIDES—MODE OF GOVERNMENT, AND DIVERSITY OF LANGUAGE—THE INHABITANTS OF VATE—CURIOUS DRESS OF THE WOMEN—ORNAMENTS OF THE HOUSES—TAUNA AND KHRUMANGA—TRADE IN SANDAL WOOD—ANKITEUM AND VANIKORO.

BETWEEN New Guinea and the Fiji group lie the Solomon (or Salomon) Islands. They were discovered, as far as we know, by Alvaro de Mendana, who touched upon them in the year 1567. Being desirous of inducing his countrymen, who held in those days the chief place among sailors, to visit and colonize so fertile a land, he concocted a pious fraud, and called the group by the name of Solomon Islands, as being the Ophir from which Solomon's ships brought the vast quantities of gold with which he adorned the Temple and his own palace.

His scheme failed, inasmuch as, when he again went in search of the islands, he could not find them, the imperfect astronomical instruments of that day being far inferior to those of the present time, by means of which a competent observer can tell within a few yards his exact place on the earth.

The natives of the Solomon Islands are so fierce and treacherous, that comparatively little has as yet been learned about them. They have displayed a great genius for lulling voyagers into a fancied security, and then murdering and eating them; so that the Spaniards lost nothing by Mendana's inability to find the Islands again. They contrived lately to entrap a gentleman who visited their islands in his yacht, and murdered him while he was on shore, shooting pigeons. They have committed so many murders on seamen, and even captured so many vessels, that the greatest precautions are now taken by those who visit their shores.

Perhaps the reader may wonder that any one should take the trouble of visiting so inhospitable a place; but the fact is that the hawk's-bill turtle, so valued as supplying the tortoise-shell of commerce, is plentiful on the coasts, and captured by the natives, who reserve the shell for barter with European ships.

When ships anchor off the coast, the natives put off in canoes; but only a certain number are allowed to approach, the hammock nettles being triced up so as to prevent the natives from boarding the vessel. Only the principal chief is allowed to come on board, and through him the bargains are made. These are very tedious, as the natives will insist on haggling separately over each piece of tortoise-shell, instead of selling the whole "head" at once, as is done at other places. The usual articles of merchandise are employed in the trade, such as glass bottles, beads, axes, cloth, knives, and similar objects.

The natives are very dark, and may even be called black, with thick and crisp hair. That they are cannibals has already been mentioned. They are such inordinate lovers of human flesh that, according to the accounts of some travellers, which may however have been exaggerated, they make it their customary diet. It is evident, however, that this statement must be somewhat overdrawn, as no people inhabiting a limited country could make human flesh the chief article of diet without gradual extermination. That they prefer it to all other food is likely enough, and in this they only

follow the example of the Papuans. Mendana mentions that the chief of one of the islands sent him a handsome present of a quarter of a boy, and that he gave great offence to the natives by hurrying instead of eating it.

They do certainly use great quantities of this horrible diet, and one traveller mentions that, in visiting their houses, he has seen human heads, legs, and arms hung from the rafters, just as joints of meat are hung in a larder. The houses bear token in other ways of the cannibalistic habits of the natives, being ornamented with skulls and similar relics of bygone feasts, together with other ornaments.

The Solomon Islanders are not handsome people, and do not add to their beauty by their modes of adornment. Their inveterate use of the betel-nut blackens their teeth, and their faces are disfigured with streaks and patches of white paint, which has a horribly ghastly appearance against the black skin. They are fond of wearing numerous ornaments in their ears, the lobes of which are perforated, and so distended that they can wear in them circular blocks of wood nine inches in circumference. Their chief ornament is, however, an armband made from a large shell found on the reefs. Shells of sufficient size for this purpose are extremely rare, and are prized even more than whales' teeth among the Fijians and neighboring people. Wars are often caused by a struggle for the possession of a single armband; while, in comparison with so valuable an article, human life is looked upon as utterly worthless. Very great chiefs and warriors wear several of these rings on their arms; but they do so with the full knowledge that their luxury is as perilous as it is valuable, and that they are likely to be murdered merely for the sake of their ornaments.

The Solomon Islanders care little for clothing, their whole dress being simply a piece of matting tied round the waist; and it is rather a remarkable fact that they pursue the same art of staining the hair yellow, white, or red, or discharging all color out of it, that is practised by the Fijians.

Warlike as well as fierce, they possess a variety of weapons; such as clubs of different kinds, spears, bows and arrows. In order to guard themselves against the missile weapons, they carry shields made of rushes, woven so thickly and tightly together that they are able to resist the arrows and to render the spears almost harmless.

That they possess canoes may be inferred from the fact that they inhabit islands of such diminutive size. These canoes are made in a most ingenious manner, and are constructed in a mode that gives a clue to the peculiar shape which is so often seen among the islands of Polynesia. Both at the stem and stern the ends of the canoe are very

much raised. This structure is not only for ornament, though decoration is freely used in it, but is principally intended for defence. When the crew attack an enemy, or are attacked, they always take care to present the bow or stern of the canoe to the foe, and thus are in a great measure protected by the raised ends.

As is the case with most of these oceanic peoples, the inhabitants of the Solomon Islands profusely adorn the sides of their canoes with carvings, feathers, and bulay-lugs. For the last-mentioned purpose white shells are liberally used, and tortoise-shell is also employed. Sometimes these portions of the canoe are carved so as to resemble the human face, the eyes being made of mother-of-pearl, the ears of tortoise-shell, and the chin furnished with a long beard.

In one of these canoes Captain Bougainville found a great quantity of weapons and implements, such as spears, bows and arrows, shields, and fishing nets. The shape of the shields was nearly oval, and the arrows were tipped with sharp fish bones. Various articles of food were also found in the boat, such as cocoa-nuts and other fruits, among which was the somewhat startling object of a human jaw-bone partially cooked.

Among the same group of islands are New Ireland and New Britain, both of which, by the way, seemed to have been named on the *hunc a non luendo* principle, inasmuch as it is scarcely possible to find any part of the world less like Ireland or Britain in general than these little islands.

In their dress and ornaments the inhabitants differ but little from the Solomon Islanders, except that the chiefs wear circular ornaments of pearl almost exactly like the *dihhl-dihhl* of North Australia. Tortoise-shell is also used for the purpose.

These tribes seem to be continually on the move, the warriors being ordered by the chiefs from stations much like our own regiments at home, and being accompanied by their wives and families. In their various migrations the men are bound to look to the interests of their families; and if they neglect to do so, the case is brought before a council of chiefs, who investigate the matter. Should the accusation be proved, the delinquent is condemned to run the gauntlet, a punishment which is inflicted in exactly the same mode as has been employed in Europe.

All the inhabitants of the village, men, women, and children, are drawn up in a double line, and each is furnished with a bundle of twigs bound together like the birches of schools. The culprit is placed at one end of this line, and at a signal from the chief he is obliged to run through it a certain number of times, receiving a blow from every one as he passes. Sharp and se-

vere as is this law, it shows no small amount of political wisdom, and lifts the people in a degree from mere savage life. Among ordinary savages the man is everything and the women and children nothing, and that in these remote islands they should be placed under the protection of the government shows a considerable advance toward civilization. There is, moreover, an ingenious retributive justice in the mode of punishment. By deserting his family, the man throws the burden of their maintenance on the community, and it is, therefore, thought only fair that the punishment should also be left to the community.

The architecture of these people is good, and we shall presently see an example of it. When a new village is to be built a large space is cleared, in the middle of which is the council house, a large circular edifice, supported on red pillars, and distinguished by having on the roof a number of tall poles, each bearing on its point a human skull. The floor is carpeted with fine mats, colored with turmeric, and adorned with birds' feathers woven into it.

The dwelling-houses are made in a very different manner. The native architect begins by digging a large square hole in the ground some five feet deep, and over this pit he erects the house, which is rather low, in consequence of the depth gained in the basement. The thatch is of weeds, and is covered with a thick coating of clay, which serves the double purpose of rendering the hut fire-proof and of keeping the interior cool.

The weapons of the warriors are much the same as those of the other islands, but slings are also employed, and the spears are generally tipped with sharp flint. Like most of the Papuans, the victorious party eat the enemies whom they kill in battle.

Owing to the character of these islanders, little is known of their religion. That they have some form of worship is evident from the fact that they make great wooden idols, sometimes ten or more feet in height, and plant them in different parts of the country. The illustration No. 2, on the 949th page, represents one of these idols. To these idols offerings of food are constantly made; and, as such offerings are never taken away, the odor of decomposing fogs, fowls, and fruit betrays the presence of the idol at a great distance. In one of the islands, called Yabel, the natives are said to worship snakes, toads, and various reptiles.

THE most eastward of this group, San Christoval, is about seventy miles long and twenty wide. In No. 2, on page 963, is given a view taken in Makira harbor, in order to show the ingenious houses which the natives build for the protection of their canoes. As may be seen, the house is capable of accumulating a considerable number

of the beautifully carved vessels, and is elaborately adorned, after the native fashion, with idols in images, human skulls, tufts of feathers, and similar ornaments.

THE extremest of the group are those which are known by the name of the Admiralty Islands.

The natives of these islands make use of a sort of obsidian, which they split into fragments and use as we use steel. For example, they make razors of it, with which they shave every part of their bodies excepting the head, on which the hair is allowed to grow, and is tied up in a knot on the top of the head. The hair is often colored with red ochre and oil. They use the same material as heads to their spears, tying the head to the shaft with plaited string coated with gum. The clothing of the Admiralty Islanders is very simple, the women wearing a piece of matting tied round the waist, and the men nothing but a large white shell. They have bracelets and armlets made of plaited fibre, and a belt of similar material round the waist. Some of them make their bracelets of large sea-ear shells, grinding out the middle and rounding the edges; and ornaments of a similar character are hung in the ears, which are often dragged down to such an extent that the lower tips of the lobes almost rest on the shoulders. This enormous size is attained at the cost of much trouble, an elastic hoop being constantly kept in the aperture so as to keep it gradually distended. A few of the natives also have the septum of the nose pierced, and hang upon it a string, to the end of which are fastened teeth. The chiefs are distinguished by a double row of little shells on the forehead, and seem to exercise considerable authority over their inferiors.

When Captain D'Entrecasteaux visited the place, his boats approached the shore, whereon a number of natives were collected, and the captain made signs of peace. A chief, distinguished by the insignia of rank on his forehead, ordered one of the natives to swim to the boats with some coconuts. "The fear of approaching persons of whose intentions he was ignorant, made the islander, swimming and defenceless, hesitate a moment. But the chief, who doubtless was little accustomed to have his will disobeyed, did not allow him to reflect. Blows from a cudgel, which he held in his hand, immediately succeeded his order, and enforced instant obedience. . . .

"By way of comforting the poor fellow, our people gave him some bits of red stuff, a few nails, and a knife, with which he was greatly pleased. No sooner had he returned to the island, than curiosity collected all the rest around him, every one wishing to see our presents. Canoes were immediately launched, many natives took to the water and swam, and in a short time there was

a great concourse round our boats. We were surprised to see that neither the force of the surf nor of the breakers discouraged them from the attempt.

"There was another chief distinguished by the same ornaments as he who has been already mentioned, and also by the blows which he inflicted with his cudgel upon those to whom he gave his orders."

The canoes of these people are furnished with a double outrigger, only one touching the water, and the other projecting at an equal distance on the opposite side. They are connected by a platform, on which the commander stands when the sail is lowered and laid on the second outrigger. When the sail is hoisted, he stands on the place where it had been laid. Each outrigger projects about eight feet from the gunwale. The paddles are about six feet in length, and are furnished with a broad blade, which is made separately from the handle, and firmly lashed to it with cord.

The sail is made of matting, and about thirteen feet square. The mast is twenty feet in height, and when the canoe is to be pushed to its full speed, the sail is hoisted diagonally, with one angle projecting a yard above the top of the mast. When the natives desire to go slowly, they only hoist a few feet of the sail, the rest of it lying in the canoe; and by thus hoisting or lowering the sail they can regulate their speed much as they like. When the sail is hoisted to its fullest extent, the canoe can beat the swiftest sailing ships. The ordinary length of a canoe is about thirty-two feet, and the extreme breadth is only twenty-six inches.

The Admiralty Islanders chew the pepper leaf, with the addition of lime, which they keep in a little calabash, but do not seem to add the cocoa-nut. Only the chiefs appear to practise this habit, probably on account of the difficulty of obtaining the proper materials.

ONE of these islands, named BOUKA, was visited by Captain D'Entrecasteaux in 1792. The natives are black, tall, powerful, and quite naked. The face is rather broad and flat, the nose projects but little, the mouth is large, and the lips peculiarly thin. They pluck all the hair off the body, and only allow that of the head to grow, sometimes powdering it with red chalk. Red and white paint are freely used on their bodies, and their ears are pierced and loaded with large shells, which drag them nearly to the shoulders. Round the waist they wear a cord which passes round the body several times, and some of them have a custom of binding the upper arm in a similar manner, placing some flat pieces of wood between the arm and the ligature.

These people are good canoe men, and, when they man their large war canoes, exhibit a discipline which is hardly to be

expected among savages. Between every two paddlers on each side stands a warrior armed with bow and arrows, while intermediate parties of warriors stand with their faces toward the stern, so as to observe the enemy and fight during a retreat. Two of the crew are told off to bale out the water, which bents continually over the side of the canoe when the wind blows freshly.

The bow is remarkable for having the string coated with a sort of resinous substance in order to preserve it, the middle of the cord being skilfully wrapped with bark to guard it against injury from the neck of the arrow. The arrows are made of two pieces, the head being shaped from a hard and heavy wood, and the shaft being a reed. The place where they are joined is strengthened by a ligature of bark. The butt of the arrow is wrapped in the same manner to prevent it from being split by the string. They use these weapons with much skill, and, as was proved by Captain D'Entrecasteaux, are able to kill birds with them.

The natives were ready to part with their weapons in exchange for red stuff, biscuits, bottles, and other commodities, but were rather prone to cheat, agreeing to deliver a bow for a handkerchief, and, when they had got the handkerchief, pretending that the bargain was not made for a bow but for an arrow. The natives of Bouka Island, naked and savage as they are, have some sort of civilization among themselves, as is evident from the fact that they cultivate the cocoa-nut palm, large plantations of which useful tree extend to the water-side along a great portion of the coast.

FOLLOWING the line of the Solomon Islands in a south-easterly direction, we come upon another group of islands called the NEW HEBRIDES, extending for some four hundred miles, and containing a considerable number of islands of various sizes. They are perhaps best known from the fact that one of them, called Erromanga, was the place in which the celebrated missionary, John Williams, met with his death. These islands attained importance in a secular point of view from the fact that several of them produce sandal-wood, and therefore attract to them a great number of trading vessels of different countries, with whom a considerable commerce has been carried on.

The islands are mostly of a volcanic nature, and present the usual variations of such localities, some parts being rough, craggy, and bare, while others are fertile and prolific to a degree that can scarcely be conceived by those who have never seen tropical vegetation. As is often the case with islands of no great size and divided from each other by moderately wide channels, the tribes which inhabit them differ considerably in their language and manners, and

are in a chronic state of feud with each other. They are just far enough apart to have but rare and infrequent intercourse with each other, and so gradually diverge into different customs, and they are not far enough apart to isolate them, and confer upon them a nationality.

We find this feeling in every one of the innumerable groups of islands which stud the Pacific, and, as we shall soon see, it prevails even among those groups which preserve the same language and customs. In fact, among the Polynesians there is that very feeling of local jealousy which prevails even in civilized countries, and which is, though necessarily more limited, far more rancorous than the feelings of enmity which prevail between mighty nations.

One of the largest of these islands is *VATÉ*, sometimes called Sandwich Island. This latter term should not be used, as it tends to cause confusion between a single island of the New Hebrides and the great group of the Sandwich Islands, which are inhabited by a totally different race of men. To strangers *Vaté* is very unhealthy, but the causes which produce malaria also produce a wonderful fertility of vegetation. This island is about seventy miles in circumference, and is remarkable for the thick growth of forests upon its lower limits, and of verdure upon the higher portions which are not so well fitted for trees. The natives seem to give some time and trouble to agriculture.

The inhabitants are black of skin, but tall and well-formed, and their dress in many points reminds the observer of the costume of several African tribes. That of the men consists of a broad belt or wrapper of matting wrought in patterns colored with red, white, and black. The hair is generally gathered up into a bunch at the top of the head, stained yellow, and adorned with a plume of feathers.

As to ornaments, they are much like those which have already been mentioned as belonging to the Solomon Islanders. The lobes of the ears are always much distended, from the habit of wearing in them heavy ornaments cut from white shells, or similar materials. The septum of the nose is mostly pierced, and the aperture filled with a white stone. Raised scars are made in the arms and chest, and arranged in definite patterns. Armlets made of shells are used by these islanders. Their figure and costume are well represented in the engraving No. 1, on the 973d page.

The women are equally well made with the men, and the general fashion of the dress is much the same. They wear, however, a curious addition to the dress, which is very much like that of the Ovambo women of Africa. Passing round the waist is a belt some seven inches wide, made of plaited fibre woven into neat patterns. From this

belt depends in front a square apron of no great size, and behind is attached a broad strip of the same plaited matting as that which faces the belt. It descends half-way down the leg, and is finished off with a fan-like fringe of plaited grass, some eighteen inches long, and of proportionate width. The women, as well as the men, practise the custom of making raised scars on their bodies. They differ from the men in the mode of dressing the hair, keeping it cut closely to the head instead of allowing it to grow to its full length and tying it up in a bunch.

The weapons of these islanders are remarkable for the beauty of their finish, the barbs of the arrows being neatly carved, and the junction of the head and shaft being neatly ornamented with plaited grass and feathers. Indeed, the arrows have a curious resemblance to those made by some of the tribes of tropical America.

Like the Solomon Islanders, the inhabitants of the New Hebrides have large council chambers in their villages. Instead, however, of being circular, they are generally made of considerable length, sometimes measuring as much as a hundred feet from one end to the other. They are entirely open on one side. For some reason which seems rather obscure, they are adorned with bones of various animals, the particular species from which they are taken not seeming to be of any consequence. For example, in one of these houses may be seen bunches of bones taken indiscriminately from pigs, fowls, and fishes, while the shells of lobsters and other crustacea are mixed with them. It is believed that human bones are not used for this purpose.

A CURIOUS contrast to these tribes is presented by the inhabitants of another island called *TANNA*, who are certainly inferior to those of *Vaté* in stature and general appearance, and are thought to be so in point of intellect. They have a bad reputation, being said to be treacherous and cruel. That they are also reputed to be cannibals is no matter of wonder, inasmuch as they belong to the Papuan race. They are said to rival the Fans of Africa in one respect, and to dig up the bodies of the buried dead, in order to eat them.

The island is volcanic, and the subterranean fires seem to aid the already exuberant vegetation of the tropics, which in *Tanna* attains a development that is almost incredible.

The inhabitants of *Tanna* are as black as those of *Vaté*, but seem to have no other points of resemblance. The men appear to think that they are not black enough by nature, for they have a way of daubing their sable countenances with black lead, and painting upon the black groundwork sundry patterns in red ochre. The hair is frizzed

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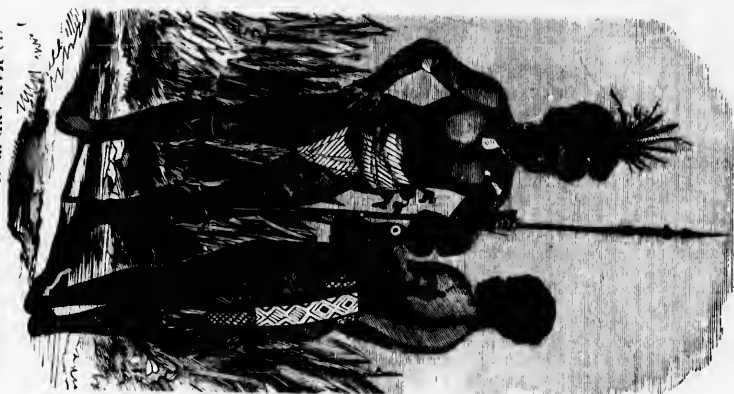
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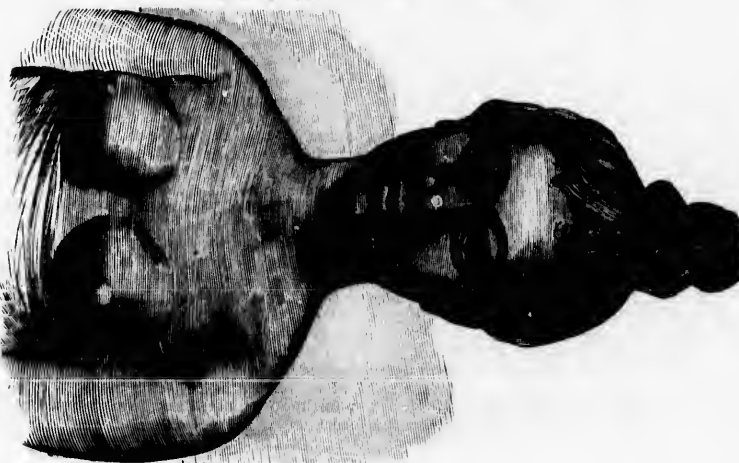
(1.) MAN AND WOMAN OF NEW HEBRIDES.
(See page 972.)



(2.) WOMAN AND CHILD OF VANTORO.
(See page 972.)



(3.) DAUGHTER OF TONGAN CHIEF.
(See page 977.)



out after the ordinary Papuan type which is dyed a reddish dun-color by means of lime.

WE come now to Errumanga. It has kept up its traditional ferocity. Not content with killing the first missionary who set his foot on their shores, the people many years afterward murdered another missionary and his wife. This second murder was owing to the priests, who persuaded the people that an epidemic which had done much damage among the natives was caused by the missionaries from a strange land. The ignorant people readily believed this statement, and, wild with the uncontrolled fury of the savage, they murdered both the accused persons. The deed was scarcely done before the people repented of it, and only the day after the murder, when the bodies were buried, the natives stood round the grave overwhelmed with grief, the most sincere mourner being the chief of the district.

The murder of these people, unfortunate as it may seem, really paved the way for others to follow in their footsteps; and, as is generally the case with persecution, the cause only gained additional strength by the attempts made to repress it by main force.

At one time the inhabitants were held in such dread that the natives were not allowed to come on board the ships, nor were the men permitted to land. A small trade was carried on in sandal-wood, which the natives carried to the boats by swimming through the surf, and being necessarily unarmed, could be allowed to make their bargains without suspicion of treachery. Although, therefore, the savage nature of the inhabitants has occasionally broken out and showed itself in bloodshed, the very fact that Europeans have been allowed to reside for any time on the island shows a great improvement in the character of the natives.

THE northernmost island of the group is ANEITEUM, one of the islands which produce sandal-wood in great plenty. The natural ferocity and suspicion of the natives has been overcome by the judicious establishment and introduction of a factory, to which the sandal-wood is taken by the natives, and from which it is sold to the ships, which find here a store of this valuable wood always ready for them. The chief market for the wood is found in China, where it is cut into various articles of luxury with the customary patience which characterizes the artists of that country. The success of this factory shows that the best way of dealing with savages is to treat them precisely as children are treated, and to employ in all dealings with them an equal mixture of kindness and firmness, making allowances for the different constitution of their minds

and the influence of savage habits upon their conduct; but at the same time to be firm almost to severity, and never to permit an encroachment. The safest maxim in dealing with savages is never to deceive and never to trust.

THE inhabitants of MALICOLO differ considerably from those of the islands which have been mentioned. While the natives of Vaté are tall and finely made, those of Errumanga scarcely inferior to them, and those of Tanna stout and powerful, though comparatively short of stature, the inhabitants of Malicolo are small, ill-proportioned people, ugly of face, and disfiguring themselves by wearing a belt round the waist, drawn so tight that it gives them an hour-glass or waspish aspect.

THE reader may perhaps be aware that, in the year 1788, the vessels *Boussole* and *As-trolabe*, commanded by the celebrated voyager La Pérouse, disappeared, and nothing more was heard of them. He was last seen at Botany Bay, where he had arrived from Tonga.

In 1791 an expedition, consisting of two vessels, the *Recherche* and the *Espérance*, was fitted out under the command of Captain D'Entrecasteaux, and sent out in search of the missing vessels. The expedition failed in its immediate object, though in the course of the explorations some valuable discoveries were made.

In 1792 D'Entrecasteaux's vessels got among the New Hebrides, and found themselves in the midst of coral reefs and shoals of which they knew nothing, and which caused no small alarm. In consequence of the danger of these reefs, the captain did not touch at all the islands which were seen, but contented himself with naming them, and marking their places on a chart. As it turned out, one of these islands, VANIKORO, or Recherche Island, as D'Entrecasteaux named it, was the place on which La Pérouse was wrecked, so that the expedition actually passed within sight of the very spot which was the object of their voyage. Indeed, D'Entrecasteaux practically completed the voyage which La Pérouse began, and his narrative furnishes a necessary supplement to that of the voyager in search of whom he sailed. It was not until some forty years afterward that the relics were discovered which proved beyond a doubt that Vanikoro was the place in which La Pérouse and his companions perished. Vanikoro is sometimes called Pitt's Island. An illustration is given on the 973d page, which represents a woman of Vanikoro, and her child, and is a type of the expression and features of these islanders.

CHAPTER XCIX.

TONGA.

GOVERNMENT AND GRADATIONS OF RANK.

FRIENDLY RELATIONS BETWEEN TONGA AND FIJI—THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE TONGANS—THEIR DRESS—THE GNATOO, AND MODE OF WEARING IT—MAKING THE GNATOO—BEATING, JOINING, AND PRINTING THE PIECES—THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN GNATOO AND TAPPA—ORNAMENTS WORN BY THE TONGANS—WHALE'S TEETH, AND THE VALUE SET ON THEM—FINOW AND THE TEETH—DISTINCTIONS OF RANK—SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS RANK—THE TOOI-TONGA, HIS ORIGIN AND PRIVILEGES—THE VEACHI—THE HOW, OR KING, OFTEN INFERIOR IN RANK TO MANY OF HIS CHIEFS—THE EGI, OR NOBLES—THE MATABOOLES, THEIR RANK AND DUTIES—THE MOOAS, OR GENTRY; AND THE TOOAS OR COMMON PEOPLE—MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT RANKS—TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

OUR readers may remember that, in the account of the Fiji Islands, it was mentioned that there was one nation which was held by the Fijians as free from their usual custom of killing and eating all visitors to their coast. These people are the inhabitants of the Tongan group, popularly known as the Friendly Islands. Owing to their courage in war and superior intellect, they have performed toward the Fijians the same part that has so often been played by more civilized people. On one or two occasions they found the Fijian chiefs hard pressed by rebellion, took the part of their hosts, crushed the rebel forces, and restored the chiefs to power.

A remarkable instance of this timely aid occurred as late as 1855. Thakomban, of whom we have already heard, was in danger of losing his life and throne together through a rebellion led by a chief named Mara. Fortunately, he had previously given a magnificent canoe to the Tongan king, who sailed over, according to custom, accompanied with a large fleet, in order to receive the royal present with due honor. He instantly led his forces against the rebels, stormed a fort called Kamba which was held by them, took it, and utterly dispersed the enemy, Mara himself only escaping by running over the sharp shells of the reef, thereby nearly cutting his feet to pieces, and swimming to a neighboring town on the coast.

After this exploit, the Tongan chief followed up his blow by sailing to the island of Tavinni, where another rebellion was raging in consequence of the murder of the chief by his sons. He put an end to this rebellion also, inquired which of the murdered chief's other sons had the best claim to his father's rank, and installed him formally. The vanquished rebels, finding that the Tongan leader was too strong for them, tried to entrap him in an ambuscade, but only succeeded in murdering one of his chiefs. The Tongans immediately landed on the island, and avenged the death of their friends in a most terrible manner. A large party of Tongan warriors was afterward left under the command of a chief named Maafu, a relation of the king, and by means of this force the rebels were effectually suppressed.

As might be expected, the Tongans took advantage of their situation, and enacted over again the fable of the deer, the horse, and the man. Some four hundred of them generally remain in Fiji, and dominate over the natives much like armies of occupation in other countries. A Tongan warrior has not the least scruple in going to a strange village, entering the house that pleases him best, and installing himself in the best place with the simple words: "This part of the house is mine." He takes the best of the food, and, if he builds a canoe, merely acts as foreman, making the Fijians do all the

hard work. There is nothing that the Tongans do, however, which so much incenses the natives as their careless habit of shaking the bread-fruit trees in order to procure the fruit, which ought always to be gathered by hand.

It is said, and perhaps with reason, that the Tongans contemplate the complete conquest of the Fijian group; and from their experience, courage, and discipline, and the fear which they have contrived to instill into the Fijians, there is little doubt that the attempt, if it were to be made, would be a successful one. The Fijian warrior fights on his own account, each man separately, while the Tongans act in unison; so that the Fijians who have fought against them compare them to the gods, against whom it is useless to struggle.

As may be gathered from these particulars, the Tongans are a superior race to the Fijian. They are, indeed, a different people altogether; the Fijians belonging to the Papuan race, whereas the Tongans belong to the Polynesian race, which does not possess the very crisp hair and rough skin of the Papuans; and, as a rule, is much lighter in skin, the complexions being often as white as that of many Europeans. They are, on the whole a singularly handsome set of people, the beauty not being limited to the men, as is the case with so many savage tribes, but possessed equally, if not to a superior extent, by the women. The portrait of a daughter of a Tongan chief, on the 973d page, will verify this statement.

The dress of both sexes is made of similar materials, but is differently arranged. The fabric is called in the Tongan language "gnatoo," and is almost identical with the Fijian masi. It is made from the bark of the same tree, and is beaten out in very similar fashion, except perhaps that the Tongan women are more particular than those of Fiji in the care and delicacy with which they beat out the bark with their grooved mallets. The gnatoo varies somewhat in quality according to the island in which it is made, that of Vavau being considered as the finest.

In putting on the gnatoo, there is nearly as much diversity as in the arrangement of a Scotch plaid, and the mode in which it is arranged serves to denote difference of rank. The most fashionable mode, which is practised by the chiefs, is to wrap a portion of it round the loins in such a manner that the folds allow fair play to the limbs, and then to pass the remainder round the waist like a broad belt, and tuck the ends under the belt in front of the body. The portion which forms the belt is so arranged that it can be loosened at any moment and thrown over the head and shoulder. This is always done when the wearer is obliged to be abroad in the night time.

The gnatoo of the men measures about

eight feet in length, by six in width. Under the gnatoo is a belt made of the same material. Women have a larger piece of gnatoo than the men, and arrange it in folds which are as graceful as those of antique art, and seem as likely to fall off the person. This, however, is never the case, and, even if the gnatoo were by any accident to slip, the women wear under it a small mat or petticoat about a foot in depth.

As this gnatoo plays so important a part in the clothing of the Polynesians, its manufacture will now be described, the account being taken from Mariner's valuable history of the Tongans:—"A circular incision being made round the tree near the root with a shell, deep enough to penetrate the bark, the tree is broken off at that point, which its slenderness readily admits of. When a number of them are thus laid on the ground, they are left in the sun a couple of days to become partially dry, so that the inner and outer bark may be stripped off together, without danger of leaving any of the fibres behind.

"The bark is then soaked in water for a day and a night, and scraped carefully with shells for the purpose of removing the outer bark or epidermis, which is thrown away. The inner bark is then rolled up lengthwise, and soaked in water for another day. It now swells, becomes tougher, and more capable of being beaten out into a fine texture.

"Being thus far prepared, the operation of *too-too*, or beating commences. This part of the work is performed by means of a mallet a foot long and two inches thick, in the form of a parallelepipedon, two opposite sides being grooved horizontally to the depth and breadth of about a line, with intervals of a quarter of an inch.

"The bark, which is from two to three feet long, and one to three inches broad, is then laid on a beam of wood about six feet long and nine inches in breadth and thickness, which is supported about an inch from the ground by pieces of wood at each end, so as to allow of a certain degree of vibration. Two or three women generally sit at the same beam; each places her bark transversely upon the beam immediately before her, and while she beats with her right hand, with her left she moves it slowly to and fro, so that every part becomes beaten alike. The grooved side of the mallet is used first, and the smooth side afterward.

"They generally beat alternately, and early in the morning, when the air is calm and still, the beating of gnatoo in all the plantations has a very pleasing effect. Some sounds being near at hand, and others almost lost by the distance,—some a little more acute, and others more grave,—and all with remarkable regularity, produce a remarkable effect that is very agreeable, and not a little heightened by the sing-

ing of the birds and the cheerful influence of the scene. When one hand is fatigued, the mallet is dexterously transferred to the other, without occasioning the smallest sensible delay.

"In the course of about half an hour, it is brought to a sufficient degree of thinness, being so much spread laterally as to be now nearly square when unfolded; for it must be observed that they double it several times during the process, by which means it spreads more equally and is prevented from breaking. The bark thus prepared is called *fetagi*, and is mostly put aside till they have a sufficient quantity to go on at a future time with the second part of the operation, which is called *cocanga*, or printing with *coca*.

"When this is to be done, a number employ themselves in gathering the berries of the *toe*, the pulp of which serves for paste (but the mucilaginous substance of the mahoe root is sometimes substituted for it); at the same time others are busy scraping off the soft bark of the cocoa tree and the *toodi-tooti* tree, either of which, when wrung out without water yields a reddish-brown juice, to be used as a dye.

"The stamp is made of the dried leaves of the *paongo* sewed together so as to be of a sufficient size, and afterward embroidered, according to various devices, with the wiry fibre of the cocoa-nut husk. Making these stamps is another employment of the women, and mostly women of rank. They are generally about two feet long, and a foot and a half broad. They are tied on to the convex side of half cylinders of wood, usually about six or eight feet long, to admit two or three similar operations to go on at the same time.

"The stamp being thus fixed, with the embroidered side uppermost, a piece of the prepared bark is laid on it, and smeared over with a folded piece of gnatoo dipped in one of the reddish-brown liquids before mentioned, so that the whole surface of the prepared bark becomes stained, but particularly those parts raised by the design in the stamp. Another piece of gnatoo is now laid upon it, but not quite so broad, which adheres by virtue of the mucilaginous quality in the dye, and this in like manner is smeared over; then a third in the same way.

"The substance is now three layers in thickness. Others are then added to increase it in length and breadth by pasting the edges of these over the first, but not so as there shall be in any place more than three folds, which is easily managed, as the margin of one layer falls short of the margin of the one under it.

"During the whole process each layer is stamped separately, so that the pattern may be said to exist in the very substance of the gnatoo; and when one portion is thus

printed to the size of the stamp, the material being moved farther on, the next portion, either in length or breadth, becomes stamped, the pattern beginning close to the spot where the other ended. Thus they go on printing and enlarging it to about six feet in breadth, and generally about forty or fifty yards in length. It is then carefully folded up and baked under ground, which causes the dye to become rather dark, and more firmly fixed in the fibre; beside which it deprives it of a peculiar smoky smell which belongs to the *coca*.

"When it has been thus exposed to heat for a few hours, it is spread out on a grass plat, or on the sand of the sea beach, for the finishing operation of *toogi-hua*, or staining, i. e. staining it in certain places with the juice of the *hea*, which constitutes a brilliant red varnish. This is done in straight lines along those places where the edges of the printed portions join each other, and serves to conceal the little irregularities there; also in sundry other places, in the form of round spots, about an inch and a quarter in diameter. After this the gnatoo is exposed one night to the dew, and the next day, being dried in the sun, it is packed up in bales to be used when required. When gnatoo is not printed or stained, it is called *tappa*."

Various ornaments are worn by both sexes among the Tongans, among which may be enumerated a kind of creeper, with flowers at intervals along the stem. This is passed round the neck or the waist, and has a singularly graceful and becoming appearance. The most valued ornament is, however, that which is made of the ivory of the whale's teeth, so cut as to resemble in miniature the tooth itself. They are of different sizes, varying from one inch to four inches in length, and strung together by a cord passing through a hole bored in their thick ends.

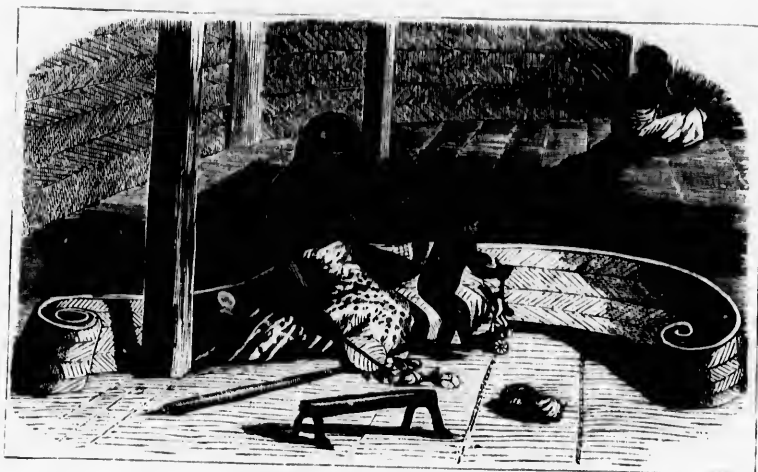
These teeth are even more valued in Tonga than in Fiji, and a common man would not dare to have one in his possession, knowing well that he would assuredly lose his life on the very first occasion that offered the slightest opportunity of an accusation. Once Finow, the King of Tonga, was told of a whale which had been stranded on a little island inhabited only by a man and his wife. When Finow reached the place he found that the teeth had been removed, and ordered the man and woman into custody on the charge of stealing them. Both denied that they had more than two teeth, which they gave up, whereupon the man was immediately killed with a club, and the woman threatened with a similar fate. Under fear of this threat she produced two more teeth which she had hidden, but, refusing to acknowledge that she knew of any others, met with the same fate as her husband. Many years afterward the missing

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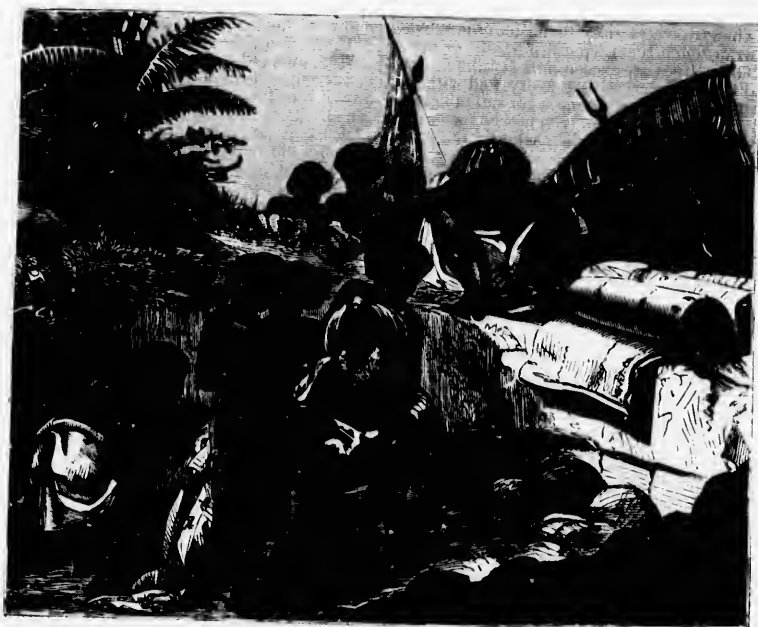
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(1.) INTERIOR OF A TONGAN HOUSE.

(See page 981.)



(2.) BURIAL OF A LIVING KING.

(See page 966.)

teeth were discovered, the woman having buried them in the ground. This anecdote shows the value in which whales' teeth are held, the king taking the trouble to go in person to claim them, and the woman allowing herself to be killed rather than part with her treasures.

A good idea of the appearance of a Tongan woman of rank may be obtained from the illustration No. 1, on the preceding page, which represents the interior of a chief's house, and part of his family.

In the foreground is one of the odd wooden pillows which are so much in vogue throughout Polynesia; while one of the most conspicuous objects is a roll of narrow matting, which is used for the purpose of surrounding men and women of high rank as they sit on the floor. Within it is seated the chief's wife, in the graceful attitude adopted by the Tongans, exhibiting the simple and really elegant folds of the gnatoo dress. The reader will observe the apparent looseness with which the dress is put on, the folds lying so loosely that they seem ready to slip every moment. They are, however, perfectly tight, and there is not the least danger of their slipping.

Within doors the children never wear any clothing until they are two years old; but when they go out, their parents always wrap round them a piece of gnatoo or tappa. The natives are exceedingly fastidious about their dress, criticising every fold with minute care, and spending a considerable time in arranging them. Even when bathing, they always array themselves in a slight dress made for such occasions, going aside for the purpose of exchanging the usual gnatoo for an apron of leaves or matting. So disrespectful is utter nudity reckoned among the Tongans, that if a man be obliged to undress near the spot where a chief is buried, the leaf apron is worn while the dress is changed.

WE now come to the various divisions of rank in Tonga, and the mode of government. Ranks may be divided into two distinct orders, namely, the religious and the civil. We must take them in this order, because among the Tongans religious takes the precedence of civil rank.

By far the greatest man in point of rank is the TOOI-TONGA. This word literally signifies Chief of Tonga, and is given because the man who bears it is the greatest man in Tonga, which is the chief of the whole group of islands. The word does not represent a name, but a rank, the family name being Fatagehi, and the rank passes downward by legitimate descent. So great a man is the Tooi-tonga, that in his presence no man may stand, but is obliged to sit down in the attitude of respect. Even the king is not exempt from this law; and if he should happen to meet the Tooi-tonga, he

would have to squat down humbly until the great man had passed by.

The Tooi-tonga stands alone in many particulars, and, according to our ideas, he has plenty of dignity, but very little comfort, leading a life somewhat like that of the spiritual Emperor of Japan. He has certainly one advantage over his fellows: he does not undergo the operation of tattooing, because there is no one of sufficiently high rank to draw the blood of so sacred a personage. He is married after a manner peculiar to himself, is buried in a peculiar manner, and is mourned in a peculiar manner. He is so sacred, that in speaking of him another language is used, many phrases being reserved expressly for the Tooi-tonga. These are probably relics of an ancient and nearly lost language, as is the ease with the incantations of the New Zealand priests.

The reason for this extraordinary veneration is, that the Tooi-tonga is supposed to be a direct descendant of a chief god who was accustomed to visit the islands; but whether his female ancestor was a goddess or a native of earth is an open question with the Tongans. In spite of all the veneration which is shown to him, the Tooi-tonga has very little real power, and in this respect is far surpassed by the king, and equalled by many of the nobles.

There is another chief, the VEACHI, who is also supposed to have a divine origin, and is therefore held in higher veneration than any of the chiefs, but is inferior to the Tooi-tonga. It is true that in his presence the king has to sit on the ground in the attitude of humility, and that he is considered a being next in rank to the great Tooi-tonga himself; but the other marks of veneration, such as a separate language, and different modes of marriage, burial, and mourning, are not paid to him; and in power he is equalled by many of the chiefs.

Next in rank, but at a very great distance, come the priests. These men receive their name from their capability of being inspired by certain gods, and, except when actually inspired, have no special rank, and are paid no honor except such as may belong to them as private individuals. Mariner remarks that he never knew a case in which a priest was a chief. The king occasionally becomes inspired, because there is one god who cannot speak except by the royal mouth; but the king is not, in consequence, considered as a priest. Neither are the Tooi-tonga and Veachi considered as priests, nor is there any connexion between them and the priesthood.

Should, in an assembly, a priest become inspired, he is immediately held in the highest veneration as long as the inspiration lasts, because a god is supposed to be speaking through his lips. If, on such an occasion, the king should be present, he immediately leaves his place, and sits humbly

among the spectators. Even the great Tool-tonga himself acts in the same manner, and, though the descendant of a god, he retires before the actual presence of a divinity.

So much for the spiritual rank, and we now pass to the temporal rank.

The highest man in a secular point of view is the Ifow, or king, who is the most powerful of all the chiefs, and yet may be in point of rank inferior to the poorest of his nobles, or Egis. Rank is measured in Tonga by relationship to the Tool-tonga or Veachi, the relatives of the former being held superior to those of the latter. The consequence is, that the king may meet a poor man who has scarcely any power, and yet who is so high in rank above the king that the latter must sit down till his superior has passed. Should he not do so, or should he by any accident touch anything that belonged to his superior, the tapu would assume its sway, and he would not be permitted to feed himself with his own hands until he had gone to his superior, and saluted him by touching his feet.

In consequence of these customs, the king avoids associating with nobles who are his superior in rank, and they in their turn keep out of his way as far as possible, so as not to humiliate him by making him sit while they stand. Originally, the king was a descendant of the Tool-tonga, and thus was equally high in spiritual and temporal rank. But when the throne was usurped by other families, the king still retained the temporal power, though he yielded in spiritual rank to others.

Next to the king come the Egis, or nobles. These are all relations of the Tool-tonga, the Veachi, or the king, kinship to the king being held as conferring rank because he holds the reins of power. Rank descends in Tonga, as in other Polynesian islands, through the female line, so that all the children of an Egi woman possess the rank of Egi, no matter who may be the father.

After the nobles come the MATABOOLES, or councillors, who are the companions and advisers of the chiefs, and take their rank from that of the chief to whom they are attached. They are always the heads of families, and are mostly men of mature age and experience, so that their advice is highly valued. The eldest son of a Mataboole is carefully trained to take his father's place when he dies, and is thoroughly versed in all the rites and ceremonies, the administration of laws, and the many points of etiquette about which the Tongans are so fastidious. He also learns all the traditionary records of his people, and by the time that he is thirty years old, or so is perfectly acquainted with his profession. But until his father dies he has no rank, and is merely one of the ordinary gentry, who will now be described.

Last of all those who possess any rank are the gentry, or Mooas. All the sons of Matabooles are Mooas, and act as assistants of the Matabooles, aiding on great ceremonies in managing the dances, distributing food, and so forth. Like their superiors, they attach themselves to the service of some chief, and derive their relative consequence from his rank. As a rule, the Mooas all profess some art, such as canoe building, ivory carving, and superintending funeral rites, in which three occupations the Matabooles also take part. They also preside over the makers of stone coffins, the makers of nets, the fishermen, and the architects, and all these employments are hereditary.

Just as the children and brothers of Matabooles take the next lowest rank, that of Mooa, so do those of Mooas take the next lowest rank, and are considered as Tooas, or plebeians. In this case, however, the eldest son of a Mooa assumes the rank of his father after his death, and is therefore more respected than his brothers, who are regarded like younger sons among ourselves. The Tooas do all the menial work, and act as cooks, barbers, tattooers, club-carvers, and so forth. The two latter occupations, however, as requiring artistic skill, are also practised by Mooas.

It will be seen from this brief sketch how elaborate, and yet how intelligible, is this system of the Tongans, even when complicated with the double grades of spiritual and temporal rank. This respect for rank is carried even into the privacy of home. If, for example, an Egi woman marries a Mataboole, or a Mooa, she retains her original rank, which is shared by all her children, so that both she and her children are superior to the husband and father. He, on his part, has to play a double rôle. He is master in his own house, and his wife submits to him as implicitly as if he were of the same rank as herself. Yet he acknowledges the superior rank both of his wife and children, and, before he even ventures to feed himself with his own hands, he goes through the ceremony of touching the feet of his wife or either of his children, in order to free himself from the tapu.

When the case is reversed, and a man of high rank marries a woman of an inferior station, she does not rise to the rank of her husband, but retains her original station, which is inherited by her children, who, together with herself, have to touch the feet of the husband whenever they eat. They imagine that if they did not do so a terrible sickness would consume them. When Mariner lived among the Tongans, he did not trouble himself about the tapu, much to the horror of the natives, who expected that the offended gods would wreak their vengeance on him. Finding that he suffered no harm, they accounted for the phenomenon by the fact that he was a white man, and therefore

had nothing to do with the gods of the Tongans.

In consequence of the strictness of this system, Finow, who was king when Mariner lived among the Tongan Islands, used to feel annoyed if even a child of superior rank were brought near him, and used angrily to order it to be taken away. Such conduct, however, would not be thought right unless both parties were nearly equal in rank; and if, for example, the Tool-tonga's child had been brought near the king, he would at once have done homage after the customary fashion.

Some very curious modifications of this custom prevail throughout Tongan society. For example, any one may choose a foster-mother, even though his own mother be alive, and he may choose her from any rank. Generally her rank is inferior to that of her adopted son, but even this connection between them does not earn for her any particular respect. She would be much more honored as an attendant of a young chief than as his foster-mother.

So elaborate and yet simple a system implies a degree of refinement which we could hardly expect among savages. In consonance with this refinement is the treatment of women, who are by no means oppressed and hard-worked slaves, as is the case with most savage nations. Consequently the women possess a gentle freedom of demeanor and grace of form which are never found among those people where women are merely the drudges of the men. So long ago as 1777, Captain Cook noticed that the women were much more delicately formed than the men, that they were beautifully proportioned, and that the hands were so

small and soft that they would compare favorably with the finest examples in Europe and America. Hard and constant labor, such as is usually the lot of savage women, deteriorates the form greatly, as indeed we can see among ourselves, by comparing together a high-bred lady and a field laborer. The two hardly seem to belong to the same race, or scarcely to the same sex.

The Tongan women certainly do work, but they are not condemned to do it all, the men taking the hard labor on themselves, and leaving the women the lighter tasks, such as beating gnatoo, plaiting baskets, making crockery, and the like. At the great dances, the women are not only allowed to be present, but assist in them, taking as important a share as the men, and infusing into the dance a really cultivated grace which would not exist without them.

The light-colored hue of the skin, which has already been mentioned, is much more common among the women than the men, for the reason that the better class of women take more care of themselves than the men; and, though all classes live for the most part in the open air, the wives and daughters of powerful and wealthy men are careful not to expose themselves to the sun more than is absolutely necessary, so that many of them, instead of being brown, are of a clear olive tint, the effect of which is singularly beautiful when contrasted with their dark clustering hair, their gnatoo garments, and the leaves and flowers with which they adorn themselves, changing them several times daily. Altogether, a Tongan chief looks, and is, a gentleman, and his wife a lady.

CHAPTER C.

TONGA—Continued.

WAR AND CEREMONIES.

NATURAL MILDNESS OF THE TONGANS—BOASTING DISCOURAGED—WAR APPARENTLY LEARNED FROM THE FIJIANS—FINOW'S SPEECH TO HIS SOLDIERS, AND A NEW DISCIPLINE—FATE OF THE VANQUISHED—THE DROWNED CHIEFS—CEREMONIES—KAVA-DRINKING—STRICT CODE OF ETIQUETTE—PREPARATION OF THE KAVA—A GRACEFUL PERFORMANCE—DISTRIBUTION OF THE KAVA—POINTS OF CEREMONY—A TONGAN PLANTATION—SETTING THE YAMS—CEREMONY OF INACHI—THE POLE BEARERS AND THEIR BURDEN—THE YAM PILLARS—LIFTING THE PIGS—DISTRIBUTION OF PROVISIONS, AND CONCLUSION OF THE CEREMONY—TOW-TOW, AND ITS OBJECT—PRESENTATION OF THE OFFERING—A GRAND SCRAMBLE—BOXING AND WRESTLING MATCHES—GOOD-HUMORED COMBATANTS—FIGHTS WITH CLUBS—THE SAMOAN AND TONGAN RULES.

By nature the Tongans are gentle and kind-hearted, and present a most curious mixture of mildness and courage. To judge by many traits of character, they might be stigmatized as effeminate, while by others they are shown to possess real courage, not merely the dashing and boastful bravery which is, when analyzed, merely bravado, and which is only maintained by the hope of gaining applause. The Tongan never boasts of his own courage, nor applauds that of another. When he has performed a deed of arms which would set a Fijian boasting for the rest of his life, he retires quietly into the background and says nothing about it. His king or chief may acknowledge it if they like, but he will be silent on the subject, and never refer to it.

For the same reason, he will not openly applaud a deed of arms done by one of his fellows. He will regard the man with great respect, and show by his demeanor the honor in which he holds him, but he will not speak openly on the subject. Mariner relates an instance in which a young warrior named Ifali Api Api, who seems to have been the very model of a gentleman, performed a notable deed of arms, equally remarkable for courage and high-minded generosity. During a council, the king called him out, and publicly thanked him for his conduct. The man blushed deeply, as if ashamed at this public recognition of his services, saluted the king, and retired to his

place without saying a word. Neither did he afterward refer either to his exploit or to the public recognition of it.

One warrior actually declared that he would go up to a loaded cannon and throw his spear into it. He fulfilled his promise to the letter. He ran up within ten or twelve yards of the gun, and, as the match was applied, threw himself on the ground, so that the shot passed over him. He then sprang up, and, in spite of the enemy's weapons, hurled his spear at the cannon, and struck it in the muzzle. Having performed this feat, he quietly retired, and was never heard to refer to so distinguished an act of courage, though he was greatly respected for it by his countrymen.

We need not wonder that such men should establish a moral influence over the boastful but not warlike Fijians, and that the small colony established in the Fiji group should virtually be its masters. Two hundred years ago, the Tongan appears to have been ignorant of weapons and warfare, and to have borrowed his first knowledge of both from Fiji. Consequently, the Tongan weapons are practically those of Fiji, modified somewhat according to the taste of the makers but evidently derived from the same source. Captain Cook, who visited the islands in 1777, remarks that the few clubs and spears which he saw among the Tongans were of Fiji manufacture, or at least made after the Fiji pattern. Yet by a sort of

poetical justice, the Tongan has turned the Fijian's weapons against himself, and, by his superior intellect and adventurous courage, has overcome the ferocious people of whom he was formerly in dread.

Since the introduction of fire-arms, the superiority of the Tongans has made itself even more manifest, the Fijians having no idea of fighting against men who did not run away when fired at, but rushed on in spite of the weapons opposed to them.

It is possible that the Tongans may have learned this mode of fighting from Mariner and his companions. When the king Finow was about to make war upon a neighboring island, he assembled the warriors and made them an address, telling them that the system of warfare which had been previously employed was a false one. He told them no longer to advance or retreat according as they met with success or repulse, but to press forward at all risks; and, even if a man saw the point of a spear at his breast, he was not to flinch like a coward, but to press forward, and at risk of his own life to kill his foe. He also instructed them in the art of receiving the onset of the enemy with calmness, instead of indulging in cries and gesticulations, telling them to seat themselves on the ground as the enemy approached, as if perfectly unconcerned, and not to stir until ordered, even if they threw spears or shot arrows. But as soon as they got the word to advance they were to leap to their feet, and charge without regard to consequences. The reader may remember that this is exactly the strategy which was employed in Africa by the great Kafir chief Tshaka.

It may easily be imagined how such a course of conduct would disconcert their opponents, and the Fijians in particular, with whom boasting and challenging took the place of valor. Emboldened by the apparent weakness of the enemy, they would come on in great glee, expecting to make an easy conquest, and then, just when they raised the shout of victory, they found themselves suddenly attacked with a disciplined fury which they had never been accustomed to meet, and were consequently dispersed and almost annihilated before they could well realize their position.

Though tolerably mild toward their captives, the Tongans sometimes display an unexpected ferocity. On one occasion, some of Finow's men surprised and captured four of the enemy, whom they imagined to belong to a party who had annoyed them greatly by hanging on their track and cutting off the stragglers.

At first they wished to take the prisoners home and make an example of them, but the chief of the party suggested that they would have all the trouble of guarding them, and proposed to decapitate them, and take their heads home. One of them objected to

the proposal on the ground that they had no knives, but another man, fertile in expedients, picked up some oyster-shells that were lying about, and suggested that they would answer the purpose.

It was in vain that the victims protested their innocence, and begged that at least they might be clubbed before their heads were cut off. The conquerors coolly took off their dresses to prevent them being stained with blood, and deliberately sawed off the heads of the captives with their oyster-shells; beginning at the back of the neck, and working their way gradually round. The reason for this course of action seemed to be twofold — first, that they thought they might spoil the heads by the club; and secondly, that as the heads must be cut off at all events, clubbing the captives beforehand was taking needless trouble.

Indeed, the character of the Tongan presents a curious mixture of mildness and cruelty, the latter being probably as much due to thoughtlessness as to ferocity. Once when eighteen rebels had been captured, Finow ordered them to be drowned. This punishment is inflicted by taking the prisoners out to sea, bound hand and foot, and towing some worthless canoes. When they are far enough from land, the culprits are transferred to the canoes, which are then sent off, and left to sink. Care is taken that the holes made in the canoes are small, so that they shall be as long as possible in sinking.

On that occasion twelve of the prisoners begged to be clubbed instead of drowned, and their request was granted. The young man divided the prisoners among themselves, being anxious to take a lesson in clubbing a human being, which would serve them when they came to make use of the club against an enemy. The twelve were, accordingly, despatched with the club, but the others, being tried warriors, scorned to ask a favor, and were drowned. The leading chief among them employed the short time which was left him in uttering maledictions against Finow and his chiefs, and even when the water came up to his mouth, he threw back his head for the purpose of uttering another curse.

WE will now pass to a more pleasant subject, namely, the various ceremonies in which the Tongan delights. Chief among these is the drinking of kava, which forms an important part of every public religious rite, and is often practised in private. Kava drinking is known throughout the greater part of Polynesia; but as the best and fullest account of it has been obtained from Mariner's residence in Tonga, a description of it has been reserved for the present occasion. It must first be premised that the kava is made from the root of a tree belonging to the pepper tribe, and known by the name of

Piper methysticum, i. e. the intoxicating pepper-tree. Disgusting as the preparation of the kava may be to Europeans, it is held in such high estimation by the Polynesians that it is never made or drunk without a complicated ceremony, which is the same whether the party be a large or a small one.

The people being assembled, the man of highest rank takes his place under the eaves of the house, sitting with his back to the house and his face toward the *marly*, or open space in front, and having a Mataboole on either side of him. Next to these Matabooles, who undertake the arrangement of the festival, sit the nobles or chiefs of highest rank, and next to them the lower chiefs, and so forth. They are not, however, very particular about the precise order in which they sit, distinctions of rank being marked by the order in which they are served.

This is the business of the presiding Matabooles, and as the distinctions of rank are most tenaciously observed, it is evident that the duties of a Mataboole are of a most difficult nature, and can only be learned by long and constant practice. If the men sat according to their rank, nothing would be easier than the task of serving them in order. But it often happens that a man of high rank happens to come late, and, as he is too polite to disturb those of lower rank who have already taken their places, he sits below them, knowing that his rank will be recognized at the proper time.

It mostly happens, however, that when one of the presiding Matabooles sees a man occupying a place much below that to which his rank entitles him, he makes some one surrender his place to him, or even turns out altogether a man who is seated in a high place, and puts the chief into it. The people thus gradually extend themselves into a ring, sometimes single, but often several ranks deep when the party is a large one, every one of the members being a man of some recognized rank. Behind those who form the bottom of the ring opposite the presiding chief, sit the general public, who may be several thousand in number. It is a remarkable fact, illustrating the rigid code of etiquette which prevails among the Tongans, that no one can sit in the inner ring if a superior relative be also in it; and, no matter how high may be his rank, he must leave his place, and sit in the outer circle, if his father or any superior relative enters the inner ring.

This ring, which constitutes the essential kava party, is formed mostly of the sons of chiefs and Matabooles, and it often happens that their fathers, even if they be chiefs of the highest rank, will sit in the outer ring, rather than disturb its arrangements. Even the son of the king often adopts this plan, and assists in preparing the kava like any of the other young men.

Exactly opposite to the king is placed the kava bowl, and behind it sits the man who is to prepare the drink. On either side of him sits an assistant, one of whom carries a fan wherewith to drive away the flies, and another takes charge of the water, which is kept in cocoa-nut shells. The rank of the preparer is of no consequence. Sometimes he is a Mook or gentleman, and sometimes a mere cook; but, whoever he may be, he is known to be able to perform his difficult task with sufficient strength and elegance.

All being ready, one of the presiding Matabooles sends for the kava root, which is then scraped quite clean and cut up into small pieces. These are handed to the young men or even to the young women present, who masticate the root, contriving in some ingenious way to keep it quite dry during the process. It is then wrapped in a leaf, and passed to the preparer, who places it in the bowl, carefully lining the interior with the balls of chewed root, so that the exact quantity can be seen.

When all the kava has been chewed and deposited, the preparer tilts the bowl toward the presiding chief, who consults with his Matabooles, and if he thinks there is not enough, orders the bowl to be covered over, and sends for more kava, which is treated as before. Should he be satisfied, the preparer kneads all the kava together, and the Mataboole then calls for water, which is poured into the bowl until he orders the man to stop. Next comes the order to put in the *fove*. This is a bundle of very narrow strips of bark of a tree belonging to the genus *hibiscus*, and it has been compared to the willow shavings that are used in England to decorate fire-places in the summer time. The assistant takes a quantity of this material, and lays it on the water, spreading it carefully, so that it lies equally on the surface of the liquid. Now begins the important part of the proceeding which tests the power of the preparer.

"In the first place, he extends his left hand to the farther side of the bowl, with his fingers pointing downward and the palm toward himself; he sinks that hand carefully down the side of the bowl, carrying with it the edge of the *fove*; at the same time his right hand is performing a similar operation at the side next to him, the fingers pointing downward and the palm presenting outward. He does this slowly from side to side, gradually descending deeper and deeper till his fingers meet each other at the bottom, so that nearly the whole of the fibres of the root are by these means enclosed in the *fove*, forming as it were a roll of above two feet in length lying along the bottom from side to side, the edges of the *fove* meeting each other underneath.

"He now carefully rolls it over, so that the edges overlapping each other, or rather intermingling, come uppermost. He next

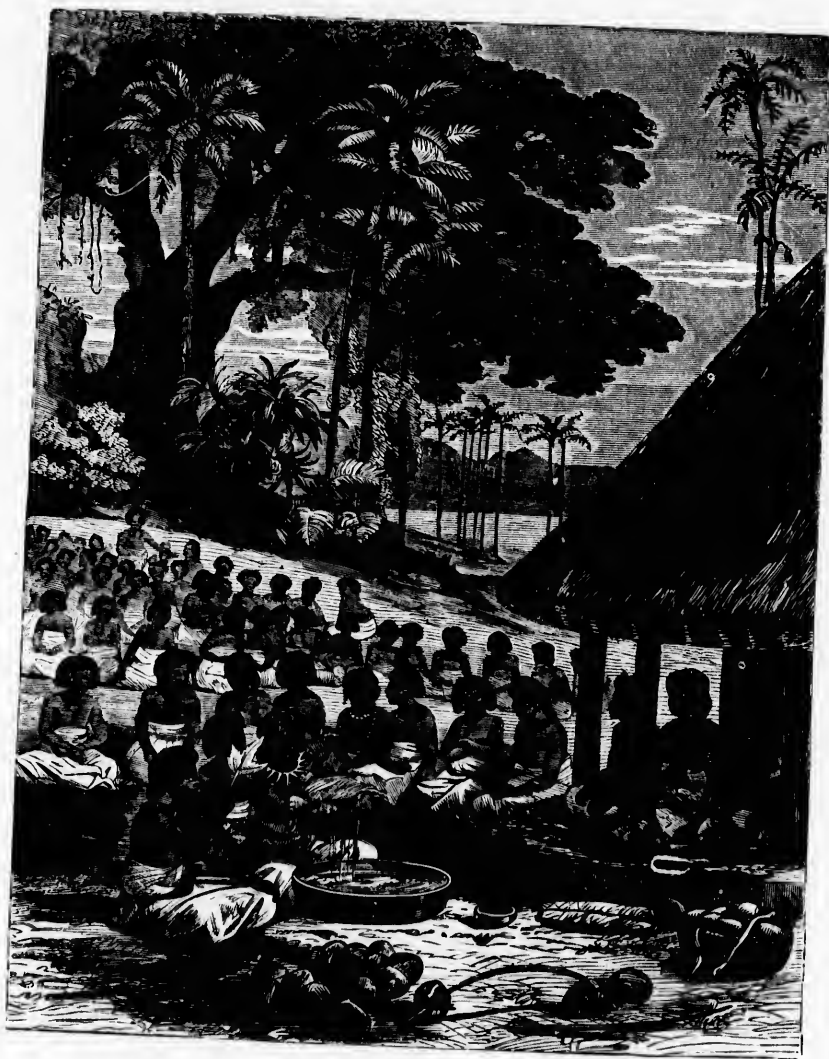
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THE KAVA PARTY.

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doubles in the two ends and rolls it carefully over again, endeavoring to reduce it to a narrower and firmer compass. He now brings it cautiously out of the fluid, taking firm hold of it by the two ends, one in each hand (the back of his hands being upward), and raising it breast high with his arms considerably extended, he brings his right hand toward his breast, moving it gradually onward; and whilst his left hand is coming round toward his right shoulder, his right hand partially twisting the *fow*, lays the end which it holds upon the left elbow, so that the *fow* lies thus extended upon that arm, one end being still grasped by the left hand.

"The right hand being at liberty is brought under the left fore-arm (which still remains in the same situation), and carried outwardly toward the left elbow, that it may again seize in that situation the end of the *fow*. The right hand then describes a bold curve outwardly from the chest, whilst the left comes across the chest, describing a curve nearer to him and in the opposite direction, till at length the left hand is extended from him and the right hand approaches to the left shoulder, gradually twisting the *fow* by the turn and flexures principally of that wrist: this double motion is then retraced, but in such a way (the left wrist now principally acting) that the *fow*, instead of being untwisted, is still more twisted, and is at length again placed on the left arm, while he takes a new and less constrained hold.

"Thus the hands and arms perform a variety of curves of the most graceful description: the muscles both of the arms and chest are seen rising as they are called into action, displaying what would be a fine and uncommon subject of study for the painter: for no combinations of animal action can develop the swell and play of the muscles with more grace and better effect.

"The degree of strength which he exerts when there is a large quantity is very great, and the dexterity with which he accomplishes the whole never fails to excite the attention and admiration of all present. Every tongue is mute, and every eye is upon him, watching each motion of his arms as they describe the various curvilinear lines essential to the success of the operation. Sometimes the fibres of the *fow* are heard to crack with the increasing tension, yet the mass is seen whole and entire, becoming more thin as it becomes more twisted, while the infusion drains from it in a regularly decreasing quantity till at length it denies a single drop."

The illustration on the preceding page represents this portion of the ceremony. On the right hand is seen the presiding chief seated under the eaves of the house, with a Mataboole on either side of him, and just beyond him extends a portion of the inner ring. In front of the chief sits

the performer, who is wringing out the kava, and is just about to change the grasp, of his right hand, according to Mariner's description. On either side sit his assistants, both of whom are engaged in fanning away the flies.

Near them lie the cocoa-nut shells from which the water has been poured. Beyond the inner ring are seen the outer rings and the general population, who have come to witness the ceremony and get their chance of a stray cup of kava or some food.

When the *fow* ceases to give out any more fluid, a second and third are used in the same manner, so that not a particle of the root remains in the liquid. Should more *fow* or water be wanted, an order is given, and twenty or thirty men rush off for it, going and returning at full speed, as if running for their lives; and anything else that may be wanted is fetched in the same manner.

While the operator is going through his task, those who are in the outer circle and cannot properly see him occupy themselves in making cups from which the kava can be drunk. These cups are made of the unexpanded leaves of the banana tree, cut up into squares of about nine inches across. The cups are made in a most ingenious manner by plaiting up the two ends and tying them with a fibre drawn from the stem of the leaf. The Mataboole then orders provisions to be served out, which is done in an orderly manner. To the general assembly this is the most interesting part of the ceremony, for they have but little chance of getting any kava, and it is very likely that they will have a share of food, as the regular kava drinkers never eat more than a morsel or two at these entertainments.

The operator having done his part, now comes the test of the Mataboole's efficiency. The kava is to be distributed in precisely the proper order, a slip in this respect being sure to give deep offence. Should a visitor of rank be present, he gets the first cup, the presiding Mataboole the second, and the presiding chief the third. If, however, the kava be given by one of the guests, the donor always has the first cup, unless there should be a visitor of superior rank to himself, in which case the donor is ignored altogether, only having the kava according to his rank. No person is allowed to have two cups from the same bowl, but after all the inner circle and their relatives are served, the remainder is given out to the people as far as it will go, and a second bowl is prepared. It will be seen that, if the preparer be a man of low rank, he stands a chance of never tasting the liquid which he has so skilfully prepared.

The second bowl is prepared in precisely the same way as the first, except that the second presiding Mataboole gives the or-

ders; and, if a third or fourth bowl be ordered, they take the direction alternately. When the second bowl is prepared, the cups are filled and handed round in exactly the same order as before, so that those of high rank get three or four cups, and those of lower rank only one, or perhaps none at all.

It is a point of etiquette that no chief ever visits the kava party of an inferior chief, as in that case the latter would be obliged to retire from the presidency and sit in the outer ring. When the Tooi-tonga presides, no one presumes to sit within six feet of him; and if perchance an inspired priest be present, he takes the presidency, and the greatest chief, or even the king himself, is obliged to retire into the outer ring on such occasions. A priest always presides at religious ceremonies, and the kava party is held in front of the temple dedicated to the particular god which they are about to consult. But in some cases a god has no priest, and in those cases he is supposed to preside in person, though invisibly, the president's place being left vacant for him.

The reader will see from the foregoing account that kava is a luxury practically confined to the higher classes. The great chiefs and Mataboos drink it every day, either as presidents or members of the inner ring. Those of lower rank obtain it occasionally; while the Toos seldom taste this luxury, except by taking the kava after it has been wrung by the operator, and preparing it afresh.

As the reader will see, it is impossible to separate the secular and religious life of the Tongans. They are inextricably woven together, and therefore must be described together. There are a vast number of ceremonies in which these two elements are united, one or two of which will be described, by way of sample of the rest. The first is the festival of Ináchi, a feast of firstfruits, a ceremony which in principle is found throughout the whole earth, though the details necessarily differ. In the present case, the offering is made to the Tooi-tonga, as being at once the descendant and representative of the gods.

About the latter end of July the ordinary yams are planted in the ground; but those which are intended for the feast of Ináchi are of a different kind, coming to maturity earlier, and are planted about a month sooner. In an illustration on the next page we may see how the yams are set in the ground, and may get a good idea of a Tongan plantation. In the centre of the foreground is the chief to whom the plantation belongs, accompanied by his little boy. As is usual with men of rank in Tonga, he bears in his hand a short, many-barbed spear, which may either be used as a walking staff or as a weapon. The former is its normal use, but the chiefs sometimes

find the advantage of having with them a serviceable weapon. The point of the spear is frequently armed with the barbed tail-bone of the sting-ray. When Finow captured by craft the rebel chief whose death by drowning has already been described, his chief difficulty was the bone-tipped spear which the chief always carried with him, and of which he was temporarily deprived by a stratagem.

One of his laborers is talking to him, having in his hand the hoe with which he has been making holes in the ground for the reception of the yams. Behind him are more laborers, employed in cutting the yams in pieces, and planting them in the holes. Just beyond the yam plantation is a piece of ground stocked with sugar-canes; and beyond the sugar-canes is the house of the chief, known by the superiority of its architecture. The house is built near the sea-shore, and close to the beach a canoe is seen hauled up on its support.

The greater part of the illustration is occupied with the ingenious spiked fence within which the storehouses and dwellings for the Toos, or peasants, are placed. As may be seen, it has no doors, but at intervals the fence is only half the usual height and without spikes, and is crossed by means of stiles, two of which are given in the illustration, one to show the exterior and the other the interior of the fence. Close to the further stile is a young tree, surrounded with a fencing to the height of several feet, in order to guard it, while growing, from the attacks of pigs and children.

The open shed is one of the peasants' houses, under which are seated a number of women, employed in making mats; while some children are playing and fowls feeding by them. Toward the further end of the enclosure is shown one of the storehouses.

As soon as the yams are ripe, the king sends a message to the Tooi-tonga, asking him to fix a day for the ceremony, which is generally settled to be on the tenth day after the request is made, so that time may be given for notice to be sent to all the islands. The day before the ceremony of Ináchi, the yams are dug up and ornamented with scarlet streamers made of the inner membrane of the pandanus leaf. These are in long and narrow strips, and are woven spirally over the yams, first in one direction and then the other, so as to produce a neat checkered pattern, and having the ends hanging loose.

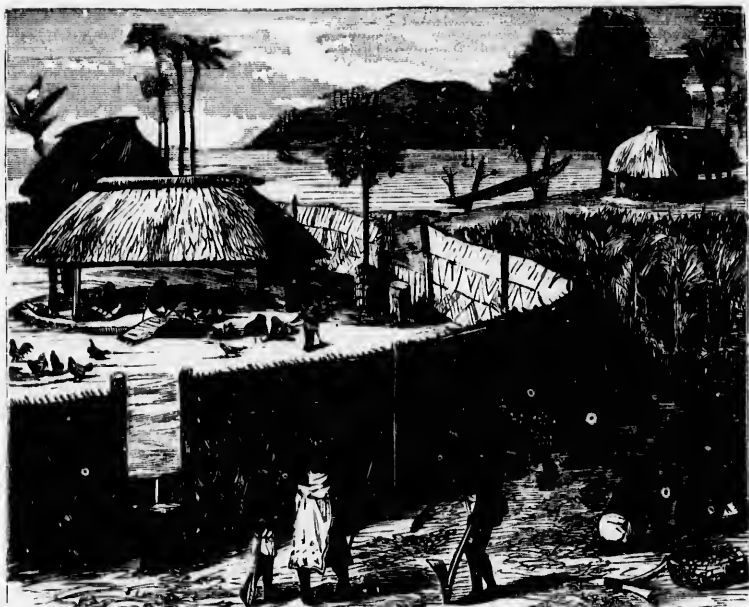
All through the night is heard the sound of the conch shell, and until midnight the men and women answered each other in a song, the men singing, "Rest, doing no work," and the women responding, "Thou shalt not work." About midnight the song ceases; but it is resumed at daybreak, and continues until about eight A. M., accompanied with plenty of conch blowing. The prohibition of work is so imperative, that the

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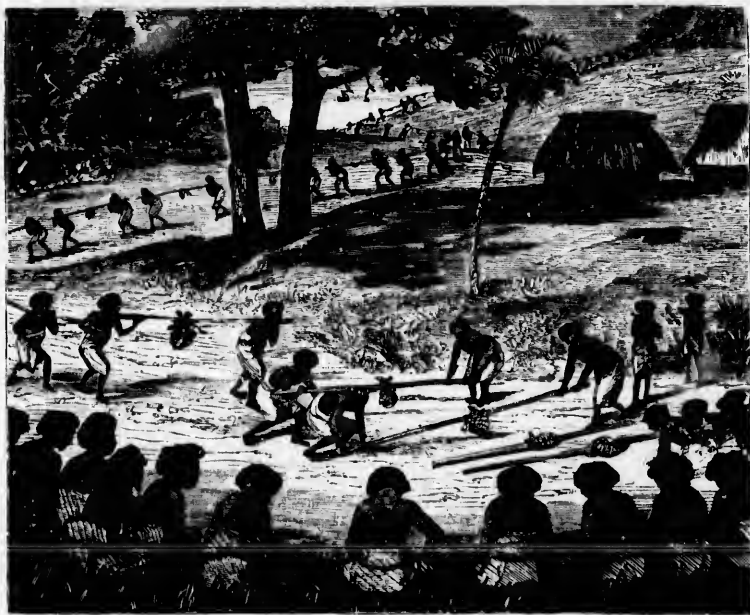
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(1.) TONGAN PLANTATION. (See page 100.)



(2.) CEREMONY OF INACHI. (See page 93.)

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people are not even allowed to leave their houses, except for the purpose of assisting in the ceremony.

At eight A. M. the ceremony of Inachi really begins, the people crowding from different parts of the Too-tonga's island toward the capital town, and canoes approaching in all directions from other islands. All are in their very best, with new clothes and ribbons; while the men carry their most beautiful spears and clubs. Each party carries the yams in baskets, which are taken to the *marly*, or large central space of the village, and there laid down with great ceremony. In the *marly* are ready laid a number of poles, eight or nine feet in length, and four inches in diameter, and upon them the men sling the yams, only one yam being hung to the middle of each pole.

Meanwhile the great chiefs and Mataboos have gone to the grave of the last Too-tonga, should it happen to be on the island, or, should he have been buried on another island, the grave of any of his family answers the purpose. They sit there in a semicircle before the grave, their heads bowed and their hands clasped, waiting for the procession, which presently arrives.

First come two boys blowing conch shells, and advancing with a slow and solemn step; and behind them come a vast number of men with the yams. Each pole is carried by two men, one at each end, and, as they walk, they sink at every step, as if overcome with the weight of their burden. This is to signify that the yams are of such a size that the bearers can hardly carry them, and is a sort of symbolized thanksgiving to the gods for so fine a prospect of harvest. As the men come to the grave, they lay the poles and yams on it, and seat themselves in order before the grave, so that they form a line between the chiefs and the yams.

This part of the ceremony is shown in the lower illustration, on the 991st page. In the foreground are seated the chiefs and Mataboos, with their clubs and spears, while the procession of pole bearers is seen winding along from the far distance. Two of them have already laid their yams and poles before the grave, and have seated themselves between the grave and the circle of chiefs, while others are just depositing their burdens on the same sacred spot. Standing by them are the two boys who headed the procession, still blowing busily at their conch-shell trumpets. In the distance, and on the left hand of the illustration, may be seen the people seated in numbers on the ground.

One of the Too-tonga's Mataboos then sits between the pole bearers and the grave and makes an oration, in which he gives thanks to the gods for their bounty, and asks for a continuance of it to their offspring, the Too-tonga. He then retires to his former place, the men take up their poles, and after

marshaling several times round the grave, they return to the *marly* and again deposit their loads, this time untying the yams from the poles, but leaving the colored streamers upon them.

Here the whole of the people seat themselves in a large circle, at which the Too-tonga presides, even the king himself retiring, and sitting in the back ranks. Next the remainder of the offerings are brought forward, consisting of mats, gnatoo, dried fish, and various kinds of food. These are divided by one of the Too-tonga's Mataboos into four equal parts. One of these goes to the gods, and is at once taken away by the servants of the different priests, and the remainder is shared by the Too-tonga and the king, the latter, although of inferior rank, getting the larger portion, because he has four times as many dependents to feed. The proceedings are wound up with the kava drinking, which always accompanies such ceremonies. While the infusion is being prepared, the presiding Mataboo makes a speech to the people, explaining the right that has just been concluded, and advising them to pay due honor to the gods and their representative the Too-tonga.

WHEN this great potentate dies, there is a most extravagant feast, which often reduces the people to a state of semi-starvation for a long time, and sometimes threatens an actual famine. In such a case, the *tapu* is laid upon hogs, cocoa-nuts, and fowls for seven or eight months, or even longer, during which time none but the great chiefs are allowed to touch them. Two or three plantations are always exempted, so that there may be a supply for the great chiefs and for the various religious ceremonies. At the expiration of the stated period, if the crops look well, and the pigs and fowls have increased in due proportion, the *tapu* is taken off with very great ceremony.

One of these ceremonies was seen by Mariner at the Hapai Islands, and a very strange rite it turned out to be. It was held on two *marlies*, one belonging to the Too-tonga and the other to the king. As if to compensate for the limited diet of the previous month, food was piled in abundance. On the Too-tonga's *marly* were erected four square hollow pillars, about four feet in diameter, and made of four poles connected with matting. These were about fifty or sixty feet in height, and each of them was crowned with a baked hog.

The king's *marly*, which was about a quarter of a mile from the other, was equally well supplied with food, only in this case the yams were placed in wooden cars or sledges, and nearly four hundred half-baked hogs were laid on the ground. The king having arrived, and the signal given for beginning the proceedings, the young chiefs and warriors tried successively to lift the largest

hog, and at last, when all had failed, it was lifted by two men and taken to the other marly. "In the meantime the trial was going on with the second hog, which, being also found too heavy for one man, was carried away by two in like manner, and so on with the third, fourth, &c., the largest being carried away first, and the least last.

"The second, third, fourth, &c., afforded more sport than the others, as being a nearer counterbalance with a man's strength. Sometimes he had got it nearly upon his shoulder, when his greasy burden slipped through his arms, and, in his endeavor to save it, brought him down after it. It is an honor to attempt these things, and even the king sometimes puts his hand to it."

The next part of the proceedings was the carrying twenty of the largest hogs to the late Tooi-tonga's grave, and leaving them there, while the rest, together with the other provisions, were shared among the chiefs, who in their turn distributed them to their followers, until every man in the island gets a piece of pork and yam. The four great columns of yams were given, one to the king, another to the Tooi-tonga, the third to the Veachi and one or two of the very great chiefs, and the fourth to the gods. The Tooi-tonga also took the ears of yams as a matter of tacit though unacknowledged right. Kava drinking, dancing, and wrestling concluded the ceremony; and as soon as the circle broke up, the tapu was considered as annulled.

The twenty large hogs which were laid on the grave were left there for several days; but as soon as they showed signs of putridity, they were cut up, and divided among all who chose to apply for a share of the meat. By right they belonged to the chiefs, but as they were able to procure fresh pork for themselves, they preferred to forego their right, and divide the tainted meat among the people.

The ceremony of Mo'ee-mo'ee, or taking off the tapu contracted by touching a chief, has already been mentioned. The tapu is even contracted by eating in the presence of a superior relation; but there is a conventional way of getting rid of this tapu by simply turning the back upon the superior, who is then considered as not being ceremonially in the presence of the inferior. Should a man think that he may have contracted the tapu unwittingly, he will not dare to feed himself until he has gone to some chief, whose foot he takes and presses it against his stomach. This rite is called the *Fota*, or pressing. Any chief can take away the tapu contracted by touching an equal or inferior, but has no power over that of a superior. Consequently, no one but himself can take away the Tooi-tonga's tapu; and this proved so inconvenient that whenever the potentate went from his house, he left behind him a consecrated bowl as his repre-

sentative, and this was held to be equally powerful in removing the tapu. The Veachi adopted a similar plan. It is a remarkable fact that kava is exempt from all tapu, so that if even the Tooi-tonga has touched a piece of kava root, the lowest cook may chew it.

THERE is a ceremony which in principle somewhat resembles that of Ináchi, though it is conducted after a very different manner. Just as the Ináchi is an offering to the gods in general through the Tooi-tonga, so is this ceremony, which is called the *Tow-tow*, a special thanksgiving to Alo-Alo, the god of weather. It is begun in the early part of November, when the yams are ripe, and is continued for some three months, at intervals of eight or ten days.

All the islands of Tonga are divided into three distinct portions, namely, the northern division, or *Hahagi*, the southern division, or *Hihifo*, and the middle division, or *Mooa*. Each of these divisions has orders to prepare a certain amount of food, such as yams, cocoa-nuts, and the like, and to bring them to the marly. The correct mode of doing so is to bring them on sticks, so that each stick has upon it seven or eight yams, or a bunch of plantains, or a quantity of bananas. If sugar-canes form part of the offering, they are tied in bundles of three or four in each; and all the offerings, no matter what they may be, are piled up in three great heaps, one being erected by the people of each district.

This being done, and a few preliminary matches of boxing and wrestling played, after about three hours a small procession appears, composed of eight or ten men sent by the priest of Alo-Alo, and accompanied by a young girl about eight or nine years old, who represents the god's wife. She is always the daughter of a chief, and generally of one of the highest chiefs, and, during the eighty days of the ceremony, she resides at the temple of Alo-Alo. She has nothing particular to do, except presiding at one or two feasts and kava parties.

The men are all dressed in mats, and have green leaves tied round their necks. This is the dress of humility and sorrow, and is employed in times of mourning for the dead and supplication for mercy. When they have arrived, they seat themselves in a line, having in front of them a great drum, which is kept for this special purpose. They then offer their prayers to Alo-Alo, begging for propitious weather and good crops, and after these prayers are concluded two of the piles of provisions are carried off by the chiefs, and the third is set aside for the gods. Suddenly the great drum is beaten, on which a general dash is made at the pile of food, every one scrambling for the provisions, and getting as much as he can. There is not the least order in the scramble, and the

scene is a most exciting one, the yams being torn from the sticks, and the sticks smashed to pieces, while the sugar-canes are broken up into fragments. Thus the gods are fed vicariously.

The women keep prudently out of the way during this struggle, and stand aside to watch the chief and concluding ceremony. This is nothing more than a general fight. The inhabitants of the island arrange themselves in two divisions, one half fighting against the other. All engage in this battle, the highest chiefs as well as the lowest cooks taking part in it. There is no respect of persons, the king, or even the Too-tonga himself, being assaulted without compunction, and handled as roughly as any of the common people.

Severe as is the fighting, it is all conducted with the greatest good humor, and no one displays a sign of ill-temper at the injury which he receives. If a man is knocked down, he gets up with a smile; if his arm is broken, he retires from the battle and has it set, but he never thinks of complaining. The same system is observed in the boxing and wrestling matches of which the Tongans are so fond.

In wrestling matches, for example, it is not thought polite for any one man to challenge another; he ought to give a general challenge, by striking with the right hand the bent elbow of the opposite arm. If the challenge be accepted, the antagonists meet very leisurely, and take care to fasten tightly the gnatoo belt that surrounds the waist. They grasp the belt with a hand on each side, and endeavor to throw their antagonist by lifting him from the ground and flinging him on his back. The vanquished man rises and retires to his place among the spectators without showing any displeasure. Only in one case did Mariner know a man display ill-feeling at being beaten, and in that instance the man, although a chief, was looked upon as an ill-bred fellow.

The victor seats himself on the ground for a few seconds, and then retires to his place, his friends belonging to his own side singing, or rather chanting, a song of victory. After a short time he again rises and offers another challenge, and if it be accepted by several antagonists, he may select one from them. If they find that they are equally matched, they leave off by mutual consent; and sometimes, if a man encounters a chief much superior to him, he will generally yield out of respect to the other's rank. This only takes place in single combat, not in the general fight of the Tow-tow festival.

Boxing is conducted on similar principles of fair play. The challenger proceeds into the middle of the ring, holding one arm stretched out in front and the other behind, and advances sideways, changing sides at every step. When the challenge is accep-

ted, both combatants wrap a piece of cord round their hands and proceed to blows, which are given with great force and rapidly. When one is vanquished, he retires with apparent unconcern to the ring, and sits to watch the combats of others, knowing that to be vanquished is not considered a disgrace. When the victor returns to his people, they welcome him, but do not sing the chant of victory unless he has knocked his antagonist down. Falling is on these occasions considered as equivalent to being killed in real battle, and, in consequence, the song of victory is not sung unless the antagonist has fallen to the ground. If a man be beaten in wrestling, he may not wrestle a second time in the same day, though he may box, and *vice versa*.

In the ceremony of Tow-tow, these scrambling, boxing, and wrestling matches are carried on every tenth day, and are repeated eight times, so as to make up the eighty days of the festival. After each battle, those who have touched a superior chief come to be relieved of the tapu which they have contracted by touching him. Even the Too-tonga, whose nose has been flattened, his teeth knocked out, and his face pounded to a jelly by a mere peasant, over whom he has supreme command of life and death, performs the needful ceremony with perfect good humor.

The illustration No. 1, on the 999th page, represents the concluding scene of this ceremony. In the foreground are seen the two contending parties, one of which is beginning to get the victory over the other. In the centre of the illustration, and on the left, are the fragments of the food-piles, with a few men still scrambling for them, and in the distance the women are seated under the trees, watching the progress of the fight.

Fighting is not confined to the men, but is practised also by the women, who on this occasion lay aside the ordinary gentleness and mildness for which they are remarkable. When Captain Cook visited Tonga, he was much surprised to see the girls step into the ring and box with as much spirit and determination as had been shown by the men. They do not, however, carry the combat to such extremes, and if one of them does not speedily yield, the combatants are parted by the elder women. Even the merest children box after a similar fashion, the little girls knocking each other about with hearty good-will as long as they are allowed to fight.

On one occasion, Finow ordered that all the women who were seated as spectators should engage in a general fight, after the manner of the men. They seemed nothing loth, and all the women who lived on the north of the island fought against those who lived on the south side. Nearly fifteen hundred women engaged on each side, and

fought with the greatest courage for more than an hour, both parties contending with such determination that neither could gain a foot of ground; and at last Flnow ordered them to desist, seeing that several ankles had been sprained and limbs broken.

Besides boxing and wrestling matches, the Tongans have club fights on great occasions. As with the other matches, the combatants are divided into two parties, one being seated opposite to the other, with a considerable space of ground between them.

When all is ready, a man jumps up, runs to the people of the opposite side, and sits down in front of them, asking if any of them will fight him. As in the boxing and wrestling matches, to challenge a particular opponent is bad manners. If the challenge

be accepted, the combatants walk to the middle of the ring, each attended by his second, and then settle whether they shall fight after the Tongan or Samoan manner. The former mode does not allow a man to strike an antagonist after he is knocked down, but only to flourish his club over him in token of victory. By the latter mode he is allowed to beat the fallen man as long as he shows signs of life. When the fight is over, the men on the side of the victor chant their song of triumph, and the conqueror advances to the king, sits down before him in token of respect, and then rises and returns to his own party. On one of these occasions, the young prince fought no less than fourteen battles, and was victorious in every one of them.

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CHAPTER CI.

TONGA—*Concluded.*

SICKNESS—BURIAL—GAMES.

SACRIFICE OF THE FINGER, AND MODE OF OPERATING—SACRIFICE OF CHILDREN—CONSULTING THE GODS—MODES OF INSPIRATION—SACRIFICE OF WIVES—FINOW'S GOOD SENSE—SUPPOSED CAUSES OF DEATH—FINOW'S FUNERAL—CUTTING THE HEAD—OPENING AND CLOSING THE VAULT—DRESSING THE GRAVE—APPOINTMENT OF A SUCCESSOR—CONCLUDING CEREMONIES—IDEAS OF RELIGION—VARIOUS SPORTS AND GAMES—RAT SHOOTING AND BIRD CATCHING—FINOW AND THE DECOY BIRD—BALL PLAY—A DANGEROUS STAKE, AND HONORABLE PAYMENT—THE LOVER'S CAVE, AND A NATIVE LEGEND.

As might be expected, various ceremonies take place with regard to sickness and burial.

If any one is ill, the inferior relations cut off a joint of the little finger as an offering to the gods. Sometimes a whole joint is taken off at once, but those who have many superior relations remove only a portion, so that they may be able to offer the sacrifice several times. In consequence of this superstition, there is scarcely a person in Tonga who has not lost a considerable portion of the little finger of one or both hands.

The mode of amputating the finger is simple enough. It is laid upon a flat block of wood, and the edge of a knife or axe, or even a sharp stone, placed on it. A smart blow is given with a mallet, and the stump, which bleeds but little in consequence of the nature of the operation, is held over the spoke of fresh grass, so as to check any after bleeding. No application is made to it, and in a week or two it heals without trouble. The Tongans do not seem to fear this operation, and even little children may be seen quarrelling with each other for the honor of having it performed upon them.

Should the illness take an unfavorable turn, instead of a mere finger, a child is offered to the gods by being strangled. For example, when Finow fell ill of the malady from which he died, and was apparently sinking, his eldest son took a young child of the king's from its mother's lap, strangled it, and offered it to the gods at various consecrated houses. The people look with the greatest compassion on the poor little vic-

tim, but think that it is right to sacrifice a little child who at present is useless to the community, and may not live to be of service, so that they may obtain in exchange the life of a chief who is needed by his people.

Such a sacrifice is sometimes made on other occasions, when the anger of some god is to be averted. In Tonga there are several sacred places, in which to spill blood is a sacrilege, so that they serve the purpose of cities of refuge. Once a chief named Palavali was pursuing some men, who ran for refuge to the nearest sacred spot. One of them was just getting over the fence, when Palavali, in the heat of the moment, struck him on the head, so that he fell dead within the enclosure. As soon as he had done the deed he was filled with fear, and reported what he had done to Finow, who consulted a priest. The priest, becoming inspired, said that a child must be sacrificed to the gods, and the chiefs, after holding a consultation, agreed that they should sacrifice a child of one of their own number by a female attendant. Such children are always selected, for two reasons; firstly, because the child of a chief is held to be a worthy sacrifice, and secondly, because, as its mother is of inferior rank, it could never live to be a chief.

The mother, knowing the custom, took alarm, and hid the child, but it was at last found by the men who were sent to search for it. The rest must be told in Mariner's words. "Its poor mother wanted to follow, but was held back by those about her. On

hearing its mother's voice it began to cry, but when it arrived at the fatal place of execution, it was pleased and delighted with the band of gnatoo that was put round its neck, and, looking up in the face of the man who was about to destroy it, displayed in its beautiful countenance a smile of ineffable pleasure.

"Such a sight inspired pity in the heart of every one; but adoration and fear of the gods was a sentiment superior to any other, and its destroyer could not help exclaiming, as he put on the fatal bandage, 'O yacoe chi vale!' ('Poor little innocent!') Two men then tightened the cord by pulling at each end, and the guiltless and unsuspecting victim was soon relieved of its painful struggles. The body was then placed upon a sort of hand-barrow, supported upon the shoulders of four men, and carried in a procession of priests, chiefs, and Matabooles clothed in mats, with wreaths of green leaves round their necks.

"In this manner it was conveyed to various houses consecrated to different gods, before each of which it was placed on the ground, all the company sitting behind it, except one priest, who sat beside it, and prayed aloud to the god that he would be pleased to accept of this sacrifice as an atonement for the heinous sacrilege committed, and that punishment might accordingly be withheld from the people. After this was done before all the consecrated houses in the fortress, the body was given up to its relations, to be buried in the usual manner."

This particular case had a strange termination. Four or five days after the sacrifice, Palavali went on a foraging excursion at the head of a body of men who were not tried soldiers, and met with a smaller body of real warriors. In a very short time Palavali's men began to run, and it was in vain that he tried to rally them. At last, in boldly facing the enemy to set his men an example, he received four spears in his body, and fell. This sight angered his men so much that they charged the enemy, drove them back, and rescued their dying chief. They were proceeding to draw out the spears, but he told them that it would be useless, as the gods had doomed him for his sacrilege, and he must die. His prognostication was correct, for he died half an hour after the battle.

When a priest is consulted on any subject—say, on the sickness of any one—a carefully regulated ceremony is performed. On the previous night a hog is killed and prepared, and taken to the place where the priest lives, together with plantains, yams, and kava root. Next day they all go to the patient's house, and there seat themselves in order, the priest taking his place just within the eaves, if the appointed spot be a house. Opposite to the priest is the kava

bowl, and around him sit the Matabooles as usual; but on this occasion the chiefs always mix with the people, or even sit behind them, thinking that such retiring and humble behavior is pleasing to the gods.

From the moment that all are seated, the god is supposed to take possession of the priest, who sits silently with his hands clasped in front of him, his head bowed, and his eyes bent on the ground. The kava being prepared, the required questions are put to him. Sometimes he answers them at once, but very often he remains in silence until all the provisions are eaten and the kava drunk. When he does speak, it is in a low, constrained voice, generally above its natural pitch, the words being supposed to be the utterances of the god through him without his volition. In some cases he is quite calm and quiet while delivering his answers, but at others his face becomes inflamed, his eyes seem ready to start from their sockets, tears pour from his eyes, and his words issue in broken sobs and gasps.

This paroxysm lasts for some time, and then gradually subsides. As it is passing away, he takes up a club which is placed near him for the purpose, gazes at it attentively, and then looks round, apparently without seeing the object at which he looks—"his eyes are open, but their sense is shut." Suddenly he raises the club, and dashes it violently on the ground, at which instant the god is supposed to leave his votary, who immediately rises and leaves the place of honor, retiring to the back of the ring among the people. The man of highest rank present then takes the place of honor, and more kava is served.

When a priest is consulted on behalf of a sick person, the inspiration retains its hold as long as the patient is in his presence, and in some cases the inspiration lasts for several days. If one priest cannot find a cure, the patient is taken to another, and so on, until he either recovers or dies.

The illustration No. 2, on the next page, represents a consultation of the priest respecting a sick child. In the foreground are the provisions and the presents brought to the priest, and in the centre is the kava bowl. On the right is the priest, seated in a state of inspiration, with crossed hands and bowed head, listening to the questions which are being put by the Mataboole. The mother of the child is seen with the infant in her arms, and around are members of her family, all wearing coarse mats instead of fine gnatoo, and having round their necks the leaves which denote humility.

Other persons beside chiefs become inspired, generally by the spirits of those whom they had known in life. The eldest son of Finow, who afterward succeeded to the throne, used to be inspired by a great chief who had been murdered by his father and another chief. Mariner asked him

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(1.) THE TOW-TOW. (See page 995.)



(2.) CONSULTING A PRIEST. (See page 998.)

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what were his feelings on such occasions, and he replied that he felt restless and uncomfortable, and all over in a glow of heat, and that his mind did not seem to be his own. When asked how he knew the name of the spirit who then visited him, he answered that he could not tell—he knew it intuitively, but could give no explanation.

While Mariner was in the Tonga Islands, a young chief, remarkable for his beauty, became inspired to such a degree that he fainted, and was taken to the house of a priest, who told him that the spirit was that of a young woman who had died two years before, and was now in Bolotoo the Tonga heaven. She inspired him because she wished for him as a husband in Bolotoo, and would soon take him there. The young chief acknowledged the truth of the exposition, saying that for several nights he had been visited in his sleep by a young woman, and had suspected that she was the person who inspired him. Two days after he was taken ill and died. Mariner was present when the priest gave his explanation of the illness.

Shortly before Mariner was at the Tonga Islands, a still graver form of human sacrifice was practised than that of a child.

When the Tooi-tonga died, his chief widow was strangled on the day of the funeral, and buried in the same grave with him, just as is the case in Fiji, whence in all probability, the Tongans borrowed the practice. Comparatively short as was Mariner's stay two Tooi-tongas died; but in neither case was this terrible rite observed. In the one case there happened to be no chief wife, all his wives being so equal in rank that neither of them ruled the household; and, in consequence a selection of a victim became impossible. In the second case the chief wife was the daughter of Finow, who said openly, that if the husband were to die first, his daughter should not be strangled, for that to destroy a young and beautiful woman because her husband had died was inflicting a double loss upon the community. As it happened, the Tooi-tonga did not die until after the elder Finow was dead and had been succeeded by his son, who not only carried out his father's wishes on that subject, but would not allow another Tooi-tonga to succeed; thus abolishing the source of the only rank that was superior to him.

The Tooi-tonga being abolished, it necessarily follows that the ceremony of Ináchi was abolished too, and but for the fact of Mariner's enforced residence in Tonga, this curious and interesting ceremony would have passed away without being known to European civilization.

Mariner was present at the wedding of Finow's daughter to the Tooi-tonga, and describes it with some minuteness. It much resembled a Fijian wedding, except in the costume of the bride, who was first copiously

anointed with cocoa-nut oil scented with sandal-wood, and then arrayed in a vast number of the finest Samoan mats, which were wrapped round her in such quantities that her arms were stuck out almost horizontally from her body, and her legs were so much trammelled that she could not sit down, but had to rest in a bent attitude upon her attendants.

She was eighteen at the time. Had it not been for the good sense of Finow, Mariner would have seen within a very short time her wedding, her murder, and her burial. The technical name for the ceremony of strangling is Nawgia.

We now come naturally to the subject of funerals, and will take as a typical example the funeral of the elder Finow.

Almost immediately after the death and burial of his favorite daughter, a child about seven years of age, Finow fell ill, his malady having been increased by the exertions which he made during the long ceremony of the funeral. It was on this occasion that he ordered the women to box in general combat. On the evening of that day Finow retired to a small house that had just been built for him, and was seized with a violent illness, which almost deprived him of the power of speech, though not of intellect. He evidently knew that his end was at hand, and continually muttered "My country! my country!" evidently feeling that calamities might come on his land if he were suddenly taken away.

A child was offered on behalf of him, which had already been selected, but, by the time that the sacrificing party had come back to the house where the king lay, he had lost both his speech and his consciousness, and in a few minutes the great and wise Finow had departed this life. When his death was ascertained, a curious ceremony was performed. The body was carried to the Tooi-tonga's house, and placed on the hole in which the cooks were accustomed to light their fires. This was a symbolical expression of humility and submission to the gods, the cooking place being so degraded a spot that only the lowest Toos would condescend to touch it.

Not only the king himself, but all those in his confidence, fully believed that his death was caused by a god named Toobo Total, to whom he had prayed in vain for his daughter's recovery. In revenge for the negligence of the god, Finow had made arrangements for killing his priest, and had been heard to say that if Toobo Total did not change his conduct, and exert himself a little more, his priest should not live long. Finow's sudden death put a stop to this project, which was only known to one or two of his immediate friends. It is not unlikely that the threatened priest may have heard of his intended assassination, and saved himself by getting a dose of poison

administered to Finow at the funeral banquet.

Finow was right in his prognostications of trouble, for no sooner was his death known than a number of the principal chiefs of different islands began to assemble their forces, with the intention of seizing on the throne. His successor, however, inherited his father's wisdom, and took such precautions that the attempt of the conspirators was quietly foiled.

After the royal corpse was brought back from the Tooi-tonga's dwelling, it was laid on bales of gnatoo in the large conical house, which was nearly filled with women, who kept up a continual lamentation, led by his daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen. Even by night the lamentations went on, the house being lighted up with lamps made of cocoa-nut shells half filled with cocoa-nut oil, which is only used on such occasions; and on the following morning the people assembled on the marly to take part in the obsequies of their late king, whom they both loved and feared. Indeed, among savage nations, there is no love toward a chief who is not thoroughly feared.

By this time the faces of the principal mourners were scarcely recognizable, being swollen and disfigured by the repeated blows which they had inflicted on themselves as signs of sorrow. The chiefs and Mataboos who were especially attached to the person or household of the deceased king proceeded to inflict even severer injuries upon themselves, using the club, or shell, or a sharp stone; and running two or three at a time into the open space, while they cut their heads with the clubs and shells so that the blood poured down their bodies in streams; as they did so, they uttered a sort of dirge, some specimens of which have been given by Mariner. The following is his translation of the death chant and accompanying proceedings.

"Finow, I know well your mind; you have departed to Bolotoo, and left your people, under suspicion that I or some of those about you are unfaithful; but where is the proof of infidelity? where is a single instance of disrespect?" Then inflicting violent blows and deep cuts in the head with a club, stone, or knife, would again exclaim at intervals, 'Is not this a proof of my fidelity? does this not evince loyalty and attachment to the memory of the departed warrior?' Then perhaps two or three would run on and endeavor to seize the same club, saying with a furious tone of voice, 'Behold, the land is torn with strife, it is smitten to pieces, it is split by revolts; how my blood boils; let us haste and die! I no longer wish to live: your death, Finow, shall be mine. But why did I wish hitherto to live? it was for you alone; it was in your service, and defence only that I wish to breathe; but now, alas! the country is ruined. Peace and happi-

ness are at an end; your death has insured ours: henceforth war and destruction alone can prosper.'

"These speeches were accompanied with a wild and frantic agitation of the body, whilst the parties cut and bruised their heads every two or three words with the knife or club they held in their hands. Others, somewhat more calm and moderate in their grief, would parade up and down with rather a wild and agitated step, spinning and whirling the club about, striking themselves with the edge of it two or three times violently upon the top or back of the head, and then suddenly stopping and looking steadfastly at the instrument spattered with blood, exclaim, 'Alas! my club, who could have said that you would have done this kind office for me, and have enabled me thus to evince a testimony of my respect to Finow? Never, no, never, can you again tear open the brains of his enemies. Alas! what a great and mighty warrior has fallen! Oh, Finow, cease to suspect my loyalty; be convinced of my fidelity! But what absurdity am I talking! if I had appeared treacherous in thy sight, I should have met the fate of those numerous warriors who have fallen victims to your just revenge. But do not think, Finow, that I reproach you; no, I wish only to convince you of my innocence, for who that has thoughts of harming his chiefs shall grow white-headed like me (an expression used by some of the old men)? O cruel gods, to deprive us of our father, of our only hope, for whom alone we wished to live. We have indeed other chiefs, but they are only chiefs in rank, and not like you, alas! great and mighty in war.'"

Such were their sentiments and conduct on this mournful occasion. Some, more violent than others, cut their heads to the skull with such strong and frequent blows, that they caused themselves to reel, producing afterward a temporary loss of reason. It is difficult to say to what length this extravagance would have been carried, particularly by one old man, if the prince had not ordered Mr. Mariner to go up and take away the club from him, as well as two others that were engaged at the same time. It is customary on such occasions, when a man takes a club from another, to use it himself in the same way about his own head; but Mr. Mariner, being a foreigner, was not expected to do this; he therefore went up, and, after some hesitation and struggle, secured the clubs one after another, and returned with them to his seat, when, after a while, they were taken by others, who used them in like manner.

The next proceeding was to place the body of the dead king in the grave, which was at some distance from the place where those wild laments had been made. Having arrived at the spot, a small house was speed-

ily put together, the body was laid in it, and the whole house was covered with coarse black gnatoo, the sign of mourning, which passed over the top of the house, and hung from the eaves to the ground, so as entirely to conceal it.

Here another set of lamentations took place, while a number of men were employed in opening the grave. All great families bury their dead, not merely in the ground, but in a solid vault, about eight feet long by six wide, and eight deep. It is made of six enormous stones, the upper one, which forms the cover, being necessarily larger than the others. For the convenience of raising it when required, the upper stone does not fit quite closely upon the lower, some smaller stones being placed between them at one end.

After digging some ten feet deep, the men came to the vault, and, having cleared away the earth, they passed a rope under the end of the stone cover, and by the united force of nearly two hundred men raised it on end. Several bodies were already in the grave. Two of them, which had been buried for full forty years, were dried and nearly perfect; while others, which had not been buried nearly so long, were reduced to a few bones. In some cases the vault is lined with the gnatoo on which the body rested, while in others it becomes the property of the presiding Mataboole.

All being ready, the body of Finow was handed down into the vault, still lying on the gnatoo, and the body of his daughter, at whose funeral he was seized with illness, was buried by his side. The stone was then let down with a great shout, and the head-cutting and maiming began afresh. The next ceremony was that of collecting sand for the decoration of the grave.

The whole company formed themselves in single line, the women going first, and proceeded to the back of the island, singing loudly to warn stragglers of their presence. For any one not actually engaged in a funeral to be seen on the road is held as so great an insult that any ordinary man would lose his life. Even if the king himself saw a similar procession advancing, he would hide himself until it had passed. Remaining on his feet, though it might not actually cost him his life, would probably be so bitterly remembered that he might lose his throne. As soon as the funeral party arrived at the place where the sand was found, they all set to work at making baskets out of leaves, which they suspended from sticks and carried on their shoulders. By the time that they reached the grave, it was nearly filled up with earth, and the remainder was filled with sand, which was carefully and neatly smoothed.

Next came a very curious custom, that of burning the cheeks. The mourners, clothed in mats and green leaves, set fire to little

rolls of bark, and pressed them against each cheek-bone, so as to raise a circular blister. This is then rubbed with the juice of an astringent berry, which causes the wound to bleed, and the blood is smeared over the cheeks. The friction is repeated daily for twenty days, so that an indelible scar is the natural result.

The day after the burial a ceremony took place by which the young prince was installed in his father's place, and invested with his father's name. Finow was the name of the reigning family; but, according to custom, no one but the actual king was allowed to bear it. Sometimes, as a mark of especial favor, he allowed it to be borne by a relation, but always in conjunction with some other name. The name by which the young prince had previously been called was Moegnagnongo.

The ceremony was begun by a kava party, at which the young prince presided. The two first cups having been filled and drunk, the third was due to the president. The Mataboole who directed the proceedings said, while all eyes were fixed on the prince, "Give it to FINOW," thus acknowledging him as the king of Tonga. The young king displayed not the least emotion on being called by the new name, as that would have been thought beneath his dignity, but took the cup as quietly as if he had been called by the name of Finow all his life.

Rites similar to those which have been described went on for nineteen days, and on the twentieth the concluding ceremony was performed. All the relations of the deceased king, together with those who had taken part in the funeral, went to the back of the island, and procured a great quantity of flat pebbles, mostly white, but having a few black among them. These they carried to the grave, and strewed completely over the grave in the form of an oval, each pebble being laid by the side of the other. The black pebbles were laid upon the white ones.

Dances, wrestling matches, and head-cutting then took place, in which latter rite the fishermen of the late king distinguished themselves in a very curious manner. Into each cheek they thrust three arrows, the points of which passed into the mouth. The shafts of the arrows were brought over the shoulders, and to each pair was tied another arrow across the shoulders, so as to make a triangle. Equipped in this extraordinary manner, they walked round the grave, and, not satisfied with this proof of their devotion to their late master, they cut their heads with their paddles, and pinched up the skin of their breasts, thrusting a spear through the fold. A grand wrestling match ended this complicated series of ceremonies.

At the burial of one great chief, who was assassinated while walking with the king (apparently with his connivance), a very curious variation of the ceremony took place.

As soon as the body had been lowered into the vault, one of the assassins, a man of exceptional strength and stature, advanced toward the grave, and, brandishing his club, avowed himself as the murderer, and challenged any friend of the deceased chief to fight him.

The challenge was not accepted, and, although one of the wives of the murdered man did her best to arouse the family to vengeance, she could only succeed in inducing them to erect a strong fortress, in which they hoped to bid defiance to Finow. The king, however, was too wise to allow such a standing menace to remain, started off with four thousand warriors, and reduced the disaffected chiefs to obedience. In storming the fort, the challenging chief distinguished himself by his deeds of arms. Though wounded in the breast with a five-barbed spear, he broke off the shaft, scaled alone the enemy's fortress, knocked out a man's brains with his club, and made good his escape. As he retreated, however, he received another spear in his back, and died on the following day. It is remarkable that in this battle nearly all the assassins perished.

The religious system of the Tongans is tolerably simple. They believe that there are several orders of gods, just as there are several ranks of men. The principal gods are self-existent and eternal; but the second order of gods are the souls of deceased chiefs and Matabooles. All of noble blood have souls, and take rank in Bolotoo, or Paradise, not according to their moral merit, but according to the rank which they held in the world. Matabooles become ministers to the gods, just as they were ministers to the chiefs; but they are not powerful enough to inspire priests. There is also a class of mischievous gods, who are, fortunately, much less powerful than the benevolent deities.

As to the Moons, or middle class, the learned are rather doubtful whether they go to Bolotoo, or whether they have souls. But that the Tooas, or peasantry, have no souls, there is not the slightest doubt, and that they can go to Bolotoo is therefore impossible.

With regard to Bolotoo, or Paradise, the Tongans believe it to be an island somewhere to the north-west of Tonga. It is a most beautiful place, full of the choicest fruits and the most lovely flowers. Pigs are plentiful, and never die unless they are killed to supply food for the gods, in which case another hog comes into existence to supply the place of the one that was killed. So, when a fruit or a flower is plucked, another immediately takes its place. These particulars are learned from some Tongan voyagers, who were returning from Fiji, but were driven out of their reckoning by a storm. At last they were blown to a lovely island, on which they succeeded in landing.

There was abundance of fruit, but their hands could not grasp it. They walked through the trunks of trees, and through the walls of houses as if they were mere shadows; while some of the inhabitants walked through their own bodies in a similar manner. Then they found they were at Bolotoo. The gods told them to go home at once, and promised them a favorable wind. They reached Tonga in safety, but all died soon afterward, the air of Bolotoo not suiting mere mortals.

It has already been mentioned that the religious and secular lives of the Tongans are so blended together that it is very difficult to separate them, and that even their amusements partake somewhat of the religious character. There are, however, one or two of their games which partake but slightly of this element, and which are yet characteristic of the natives. One of these sports is called Fanna-kalai, and is a very ingenious mode of bird catching by means of decoys.

In order to practise this amusement, the sportsman furnishes himself with a bow and arrows, goes into the woods, and there encloses himself within a large wicker cage covered with green leaves, so that the inmate may not be seen, but having plenty of openings through which the arrows can be aimed. By his side he has a small cage, in which is kept a hen bird, and on the top of the large cage the cock bird is tied by the leg. When properly trained, these birds continue calling to each other, and thus attract numbers of their own species, which fall victims to the arrows.

Well-trained birds are exceedingly valuable, and one chief has been known to make war upon another for the sake of procuring an especially fine bird. Indeed, the Tongans look on these birds much as sportsmen of the olden times looked on their falcons. To each pair of birds there is a keeper, whose whole business it is to attend to and train them. He is careful to teach the cock bird to flap its wings as it calls to its mate, and to utter its notes loudly, so that they may be taken as a challenge to other birds to come and fight him. The bird keepers have almost unlimited powers, as nothing is allowed to interfere with the welfare of their charge. Even when a famine visits a district, the birds must not starve. The keeper forages for the birds, and if he sees a fine bunch of plantains, he is allowed to put the tapu on it by sticking a reed in the tree, after which the proprietor dares not touch the fruit which he has saved for himself and his family. He may starve, but the birds must be fed.

As may be imagined, the keepers attend to their own interests as well as those of the birds, and are great pests to the neighborhood, fleecing the people without mercy.

Now and then they go a little too far in their insolence, and a complaint is laid against them, in which case the man seldom escapes without a severe beating.

In order to show the enormous value of these birds, Mariner tells a story respecting the elder Finow. The chief of Iliho possessed a bird which he had himself trained, and which was the best that ever was known. Finow heard of this bird, and sent a commissioner to Iliho in order to treat with the chief for the purchase of it. This the owner declined to do, saying that not only had he an affection for the bird, which he had himself trained, but he had sustained many wars made on him by neighboring chiefs who wanted to get the bird—many lives had been lost, and he felt his honor involved in keeping it. However, he intrusted the ambassador with another pair of birds, very nearly as good, and asked him to present them to Finow.

The king tried the birds next day, and was so delighted with their performance that he was the more anxious to obtain the bird which was even superior to them. He therefore prepared a present, which according to the Tongan ideas of that day was of almost incalculable value, comprising, beside whales' teeth, gnatoo, kava, and other native productions, several iron bolts, a quantity of beads, a looking-glass, a grindstone, and some axes, all of which had been procured from Europe, and most of them from the vessel in which Mariner had been wrecked. Seeing that Finow was determined to have the bird, and that he would probably make war if again refused, the chief wisely accepted the present, and sent the desired prize with a polite message.

As this sport is necessarily a very expensive one, it can only be practised by the king and very great chiefs, even the lesser chiefs being unable to bear the cost. There is another sport which is limited to chiefs and Matabooles. This is Fanna-goama, or rat shooting, and is conducted as follows. Two chiefs take the command of two parties who intend to shoot rats, and arrange the preliminaries, i. e. settling the course which they mean to take, the number of shooters on each side, and so forth. On the appointed day, they go to some place which has been previously fixed upon, each being provided with his bow and two arrows.

These arrows are six feet in length, and made of a reed headed with hard wood. They are most beautifully made, the heads being smooth and polished with the greatest care, and the junction of the head and shaft guarded with plaited sinnet. In some of these weapons in my collection, the sinnet is scarcely broader than sewing silk, and is laid on with a perfection that is scarcely credible. After the sinnet is finished off, a slight coating of transparent varnish is laid over it, so as to bind the plait more firmly

together, and to give it an uniform polish. In some arrows there are several similar belts of plaited sinnet. No feather is needed, as they are never aimed at any distance, and their great length is requisite to allow them to go straight through the bushes among which the rats lurk.

The bow is about the same length as the arrows, and not very powerful, so that the aim may not be disturbed by the effect of drawing it.

When they are ready to start, a couple of attendants are sent forward, who take in their mouths some roasted cocoa-nut, which they chew, and spit the fragments on either side of the path. If they come to a cross-road, they plant in it an upright reed, by means of which a tapu is laid on the path, in order to prevent any one from passing along and disturbing the rats. No one ever disregards this tapu. Even if one of the greatest chiefs come toward it, he will stop at a distance and sit down until the sportsmen have passed, while an inferior chief would to a certainty be chubbied for his insolence if he were to break the tapu.

When the party start, they arrange themselves in the following manner. They walk in Indian file along the path, the leading chief of one party going first, followed by the leading chief of the other side. Then come the men of next rank on either side, and so on alternately. Except the leading man, no one may shoot at a rat that is in front of him, though he may do so if it be on either side, or behind him. As soon as any one has shot his arrow, he changes places with the man behind him, no matter whether the shot be successful or not, so that each in turn has his chance of becoming the leading man, and so getting a double chance of a rat. Every sportsman has an attendant who follows the party, and, as soon as his master has discharged an arrow, picks it up and returns it to him.

In order to attract their game, the sportsmen imitate the squeaking of a rat, which often has the effect of bringing them out of their holes, and if a rat should run away instead of waiting to be shot, one or two of them, with a sharp percussion of the tongue, utter another sound, which has the effect of making the rat stop and sit up to listen. The party that shoots ten rats first wins the game. Birds of any kind are counted as rats.

These two sports are necessarily restricted to chiefs, on account of the expense in one case and the power of the tapu in the other, but there is another which is played only by chiefs and Matabooles, being restricted to them by etiquette and not by necessity.

The two players sit opposite each other, and one of them makes one of three movements with his right hand, i. e. presenting the open palm, the closed fist or the

extended forefinger. His antagonist endeavors to imitate the movements, but if he can succeed in making five without being imitated, he wins a point, and marks it by laying down a little piece of stick. Should the antagonist be successful, he asks of the other player what were the preceding movements, their order and the reason for each of them. If his opponent should fail to give the correct answer, he loses a point, but if he succeeds, the game is continued.

The skill lies not in seeing and imitating the various movements, which are made so rapidly that an inexperienced eye cannot detect one of them, but in remembering the movements made by the antagonist, and in giving a feigned explanation of each. This explanation must be made according to the laws of the game, and alters with every variation in the order of the movements, so that considerable readiness and ingenuity are needed in order to invent on the spur of the moment an explanation according to the laws of the game. The chiefs are exceedingly fond of this game, and, while playing it, work themselves up to a wonderful pitch of excitement. The lower orders play a game somewhat similar to this, except that no discussion about the moves is allowable, and the intellectual element is therefore wanting.

There are many other games that are common to all ranks. One of these is called Tolo. A piece of soft wood, nine inches in diameter, is fastened to the top of a post of harder wood about five or six feet high, and the game consists in throwing a heavy spear so that it shall stick in the soft wood. Six or eight persons play on each side, every player being allowed three throws. Another game with spears somewhat resembles the djerid, and consists in hurling blunted spears at each other.

The Tongans are singularly dexterous of hand. They excel in ball play, and have a game which consists in playing with five balls, which are thrown from one hand to the other, so as to keep four balls always in the air. They sing a song at the same time, each cadence coinciding with the transfer of the balls from one hand to the other, and for every verse that they can finish without a mistake they score one point. They have also a game very much resembling our cup and ball.

Another game in which dexterity of hand is needed is called Lafo. A mat is laid on the ground, and the players throw beans on it, each trying to knock off those of his antagonist. This game has a sort of celebrity from having been connected with one of the few acts of cannibalism attributed to the Tongans. During a severe famine, two daughters of a chief played a game of lafo with two young warriors. If the men won, they were to have half the yam, but if they lost, they were still to have half the yam,

but were obliged to go out, kill an enemy, and divide his body with the girls. They lost the game, ate their yam, and waited until night for the fulfillment of their promise. After dark they stole out, and hid themselves near the fortress of the enemy. As they had anticipated, in the early morning one of the men came out to fetch salt water, and passed near the spot where they lay in ambush. They struck him down with their clubs, and at the risk of their lives brought his body off to the spot where the girls lived. If in any of these games there should be a dispute, the men settle it by an extemporized wrestling match, and the women by spinning a cocoa-nut.

Being islanders, they are very familiar with the water, and practise the well-known sport of surf swimming. This sport will be described when we come to treat of the Sandwich Islands. They have another aquatic sport peculiar to themselves. Two posts are driven into the bed of the sea, about seventy yards apart, a spot being chosen where the water is about ten feet deep. Each player takes in his hands a large stone, jumps into the water by one post, and tries to carry it to the other post by running along the bottom. The chief difficulty is to pursue a straight course, as at such a distance the winning post is not visible through the water.

While Mr. Mariner was at the Tonga Islands, he took part in an amusement which derived its origin from a love legend. He accompanied Finow to a small island called Hoonga, and, on walking down to the sea-shore, he saw his companions bathing near a great rock, and was startled to find that they one after the other dived into the water and did not come up again. Just as the last was preparing to dive, he asked the meaning of this astonishing proceeding, and was told to follow, and he would be taken to a place where he had never been before, and where Finow and his Matabooles were then assembled.

He then dived into the water, and Mr. Mariner followed him, guided by the light reflected from his heels. Passing through an aperture in the base of the rock which has just been mentioned, he rose to the surface of the water and found himself in a cavern. At first he could see nothing, but he could distinguish the voices of Finow and his other friends; and after a while became so accustomed to the dim light that he could just manage to see that he was in a vast stalactitic cavern.

As the only light which entered it was reflected from the bottom of the water, and exceedingly dim, he dived out again, wrapped up his loaded pistol in a quantity of gnatoo, directed a servant to prepare a torch in the same manner, and dived back again. By means of the pistol he lighted the torch, and probably for the first time

since it was formed, the cavern was illuminated. It was about forty feet wide and as many high, and ran off at one side into two galleries. Its roof was covered with stalactites hanging in the fantastic patterns which they are apt to assume. The story which was told him respecting the discovery of this cavern is quite a romance of savage life.

Many years ago a young chief of Vavaoo discovered the cavern by accident, while diving after turtles, but took care to keep the discovery to himself, as he thought he should find it useful in case he was detected in a plot against the principal chief of the island, a man of cruel and tyrannous disposition. Another chief had the same intentions, and was organizing a revolt, when he was betrayed by one of his own followers, and condemned to be drowned, together with the whole of his family. It so happened that he had a very beautiful daughter whom the young chief had long loved, but to whom he dared not speak, knowing her to be betrothed to a man of higher rank than himself.

When, however, he found that her life was to be sacrificed, he contrived to make his way to her in the evening, told her of the fate which was in reserve for her, and offered to save her. The girl at once consented, and the two stole gently to the seaside, where a little canoe was drawn up. On their way to Hoonga the young chief told the girl of this place of retreat, and as soon as the day broke took her into the cavern. He was not long in finding out that the affection was mutual, but that the fact of her being betrothed to another had caused her to avoid him.

She remained in this cavern for two months, during which her young husband brought her the finest mats and gnatoos, the best food, and everything which constitutes Tongan luxury. He was, however, forced to spend a considerable part of his time at Vavaoo, lest the tyrannical chief should suspect him, and he was naturally anxious to take his wife to some place where they could live together in safety.

Accordingly, he called together his subordinate chiefs and Matabooles, and told them to prepare for a voyage to the Fiji Islands, accompanied with their wives and families. This expedition was kept secret lest the tyrant should put a stop to it. Just as they started, one of the chiefs advised him to take a Tongan wife with him, but he declined to do so, saying that he should find one by the way. They took his reply for a joke, and set sail toward Hoonga. When they neared the shores of the island, he told his men to wait while he went into the sea to fetch a

wife, and, leaping into the sea from the side of the canoe which was farthest from the shore, he dived and disappeared.

After waiting for a while the people began to be seriously alarmed, thinking that he must have met with some accident, or that a shark had caught him. Suddenly, while they were debating as to the best course to be pursued, he appeared on the surface of the water, accompanied by a beautiful young female, whom he took into the canoe. At first his people were terribly frightened, thinking that she was a goddess; but, when they recognized her features, they took her for an apparition, believing that she had been drowned together with the rest of her family. The young chief arrived safely at the Fiji Islands, where he lived for two years; and at the expiration of that time, hearing that the tyrant of Vavaoo was dead, he returned to his native island, bringing with him his strangely rescued wife.

The facts of this story show that the cave must have some opening which admits the outer air, as otherwise no one could have lived in it so long. Even granting that the time of the girl's residence was exaggerated, Mr. Mariner found that the air was perfectly fresh and sweet after Finow and his friends had remained in it for several hours, and a torch had been burned in it besides.

The island in which this extraordinary cavern is found is rather venerated by the Tongans as being the origin of their group of islands. Tongaloa, the god of arts and inventions, let down a fishing-line from the sky into the sea, when he suddenly felt his hook caught. He hauled up his line, thinking that from the resistance he had caught a very large fish. It turned out, however, that the hook had got itself fixed in the bed of the sea, and as the god continued to haul he drew up the Tonga islands. They would have been much larger, only the line broke, and the islands were left imperfect.

Mr. Mariner learned that the hook by which the Tonga islands had been drawn from the bed of the sea was kept in the custody of the Tooi-tonga, but had been burned, together with the house, about thirty years before. It was about six inches long, and from the description was one of the ordinary fishhooks of the country. Mariner asked why it did not break when hauling up so enormous a weight, and was told that it was a god's hook, and therefore could not break. Being asked how it happened that the line, which was also the property of a god, broke, his interlocutor declined to pursue the subject any further, saying that so he had been told, and that there was no necessity for further inquiries.

CHAPTER CII.

SAMOA, OR THE NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS.

APPEARANCE—CHARACTER—DRESS—MANUFACTURES.

POSITION OF THE GROUP, AND DERIVATION OF THE NAME—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE—THEIR CHARACTER FOR GENTLENESS, HOSPITALITY, HONESTY, AND COURTESY—CARRYING A MISS'JARY AND HIS FAMILY—AFFECTION FOR CHILDREN—DRESS OF THE SAMOANS—THE TATTOO A PARTIAL SUBSTITUTE FOR DRESS—MODE OF TATTOOING—TIME OCCUPIED IN COMPLETING THE OPERATION—THE FINE MATS OF SAMOA—WIG MAKING—FEATHER HEADDRESSES—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—DANCING COSTUME—ADVICE TO FAA-SAMOA—MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR—TREATMENT OF WOMEN—MODE OF MAKING CLOTH—THE PROFESSIONAL AND HEREDITARY MANUFACTURER.

NORTH of the Tongan group, and a little to the eastward, lie the NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS, more properly called by their native name of SAMOA, or HAMOA. The former of these names was given to them by Bougainville, in consequence of the skilful seamanship of the natives. There are eight islands comprehended in this group, the largest of which is Savaii.

As is often the case among these island groups, no single king or head chief is recognized, each island having its own ruler; under whom are subordinate chiefs of different ranks. This mode of government is so similar to that of the Tongans that we need not expend any time upon it.

The Samoans are a fine race of people, much exceeding the English in average stature, and peculiarly well made. Their skin is smooth, soft, and a warm reddish-brown in color, and the hair, though copious, possesses none of that wooliness which distinguishes the hair of the Papuan races, but is long, straight, and, in a few cases, possesses a slight wave. Naturally there is but little beard, and the Samoan takes a pride in extirpating every sign of a hair upon his chin. He is quiet, composed, and stately in manner, so that in all things he presents a bold contrast to the black, harsh-skinned Fijian, with his frizzed and woolly hair, his copious beard, and his quick, restless, suspicious manner.

Being savages, the Samoans have many of the imperfections which necessarily accompany savage life, but at the same time they approach nearer to the "noble savage"

of the poet than most races of men. They are hospitable, affectionate, honest, and courteous, and have well been described as a nation of gentlemen. Toward strangers they display a liberality which contrasts greatly with the cruel and bloodthirsty customs of the Papuan tribes. The Fijians, for example, do all in their power to repel strangers from their shores, either driving them off, or killing and eating them. The Samoans, on the contrary, welcome strangers, allot to them their best houses, give them the best food, and make them feel that they are honored guests.

They are singularly affectionate in their disposition, and as parents are rather too fond of their children. As a rule, a Samoan parent cannot bear to thwart a child, and allows it to do what it likes. In consequence of this absence of discipline, many a child dies through the mistaken kindness of its parents, who have allowed it to eat food that was unsuitable to it, or to engage in games for which it had not sufficient strength.

The honesty of the Samoans is really wonderful. When a number of them were on board of an English vessel, they scrupulously refrained from stealing. Property which to them was equivalent to unbounded wealth lay within reach of their hands, but not even a nail or a needle was touched. In one instance, an European vessel went ashore on the rocks. The whole of its cargo was at the mercy of the Samoans, but not a man went on board of the vessel, and the

whole of the property was reserved for the rightful owners. There are many civilized countries where the vessel would have been ransacked within an hour of her striking on the rocks.

Once when a great chief, named Malietoa, went on board an English vessel, accompanied by a younger brother, he examined everything with great attention, but asked for nothing, only requesting the white men to come on shore and visit him. This they did, bringing with them a present of axes, mirrors, beads, knives, selssors, needles, and similar articles. When the present was offered, Malietoa took up each article separately, laid it on his head, and returned thanks for it, and after he had gone through the whole of the present in detail, he made a complimentary speech, in which he thanked the donors for the entire gift. His brother, to whom a similar present had been offered, at first refused to take the basket, priceless as were its contents, but passed it on to his elder brother, saying that he would take whatever his brother did not happen to want.

"At the close of this important and interesting interview, Malietoa informed his people, who had been gazing with wonder upon the novel proceedings, that a large quantity of valuable property had been given to him, and that the English chiefs, to whom he was indebted for it, would want something to eat on their return. 'For,' said he, 'there are no pigs running about upon the sea, neither is there any bread-fruit growing there.' Upon hearing this, the whole company instantly rose and scampered away; and in about an hour they returned, bringing with them fifteen pigs of various sizes, with a large quantity of bread-fruit, yams, and other vegetables, the whole of which the chief presented to us." This extract, from the journal of Mr. Williams, the well-known missionary, gives a good idea of the hospitable nature of the people.

Courtesy is, among the Samoans, reckoned as one of the duties of life. They address each other by titles of honor, and it is considered as an essential point of etiquette that, when one man addresses another, he should use a title rather higher than that to which his interlocutor has any claim. Should he be ignorant of the rank of the person whom he addresses, he uses the term chief, as a safe one.

The earlier voyagers have all been struck with the Samoans, whose gentle demeanor, perfect honesty, scrupulous cleanliness, graceful costume, gigantic stature, and polished manners, made a strong impression upon them. When Messrs. Williams and Barth visited these islands, they were received in the most hospitable manner. As they went on shore, the former happened to mention that he was tired, when a young chief addressed a few words to the people,

and in a moment the visitor was lifted off the ground by a number of gigantic young men, who seized him, "some by the legs, and others by the arms, one placing his hand under my body, another, unable to obtain so large a space, poking a finger against me; and thus, sprawling at full length upon their extended arms and hands, I was carried a distance of half a mile, and deposited safely in the presence of the chief and his principal wife."

Several children were on board, and were carried off by the natives in great glee. One or two of them were missing for several hours, causing their parents great anxiety. However, they were all brought back in safety, their absence being due merely to the exuberant hospitality of the Samoans. The natives were so delighted at their good fortune in having the charge of a white child that they could not make up their minds to restore it to its parents, but took it home, killed and baked a pig and other food, feasted the child to the fullest extent, and then, having kept it as long as they dared, restored it to its parents. This anecdote carries out the statement already made, that the Samoans are exceedingly fond of children. Mr. Pritchard mentions that on one occasion, when he was witnessing a native dance, which is a performance requiring the greatest exertion, the chief's wife sat as a spectator, with two fine twin children in her lap. The chief, engaged as he was in the absorbing amusement of the dance, could not keep himself away from his children, but every now and then left the dance to caress them. The mothers nurse their children for several years, and a child of five or six years old may often be seen to pull away its younger brother or sister and take its place.

THE dress of the Samoans varies considerably, according to the rank of the individual and the occasion on which it is assumed. The usual dress of the men is a sort of small apron, about a foot square, made of the green leaves of the *Dracena* tree, but on occasions of ceremony they generally wear a flowing robe called the lava-lava. This is made of bark cloth, and is beautifully fine and soft, the Samoans excelling in such manufactures, which will presently be described. This robe is gathered round the waist into folds, and reaches down to the ankles.

Small as may be the ordinary dress of the Samoan men, they always seem to be fully dressed, in consequence of the tattooing with which they are carefully decorated. Even to European eyes the tattooing conveys the same impression, and has been mistaken for a dress by some of the early voyagers, who described the people as being clothed from the waist downward, with fringed lace "made of a silken stuff, and artificially wrought."

The reader will remember that the New Zealanders tattoo no part of the body except the hips, and that even in that case a semblance of dress is produced. The Samoans tattoo the whole of the body from the hips to the knees, covering the skin so completely with the pattern that it looks at a little distance exactly as if the man were wearing a tight pair of ornamental drawers.

Even European eyes become so accustomed to the tattoo that they are rather shocked at its absence; and, according to Mr. Pritchard, an untattooed Samoan does in truth look unnaturally, looks even naked, by the side of one who is tattooed. So completely is this feeling realized by the natives that chiefs who have arrived at middle age frequently undergo the process of tattooing a second time, in order to renew the patterns, as they become dim and uncertain by lapse of years; for, though indelible, the tattoo does fade in the course of years, as I can testify from personal experience. When a very young boy, I read of the custom of tattooing, and must needs try it on my own arm. I did not do much of it, but the whole arm swelled up to the shoulder, and was useless for some time. At first the marks were bright blue, clear and well-defined, but now the blue is of dull indigo, and the outline very undecided.

The production of this elaborate decoration is a work of considerable time, the operation being, in the first place, too painful to be continued for any long time; and, in the second, it is apt to cause so much disturbance in the general system that the result would be fatal if the whole were executed at once. The operation is generally performed in company, a number of young men keeping company with the son of the chief. When, for example, a chief's son arrives at the proper age, i. e. about eighteen, all the lads of his tribe assemble to partake with him of the tattoo, which is to transform them from boys into men.

There is quite a ceremony, or rather a series of ceremonies, for the occasion. The tattooer or Matai, is a man of great influence, and his services have to be requested in regular form, accompanied by a present of five mats. His acceptance of the mats ratifies the bargain, though no regular charge is made. On the appointed day, the lads and their friends meet in a house set apart for the ceremony, and more mats are presented to the Matai. Should the youth be wealthy, he sometimes gives a canoe. The friends of the lads are also bound to supply provisions as long as the operation lasts.

The tools are simple enough, being a set of five "combs" and a little mallet. The combs are made of human bone, and are an inch and a half in length, varying in width from the eighth of an inch to an inch, and looking very much like little bone adzes

with the edges cut into a number of teeth. These blades are attached to handles about six inches in length. The pigment which is introduced into the wounds is made from the ashes of the coco-nut.

All being ready, the young chief lies on his face in front of the operator, and lays his head in the lap of his sister or some other female relation, while three or four young women hold his legs, and sing at the tops of their voices, in order to drown any groans or cries that he may utter. This is done out of consideration for his reputation, as it is thought unworthy of the state of manhood to utter a sound. Still the pain is so intense that the lads often do utter groans, and now and then actually yell with the pain. In one or two instances they have been so utterly overcome with the agony that, after they have been released they have not dared to submit themselves again to the operation, in which case they are despised for life as cowards.

Having traced out his pattern, the operator begins his work, driving the teeth of the comb through the skin by sharp and rapid taps of the mallet; there is an art even in holding this instrument, the handle of which passes under the thumb and over the fore-finger, and is used with wonderful rapidity and regularity. "The rapidity with which the Matai works his fingers," writes Mr. Pritchard, "the precision with which he moves the instrument and punctures exactly the right spot, and the regularity of tapping with the mallet, are astounding." By the side of the patient are placed several assistants, furnished with strips of white masi, whose duty it is to wipe away the blood as it flows from the punctures of the comb, and to leave the skin clear for the operator. Between every two or three strokes the toothed end of the comb is dipped into the pigment, which is mixed with water.

The pattern is in its main elements alike throughout all the Samoan Islands; but there are usually slight variations which denote the island in which the man lives, and others which mark the family to which he belongs. Sometimes, after a man has slain an enemy, he will make an addition which corresponds to a grant of arms among ourselves. The form of some animal is the ordinary pattern for such a badge of honor.

About an hour is occupied in executing a patch of tattoo not quite three inches square, and when this is done, the lad rises and another takes his place. In a week or so, the turn of the first lad comes round again, and so the process is continued for three or four months, according to the number of the patients, not more than five being operated on in a single day. When the pattern is about half completed, the Matai has another present; but the great payment is only made when the last finishing touch is put to the

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(1.) TATTOOING DAY IN SAMOA. (See page 1013.)



(2.) CLOTH MAKING. (See page 1015.)

work. Should the Matai feel dissatisfied with his fees, he will not go on with the work, and, as an unfinished tattoo is thought to be most disgraceful, the friends of the youths get together what property they can, and make up the deficiency.

During the time engaged in the operation, the patients look most miserable beings, the wounded parts swollen and inflamed, and displaying us yet none of the elegant pattern which has been traced on them. The lads hobble about in all sorts of contorted attitudes, fanning away the flies with flappers made of white masi, and doing all in their power to alleviate the pain. At last, however, comes the reward of all their sufferings. As soon as the wounds are healed, their friends get up a grand dance. As the costume of the male dancers is nothing but the little apron of leaves which has been already mentioned, the pattern of the tattooing is freely displayed; and the lads, now admitted among the men, think themselves well repaid for their former sufferings by the honor and glory of being ranked as men, and by the admiration of the opposite sex.

An illustration on the preceding page represents the process of tattooing. In the centre is lying the patient with his head in his sister's lap, and his legs held by her companions, who are singing, in order to cover his groans, should he utter any. Near him are two assistants with their white masi cloths, and at his side kneels the operator, busily at work with his mallet and comb. The little vessel of pigment is by his side. Ranged round the wall of the house are the young men who are waiting their turn. Painful as is the operation, and expensive as it is, involving not only the fees to the operator, but a constant supply of provisions, all the lads look forward to it with the greatest anxiety, knowing that they will never be considered as men unless they can show a complete tattoo.

Both men and women wear mats, called in the native language "je-tonga." One of these mats is in my collection, and is a beautiful piece of work. It is made of very narrow strips of leaf scraped thin, each strip being about the fifteenth of an inch in width. These are plaited together with beautiful regularity, and the whole is edged with a very fine and almost silken fringe of the same material.

Some of these mats are decorated with the red feathers of the parrot tribe, and increase in their value by age, being handed down to successive generations, and having legends attached to them. My own specimen has been adorned in a way which doubtless was very imposing to a Samoan eye, though not to that of an European. The native maker had evidently treasured up some scraps of English calico, and some blue and yellow paper such as is used for wrapping parcels. These treasures she has fastened to the mat,

to which they give a most ludicrous appearance.

Samoan chiefs, when full dressed for war or state, may be known at a great distance by the splendid beaddress which they wear. In the first place, they increase the apparent size of their heads by enormous wigs made of their own hair, which is suffered to grow long for this express purpose. When it has attained sufficient length, it is cut off, and is stained red, and frizzed out, until it assumes as large dimensions as the woolly head of a Papuan. They also wear great plumes of feathers, sometimes towering to the height of nearly two feet above their heads; so that the height of a Samoan chief, measured from the top of his plume, is not far from nine feet.

One of these headdresses in my collection is made of a vast number of feathers, tied by the stems in little bundles, and carefully arranged so that they shall droop evenly. There are about ten feathers in each bundle. These tufts are arranged closely together in circles composed of leaf stems and cocoa-nut fibre, and there are four of these circlets placed one over the other, so that several hundred feather tufts are employed for this single dress. The maker has ingeniously, though ignorantly, copied the peacock, the egret, and other birds which are furnished with trains. In them, the tail feathers are short and stiff, so as to allow the long train of feathers to droop gracefully over them. In a similar manner, the Samoan artificer has employed the shortest and stiffest feathers in the lower-most circlet, while in the uppermost are placed the longest and most slender plumes. The headdress is really very handsome, and even when worn by an European gives a most martial aspect to the countenance, especially when the war mat is worn, and the huge Samoan club carried on the shoulder.

The dress of the women is made of the same material as that of the men, but differently arranged. Their work costume is a petticoat of *Dracena* leaves, but instead of being, like that of the men, a mere short apron, it is much longer, and completely surrounds the body. On occasions of state or ceremony, however, they wear lava-lavas of siapo like those of the men, only put on rather differently, and of much larger size. A woman of rank will often have this garment so long that it trails on the ground far behind her.

Captain Hood, in describing an entertainment given in honor of the white visitors, writes as follows. After the men had danced "a number of girls entered, who went through a somewhat similar set of evolutions, with infinite exactness and grace. It may seem incredible to our fair sisters in England, that a young lady arranged in no other garment but a mat tied round her waist should look handsomely dressed; but could they see these Samoan belles enter

the circle in their full evening costume, with their coronets of nautilus shell and scarlet hibiscus, and their necklaces of red and yellow flowers, I believe they would admit that their appearance is highly imposing.

"Some wore beautifully plaited fine mats, which are so highly prized that they cost more than a rich silk or satin dress. Others had white shaggy dresses, made from the inner fibres of the hibiscus, the amplitude of which would satisfy the most extensive patronesses of crinoline, and indulged in trains equalling in length that worn by those dames of England in former days, while their carriage and air plainly showed that, whatever we might think, they felt themselves superior beings." To judge from the photographed portraits of these Samoan beauties, Captain Hood is perfectly right; they not only look well dressed, but, if anything, over dressed.

That this opinion was not a rare one is evident from Mr. Williams's account of Samoa, which he visited more than thirty years before Captain Hood. The missionaries' wives had endeavored to persuade the Samoan women to wrap their abundant mantles over the whole of the body, but without success. On the contrary, the Samoan belles in their turn tried to convince the white visitors that it would be much better for them to *fua Samoa*, i. e. to do in Samoa as the Samoans do. Garments that covered the whole of the body might do well enough in the white woman's country, but when they came to Samoa they ought to dress themselves like the Samoans, tie a shaggy mat round the waist, coquettishly looped up on one side, and anoint themselves with turmeric; wear a flower on the head instead of a bonnet, and a necklace of flowers by way of a bodice. Thus accoutred, they might *fua-rivara*, i. e. strut about in the consciousness of being well dressed, and certain of admiration. There is much to be said on both sides of the question.

The women wear their hair differently from the men, generally cutting it rather short, and combing it back. It is then powdered with fine line made of burning coal, which has the effect of staining it of a reddish purple hue, which is thought to be the most fashionable color. After this is done, a Samoan belle merely twists a wreath of scarlet hibiscus flowers among the hair. In both sexes great pains are taken about the hair, and in order to promote its growth in later years the head is kept shaved in childhood, the boys having a single lock of hair on one side, and the girls one on either side.

There is a slight distinction of dressing the hair in the different islands of the Samoan group. In some of them the women separate the hair into multitudinous

ringlets, each bound with cocoa-nut fibre, and cut square at the bottom, much like the ancient Assyrian fashion. As if to carry out the resemblance still further, the men preserve their beards, and dress them almost exactly like those of the figures on the Nineveh marbles.

In bodily form the women are by no means equal to the men, the latter being truly magnificent specimens of humanity, while the former are rather short, and stoutly made, with features that are pleasing in expression, but have otherwise little beauty. They are as well treated as in Tonga, and are not expected to do hard work. In fact, the men seem to take a pride in assisting the weaker sex. Mr. Pritchard writes on this subject as follows:—"We saw several women sitting quietly in their canoe, whilst their cavaliers swam alongside, towing them through the surf, not because they are at all less at home in the water than their husbands and brothers, as we saw this afternoon, when a large number of girls were alongside, who were as often swimming about, laughing and talking, for about half-an-hour at a time in the water, or sitting in their boats, which they are constantly upsetting."

When the husband of a Samoan wife dies, his widow is not sacrificed at his funeral, but is usually taken by his brother after the ancient Jewish custom. It is remarkable, by the way, that many of the Mosiac laws still exist in full force among the Samoans. In time of war no male captives are taken, all being killed. Their female relatives, whether wives or sisters, are considered as the property of the victors, and mostly become their wives. Thus it often happens that women are related to both sides, and, as they are by courtesy allowed to visit their relatives, all the designs of one side are speedily told to the other. So, whenever the principal chief prepares any plan of action, some of the women who have relations on the opposite side, immediately go off and tell them about the proposed movements. Still, the Samoans seem to make it a matter of honor not to take advantage of this knowledge, and to allow the enemy to execute his movements without interruption.

The women seem quite at their ease in warfare, and mostly accompany their husbands to the wars, in order to supply them with necessaries, and to nurse them if they should be wounded. Mr. Pritchard says that he has seen them in the heat of action, carrying water to the wounded, and seeming to care less for the thickly flying bullets than the warriors themselves.

BEFORE passing to another subject, we will complete our notices of dress. The reader may remember that on page 977 was given a full account of the various processes

by which the inner bark of the paper mulberry is made into garments. The Samoans employ the same method as the Tongans, but are even more careful in the manufacture of the cloth, which is in great request throughout many parts of Polynesia, and can be recognized at once by a skilful eye.

The women are the sole manufacturers, and are wonderfully skilful and patient over their work. In the first place, for the finest cloth they always employ very young trees, not more than fourteen to fifteen months old, and only two or three inches in diameter. They begin their work by cutting down the trees, peeling off the bark, and steeping it for eight and forty hours in water, so as to enable the rough outer bark to be removed from the thin and delicate inner bark. The well-known "bass," with which gardeners tie up flowers, is a familiar instance of "liber," or inner bark, procured from the lime tree. By constant beating, this substance becomes greatly increased in width and reduced in thickness, and, like gold leaf, it can be beaten out to almost any extent.

As the strips of bark are only ten or twelve inches wide, a number of them are united by overlapping the edges and putting between them arrow-root dissolved in water. The united pieces, while still wet, are again beaten, and after a while the two pieces become incorporated into one, and all signs of the junction disappear.

When a piece of sufficient size is made, printing and staining are the next processes. The dyes are generally of three kinds, red, brown, and yellow. The two first tints are obtained from clays, and the third from the ever useful turmeric. The women who make and print the cloth do not prepare the dyes, that being a separate occupation, and in these islands the different professions are strictly limited to certain families, just as is the case with the castes in India. The printing is done on exactly the same principle that is employed in rubbing brasses in this country. The pattern is made by fastening the flexible ribs of the cocoa-nut leaf on a board. When the ribs are quite hard and dry the cloth is stretched over them, and the dye rubbed over it with a stiff brush, so that it only adheres to those parts of the cloth which press against the raised pattern below. For patterns of a larger description a softer bark is used, which holds a quantity of color.

There are in my collection several specimens of Samoan bark cloth; one is very fine, pure white, six feet long, by two wide, and ornamented with a fine fringe all round it. Another is thicker and stronger, being made of four layers of bark, one placed upon the other. In some places the junction has not been completed, and the different layers are quite distinct. It measures rather more than seven feet in length and three feet ten inches in width. It has a deep-colored border about eighteen inches in width, composed of a diamond pattern impressed upon a number of perpendicular parallel lines and dots. This border is a light red in color, and upon it are several circles of dark brown. Circles of a similar kind are scattered over the uncolored portion of the robe, which is of a creamy yellow hue.

The third specimen is still thicker, and larger. It is seven feet square, and has been completely covered on the outside with the clay pigment, which has been put on so thickly as to make the fabric comparatively stiff. Two broad bands of deep black are drawn across it so as to divide it into three equal portions, and in each division are four patterns also drawn in black, very much resembling the "broad arrow" used in the government mark of England.

In the second illustration on page 1012 are shown the successive processes of converting the bark into cloth. In the foreground and at the right hand are seen some women kneeling in the stream, engaged in scraping the *liber* to free it from every particle of the outer bark. One woman is examining a piece against the light, to see whether it is quite clean. Behind them, and toward the left centre of the illustration are more women, some of them beating and scraping the bark with the square mallets which have been already described when treating of Tonga, and another is busily employed in joining two pieces with arrow-root. Just above them is another woman engaged in the more skilful part of the manufacture, i. e. printing by rubbing dye over the cloth when laid on the pattern board, and one or two of the boards themselves are given, in order to show the cocoa-nut leaf pattern upon them. In the distance, the other women are seen hanging the still wet cloth up to dry.

CHAPTER CIII.

SAMOA, OR THE NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS—*Continued.*

WAR.

CAUSES OF WAR IN SAMOA—THE MALO, AND STRUGGLES FOR ITS POSSESSION—THE CHIEF'S VENGEANCE—FIRE-ARMS PREVENTIVE OF WAR—SAMOAN WEAPONS—THE CLUBS—PATTERNS OF CLUBS THROUGHOUT POLYNESIA—STRANGE MODE OF USING THE SPEAR—THE SHARK-TOOTH GAUNTLETS—SUITS OF ARMOR—GETTING TOGETHER AN ARMY, AND MODE OF FIGHTING—UNPLEASANT POSITION OF NEUTRALS—THE SEA-FIGHT—DISTINGUISHING PENNANTS—THE DEFIANCE BEFORE BATTLE—TROPHIES OF WAR, AND ELATION OF THE VICTOR—DISPOSAL OF THE BODIES—THE HEAD PILE—SINCE COMBAT BETWEEN CHIEFS—SAMOAN LAW—PUNISHMENT FOR MURDER AND LESSER OFFENCES—CANNIBALISM—NATIVE LAWYERS—THE PLAINTIFF DEFEATED WITH HIS OWN WEAPONS.

It was mentioned on page 1014, that women when captured in war become the absolute property of those who take them; we will therefore devote a short space to warfare among the Samoans, omitting these characteristics in which it resembles war among the other Polynesian tribes, which have already been described.

The causes of war may mostly be reduced to four; namely, the desire of political supremacy, disputed succession to chieftainship, revenge for the murder of a chief, and infringement of the strange marriage laws of the Samoans.

The first of these causes is always ranking. Each island is divided into several districts, and when one begins to show signs of special prosperity, another is sure to take umbrage at it and go to war in order to secure the "Malo," or political supremacy. One example of such a war occurred only a few years ago in the island of Apolo.

Manono, one of the three districts into which it is divided, held the supremacy, and the chiefs felt indignant because another district, Aâna, was prospering under the teaching of the missionaries. The chiefs of Manono therefore began to oppress Aâna by making continual demands of property and food. Still, in spite of their exactions, the district would persist in flourishing; it made and sold more cocoa-nut oil, and sold it for more hatchets, calico, and other European treasures, than the other districts. The Manono chiefs were naturally indig-

nant that when they went to a subject district they found it better cultivated and richer than their own, and construed the inferiority which they could not but feel into an intentional insult on the part of Aâna. So they proclaimed the people of Aâna to be rebels, and made war against them.

Such a cause of war, absurd as it may be, and subversive of all real progress, is intelligible, and to be explained by the petty jealousies of human nature, which is too prone to feel itself personally hurt at the prosperity of another. Vengeance for a murdered chief is intelligible, and so is a war for succession; but the last cause needs some explanation.

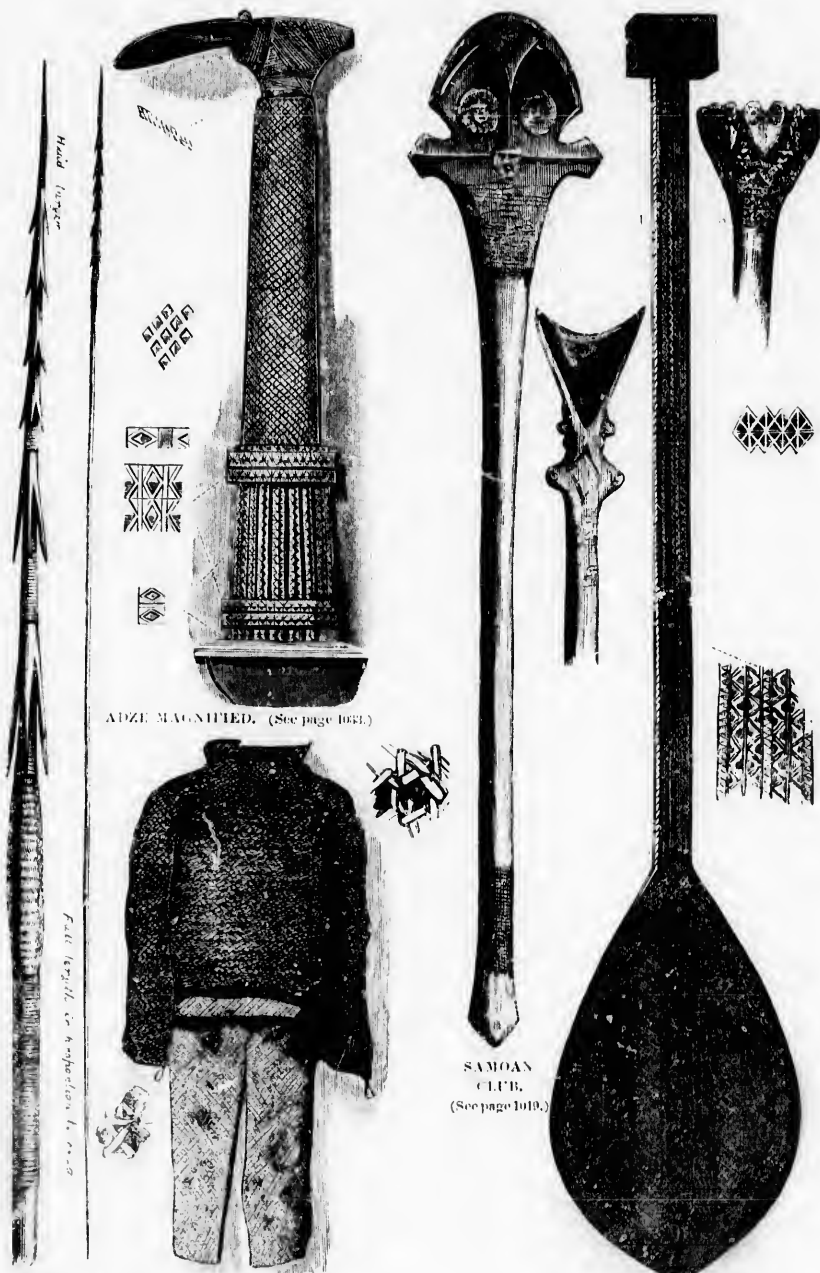
By the laws of Samoa, a woman once a wife is always a wife, even though she may be put away by her husband. The Samoan chiefs claim the right of marrying as many wives as they choose, and putting them away as often as they like. Indeed, a man often marries a girl merely for the sake of her dower of mats and other property. But even after he has put away a wife, he still considers her as his own chattel; and if any other chief takes her to his house, war is at once declared against him. It is a curious fact that the original husband cares nothing about the morality of the wife whom he has put away, but only for the insult offered to himself by taking his property. Such cast-off wives mostly attach themselves to the Fala-tele, or visiting

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ADZE, MAGNIFIED. (See page 1041.)

SAMOA
CLUB.
(See page 1019.)

MANGAIAN SPEAR
(See page 1034.)

SUIT OF ARMOR.
(See page 1019.)

MANGAIAN PADDLES
(See page 1033.)

house, leading most immoral lives, and may do so without incurring any resentment from their former husband. But let them marry another, and vengeance immediately follows the insult.

Before the introduction of fire-arms, the principal weapons of Samoa were the spear and the club. The older chiefs have a rooted objection to the musket, and, like Hotspur's fop, have not been particularly willing to take the field since that "villanous salt-petre" has come into vogue. Muskets, say they, are weapons for boys; clubs for men. They have some reason to complain of the bullets, which, as they say, do not know chiefs, because their towering head-dresses make them so conspicuous that they afford excellent marks to the enemy; and if by chance one of their opponents should have even a moderate notion of taking aim, their chance of coming safely out of the battle would be a very small one.

The clubs used in Samoa are remarkable for the excellence of their make, and the polish and finish with which the native carver loves to ornament them. Some of them are short, used for one hand, and made just like the steel maces of European chivalry. Others are almost exactly like the club No. 1, figured on page 949. The example which is given in the illustration entitled "Club," on page 1018, is drawn from a specimen in my collection, and belonged to the same chief who owned the war mat and feather headdress which have been described. It is five feet in length, and very heavy, so that none but a very powerful man can use it. As it has seen much work, it has been battered about, the wood of the head cracked, and the carving defaced. I have therefore had it drawn as it was when new.

As a rule the clubs of Tonga, Samoa, Fiji, and other Polynesian groups can hardly be definitely referred to any one of them. The commerce which passes between them has caused an interchange of weapons as well as of peaceful commodities, so that the two distinct races which inhabit Fiji and the Tongan and Samoan group use weapons which are almost identical. Thus the serrated club which has just been mentioned is equally used in New Guinea, Fiji, and Samoa, the pattern having been found a convenient one, and so transmitted from one island to the other.

The spears, again, have a great similitude, and are armed with barbs, the best being tipped with the tail-bone of the sting-ray. In former days, when a warrior had pierced an enemy with his spear, he tried to lift him from the ground upon it; and if he were unable to do so, he was generally assisted by several of his comrades, who all thrust their spears into his body, lifted him in the air, and bore him aloft in triumph, not caring whether he were alive or dead.

One weapon, however, seems to be peculiar to Samoa, and has been mentioned by Mariner. It consists of a pair of gauntlets made of cocoa-nut fibre, on the inside of which are fixed several rows of sharks' teeth, set edgewise. In fact, this weapon is made exactly on the principle of the terrible "tiger-claw" of India, and is intended for the purpose of ripping up an adversary, the abdomen being the part that is always attacked, both by the Samoan and the Hindoo.

One chief, who was of gigantic dimensions, even for a Samoan, always fought with these terrible gauntlets. He used them, however, in a different manner, and disdained to tear open the body of his antagonist. As all the points of the teeth are directed backward, it is impossible for any one who is grasped by these gauntlets to tear himself away. The gigantic chief was accustomed to rush at one of the enemy, seize him with his gauntleted hand, fling him on his face, place one foot on the small of his back, grasp him by the head and bend him forcibly upward so as to break his spine. This was his mode of dealing with able-bodied men. If, however, he seized a small man, he merely threw the victim across his knee, broke his back, and dung his dying foe on the ground. The illustration on page 1025 is taken from a beautiful specimen in the collection of the United Service Museum.

In order to guard themselves against these weapons, the Samoan warriors gird themselves with a very broad and thick belt, made of cocoa-nut fibre, wide enough to reach from the arm to the hip. It is not quite long enough to encircle the body, but is worn mostly on the left side, that being the side most exposed to the enemy.

One of these belts, in my collection, is two feet nine inches in length, so that when fastened round the waist it leaves a considerable portion of the right side exposed. It is made by taking a number of plaited cords, and passing them over two sticks, so that all the cords are parallel to each other. They are then bound firmly together by strings of twisted fibre, which pass under and over each alternately, and make a very strong armor, through which the dreaded sharks' teeth cannot make their way.

Sometimes the Samoan warrior seems to have been mistrustful of the efficacy of the belt, and to have feared the effects of the shark's teeth on his naked arms and legs. There is in the collection of the United Service Museum a complete suit of armor, most ingeniously made out of fibre, and so formed as to cover the greater part of the body and limbs. It is in two portions, the upper being put on as a coat, and the lower as trousers. By the sides of the armor, on p. 1018, are two small sketches, showing on an enlarged scale the patterns of the plaiting.

There is no definite army among the Samoans, each man being considered as a soldier, and having his weapons always at hand. He is liable at any time to be called out by his chief, and, as a rule, he troubles himself very little about the cause of the war, only concerning himself to fight in the train of his chief. The Samoans are a brave race, and, if properly led and taught the veriest rudiments of discipline, would make good soldiers. As it is, however, no Samoan warrior fights with the knowledge that his movements are directed in accordance with a definite plan, or that he will be supported by others. He does not feel himself a simple unit among many, but has to look out for himself, to select his own adversary, to advance when he thinks he can do so with advantage, to run away when he feels himself getting into undue peril.

Whenever a few Samoans have put themselves under the guidance of a white man, they have always repelled their foes. In one such case, twenty men drove off a body of five hundred enemies, flushed with success and bloodshed. Both parties were armed with muskets, but the regular though insignificant volleys of the twenty men so completely disorganized the five hundred undisciplined foes, that the latter dared not attack the little stone wall, five feet high and twenty-five yards long, behind which the defenders were lying.

Had the latter been left to their own devices, they would have fired all their pieces at once, and been left with unloaded muskets at the mercy of their foes. But being taught always to keep half their muskets loaded, they had always a volley ready for their enemies, who were utterly discomfited at their reception, and at last were only too glad to escape as they best could, with the loss of many men.

The position of a neutral is not at all a pleasant one in Samoa, as, in case either side should appear to be likely to win the day, those of the losing side who happen to be friendly with the unfortunate neutral make a point of stripping him of all his property, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. These Europeans who know the native customs always erect barricades whenever war parties come near them, knowing that they stand in equal danger from friends or foes.

When a chief decides on going to war, he calls out all the warriors in his district. Though there is no real discipline of the soldiers, there is at all events some semblance of order in their arrangement. Each town has its definite place, and the inhabitants would resent any attempt on the part of another town to take the place which they consider as their own. The most honorable post is in front, and, though it is a post of danger, it is so honorable that if a man belonging to any town privileged to

lead the war were placed in the rear, he would probably desert to the enemy. In fact, a vast amount of desertion does take place, and by means of the deserters and the women, both parties know tolerably well the designs of their antagonists. The idea of conceiving, maturing a plan, keeping it secret, and then suddenly acting on it, seems never to have entered the mind of the Samoan chiefs.

Though the vanguard is the post of danger as well as of honor, it is greatly coveted, for it is also the post of profit both in peace and war. The inhabitants of the privileged towns claim the largest share at the feasts, and generally rule the district in which they live. As all the Samoans dress much alike and speak the same language, they are obliged to wear a sort of uniform, by which they shall know friends from foes. In the case of warriors, the hair is dressed in some strange way, or a white shell is hung round the neck, or a strip of cloth tied round the arm, these symbols being changed every three or four days, in order to prevent the enemy from imitating them.

When canoes unite under one leader, they hang out symbols of a similar character, such as bunches of leaves, strips of matting, or even a sort of flag made of native matting, and having painted on it the rude figure of some animal, such as a pig, a dog, or a bird. True to the independent nature of Samoan warriors, the two men who respectively command the land and the sea forces never think of consulting together, and acting in concert together, but each does what he thinks best on the spur of the moment. In the case already mentioned, where twenty Aāna men repulsed five hundred of the Savaiis, the latter might have been cut off to a man. While they were kept in check by the twenty disciplined warriors, a fleet of Aāna canoes appeared off the shore; and, if the commander had only landed his men, a most thorough example would have been made of the invaders. But he had nothing to do with the land force, and so allowed the enemy to escape without even attempting to stop them.

The student of anthropology always finds that human nature is much the same in different parts of the earth, and that manners and customs wonderfully resemble each other in principle, though they may be modified in detail by the accident of time and place. It has already been mentioned that many of the Samoan laws are identical with those given by Moses, though there is no possibility that any geographical connection could ever have taken place between Polynesia and Sinai.

Warfare is carried on at the present day in Samoa just as the scriptures tell us it used to be in Palestine and Syria, and as Homer tells us it was waged on the plains of Troy. When two opposing bodies meet, the leaders

challenge and abuse each other in good set terms, each boasting of his own prowess, depreciating that of the adversary, and threatening after he has killed his enemy to dishonor his corpse in some way. Thus, we find that when David had accepted the challenge of Goliath, before they proceeded to action they reviled each other, Goliath threatening to give David's flesh unto the "fowls of the air and the beasts of the field," and David retorting in almost the same words, but adding that he would do the same by the bodies of the whole army.

Thus, in the old Homeric story, where Ulysses flings his spear at Socus, he uses almost exactly the same formula of words:—

"Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
Thy dying eye no tender mother close;
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
And hovering vultures scream around their prey."

Thus, the Fijian warrior defies his enemy in words before he proceeds to blows, threatening to bake and eat his body and make a drinking-cup of his skull. Thus, the Samoan war parties always think it necessary to pause and defy each other in words before they proceed to blows. For example, when the Manono and Aana men fought in the struggle which has just been described, they exchanged threats and injurious epithets wonderfully like the "winged words" of the Homeric warriors, the sentiment being identical, though the imagery is necessarily different. The illustration No. 1, on page 1027, shows these Samoan warriors exchanging defiance with their foes.

"You banana-eating Manono men, be your throats consumed by Moso."

"Ye cocoa-nut eating Aana men, be your tongues wasted."

"Where is that Savii pig that comes to his death?"

"Roast that Atua king who is about to die by my spear;" and so on *ad infinitum*.

These war parties afford excellent opportunities of studying the dress and ornaments of the Samoans. It is thought a point of honor with them, as with the American Indians, to go into action in the fullest dress and decorated with every ornament that can be procured, so that the headdress and general accoutrements of a chief when engaged in war are sure to be the best examples that can be seen.

The proceedings that take place after a battle are well described by Mr. Pritchard. "After a fight, the heads of the slain warriors are paraded in presence of the assembled chiefs and people, when the heroes are individually thanked, and their general prowess and daring publicly acknowledged. The excitement of the successful warrior is intense, as he passes before the chiefs with his bleeding trophy, capering in the most fantastic evolutions, with blackened face and oiled

body, throwing his club high in the air, and catching it behind his back or between his legs; sometimes himself carrying his dead enemy's head, sometimes dancing round a comrade who carries it for him, all the while shouting in his loudest voice, 'Ou te mau tangata! Ou te mau tangata!' ('I have my man, I have my man!')

To a young Samoan this is the realization of his highest ambition, to be thus publicly thanked by the chief for slaying an enemy in mortal combat, as he careers before his comrades with the reeking head of his foe in one hand, and his club in the other.

"Then, again, when the war is over, and he returns to his village, to hear his companions rehearse the exploit, and the girls pronounce him 'tea' i. e. brave; then it is you see in their very perfection the complacent dignity and latent pride that lurk within that brown-skinned islander. As he assumes an air of unconscious disregard of the praises his deeds evoke, you see the sublime and the ludicrous neatly blending, when he turns to the girls, and mildly exclaims, 'Fuua mai si rulu!' ('Woman, hand me a cigar.') This modest little order is at once pretty and pert, dignified and careless, when it falls from the lips of a hero or a beau. And proud is the girl who hands it to him; she has but one ambition then, to become his wife, even with the certainty of being cast off in less than a month for another.

"After the heads have been paraded before the chiefs, they are piled up in the malae, or open space in the centre of the town, the head of the greatest chief slain being placed uppermost. If among the visitors there are any relatives of the slain, they claim the heads and bury them, or send them back to the comrades of the deceased. The unclaimed heads are buried together in the malae. Any bodies that may be recognized are also buried by their friends, while those who have no relations among the visitors are left to rot and make food for the dogs.

"The relations are careful to bury the bodies they identify, lest their spirits should haunt them or wander about the field of battle, disconsolate and mournful, lamenting the fate which left their bodies to rot or to be eaten by the dogs. I have often heard the natives say, 'Hear that spirit moaning, I am cold! I am cold!' when a stormy night has thrown its darkness and poured its torrents of rain and gusts of wind over the battle-field. It was vain to tell them that the noise they heard was merely the creaking boughs or the pelting rain; to them it was nothing else than the spirit of the unburied dead enemy."

The feelings of vanity are so acute in a Samoan warrior that he will do almost anything to procure applause at these meetings after a battle. One man who had failed to kill an enemy was greatly annoyed with

himself at having missed the public applause which he had hoped to gain, and hit upon another mode of obtaining a sort of celebrity. He cut off the great toes of a dead enemy whose head had already been taken, and with these toes in his mouth paraded before the chiefs as if he had taken a head. Finding that this novel act excited admiration, he became so excited that he ate the toes, even without cooking them, in the presence of all the people.

Such an act as this might induce the reader to suppose that the Samoans, like many Polynesians, are cannibals. In the ordinary sense of the word, they are not so. After a battle they will sometimes cook and eat a human body, but this is done as an act of disgrace, and not as a gratification of the appetite. In one instance, a young woman whose father had been killed in battle obtained a scalp that had belonged to the enemy. She first burned it to ashes, then beat it to powder, and scattered the dust on the fire over which she cooked her provisions.

After a decisive battle, the chiefs of the beaten side come lamely before their victorious antagonists, carrying firewood, stones and pieces of bamboo. They lay their burdens before the principal chief, and prostrate themselves on the ground, lying there in silence. Should, as is generally the case, the victors be willing to accept the submission, the prostrate chiefs are told to rise and return home; but if they should not be satisfied, the men are clubbed where they lie, while the people whom they represent suffer all the horrors of savage warfare.

The firewood, stones, and bamboo are considered as emblems of the utterly abject state to which the bearers have been reduced. The stones, being the material with which the native ovens are made, signify that those who deposit them at the feet of the victors give themselves up to be baked and eaten by the conquerors. The firewood represents the material with which the ovens are heated, and the bamboo serves as a double symbol. In the first place, the knives with which the Samoans cut up their food were always made of bamboo before the use of iron was introduced by Europeans; and in the second place, the instruments by which torture was inflicted on prisoners by cruel captors were made of the same material.

When the conquered party are pardoned, they enter the house of the chief, kiss his feet, and present him with fine mats, bark cloth, food, and similar property. This ceremony is called *Ilonga*, and is sometimes employed on other occasions. For example, during the war between Manono and Aana, two of the most influential chiefs of the latter party took mubrage at some slight, either real or fancied, and deserted to the enemy. Desertion of this nature is quite a common event in Samoan warfare, inas-

much as the chiefs are almost entirely independent of each other, and are bound together by the slightest of ties. In fact, the condition of these islanders much resembles that of the Scottish Highlanders in the old times, when it was hardly possible to wage a regular war on account of the rival jealousies of the different chiefs, besides the internal dissensions among the members of each clan.

Besides, as in the old Scottish clans, there is no discipline by which even the men are bound together. Each man serves as long as he chooses, and no longer. If he thinks himself slighted, or if his crops at home have to be got in, he has no hesitation in shouldering his club, and going off to his own village; nor is there any law by which he can be punished for so doing. In the war to which we are now alluding, a vast number of the Savaii allies of Manono had gone off to their own plantations.

In order to carry out the principle of obtaining the Male, or sovereignty, it was necessary that the deserters should do homage to Manono, and be replaced in situ in their homes, which they were supposed to hold under Manono as vassals in charge. If they could take possession without being attacked by the opposing party, they were supposed to have asserted their rights.

Accordingly, a great ceremony was projected. The Manono chiefs recalled all the allies who had escaped from the war, ostensibly to look after their plantations, but in reality because they had a strong objection to bullets, and summoned them to bring the produce of their plantations to a great "fono," or discussion. Accordingly, they all came back, allured by the prospect of the feast which accompanies such a "fono." The two deserting chiefs were introduced to the assembly, and went through the ceremony of *Ilonga* as a matter of form. Next they had to be safely installed in their own villages. With one of them this was a comparatively easy matter, as the whole district was deserted. So the chief was taken there in triumph, escorted by thirty or forty canoes, and formally installed in his own domains, as vassal to Manono, and therefore acknowledging the right of Malo to belong to that district. He had no followers with him, and in a day or two he left the place and returned to Manono. Still, the transaction had been completed, the time during which he held his domain not being of any importance. The reader may be glad to know that this chief suffered the usual fate of renegades, being received at first with great ceremony, and made much of, and afterward sinking into utter obscurity.

As to the other chief, there was a difficulty respecting the installation. It so happened that, he having been one of the most influential leaders, all the united forces of

the two districts, Aana and Atua, were encamped in and about the place, and if he had been taken there he would not only have been attacked, but the invading party would probably have been repelled by the united forces of the other two districts. So, after much deliberation, it was determined that he should be installed at a convenient season, but that the precise time for performing the ceremony need not for the present be fixed upon.

Sometimes a couple of chiefs quarrel, and, instead of going to war, fight it out themselves with their clubs. They display great dexterity in fencing and guarding, as well as striking, and are watched intently by the spectators. They are usually parted before they do any serious harm to each other, because in case either were killed, or even seriously injured, a war of vengeance would be the inevitable result.

COMPARATIVELY little is known of the native laws of Samoa, which, like all similar institutions, are always on the change, and of late years have been almost forgotten by reason of the presence of Europeans in the islands. We find, however, from several travellers, especially from those who have lived among the Samoans as missionaries, that a tolerably well-defined code of laws is recognized, and administered by the chief and his councillors.

Murder, for example, was punishable by death; and this was so well known that when one man murdered another, he and all his family generally fled to another district, where they were sure of protection. It was necessary that all the family should accompany the murderer, because the relatives of the slain man might wreak their vengeance upon any relation of the murderer. Practically, the punishment for murder resolved itself into a heavy fine. The fugitive necessarily left behind him his plantations, his house, and other property, all of which was seized by the chief. Sometimes the whole of the property was confiscated, the house burned down, the plantation devastated, and a message sent to the murderer that he might never return to his own village. Generally, however, this extreme punishment was commuted for a heavy fine, part of which consisted in giving a feast to the entire village.

Damaging a fruit tree was held to be a crime deserving of heavy punishment; and so was speaking disrespectfully to a chief, destroying a fence, or behaving rudely to strangers. For several offences the Samoans had a curiously graduated scale of punishments. Sometimes, when the offence was a light one, the offender was sentenced to seat himself in front of the chief and his council, and take five bites of a cruelly pungent root. Sometimes he was obliged to toss and catch a certain number of times

one of the prickly sea-urchins, which are covered with slender spikes, as sharp as needles and as brittle as glass. Sometimes he had to beat his head with sharp stones until his face was covered with blood.

These punishments were usually inflicted, but there was a severe set of penalties for graver offences. In some cases the offender was hung by the feet to the branch of a tree, or stripped of all his clothes, and set in the burning rays of the mid-day sun. One of the severest, as well as most degrading punishments consisted in taking a pole cut from a very prickly tree, tying together the culprit's feet and hands, slinging him on the pole as pigs are slung when they are being taken to the oven, and carrying him to the house or village against which he had offended.

The degrading part of this punishment consisted in likening the offender to a pig going to the oven. It is always held as a deep insult to a Samoan to compare him to a pig; while the very idea of being baked in the oven is most repulsive to the feelings of the people, who have the same contempt for any of the processes of cookery that prevails throughout New Zealand, Fiji, and Tonga. So utterly humiliating is this punishment, that when the culprit is laid helpless at the feet of those whom he has injured he is almost invariably released and forgiven, the extreme degradation being accepted as an atonement for almost any offence, no matter how heinous. This is the reason why the ceremony of Ifonga is considered as so degrading.

Indeed, it is in consequence of this feeling that cannibalism is occasionally practised, though, as has already been mentioned, it exists in a very modified form. Formerly, the women always attended upon the warriors for the sake of obtaining the bodies of the slain foes, which they dragged out of the field, and then cooked, by way of expressing the utmost contempt for them. The priests used also to accompany the warriors, and pray to the gods for success. They had good reason for wishing for victory, as their portion of the food was only the hands of the slain warriors, and as long as the struggle lasted they were not allowed to eat any other food except these hands. The priests of the losing side have sometimes been obliged to fast for several days in succession.

When the body of a chief was carried off to the oven, great rejoicings were made, and every one was expected to eat a piece of it, no matter how small. On such occasions, even the women and little children had a share, the question being frequently asked whether all have tasted. Sometimes, when a captive has been taken alive, the Samoans have been known to tie him up to a tree, dig a hole in front of him, line it with stones, heat it before his eyes, and then throw him into it.

According to the accounts of the natives, wars were formerly much more common than is now the case, the musket having almost driven the club and spear out of the field, and rendering useless the strength and skill of the warriors, who prided themselves on their dexterity of handling their weapons. How well they fence with the club has already been described, and that they were equally efficient in the use of the spear is evident from an anecdote told by Mr. Williams.

A chief named Matetau had come on board an English vessel, and the captain, wishing to test the skill of his visitor, painted on the foresail a ring about four or five inches in diameter, and asked Matetau to throw his spear at it. The chief retired to the quarter-deck, about eighty feet from the mark, poised his spear for a moment, and sent it through the middle of the ring. Warriors thus skilful in the use of their weapons might well feel indignant at the introduction of fire-arms, which equalize the weak and the strong, and enable a mere boy only just tattooed to kill the greatest chief.

When cases are brought before the council for adjudication, both plaintiff and defendant exhibit the greatest ingenuity in stating their case, and are wonderfully fertile in inventing new arguments. The Samoan litigant is as slippery as an eel, and no sooner has he found one post untenable than he has contrived to glide away from it and establish himself in another. Mr. Pritchard gives a very amusing instance of this characteristic of the Samoan.

The property of an English resident, who was popularly called "Monkey Jack," had been wantonly destroyed, and the injured man referred the case to the council. As at that time two ships of war arrived, the matter was by common consent referred to the senior officer, and the plaintiff, accompanied by his friends, proceeded to the spot. The chiefs were convened, and, though they could not deny that the property had been destroyed, they put forward a series of excuses for refusing to pay any indemnity.

Firstly, they said that the plaintiff had joined the enemy, and that they were therefore entitled to wage war on him. This accusation being refuted, they shifted their ground from the man to his wife, saying that she was related to the enemy, and that her husband necessarily partook of the relationship. Fortunately, the woman happened to be related equally to both sides, so that the defendants had to abandon that plea.

Their next count was, that the destruction of the property was accidental, and that therefore the owner had no claim on them. As their own previous admissions contradicted them, there was no difficulty in disposing of this allegation. Their next line of

defence was a very ludicrous one, and showed that they were nearly brought to bay. It so happened that "Monkey Jack" was something of an armorer, and used to repair for the natives the muskets which their rough hands had damaged. His opponents suddenly recollected this and turned it to account, saying that his charges for repairs were so much heavier to them than to the enemy, that in self-defence they had taken his property in compensation. Evidence was brought that his charges were always the same to any natives, no matter to which party they belonged, and so the defendants were again beaten.

Like wise men, however, they had reserved their weightiest argument to the last. It has already been mentioned that in time of war either party has no scruple in destroying or confiscating the property of a friend, on the plea that it is better for them to have the use of the property than for the enemy to take it. The defendants brought forward an argument based on this custom, saying that they only acted in accordance with national custom, and that they had destroyed the property of the plaintiff, in order to keep it out of the hands of the enemy.

This was by far the most formidable argument they could have employed, but "Monkey Jack" was as clever as his opponents, and replied with crushing effect, that for several weeks the opposite party had been able, if they had desired to do so, to destroy all his property, but had refrained from touching it.

When the chiefs saw that they had met with men more skilful than themselves in argument; they were sadly perplexed, and some of the younger chiefs hit on a mode by which they thought that they might escape from paying the indemnity. They agreed quietly to surround the spot where the captain and the consul were sitting, and suddenly carry them off, and retain them as hostages until the indemnity should be given up. Fortunately, Mr. Pritchard detected their plot, and contrived to slip back to the boats, where he arranged a counter plot.

Before very long, the Samoans surrounded the place where the intended captives were sitting, and, just as they were about to seize them, Mr. Pritchard called out to them, and showed them that they were covered by the levelled muskets of the sailors and marines, who had accompanied the captain and the consul to the spot. Knowing that, unlike themselves, the English warriors had an inconvenient habit of hitting when they fired, the Samoan chiefs acknowledged themselves conquered, and agreed to pay the indemnity.

Another case, much more petty, was a very ludicrous one, the Samoan absolutely

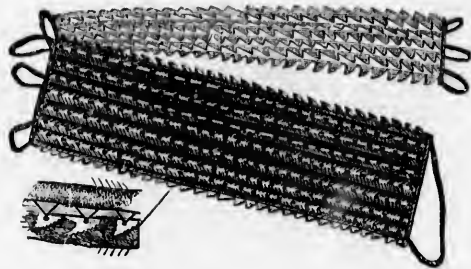
granting himself to be defeated by the logic of his opponent.

There was a certain West Indian negro, who had taken up his residence in Samoa, and had attained in a neighboring tribe the rank of chief, together with the name of Paunga. A native chief, named Toe-tangata (called, for brevity's sake, Toe), had a dog, which was in the habit of stealing from Paunga's house. The latter had often complained to the owner of the animal, but without success, and at last, as the dog continued to steal, Paunga shot it. Now in Samoa to insult a chief's dog is to insult the owner, and so Toe considered himself to have been shot by Paunga.

The case was at last referred to the captain of an English man-of-war, but Paunga refused to appear, saying that he was a Samoan chief, and not under the jurisdiction

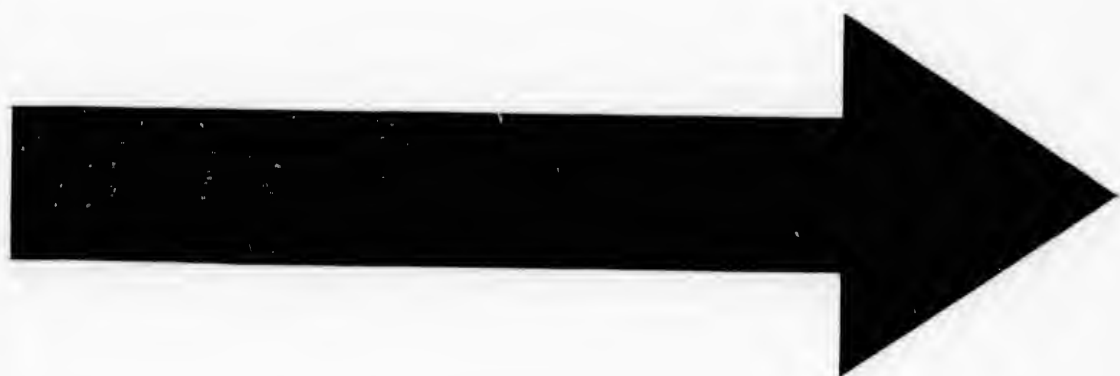
of a foreigner. A file of armed marines was at once sent for Paunga, who ingeniously took advantage of the proceeding, placing himself at their head, and telling the people that they might now see that he was a chief among the white people as well as among natives, and had his guard of honor, without which he would not have stirred out of the house.

Both being before the captain, Toe made his complaint, and was instantly crushed by Paunga's reply. He admitted that the property of a chief was identical with the owner. Consequently, when Toe's dog ate Paunga's food, he, Toe, ate Paunga. Therefore, when Paunga shot Toe in the person of his dog, he only balanced the account, and neither party had grounds of complaint against the other.



SHARK-TOOTH GAUNTLET.

(See page 1019.)



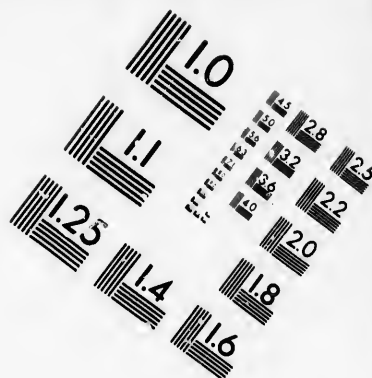
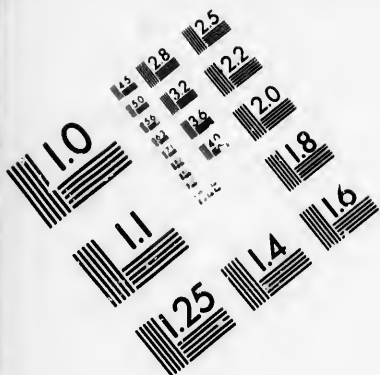
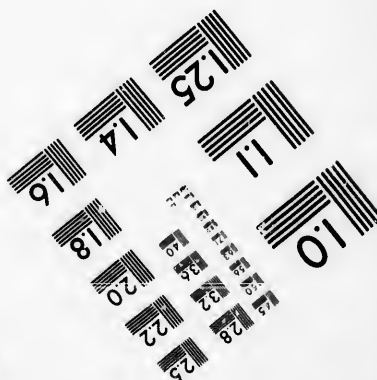
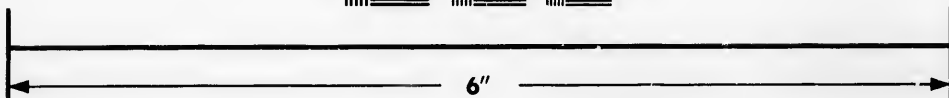
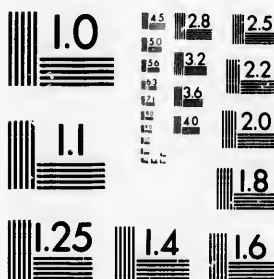


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CHAPTER CIV.

SAMOA, OR THE NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS—*Concluded.*

AMUSEMENTS—MARRIAGE—ARCHITECTURE.

SAMOAN AMUSEMENTS—PIGEON CATCHING—THE DECOY BIRDS, AND MODE OF USING THEM—TRAINING THE BIRDS—FISHING: THE NET AND THE LINE—DARING MODE OF SHARK CATCHING—A BOLD FISHERMAN—CURIOUS ACCIDENTS TO THE DIVERS: THE SHARK AND THE CORAL—THE BOAR HUNT—A DANGEROUS FOE—SAMOAN COOKERY—THE PALOLO—ITS CURIOUS APPEARANCE, MODE IN CAPTURE, AND WAY OF COOKING IT—MARRIAGE IN SAMOA—CEREMONIES IN THE MARRIAGE OF A CHIEF—THE WEDDING FEAST AND DANCES—SAMOAN ARCHITECTURE—DIVISION OF THE HOUSE BY MOSQUITO CURTAINS.

THE amusements of the Samoans are in many respects identical with those of other Polynesians, and therefore only those will be described wherein is anything characteristic of these islanders. One of the principal sports is pigeon shooting, which is carried on in certain parts of the wood expressly prepared for it. The principle on which the sport is followed much resembles that of the rat shooting practised by the Tongans. Several chiefs agree to go off on a pigeon-catching expedition, and at the appointed time the fowling ground is cleared of bush, a large circle is marked out by stones, and just outside the circle are made a number of ambushes, formed from leaves and branches, which are cut fresh daily.

The sport is precluded by a drink of kava, and when this indispensable preliminary is over, the chiefs repair to their stations, each having a net and a trained bird. The net is small, and is fixed to the end of a bamboo, thirty or even forty feet in length. The bird is perched on a stick near its master, and is attached to its perch by a string forty or fifty yards in length.

At a given signal, the birds are thrown into the air, and, following the instructions they have received, wheel round and round for some little time. The wild pigeons see them from a distance, and fancying from their movements that they are hovering over food, fly to join them. As they wheel to and fro with the decoy birds, the chiefs raise their nets and dexterously capture

them. He who takes the greatest number of pigeons wins the game, and receives from each of the other players a stake which has been previously fixed upon. Generally the stakes consist of food or kava roots, and in such cases the winner practically gains nothing but the honor of winning the game, as the food is cooked and distributed by the winner to all his companions, and the kava is converted into drink.

These bird-catching parties last for a very long time, the players sometimes remaining on the spot for a month. Huts are consequently run up around the open space on which the birds are flown. The second engraving on the next page illustrates this sport very accurately.

The decoy birds are most carefully trained, the object of the trainer being to make them rise at the word of command, fly to the end of the string, wheel round in graceful circles for some time, and then return to the perch. When a bird will remain on the wing for five minutes and return to its perch at its master's call, it is considered as having been highly trained, and is held in great estimation. The natives may be often seen engaged in training the birds in the open space in the centre of the village. The birds are encouraged in their flight by a peculiar mode of jerking the string.

Fishing is a very favorite amusement with the Samoans, who display a wonderful amount of skill and often of courage in their sport. The latter quality is chiefly



(1.) SAMOAN WARRIORS EXCHANGING DEFIANCE. (See page 1021.)



(2.) PIGEON CATCHING BY SAMOANS. (See page 1026.)

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brought into play when the natives are occupied in shark fishing. Whenever a great feast is to be held, the fishermen go off in search of sharks, the flesh of this fish being one of the principal dainties of Samoa. The fishermen go off in canoes, each canoe being manned by two or three fishermen, who are supplied with a strong rope, having a noose at one end and a quantity of animal offal.

Going to the edge of the lagoon, where the sharks lie under shelter of the rocks, the men throw the offal overboard, for the double purpose of attracting and gorging the sharks. They then peer into the water, and when one of the fisherman sees a shark lazily stretching itself on the sand that lies under the overhanging rocks, he lets himself very quietly into the sea, dives down with the rope in his hand, slips the noose over the shark's tail, and rises to the surface. As soon as he gets into the boat, the men drag the shark out of his retreat, and haul away until the creature's tail is raised out of the sea, when it becomes nearly helpless. A sudden jerk brings it into the canoe, where it is instantly killed.

Sometimes the shark lies in a deep submarine cave, with only its head out of the opening. The Samoan fisherman, however, is not to be baffled by this attitude, but dives down to the shark, and taps it gently on the head. The fish replete, with food, feels annoyed at the interruption, and turns round, exposing as it does so its tail to the daring fisherman, who slips the noose over it in a moment.

One young man, mentioned by Mr. Pritchard, was celebrated for his daring in this sport. He disdained assistance, and used to go out alone in a little canoe, dropping bait overboard in order to attract the sharks, and throwing his noosed rope over their tails. On one occasion the rope broke, but the brave fellow had no idea of losing both shark and rope. He leaped overboard among all the sharks, seized the rope, scrambled into his canoe again, and, after a long and severe struggle, succeeded in killing his shark and towing it ashore.

Sometimes the hook is used in shark fishing. The fishermen bait a hook, carry it out in a canoe in twelve feet or so of water, and bring the line back to land. Before very long a shark is nearly sure to seize the bait; and when the fish is fairly hooked, several men haul at the rope and drag the shark into shallow water, where it is allowed to flounce about until it is exhausted, and is then killed without difficulty.

Such a sport as this is necessarily attended with much danger, but the Samoan fisherman is nearly as much at home in the water as the shark itself, and treats his dangerous game with the same easy indifference which a Spanish matador displays toward a furious bull. Accidents certainly do happen

in both cases, but they are the exception, and not the rule.

Another of their amusements which is dangerous is pig hunting. As the swine are allowed to run loose in the woods, they have reverted to their wild modes of life, and are sly, swift, active, and ferocious. It is thought a point of honor for a chief to challenge a wild boar, and to receive no assistance except in case of extreme need. The hunter is armed with his knife and tomahawk, or sometimes with a whale spade, which makes a very formidable weapon if the edges are kept sharp.

To kill one of the animals is no easy task. In the first place, a wild boar is so quick that nothing but the greatest activity can save the hunter from its tusks; and were the fight to take place on an open plain instead of among trees, behind which the hunter can jump when hard pressed, the beast might probably get the better of the man. Then the boar is wonderfully tenacious of life, and has a skin so tough that a sharp weapon and a strong arm are needed to inflict a mortal wound. Even when the animal has fallen, and is apparently dead, an experienced hunter always drives his knife into its throat, as boars have an awkward way of suddenly reviving, leaping on their legs, and dashing through their foes into the bush.

The sows are even more dangerous antagonists than the boars. They are, as a rule, lighter, thinner, and more active, and, although they have no long tusks wherewith to rip up their foes, they can bite as sharply and as quickly as wolves. Indeed, were it not for the dogs which are trained to boar-hunting, and are wonderfully courageous and skillful, though very ugly and most unpromising to the eye, they would seldom be brought to bay.

Mr. Pritchard gives an account of an adventure of his own with a boar, which gives an excellent idea of the ferocity, cunning, and activity of the animals. The boar had actually received two rifle bullets in his left shoulder, inflicting wounds which would have disabled, if not killed, most animals, but seemed only to irritate the boar by the pain.

"The fury of the beast was intense, with its two wounds and the worrying of the dogs. He stood grinding his teeth and frothing at the mouth, looking first at one and then at another of us, as if measuring an antagonist for fight. The chief suggested that one of us should tackle him, while the others looked on without interfering. Of course I had to claim the *privilege* to do so after such a challenge; though, in truth, this being the first boar I had ever encountered, I felt as if I had somewhat rashly undertaken the combat, for, even with his two wounds, I fancied he might possibly hold out longer than myself, and, if

I failed to kill him, the failure would be fine sport for my comrades, and not soon forgotten in their jokes.

"However, I stepped out in front of the infuriated beast, and no sooner was I there than he was there too—quite promptly enough, I thought. He made a furious charge at me, which I received with the butt end of my rifle, trying to throw him over on his wounded side, but ineffectually. A second time he came at me, and a second time I checked him. As he drew up for the third charge, his long bristles standing on end, grinding his tusks and tossing the froth from his huge mouth, I drew my tomahawk. On he came, swifter than ever; the tomahawk fell deep into the thick part of his neck, and my boy Atamu did the rest with his long knife.

"It was rather hot work, for these boars have immense strength and no little dogged pluck, and their skins are so tough that often a spear will break short off without leaving even a mark where it struck."

The same boar had previously forced the writer to employ rather a ludicrous manoeuvre. He had fired at the shoulder of the animal, thinking that, if the bullet did not reach the heart, it would at all events disable him. But the boar made at him almost as it received the shot, and sprang on him so quickly that he was forced to jump over its head upon its back, and roll off toward the nearest tree. The smaller pigs are killed in a different manner. The dogs are trained to catch them by the ears, shoulders, and tail, and when the hunters come up they place a stick across the animal's throat, and press it down until the pig is dead.

As to the cookery of the Samoans, there is little to distinguish it from that of the Tongans and other Polynesians of the same race. They have a great abundance of dishes, being able to produce almost as great a variety in that respect as the Fijians, and many of their dishes are extremely palatable to an European. Vegetables form the staple of the Samoan's food, and of those he has abundant choice. Putting aside those vegetables which have been imported from Europe, he has yams, taro, bananas, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and plantains. Sometimes these are cooked separately and sometimes mixed, in order to produce a compound more palatable to native taste. As a rule, the simpler specimens of Samoan cookery please even the English palate, but when the native cooks dress compound dishes the natives are generally the only persons who can eat them.

For instance, there is nothing better in its way than the young cocoa-nut, which is entirely different from the hard, indigestible state in which we see it in England. But when the milk is poured out, its place is supplied with salt water, and the contents allowed to become putrid, the compound is

offensive to more senses than one. Some of their compounds are, however, excellent. Such is a sort of pudding made by pouring the juice of cocoa-nuts over bananas, and baking them together. Even the very young kernel of the cocoa-nut makes a very rich dish when baked.

The strangest diet of the Samoans is the annelid called the Palolo (*Palolo viridis*). Mr. Pritchard gives an excellent account of this curious being and the mode of cooking it.

It appears only in certain strictly defined and very limited localities in each group (i. e. in Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa); a month earlier, about the first week in November, in Samoa than in the two other groups. It rises directly from the bottom of the sea to the surface, appearing first about four o'clock in the morning, and continuing to increase in number, until about half an hour after sunrise, when it begins to dissolve, and gradually disappears. By eight o'clock not a trace of the palolo remains in the sea. They look just like so many worms, from an inch to a yard in length, showing every conceivable color as they wriggle about, and are soft to the touch.

"The time of their appearance is calculated by the old men of the various tribes, and is known by the sun, moon, and stars having a particular bearing to each other. A month before the great appearance, a few are found in each of the localities where they rise. Parties go out in their canoes to watch for this first appearance, for by it the calculation as to the second and great appearance is verified.

"When that time comes, whole villages, men, women, and children, crowd the scene; by two o'clock the sea is covered with canoes, the outriggers getting foul and breaking adrift without distracting the attention, as by four o'clock all are busied scooping up the palolos and pouring them into baskets made for the occasion. The noise and excitement from four to six o'clock is something astonishing, and the scrambling most amusing. And when the canoes landed, the crowd disperses, the next thing is to prepare the ovens to cook the palolos, which are merely wrapped in bread-fruit leaves. They are sent round with much formality to friends at a distance, and sometimes kept three or four weeks by being occasionally warmed in an oven.

"I never could muster courage to do more than merely taste them, so repulsive is their very appearance as they roll and coil together, though Englishmen and even English women there are who eat them, and professedly with a relish, for which I suppose one cannot but accept their word. One lady in particular there is, as described by Dr. Seeman, a 'strong-minded individual,' who eats palolo with a remarkable gusto. I think she will not be deprived of her fancy dish by many of her visitors."

There has been much discussion about the palolo, many persons having doubted whether it was ever an annelid, and believing the worms to be mere strings of spawn. The question has, however, been settled, and there is an elaborate paper on the palolo in the "Transactions of the Linnean Society," vol. xxii. p. 237.

The worm is allied to the well-known Nereids, several species of which are so plentiful on our own shores. It is flattish, about the sixth of an inch in width, and consists of a vast number of segments. The entire specimen has never been secured, so delicate and fragile is the creature, and it is with the greatest difficulty that a head can be discovered. Among the specimens first sent to the British Museum, not a single head could be found, and among a large bottle full of palolo collected expressly for scientific purposes, only one head was discovered. The head is a little narrower than the joints which compose the neck, and is furnished with two little eyes on the upper surface, between which are placed three tentacles, of which the middle is the longest.

The normal color of the annelid is green, and it is remarkable for the regularly dotted appearance of the back, one black dot being placed on the middle of each segment. So regularly does the palolo make its appearance, that among the Fiji group the months of October and November are known by the names of the Little Palolo and Great Palolo, the former being the month in which it is first seen, and the second that in which it makes its grand appearance.

MARRIAGES in Samoa are conducted much like those of Tonga, the latter group of islands having borrowed many of the Samoan customs. It is thought rather below the dignity of a chief to court a wife for himself, and that office is generally undertaken by his friends, who praise him in the most unmeasured terms, and do all in their power to induce the girl to yield. When her consent has been given, the chief sends property to her father, and receives in return fine mats and other articles, this exchange being considered as the betrothal.

On the day of marriage, the bride, well anointed with oil, colored with turmeric, and dressed in large quantities of the finest mats, is placed in the male, or open space in the centre of the village, attended by her young friends, who are arrayed in all the gorgeousness of savage finery, with wreaths of flowers and nautilus shells on their heads. She is also accompanied by the two duennas who have had charge of her, and who chant her praises and extol her virtue. The object of this public assembly is to prove whether the girl be worthy to be the wife of a chief. Should the verdict be in her favor, she is presented to the people as the chief's wife, and, amid their acclamations, is taken into the house by her duennas and attendants.

Should, as is very seldom the case, the vor-diet be adverse, all the male members of her family, even her fathers and brothers, rush on her with their clubs and kill her on the spot, in order to take away the disgrace which she has brought on her house.

After the bride has been led away there is a grand dance. This differs somewhat from the dances which are usually seen among the Polynesians. The spectators being seated in a circle round a cleared space, and keeping up a monotonous chant, the men first enter the circle, led by a young chief, and clothed merely in the little leaf apron, so as to show off the tattoo to the best advantage. Their leader goes through a vast number of steps, sometimes leaping high in the air, and sometimes executing movements of a slower and more graceful character, while every step is watched and criticised as it is danced by the leader and imitated by his followers. After the men have danced for some time they retire, and a number of girls enter, who go through evolutions of a similar character, and afterward both men and women dance together.

THE houses of the Samoans are all built on the samo model. They are very conservative in some of their ideas, and follow implicitly the plan which was adopted by the chief who, according to their traditions, first built a dwelling. At a distance, the appearance of the house has been compared to a large mushroom.

The first process is, to make a large platform of rough stones, covered with gravel, extending some twenty feet on every side beyond the walls of the house. In the centre are planted three posts, standing about twenty-five feet out of the ground. Upon these central posts are supported the rafters of the roof, one end of each rafter being fixed to them, and the other end to the tops of short posts about four feet high, which form, or rather which do duty for, the walls of the house. Real walls there are none, but at night the space between the posts is closed by blinds made of plaited cocoa-nut leaves. The whole framework of the roof is made in several sections, so that it can be removed.

The thatch is made of the leaves of the sugar-cane, nailed by the women to reeds with spikes made of the ribs of the cocoa-nut leaves. About four thousand leaves are required for thatching a house, and they are lashed carefully with cocoa-nut fibre.

The floor of the house is strewn with very fine gravel and covered with mats. There are no separate chambers, but at night the house is divided into a number of sleeping places by means of the mosquito curtains which are attached to the central post, and let down when required. It is a point of etiquette that all guests should be supplied with clean mats. The pillow used in Samoa is like that of Fiji, and is nothing more than a stick supported on a foot at each end.

CHAPTER CV.

HERVEY AND KINGSMILL ISLANDS.

APPEARANCE—WEAPONS—GOVERNMENT.

POSITION OF THE HERVEY ISLANDS—FIERCE AND TREACHEROUS NATURE OF THE INHABITANTS—THE CHIEF MOUROOA, AND HIS VISIT TO THE SHIP—SKILL IN CARVING—THEIR BEAUTIFUL PADDLES AND CANOES—THE MANGAIAN ADZE: ITS CARVED HANDLE AND STONE HEAD—THE MANY-BARBED SPEAR—THE CLUB AND SLING—THE FOUR RANKS IN BATTLE—FEROCITY OF THE WOMEN—FEUDS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES—A MANGAIAN HOUSE—FOOD—PROCURING AND COOKING IT—A RAT HUNT—IDOLS OF THE MANGAIANS—THE KINGSMILL ISLANDERS—LOCALITY AND GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE KINGSMILL ISLANDS—APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—ARCHITECTURE—DRESS AND TATTOOING—WARLIKE NATURE—THE TERRIBLE WEAPONS OF THESE ISLANDS—THE SWORD AND SPEAR—MODE OF GOVERNMENT—BURIAL OF A DEAD CHIEF.

EASTWARD of Samoa, and rather southward, lie the Hervey, or Cook's Islands. The group includes seven islands, the principal of which is Rarotonga, an island between thirty and forty miles in circumference. This island is remarkable for the lofty mountains of the interior, and round it extends a large reef of coral. Some of the islands are entirely coral, and all of them are surrounded by the dangerous coral reefs, at which the coral "insects" are still working.

In general appearance the people bear much resemblance to the Samoans, but seem to be of a more warlike and ferocious character. Indeed, so quarrelsome and bloodthirsty are the natives of this group, that when Mr. Williams visited Hervey's Island he found that only sixty of the population survived, and a few years later they were reduced to five men, three women, and some children, and these were on the point of fighting among themselves, in order to ascertain which should be king.

One of the principal islands of this group, namely, Mangaia, was discovered by Captain Cook in March 1777. The natives were very unwilling to come on board the vessel, but at last two men put off in a canoe, their curiosity overcoming their terror. The name of one of them was Mouroua, and he was distinguishable by a large scar on his forehead, the result of a wound received in battle.

"Mouroua," writes Captain Cook, "was lusty and well-made, but not very tall. His features were agreeable, and his disposition seemingly no less so, for he made several droll gesticulations, which indicated both good nature and a share of humor. He also made others which seemed of a serious kind, and repeated some words with a devout air before he ventured to lay hold of the rope at the ship's stern; which was probably to recommend himself to the protection of some divinity.

"His color was nearly of the same cast common to the most southern Europeans. The other man was not so handsome. Both of them had strong, straight hair, of a jet color, tied together on the crown of the head with a bit of cloth. They wore such girdles as we perceived about those on shore, and we found they wore a substance made from the *Morus papyrifera*, in the same manner as at the other islands of this ocean. It was glazed, like the sort used by the natives of the Friendly Islands, but the cloth on their heads was white, like that which is found at Otaheite.

"They had on a kind of sandal made of a grassy substance interwoven, which we also observed were worn by those who stood upon the beach, and, as we supposed, intended to defend their feet against the rough coral rock. Their beards were long; and the inside of their arms, from the shoulder to the elbow, and some other parts, were

punctured or tattooed, after the manner of the inhabitants of almost all the other islands in the South Sea. The lobe of their ears was pierced, or rather slit, and to such a length that one of them stuck there a knife and some beads which he had received from us; and the same person had two polished pearl-shells and a bunch of human hair loosely twisted hanging about his neck, which was the only ornament we observed."

After some time, Mouroua ventured on board the ship, but seemed very uneasy at his position, his feelings of curiosity being overcome by those of alarm at finding himself in so gigantic a vessel. He showed little curiosity about the ship and the various objects which it contained, but the sight of a goat entirely drove out of his mind any emotion except wonder, he never having seen so large an animal. He wanted to know what bird it could be, and, as soon as he could get ashore, he was seen narrating to the people the wonders which he had seen on board the great canoe.

All the Hervey Islanders are gifted with a natural appreciation of art, and the inhabitants of Mangaia seem to be pre-eminent in this respect. They lavish the most minute and elaborate carving on various objects, the handles of tools and the paddles seeming to be their favorite subjects. The beautiful paddle which is shown on the 1018th page, is drawn from a specimen in my own collection. It is nearly four feet in length, and the blade is eleven inches wide in the broadest part. The pattern is given as well as can be done, considering the minute elaboration of the original. The opposite face of the blade is even more carefully decorated, and perhaps with a more artistic design. The squared shaft of the paddle is covered with carving, as is also the peculiarly shaped handle.

Another paddle is made in a similar manner, except that the shaft is rounded instead of squared, and decorated at the handle with a row of ornaments which seem to be conventional imitations of the human face (see fig. 2). The wood of which these paddles are made is light, though strong and elastic; and, as the implement is sometimes used as a club, both these last-mentioned characteristics are needed.

Captain Cook noticed the peculiar shape of these paddles, though he does not appear to have handled them, or to have examined them carefully. "The canoe they came in (which was the only one we saw) was not above ten feet long and very narrow, but both strong and neatly made. The fore-part had a board fastened over it and projecting out, so as to prevent the sea from getting in on plunging . . . but it had an upright stern about five feet high, like some in New Zealand, and the upper part of this stern-post was forked. The lower part of the canoe was of white wood, but the upper

was black, and their paddles made of wood of the same color, not above three feet long, broad at one end and blunted."

Another paddle was brought to England by the late Admiral Young, and presented to me by his daughter. It is not so large as the specimens which have been just described, but is the most delicately carved specimen I have ever seen. The wood of which it is made is a very rich dark brown, and takes a high polish, so that the effect of the carving is peculiarly good. The blade is covered with a vast number of stars, wonderfully well carved, seeing that the native maker had no compasses by which to take his measurement, and that his only tools were sharks' teeth and bits of stone. The maker has spared no pains over this trophy of his skill, and, as if to show his own fertility of invention, he has not covered the whole of the shaft with the same pattern, as is the case with the two paddles that have just been described, but has changed the pattern every few inches. I have also a much smaller and shorter paddle, not quite three feet in length, which is made with equal care, but which is not intended so much for use in propelling boats as for ornament in dancing.

The love of ornamentation is displayed in all their manufactures, which are decorated in a manner equally elaborate and artistic. Even their drinking cups, which are made from cocoa-nut shells, are covered with carved patterns of a nature similar to those of the paddles.

The reader will remark that many Polynesians adorn with carving the handles of their tools and weapons, examples of which have been given in the preceding pages. The Hervey Islanders, however, leave no portion of the implement without carving, and in many instances sacrifice utility to ornament. This is generally the case with the adze handles, many of which are so extremely ornamental that it is not easy to see how they can be useful.

The specimen which is represented on page 1018 (adze magnified), is a good example of such an adze. The lower part of the handle is completely hollow, the native manufacturer having contrived to cut away the wood through the intervals between the upright pillars. As these intervals are not quite the third of an inch in width, the labor of removing the interior of the handle must have been very great, and the work exceedingly tedious. Even with European tools it would be a difficult piece of workmanship, and its difficulty is greatly enhanced by the fact that the native who carved it had nothing but a sharp stone or a shark's tooth lashed to a handle by way of a knife. This particular specimen has been in England for many years, and must have been made before the introduction of European tools among the natives.

The head of the adze is made of stone, and is lashed to the handle in a way exactly like that which is employed by the New Zealanders, except that it is far more elaborate. As if desirous of giving himself as much trouble as possible, the maker has employed the finest plaited sinnet, not wider than packthread and quite flat, and has laid it on the tool in a manner so elaborate that to give a proper idea of it the artist must have occupied an entire page with his drawing. Suffice it to say that the illustration gives a good general idea of the mode in which the head is lashed to the handle. The sinnet is laid as regularly as if wound by machinery, and the native artist has contrived to produce the most extraordinary effects with it, throwing the various portions into a simulated perspective, and making the lashing look as if there were four distinct layers, one above another.

Between the stone of the adze head and the wood of the handle is placed a piece of very strong tappa cloth, which seems to have been laid on while wet, so that the bands of sinnet have pressed it well together, and aided in strengthening the junction. The end of this tappa is seen projecting on the upper part of the head, just where it is joined to the handle. That such an implement as this should have been intended for use seems most unlikely, and I believe that it has only been constructed as a sample of the maker's skill. Sometimes adzes of a similar character are made, the handles of which are from four to five feet long, and carved with a pierced pattern throughout their entire length, so that they could not have been intended for hard work.

A similar elaborate ornamentation is found upon the Hervey Islanders' spears, one of which is shown in the illustration entitled "Spear" on the 1018th page.

The spear, which is in my collection, is rather more than ten feet in length, and beautifully made. The shaft is very straight, very slender, and highly polished, but without any carving; indeed, it is so slight that it could not bear any pattern to be carved upon it. The ornament is therefore confined to the many-barbed head, which is a beautiful specimen of savage art.

By referring to the illustration, the reader will see that just below the first set of barbs the wood of the spear swells into a slightly oval form. This portion of the head is covered with carving, necessarily very shallow, but sufficient for ornament. Between the various sets of barbs the spear is wrapped with very narrow strips of some reed, which is highly polished and of a bright yellow color, so that the contrast between the dark wood of the barbs and the shining yellow of the wrapping is very striking. In spite of the large size of the head, the spear is well balanced, the length of the slender and elastic shaft acting as a counterpoise; and alto-

gether the weapon is as formidable as it is elegant.

Their clubs are ornamented in a similar manner. Mr. Williams describes one of a very curious form. It was carved like the club, fig. 1, on page 949, but was bent nearly at right angles, rather beyond the junction of the handle with the head, and was ornamented with a great bunch of long and slender feathers. Slings of great length and power are used by these people.

According to the accounts of this missionary, the inhabitants of Mangaia can use their weapons with great skill and courage. They do not try to hide behind trees and bushes, and take their foes by surprise, but boldly meet them in the open field. When two parties meet, they form themselves into four lines. The warriors who compose the first row are armed with the long spears which have just been described, the second rank carry clubs, the third are furnished with slings, and the fourth rank is composed of the women, who carry additional weapons, in case the men should be disarmed, together with a supply of small stones for the slingers. This arrangement of forces is represented in the battle scene given on the opposite page.

Sometimes the women take an active part in the fray. One young chief told Mr. Williams that in one battle he was fiercely assailed by the wife of his antagonist. He told her to desist, as he had not come to fight with women. However, she would not listen to him, and exclaiming, "If you kill my husband, what shall I do?" flung a stone at him, which struck him to the ground. Had it not been for the prompt assistance of his own people, who came to the rescue, he would assuredly have lost his life through this woman's fury.

The people are apt to be ferocious in battle, and Mr. Williams mentions that several of his converts forgot the maxims of Christianity in the excitement of battle, and killed their vanquished enemies in spite of their entreaties for mercy. In all probability, these people were carrying out some feeling of vengeance, according to the custom of these islands.

Throughout the greater part of Polynesia the friends or relatives of the murdered man are bound to avenge his death by killing the murderer, if they can secure him, or at all events by killing one of his family. The family of the victim then retaliate in their turn, so that when a man goes into battle he mostly has a number of fends on his hands. Like the Corsican Vendetta, if such a feud cannot be carried out in a man's lifetime, he bequeaths it to his son, so that it may be carried on for any number of generations.

This savage custom has stood greatly in the way of the missionaries. They found no very great difficulty in persuading the people that to harbor malice against another, who

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(1.) THE BATTLE. (See page 1034.)



(2.) VILLAGE IN THE KINGSMILL ISLANDS. (See page 1038.)

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might be totally innocent, was exceedingly wrong, and that they ought to abandon the feud. But the new converts argued that it was very unfair to demand that they should abandon their feuds against others while the feuds against themselves were still in operation.

In their architecture the Mangaians display the same love of carving which has already been mentioned. Mr. Williams thus describes a building which had been erected for him, and which was large enough to hold sixteen hundred persons:—

"It was a fine building, of an oval shape, about one hundred and twenty feet in length. The large posts which supported the roof (eight in number), the ridge-pole, and the rafters were most beautifully carved, and tastefully colored with various native preparations.

"It is impossible, however, so to describe them as to enable the reader to form a correct idea of their appearance, or of the taste and ingenuity displayed in their execution. These posts were twenty-five feet high, and from twelve to eighteen inches square, and when we considered the tools with which the work was done, which were principally old nails, pieces of iron hoop, and a few chisels, we were amazed both at the patience and skill of the carvers. The effect on entering the place was very striking."

On the shores of this island fish appear to be less plentiful than is generally the case, and the inhabitants are obliged to have resort to various modes of procuring and preserving food. For example, when they have caught a large quantity of flying fish, they do not eat them at once, but dry them in wood smoke, much as herrings are cured among ourselves. They have an ingenious method of catching these fish by night. The boatmen go out in their double canoes, supplied with torches and large ring nets fastened to the end of handles ten or twelve feet long. They stamp on their canoes so as to make a noise, which is communicated to the water and alarms the fish, and at the same time wave their torches about. According to their instinct, the flying fish dart out of the water toward the light, and are easily captured in the nets.

Rats form a most valued portion of their diet. When the missionaries first visited Mangaia, the natives were so fond of this food that they measured all other kinds of diet by comparison with rats' flesh. Indeed, the flesh of these animals is far better than is generally supposed. Several English rat-catchers have learned by practical experience the value of rat's flesh, which is said by those who have tried it to be equal to that of the squirrel and better than that of the rabbit. The Mangaians caught the rats by digging a hole in the ground, and throwing bait into it. When a sufficient number had entered the hole, a net was thrown over

the mouth of it, and the inmates easily secured.

In RAROTONGA, another island of this group, the rats swarmed in such numbers that they were not only a nuisance, but an absolute pest; and, if it had not been for the pigs which were introduced by the Europeans, and allowed to run wild, the rats would probably have driven the natives out of their villages. At every meal one or two persons were detailed for the sole purpose of keeping the rats from the provisions. When the people sat down in their houses the rats ran over them, and when they lay down to rest the rats had made a settlement in their bed.

At last warfare was declared against the rats, and a number of baskets were made to contain the bodies of the slain, each basket being five or six feet in length. The inhabitants then armed themselves with sticks, and in an hour no less than thirty of these great baskets were filled with dead rats. Even then no diminution seemed to have taken place among these pests. Next, the missionaries tried the introduction of cats, and with some success, but the most fortunate introduction that was made was that of the pig. These animals were brought to Rarotonga for the purpose of supplying the sailors with meat which should supersede the flesh of the rat, and the pigs repaid their introducers by eating every rat which came across them.

When the natives were converted to Christianity, they consulted the missionaries, wishing to know whether the flesh of rats was unlawful food for Christians. They evidently asked this question because they saw that their teachers abstained from these animals. The missionaries returned a very judicious answer to this question, by saying that in their own country rats were not eaten, because the white man had a repugnance to them, but that there was nothing unlawful in eating them, and that the Mangaians might do as they pleased. The people were satisfied with this answer, and contented themselves with passing a law that all Christians should catch and cook their rats on Saturdays, so as to avoid working on the Sunday.

The idols of the Hervey Islanders are very odd-looking things, and would scarcely be recognized as objects of worship. It might naturally be imagined that if these people bestow such pains upon their weapons and implements, they would at least take equal pains with their gods. Yet the gods of the Hervey Islanders are the rudest possible specimens of native workmanship. They consist principally of a staff about sixteen or seventeen feet in length, the upper part of which is carved into a rude representation of a human head. On the staff are laid a few red feathers and

a string of beads, which are called the soul of the god. Round the staff and the beads is wrapped a vast quantity of native cloth, so as to form a slightly conical roll about a yard in diameter, and ten feet in length.

One of these idols is placed at the bow of every canoe, and whenever the natives are out on a fishing excursion they always make offerings to this strange deity.

THE KINGSMILL ISLANDS.

NORTH-WEST of the Samoans is a group known by the name of Kingsmill Islands. It consists of about fifteen islands, all of coral, and all lying very low, so that they might easily escape the attention of voyagers. As is always the case with coral islands, the navigation among them is very dangerous. They are mostly very long in proportion to their width, the largest of the group, called Taputeonea or Drummond Island, being nearly forty miles in length, and in many places not a mile in width.

The inhabitants of these islands have a character for ferocity which is not often to be found among this race of Polyynesians, and are said to be lower in the human scale than any whom we have hitherto described. Those of one of the group, called Pitt Island, are said to be less liable to this charge than any other, being quiet, peaceable, and not so perpetually at war as is the case with the inhabitants of the other islands.

Their color is approaching nearer to black than that of the inhabitants of Tonga and Samoa, and the people are of more moderate stature than those of the latter group of islands. They are well made and slender, and have black and glossy though rather fine hair. The mouth is large, but has nothing of the negro character about it and the teeth are kept very white. The nose is mostly aquiline, and the hair of the beard and moustache black, and by no means coarse.

It is rather remarkable that the people of Pitt Island are not only more quiet and peaceable than their neighbors, but are also of a lighter hue, approaching in this respect the naturally peaceful though courageous inhabitants of Tonga. Their faces are oval and neatly rounded, and their features delicate. It may be that they have been modified by the mixture with the Samoans or Tongans, who have been blown out of their course by gales, landed on the island, and gradually became absorbed in the community.

Architecture among the Kingsmill Islands is rather distinguished for strength and massiveness than for beauty, the natives preferring to employ their artistic powers on smaller objects, such as swords, spears, and similar articles. The houses vary much in size and form according to their uses. For example, the ordinary dwelling-house of the Kingsmill Islanders consists of two stories, the upper part being used as a sleep-

ing-house, and the lower entirely open. In fact, the houses of the Kingsmill Islands are exactly similar in principle to those of Niobar, which have been described on page 903.

Some of the houses wherein the chiefs sit and talk among themselves and receive visitors are mere sheds, being nothing more than roofs supported on poles. As is usually the case in Polynesia, there is in every village a central council house, in which the people assemble on stated occasions. It is of enormous dimensions, having a lofty roof thatched with leaves and lined with matting. Several examples of their houses are illustrated on the 1035th page, and the reader will see, that the lower part affords a complete and yet an airy refuge from the sun in the heat of the day, while the upper part, which is too hot to be comfortable during the daytime, forms comfortable sleeping-rooms at night.

Dress varies much according to the particular island. Tattooing is practised by both sexes, but the women are far less decorated than the men, the lines being very fine and far apart. The men are tattooed at the age of twenty, the process being always left in the hands of professional tattooers, who, as in other islands of Polynesia, are paid according to the celebrity which they have attained, in some cases obtaining very large fees. They dress chiefly in mats made of the pandanus leaf cut into narrow strips, and dyed brown and yellow. These strips are plaited together in a very ingenious fashion so as to form diamond or square patterns. A small cape, worn in poncho fashion, with a slit in the middle, through which the head passes, is worn over the neck, and a conical cap of pandanus leaf is worn on the head.

The dress of the women consists of a petticoat of leaf-strips reaching from the waist to the knees, and fastened by a thin rope, sometimes five or six hundred feet in length, made of human hair. On the rope are strung at intervals beads made of cocoa-nut and shells, ground so as to fit closely together, and strung alternately so as to form a contrast between the white shell and the dark cocoa-nut.

It has already been mentioned that the Kingsmill Islanders are a warlike people. War, indeed, seems to be their chief business, and indeed their whole thoughts appear to

be given to fighting. Even their principal amusement is of a combant character. There is nothing which delights the Kingsmill Islanders so much as cock fighting, and large groups of the people may be seen seated in a circle, eagerly watching the progress of the combat which is taking place in the midst. Cock fighting is largely practised in many other countries, but is almost invariably accompanied by betting. The Malays, for example, are passionately fond of the sport, and wager whole fortunes upon it. Betting, however, has no charms for the Kingsmill Islander, whose martial soul is utterly absorbed in the fight, and does not require the additional excitement of betting.

This being the nature of the people, it is natural that their weapons should be of a formidable character. They are indeed exactly suitable to the fierce and bloodthirsty people by whom they are made. Instead of contenting himself with a club or a spear, the Kingsmill Islander must needs arm his weapons with sharks' teeth, which cut like so many lancets.

The spears and swords which are shown on the 1041st page are drawn from specimens in my collection, and are admirable examples of these extraordinary weapons.

For want of a better word, we must use the name of sword for these weapons, as they are constructed with edges, and are meant more for striking than thrusting. I have often wondered that in none of these weapons that I have seen, is the point tipped with a sharp bone, such as that of the sting-ray, or even with a shark's tooth. Perhaps they are formidable enough even for these ferocious islanders, as the reader may easily infer by looking at the illustration. By the side of each figure is a specimen of the shark's tooth drawn on an enlarged scale, partly to show the nature of the tooth itself, and partly to exhibit the principal methods by which it is fastened in its place.

On referring to these illustrations, the reader will see that the teeth are not merely sharply edged and pointed, but that their edges are finely and regularly serrated, so that their cutting power is greatly increased. Indeed, the weapons armed with these teeth have such a facility of inflicting wounds that they must be handled with the greatest caution. I have cut myself more than once with them, and visitors who insist upon handling them generally suffer for their curiosity.

Although these teeth are fastened to the blade of the weapon on the same principle, the makers vary the detail according to their own convenience. In the weapon represented in fig. 1, a slit runs along each edge, into which the bases of the teeth fit rather tightly. A hole is bored through the tooth, and a corresponding one through the edge of the sword, and each tooth is fixed in its

place by a piece of fine sinnet passed repeatedly through the holes, drawn tight, and neatly finished off. A plaited loop of broad sinnet serves to suspend the weapon round the wrist, and a piece of the hard, ivory-like skate-skin holds it in its place.

The next, fig. 2, shows a much more elaborate weapon, which, instead of consisting of a single piece, has one central blade and three auxiliary blades. Moreover, as the reader may see by carefully examining the illustration, there are four rows of teeth instead of two on each blade, and the teeth are larger and more deeply serrated than those of the other weapon. In this case the maker has most ingeniously contrived to spare himself the trouble of making a fresh tie for every tooth, which, as upwards of two hundred teeth are employed, would have been a very tedious business.

Firstly, he has shaped the wooden blades with four bold ridges, and cut a slight groove along each ridge, so as to keep the teeth straight. Instead of troubling himself to bore holes in the sword as well as in the tooth, he has laid along the edges of each groove a strip of elastic wood obtained from the rib of the palm leaf, which is as hard and elastic as whalebone. The sinnet has then been passed through the holes in the teeth, and over all them palm-leaf strips, so that one piece of sinnet serves to fasten four teeth. As in the other case, the sinnet is exceedingly fine, and is passed several times round the sword. It is observable that in this weapon the teeth have been most carefully selected and graduated, the largest and longest being near the handle, and diminishing equally to the point, where they are comparatively small.

The auxiliary blades diverge more than is shown in the illustration, and it is hardly possible to imagine a more formidable weapon, especially when employed against the naked skin of a savage. In actual warfare the Kingsmill Islander has a mode of protecting himself, which will be presently mentioned; but in a sudden skirmish or a quarrel the sword would be used with terrible effect. As may be inferred from its shape, it is not merely used as a striking weapon, but is driven violently backward and forward against the body of the antagonist, one or more of the blades being sure to take effect somewhere.

The next sword, fig. 3, has the teeth fixed exactly in the same manner as those of the many-bladed sword, as may be seen by reference to the single tooth, where is seen not only the tooth but the strips of leaf stem between which it is placed, and the mode of fastening off the sinnet. The wooden blade of this weapon is quite unlike that of the others, being marked with a rich black graining, to which the glittering white teeth form an admirable contrast.

The last of these swords, fig. 4, is remark-

able for the cross-guard. I cannot but think that the maker must have seen an European sword with a cross-guard, and made his own in imitation of it. Otherwise, without the least idea of the object of a guard, it is not easy to see why he should have armed the guard with teeth, especially in the centre, or where they come against the handle, and must be quite ineffectual.

The Kingsmill Islanders do not restrict the sharks' teeth to the swords, but also use them as armature to their spears. One of these spears, also in my collection, is fifteen feet in length, and about as formidable a weapon as can well be imagined. It is made of a very light wood, so that it may be wielded more easily, and at the butt is nearly as thick as a man's wrist, tapering gradually to the point. The butt is unarmed, and rounded for about four feet, so as to act as a handle, but from this point to the tip it is rather flattened, like the sword blades, for the more convenient reception of the teeth, which are fixed along each edge nearly to the point of the weapon. The teeth are fastened by means of the leaf ribs. In order to render it a more dangerous weapon, it is furnished with three projections, also armed with teeth, and made exactly like the auxiliary blades of the sword, though much smaller.

This remarkable spear is shown in the illustration No. 2, on the next page, accompanied by sections and a portion drawn on a larger scale, so as to show the mode of its construction. Fig. *a* represents the method in which the teeth are fastened to the weapon by the sinnet passing through the hole in the teeth and bound down by the cross loop under the little strips of wood. At fig. *b* is a section of the spear, showing the oval shape of the weapon, and the mode in which the teeth are supported by the wooden strips at each side. It is worthy of notice, that if the jaw of a saw-fish were to be cut through the section would present a wonderfully similar appearance.

In order to show more clearly the source whence the natives obtain such vast numbers of sharks' teeth, I have introduced a drawing of a shark's mouth on same page, taken from a specimen in my collection. The reader will see that the jaws are furnished with row after row of teeth, all lying upon each other, except the outer teeth, and constructed so that when one tooth is broken or falls out of the jaw, another takes its place.

In the jaw which is here figured, the teeth lie in five rows, and altogether there are three hundred of them — largest toward the middle of the jaw, and becoming gradually smaller toward the angles of the mouth. The native, therefore, has no difficulty either in procuring the requisite number of teeth, or in selecting them of the requisite shape and dimensions.

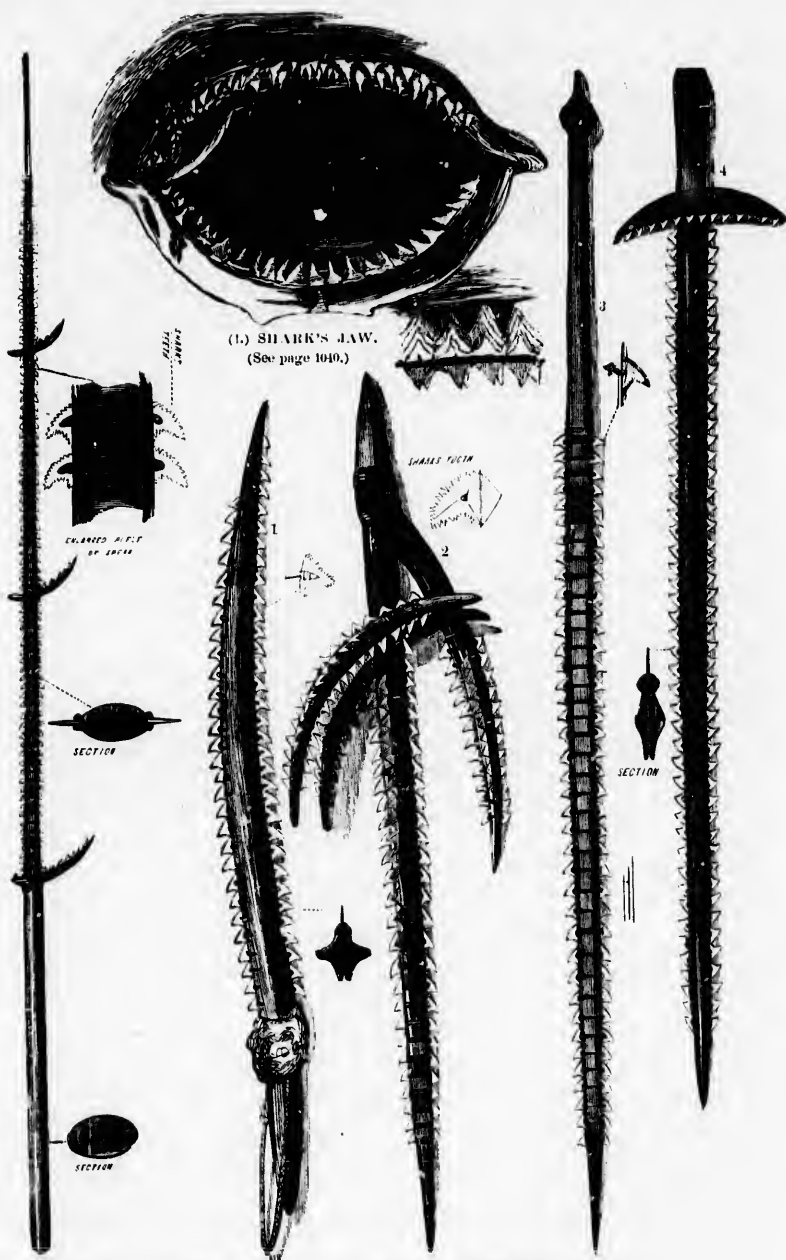
That they may look more imposing in battle, the chiefs wear a cap made of the skin of the diodon, or porcupine fish, which, when inflated, is covered with sharp spikes projecting in every direction, and upon this cap is fixed a bunch of feathers. Both sexes fight in battle, and both are killed indiscriminately, women and children being slaughtered as well as the warriors.

The chiefs, of whom mention has just been made, are the principal persons in the islands. With one exception, there is no chief who is looked upon as a king, ruling over subordinate chiefs, each being independent of the other. Government is carried on by a council of chiefs, the eldest taking the first place, and the others being reckoned by seniority. To this council are referred crimes of great importance, while those of lesser moment are left to be punished by the offended person and the relatives. The solitary exception to the independence of the chiefs is in the three islands Apamama, Nanouki, and Koria, which are governed by the chief of Apamama.

Each chief has a mark peculiar to himself, and when a stranger arrives, and can place himself under the protection of a chief, he receives the mark of his protector. The symbol is a very simple one, and consists of a patch on the forehead, made of some colored paint, and a stripe drawn down the middle of the face as far as the chin. Next in rank to the chiefs come the land-holders, and the slaves form the third and last division of the people.

In order to accommodate the council of chiefs and the people in their public assemblies, there is in every village a central town-house, called the Mariapa. It is built very much after the fashion of the Samoan houses, having an enormous arched roof, and the walls being composed of posts and matting. It might be thought from their warlike and ferocious character that the Kingsmill Islanders are cannibals. Such, however, is not the case. It is very true that in some instances portions of a human body have been eaten. For example, if a celebrated warrior is killed, the victors sometimes cook the body, and each eats a small portion of it. This however is done, not from any predilection for human flesh, but from a feeling of revenge, and probably from some underlying notion that those who partake of such food also add to themselves a portion of the courage which once animated the body. Animated by the same spirit, they preserve the skulls of such warriors, and use them as drinking vessels.

The skulls of the dead are always preserved by their friends, provided that they have died natural deaths, or their bodies been recovered in battle. The body is first laid out on mats for eight days, being every day washed, oiled, and laid out in the sunshine at noon, while the friends mourn,



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dance, and sing praises of the dead. The body is then buried for a time, and lastly, the skull is removed, cleaned, oiled, and stowed away. Each family preserve the skulls of their ancestors, and, occasionally, bring them out, oil them afresh, wreath them with flowers, and set food before them. When a family change their residence, they take the skulls with them.

In one portion of the Kingsmill group, Pitt Island, or Makin, there exists the most extraordinary funeral ceremony in the world. The body is washed, oiled, exposed to the sun, and wailed over, as already related. But, after the first wailing, it is laid on a new mat spread over a great oblong plate or tray made of tortoise-shell sewed together. A

number of persons seat themselves opposite each other on the floor of the house, and support the plate on their knees as long as they are able. When they are tired, they are relieved by others, and thus the body is borne by friends and relations for two years, the bearers relieving each other at intervals. During this time a fire is kept burning in the house, and is never extinguished night or day.

After the two years have expired, the head is removed, and the skull cleaned and preserved, as has been already mentioned, and not until that time are the bones wrapped up in mats and buried. The place where the warriors have been interred is marked with three stones.

CHAPTER CVI.

THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

DRESS — AMUSEMENTS — WAR — BURIAL.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME — APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES — THEIR DRESS — THE ELABORATE TATTOO OF THE MEN — DIFFERENCE IN STATURE BETWEEN THE SEXES — CARE OF COMPLEXION — A BLEACHING PROCESS — A MAN IN FULL DRESS — MODES OF WEARING THE HAIR — THE CHIEF'S NECKLACE — CLOSE SHAVING — PECULIAR HEADRESS — METHOD OF OBTAINING FEATHERS — ARCHITECTURE IN THE MARQUESAS — AMUSEMENTS — DANCING AND STILT-WALKING — THE AMPHI- THEATRE OR PAHOA — WAR — TROPHIES OF VICTORY — MODE OF WARFARE — DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY — ETIQUETTE OF WAR — REPLACING A PRISONER — CANOES AND FISHING — FLY-FISHING IN THE MARQUESAS — BURIAL CUSTOMS.

WE now come to that very interesting group of islands called the MARQUESAS, or MENDANA ISLANDS. Both these names derive their origin from the Spanish navigator Mendana, who discovered them nearly two hundred years ago. The discoverer named them Los Marquesas de Mendoza, in compliment to the then Viceroy of Peru, and by many succeeding voyagers the islands have been called by the name of their discoverer.

The character of the islands is rather peculiar, and very picturesque. They are craggy, mountainous, and volcanic, having exceedingly lofty peaks in the centre, which look at a distance as if they were the ruins of vast buildings. Being situated near the equator, their temperature is warm, and, as at the same time they are well watered, the vegetation is peculiarly luxuriant. Like most of the Polynesian Islands, the Marquesas are surrounded with coral reefs; but these are not so large as is generally the case, so that, although the navigation among them is not so difficult as in many islands, the ships do not find that protection from storms which is afforded by the great coral reefs of other islands.

The inhabitants are splendid specimens of humanity, the men being remarkable for their gigantic size, great strength, and fine shape, which emulates those of the ancient Greek statues. One of the chiefs was measured carefully, and was found to be six

feet eight inches in height, and said that he knew another chief who was at least a foot taller than himself.

In general they wear but little raiment, a slight piece of bark cloth round the waist being the only garment which they think needful, the place of clothing being supplied by the tattoo. There are many nations where this decoration is worn; but there are no people on the face of the earth who carry it out so fully as do the Marquesans, every part of their bodies, even to the crown of the head and the fingers and toes, being covered with the pattern. The "Tattooed chiefs" on the opposite page illustrate the extent to which the Marquesans carry this custom. This extreme elaboration is only to be found in the men, the women contenting themselves with a bracelet or two tattooed on their arms, and a few similar ornaments here and there. A very interesting description of the tattooing of the Marquesans is given in Langsdorff's "Travels."

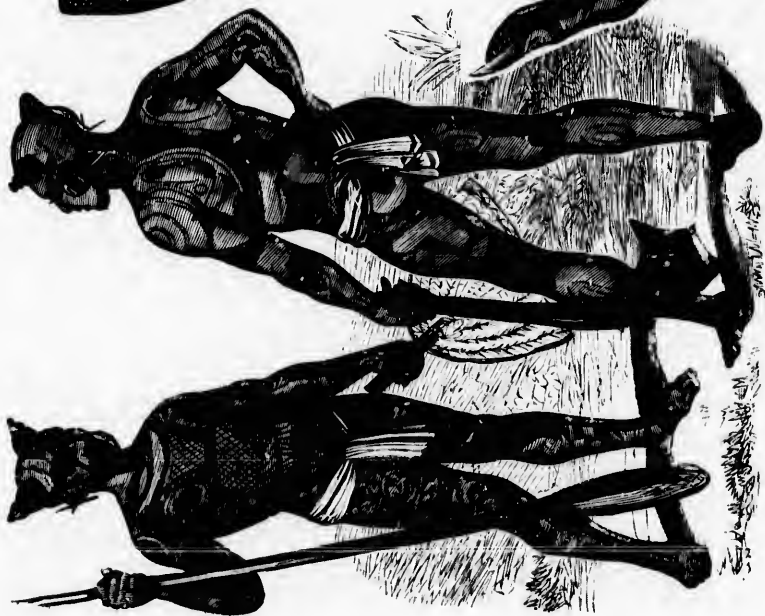
"Sometimes a rich islander will, either from generosity, ostentation, or love to his wife, make a feast in honor of her when she has a bracelet tattooed round her arm, or perhaps her ear ornamented. A hog is then killed, and the friends of both sexes are invited to partake of it, the occasion of the feast being made known to them. It is expected that the same courtesy should be returned in case of the wife of any of the guests

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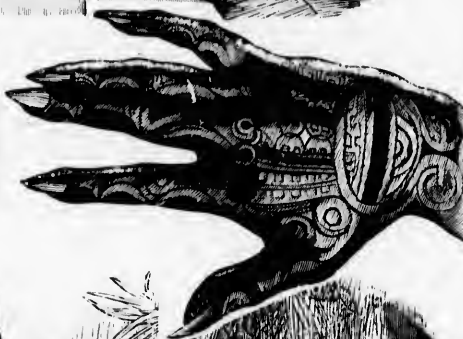
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(1) TATTOOED MARQUESAN CHIEFS. (See page 1048.)



(2) NECK ORNAMENT.
(See page 1048.)



(3) CHIEF'S HAND. (See page 1047.)



(4) MARQUESAN CHIEF. (See page 1049.)

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being punctured. This is one of the few occasions on which women are allowed to eat hog's flesh.

"If, in a very dry year, bread-fruit, hogs, roots, and other provisions, become scarce, any one who has a good stock of them (which commonly happens to the chief), in order to distribute the stores, keeps open table for a certain time to an appointed number of poor artists, who are bound to give in return some strokes of the tattoo to all who choose to come for it. By virtue of a tapu, all these brethren are engaged to support each other, if in future some happen to be in need while the others are in affluence.

"The same person may be a member of several of these societies; but, according to what we could learn, a portion must always be given to the priest, or magician, as he is called, even if he be not a member. In a time of scarcity, also, many of the people who have been tattooed in this way unite as an absolute troop of banditti, and share equally among each other all that they can plunder or kill.

"The figures with which the body is tattooed are chosen with great care, and appropriate ornaments are selected for the different parts. They consist partly of animals, partly of other objects which have some reference to the manners and customs of the islands; and every figure has here, as in the Friendly Islands, its particular name. Upon an accurate examination, curved lines, diamonds, and other designs are often distinguishable between rows of punctures, which resemble very much the ornaments called a *la Grecque*.

"The most perfect symmetry is observed over the whole body. The head of a man is tattooed in every part; the breast is commonly ornamented with a figure resembling a shield; on the arms and thighs are strips sometimes broader, sometimes narrower, in such directions that these people might be very well presumed to have studied anatomy, and to be acquainted with the course and dimensions of the muscles.

"Upon the back is a large cross, which begins at the neck and ends with the last vertebra. In the front of the thigh are often figures which seem intended to represent the human face. On each side of the calf of the leg is an oval figure, which produces a very good effect. The whole, in fact, displays much taste and discrimination. Some of the tenderest parts of the body—the eyelids, for example—are the only parts not tattooed."

As may be seen by the illustration No. 2 on the 1045th page, even the hands are tattooed with the same minute care that is bestowed on the body. Each finger has its own pattern, so that the hand looks as if enclosed in a very tight-fitting glove. The reader will notice the great length of the nails. Among the Marquesans, as among the Chinese, very long nails are esteemed as a mark

of rank, being a proof that the wearer is not obliged to do any hard work.

This elaborate ornamentation answers the purpose of dress, and is considered as such. Indeed, it would be useless to undergo so much pain, and to pay the operator such costly fees, if the tattooing were to be hidden by clothing. The men, therefore, wear nothing but a slight cloth round their waists, and the women of rank a similar garment, with the addition of a larger piece which they throw over their bodies to keep off the darkening rays of the sun.

Few phenomena struck the earlier travellers more than the difference in appearance and stature between the men and the women; and the same writer who has just been quoted remarks more than once that it was difficult to believe that the undersized, stumpy, awkward women could have been the parents of the magnificent, gigantic, and graceful men. There is, however, a great distinction between the women of rank and those of the lower orders. As was afterward discovered, the better class of women, who for some time kept themselves aloof from the strangers, being well developed, and of a fair complexion, about which they were very careful, enveloped themselves in their bark cloths, and never ventured into the sunshine without holding over their heads a bunch of leaves by way of parasol.

So careful are they of their complexions, that if they find themselves getting sunburnt they have a mode of bleaching themselves again, which they adopt before all great ceremonies, though at the cost of much time and trouble. They take the sap of three trees, with which they anoint the whole body. The immediate effect of the mixture is to dye the skin of a deep black. The pigment is allowed to remain on the skin for six days, during which time the woman remains within the house. At the expiration of that time she bathes, when all the black dye comes off, and the skin is left beautifully fair.

A woman who has just undergone this process, and who has dressed herself in all her native finery, is a very striking object, her body being gracefully enveloped in bark cloth, her hair adorned with flowers, and her fair skin almost without ornament except upon the feet, hands, and arms, which appear as if she were wearing boots, gloves, and bracelets.

The mode of tattooing is almost exactly like that of the Samoan islanders, except that the "comb" is made of the wing-bone of the tropic bird. The operation is always conducted in certain houses belonging to the professional tattooers, who lay on these buildings a tapu, which renders them unapproachable by women. As is the case in Samoa, the best tattooers are men of great importance, and are paid highly for their services, a Marquesan thinking that he is

bound to be liberal toward a man to whom he is indebted for the charms which he values so highly. These men gain their skill by practising on the lower orders, who are too poor to pay for being tattooed, and who would rather wear a bad tattoo than none at all. A considerable amount is generally exacted at each operation, which lasts from three to six months; and so elaborate is the process, that a really complete tattoo can hardly be finished until the man is thirty years old.

By the time that the last piece of tattoo is executed, the first generally begins to fade, and if the man is rich enough he has the pattern renewed. Some men have been tattooed three times, and, as the patterns cannot be made to coincide precisely with each other, the result is that the whole skin becomes nearly as dark as that of a negro. In this state it is greatly admired, not because the effect is agreeable to the eye, but because it is an indubitable mark of wealth. The pigment used in the tattooing is the well-known alcuria, or candle nut, burned to a fine charcoal and mixed with water.

The ornaments worn by the men are more imposing than those of the women. In the first place, they allow the hair to grow to a considerable length, and dispose of it in various ways. For a number of years it is tied in a bunch on the top of the head; but when the man is rich enough to be entirely tattooed, he shaves all the head with the exception of a patch at each side, in order to allow the pattern of the tattoo to be extended over his head. In such a case, the tuft of hair at each side is still suffered to grow long, but is twisted into a conical form, so as to make a sort of horn projecting outward over each temple. Examples of this curious mode of wearing the hair may be seen in the illustration No. 1, on page 1046.

Sometimes a man may be seen wearing the whole of his hair in curled ringlets. Such men are cultivating a crop for sale, as the Marquesans are very fond of decorating with these ringlets the handles of their spears and clubs, and of making them into ornamental figures which are worn on the ankles. The most valued of these decorations are long white human beards, which are grown for the express purpose, and sold at a very high price. The purchaser uses them either as plumes for his head or as ornamental appendages to his conch-shell trumpet. One of these beards is now always reckoned as equivalent in value to a musket, and before fire-arms were introduced was estimated at an equally high rate.

The ear ornaments of the Marquesan men are very curious. An univalve shell, of a dead-white color, is cut into a circular shape, and filled with a sort of cement made of the resin and wood of the bread-fruit tree. Into this cement is pressed an ivory stem, carved

with figures in relief, so that the whole ornament looks like a very large white-headed nail. The stem is pushed through a hole in the lobe of the ear, so that the head of the nail projects forward, as seen in the right-hand figure of "tattooed chiefs" on page 1046. The name of the ornament is "taiana."

Ornaments made of whales' teeth are as fashionable among the Marquesans as among the Polynesians, and are worn by the chiefs suspended round their necks. Wooden ornaments bleached white are also used, and others are cut from shells. One ornament of which they are very fond is made from wood, wax, and seeds. It is in the form of a horseshoe, the framework being made of wood, which is thickly covered with wax. Into this are pressed the pretty black and scarlet seeds of the *Abur precatorius*, arranged in rows radiating to the circumference. One of these ornaments is shown in the illustration No. 3, on the same page and is drawn from a specimen in my collection. It measures eight inches in diameter, and is slightly concave on the outside, and convex on the inside. Very great pains have been taken in arranging the seeds; they are placed in a regular series of double rows, the black portion of each seed being pressed into the wax, so that only the brilliant scarlet portion is visible. Upward of eight hundred beads have been used in making this ornament, so that the trouble which is taken by the natives is very great.

Some of the chiefs wear a very curious ornament, which seems to take the place of the hair which they shave from their own heads, and is nothing more than a large bunch of hair cut from the head of a wife. As a rule, the Marquesan removes all hair from the body, except from the head, only one or two of the very old men allowing a few straggling hairs on the chin.

In Langsdorff's travels an amusing incident occurred, illustrative of that feeling. In those days close shaving was the custom in Europe, so that when the officers went on shore they were found to have conformed to the fashion of the islands. They were talking very amicably together, when suddenly a chief stared intently into the face of one of the officers, and, with horror depicted in his features, rushed forward, and grasped him tightly. The officer naturally thought that he was going to be murdered; but the fact was, that the Marquesan had actually discovered a hair on his face, and was going to pull it out with his shell tweezers.

When they wish to be considered as wearing full dress, the better class of men wear a most elaborate cap, made of fibre, feathers, and shells. First, a broad fillet is plaited from coconut fibre, so as to pass round the forehead, after the manner of a cap without a crown. On the centre of this fillet is fixed a large plate of mother-of-pearl, decorated with carving. In the middle of this

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plate is fixed a smaller but similarly shaded plate of tortoise-shell, and in the middle of that a still smaller disc of pearl shell. Some headdresses have three of these ornaments, as is the case with that which is figured in the Marquesan chief on the 1046th page.

In the fillet are also fastened a number of feathers, either from the tail of the cock or from that of the tropic bird, so that when the fillet is bound on the forehead the feathers will stand upright. The feathers of the tropic bird are greatly prized by the natives, who use them for various ornaments, and display great ingenuity in procuring them. Instead of killing the birds, and so stopping the supply of feathers, they steal upon them when they are asleep, and dexterously twitch out the two long tail-feathers. In process of time the feathers grow again, and so the supply is kept up. I mention the custom because it is contrary to the recklessness respecting the future which is usually found among savages.

The houses of the Marquesans are rather peculiar, especially those of the better kind. The native builder begins with making a platform of large stones, many of them being so enormous that ten or twelve men are required to move them. This platform is from ten to eleven feet high, and about thirty feet long by twelve wide. Upon this is erected the house, which is built with the back very much higher than the front, so that the roof slopes considerably; the back being perhaps twelve or more feet in height, and the front only five feet. The door is naturally small, and no one can enter without stooping. The walls at the end are no higher than that of the front, so that a considerable portion of each end is left open. As, however, the climate of the Marquesas is so equable, this is rather an advantage than otherwise.

The interior of the house is divided into two portions, one of which is left bare, with no covering to the stony floor, while the other part is considered as the dwelling-place, and the floor is covered with mats. The walls are also covered with matting. Near the back wall is the strangely made family bed. Two horizontal poles are placed about six feet apart, and a foot or so from the ground, and the space between them is filled with dry grass covered with mats. The sleepers lie on the mats, resting the back of their heads on one pole, and their feet on the other, and pass the night in this position, which seems to have been invented for the purpose of making the sleepers as uncomfortable as possible. Round the walls are hung the weapons and implements of the owner, such as spears, clubs, stils, drums, slings, axes, and similar articles. The houses are always placed near trees, so that they may have the advantage of shade.

The Marquesans have a curious custom of

erecting small and highly decorated buildings in honor of the children of great chiefs. These buildings are considered as acknowledgments of the legitimacy of the children; and if they were omitted, the parents would consider themselves insulted. They are protected by tapu, and after they are made are not repaired, but allowed to decay. Dr. Bennett, in his "Whaling Voyage round the Globe," thus describes these edifices:—

"This compliment had been paid to Entiti's daughter at Vaitahi a few weeks before our arrival. It consisted of two small huts, neatly built with peeled hibiscus rods, which were covered with white tappa (bark cloth) and stained cocoa-nut sinnet. The interior was occupied by many of the same rods ranged vertically, graduated in height, and entwined with bunches of herbs. The face of the building was ornamented by a few boards, painted with mystic figures in black and red.

"The white and delicate appearance of the hibiscus rods, the fluttering pennants of fine tappa, and the various gaudy hues employed, gave the entire edifice a fantastic and imposing appearance. A low stone wall enclosed the two huts, and within its precincts were several bundles of cocoa-nut leaves placed upright, and intended to represent the tutelary deities of the spot. A striking edifice of the same description had been erected in honor of Entiti's son at Anamahi, the territory of his guardian. It differed from that dedicated to his sister in being placed on an elevated stone platform, as well as in having a long wicker basket placed at the entrance."

In every village there is a sort of amphitheatre, in which the dancing and similar amusements are conducted. For this purpose the natives choose a sheltered and level spot, surrounded on all sides with rising banks. The middle of the amphitheatre is carefully smoothed and covered with mats, and the rising banks serve as seats for the spectators.

When a dance is to be performed, the mats are laid afresh, and a large amount of food is prepared. The spectators take the food with them, and, seated on the banks, remain there throughout the greater part of the day. The dances are not very graceful, consisting principally of jumping, without moving from the same spot. Various ornaments are used by the dancers, the most curious of which are the finger-rings, which are made of plaited fibre, adorned with the long tail-feathers of the tropic bird. When women dance they are not allowed to wear clothing of any description, and this for a curious reason. None dance except those whose husbands or brothers have been killed in war or taken prisoners, and the absence of clothing is accepted as an expression of sorrow on their part, and of vengeance on the part of the spectators.

They have several other amusements, which are conducted in this theatre, or *pahoua*, as it is called. The Marquesans are most accomplished stilt-walkers, and go through performances which would excite the envy of any professional acrobat. One of the games in which they most delight is a race on stilts, in which each performer tries, not only to distance his opponents, but to cross their course and upset them. They are such adepts at this pastime that they walk over the rough stones of the house platform with ease and security.

If the reader will refer to the portrait of the Marquesan chief, he will see that the head is not only decorated with the feather fillet, but is also covered with a veil that falls on either side of the face. This is a mark of war, and is worn when chiefs go into battle. The Marquesans do not use the bow and arrow, but they throw spears, sling stones, and use clubs. The slings are made of plaited grass, and are very powerful, often exceeding five feet in length, and carrying stones of a considerable size. The spears are generally about ten feet long, and the clubs are carved out of hard wood, which is made harder by burying the weapons for a considerable time in the mud.

They are fierce in war, and are never satisfied until they have gained a trophy of victory. When a Marquesan kills an enemy, he cuts off the head of his fallen antagonist, tears open the skull, and eats the brain. He then cleans the skull very carefully, adorns it with tufts of bristles, and slings it by a cord to his girdle. When he goes to battle again he always carries this trophy with him, partly on account of the respect in which it is held by his comrades, and partly in order to strike awe into the enemy by the sight of so redoubtable a warrior.

According to most travellers, the Marquesans are a quarrelsome people among themselves, and much addicted to making raids in each other's districts. These districts are generally divided from each other by natural boundaries, such as mountain-spurs and ridges, many of which are of enormous height, and so steep and precipitous as to be almost inaccessible. The worst part of their mode of warfare is not the cruelty exercised on the vanquished warriors, but on the destruction to property, and the distress inflicted on non-combatants.

When one chief intends to make war upon another, he tries to steal by night into the district of his enemy, and silently damages all the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees he can find. The former are stripped of their bark, and, though their vitality is so great that they are not absolutely killed by the injury, they bear no more fruit for five years, and thus the whole population are deprived of an essential article of diet, and for a long time are reduced to great straits for want of food.

The cocoa-nut trees are killed after a different manner. The destroyer walks up the tree after the mode employed by these islanders; namely, by applying the palms of his hands to either side of the trunk, and so ascending the tree in monkey fashion. He then bruises with a stone the central shoot, or "cabbage" of the palm, and descends the tree, knowing that it must soon die. The reason for the fatal nature of the injury is, that the tree is an endogenous one, and consequently the destruction of the central bud involves the death of the tree. Sometimes the tree is killed in another way, a sea-slug (*bêche-demer*) being laid at the root of the "cabbage," killing the tree as it decays.

Quarrelsome as they are and cruel to the persons and property of the vanquished, they have yet some slight etiquette in war, one rule of which is so curious that it must be given in the relator's own words:—

"June 18.—Captain Riggs of the *General Gates*, just arrived from the Marquesas, informs us that he has had a narrow escape of his life there. At the island of Nukaliva, as he was attempting to go on shore, a native chief, assisted by a posse of dependants, seized and carried him off, stripped him of his clothing, and then presented him to the king, an infirm old man, who took him under his protection. That protection, however, could have little availed him, for the sovereign had not power to set the prisoner at liberty unless a suitable ransom were paid for him.

"The captors first demanded five muskets and five barrels of gunpowder, which being agreed to, they rose in their violent extortion, and required more; and this also being conceded, they still refused to liberate him unless their rapacity was still further gratified. The captain then resolutely stood out, and insisted on being set at liberty, at the same time having but small hopes of obtaining it, or any other issue of his captivity except to be killed and eaten by these cannibals, some of whom had conspired to spear him, but the king's authority restrained their violence.

"At length, however, the terms of ransom being settled, he was ordered to be released; but here an unexpected difficulty arose. The law of the land requires that whoever captures another on board of a boat must, when the prisoner is at liberty, carry him down to the water again, and re-instate him in the same situation as he was found. This the cowardly and treacherous chief, who had readily acted the part of kidnapper, was unwilling to do, lest he should be shot from the ship. The obligation, however, being indispensable, he obtained the captain's assurance that no harm should be attempted against him, and then performed the ungracious office. When Captain Riggs had reached his vessel, the natives on the shore gave three hideous howls,

which were returned by three hearty cheers of the crew."

Finding that their captive had been so profitable to them, the natives tried boldly to take the ship, and displayed equal ingenuity and daring in their attempt. On the same evening a native was detected in trying to cut the cable, and was shot for his temerity. Finding that an open assault of this kind was useless, the natives, who are wonderful divers, swam off to the ship, carrying with them a rope, one end of which they fastened to the rudder, well under the water, the other end being carried ashore. Fortunately this trick was discovered in time to save the ship, and had not the rope been seen, the natives would have waited until the vessel weighed anchor, and then have dragged her ashore.

In the above narrative the Marquesans are described as cannibals. It is, however, very doubtful whether they can be justly charged with this revolting custom.

The canoes of the Marquesans are furnished with outriggers, after the custom of all Polynesia, and are well-built and swift vessels. They have, besides the outrigger, a small stage projecting over the stem, on which the steersman stands when the vessel is under sail. The bow of the canoe is much turned up in front, probably for the purpose of acting as a defence to the rowers, when advancing against an enemy.

They are very skilful in the fishing art, both with line and net. They have different modes of using both these implements. When they fish with the line, they sometimes bait the hook, pass the line over the side, and angle in the mode adopted in this country. But when they fish for the albacore, they employ a totally different method, which bears some resemblance to fly fishing, except that the bait is not made to represent an insect, but a fish.

A very ingenious imitation of a flying fish is made by cutting the shape of the fish out of a mother-of-pearl shell, and inserting a long tuft of hog's bristles at either side to represent the wing fins, and another at the extremity to do duty for the tail. This is armed with a hook, and fastened to one end of a line, the other end of which is attached to the top of a long bamboo rod planted in the stern of the canoe. Sail is hoisted, and the vessel is driven over the waves at full speed, the sham flying-fish leaping and bounding through the air in a manner that wonderfully resembles the action of the living fish. The albacore naturally takes the bait for a real fish, leaps at it, and is caught before it has time to discover the imposition.

Net fishing is carried on in several modes, but the most curious and perhaps the most sportsmanlike plan is that which compels the fisherman to pursue his occupation under water. He takes with him a hand-

net and a stick about two feet in length, jumps into the water, and dives among the coral, holding his net over the nooks and crevices with one hand, while with the stick he drives the fish out of their hiding places into the net.

By this mode of fishing great numbers are captured, but the fisherman is always exposed to two dangers. In the first place, there is a chance that a shark may come up unobserved, and carry off a limb, even if it does not kill the man. The Marquesans are such excellent swimmers that they care little for a shark as long as they can see him, and it is only when the terrible fish darts unexpectedly out of a hiding place that they know any real fear.

Sometimes a rather strange circumstance occasions the death of the diver. It has already been mentioned that up to the time when a man can afford to have his head tattooed he wears his hair very long, and tied up in a knot on the crown of his head. Before going into the water, the natives untie the fillet, and allow the hair to float down their backs. It has occasionally happened that a diver, who has thus prepared himself, finds, when he tries to rise to the surface of the water, that his long floating hair has become entangled in the branching coral; and, as he has already remained under water nearly as long as his breath will last, he is sometimes drowned before he has time to extricate himself.

When a Marquesan dies a natural death, his relatives make great preparation for his funeral, including the usual accompaniment of feasting. They send for a "tana," or priest, who makes a long oration over the corpse, which is then delivered to the relatives, who have a long and disagreeable task before them. They first wash the body thoroughly, and then rub it with cocoanut oil, laying it in the sun, and turning it continually. Several times daily the corpse is newly anointed, until at last the combined effects of the sun and oil reduce it to a mummy. Wrapped in cloth, it is laid on a bier, and deposited in the cemetery.

Each district has its cemetery, or "mora," which is adorned with gigantic human figures carved in wood, and similar decorations. It is surrounded by a wall, and held in great respect by the inhabitants of its district. Unfortunately, the inhabitants of other districts hold it in no respect at all, and, when war is declared, try to steal out of the mora the body of any man of rank. When, therefore, war seems to be imminent, the bodies are carried away and hidden, or sometimes buried. A similar custom prevails in many parts of Polynesia, and Mr. Williams mentions an instance where a man climbed an apparently inaccessible precipice with a corpse lashed to his back, placed the body on a lofty shelf, and descended in safety.

CHAPTER CVII.

NIUE, OR SAVAGE-ISLAND.

ORIGIN—COSTUME—LAWS—BURIAL.

REASON FOR THE NAME OF THE ISLAND—SINGULAR LEGEND—THE SAILOR AMONG THE SAVAGES—
APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—A SAVAGE WAR DANCE—MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR—COS-
TUME OF THE MEN—A CURIOUS WEAPON—PRESUMED ORIGIN OF THE SAVAGE ISLANDERS—
DEFEAT OF THE TONGANS—CODE OF LAWS AND PUNISHMENTS—CANOE MAKING—SAILING—
NIUAN ARCHITECTURE—DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

BETWEEN the Hervey and the Tongan groups, there lies an island which was called by Captain Cook "SAVAGE ISLAND," on account of the behavior of the natives, who not only declined his overtures of peace, but attacked him "like so many wild boars." The native name of the island is Niue.

This ferocity of theirs is due to an ancient custom of putting to death all strangers who land on their shores, a fate from which even their own people do not escape, if they have been absent for any length of time. The history of this strange people has of late years become better known, owing to the exertions of the missionaries, who have discovered that fear rather than ferocity was the cause of this savage custom. They had an idea that their island was naturally free from disease, and that all ailments were brought by foreigners, and they in consequence had a law that all foreigners should be killed as soon as they could be captured.

On one occasion a native teacher narrowly escaped death in consequence of his absence. He was obliged to exert all his powers of eloquence to persuade his countrymen to spare him for a time, so that he might keep himself far away from their residence, and purify himself by the healthy air of Niue.

When Mr. Williams visited the island, he contrived to induce two lads to go off with him for the purpose of being instructed. They were at first very miserable on board, and howled incessantly for the first few days, thinking that the white sailors were cannibals and that they were only carried

off to be fattened and eaten. Finding, however, that the sailors were eating pork, and not human flesh, they became reconciled to their lot, and were even pleased at the prospect of seeing new lands. These lads were taken to Raietca, and, having been educated for their task, were sent home again. Unfortunately, soon after their arrival, an epidemic disease spread over the island, and the natives, naturally attributing it to the two travellers, killed them both.

The first white man who landed there since the time of Cook met with a singular fate. A ship was lying off the island, and bartering with the natives. Just as the ship got under weigh, the master flung one of the sailors overboard among the savages, who took him on shore, and held a great debate as to the course to be pursued. Some were for keeping up the old custom, and killing him, but others argued that the man had not landed of his own free will, and that he ought not to be liable to the usual penalty, even though salt water was in his eye—this being the mark of a shipwreck.

After a vast amount of discussion they agreed to a compromise, put him into a canoe, gave him a quantity of bananas and cocoa-nuts, and sent him out to sea. The man contrived to slip on shore again without being seen, and, after hiding in caves for some days, he succeeded in getting on board a whaler that was passing near the island.

The appearance of the natives as they were before the missionaries came to them was anything but prepossessing. Mr. Williams gives a graphic account of an old chief who was induced, after much trouble, to come on

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(1.) THE WAR DANCE OF THE NIUANS. (See page 1055.)



(2.) PRESENTING THE CLOTH. (See page 1060.)

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board. "His appearance was truly terrific. He was about sixty years of age, his person tall, his cheek-bones raised and prominent, and his countenance most forbidding. His whole body was smeared with charcoal, his hair and beard were long and gray, and the latter, plaited and twisted together, hung from his mouth like so many rat's tails. He wore no clothing except a narrow strip of cloth round his loins, for the purpose of passing a spear through, or any other article he might wish to carry.

"On reaching the deck the old man was most frantic in his gesticulations, leaping about from place to place, and using the most vociferous exclamations at everything he saw. All attempts at conversation with him were entirely useless, as we could not persuade him to stand still for a single second. Our natives attempted to clothe him, by fastening round his person a piece of native cloth, but, tearing it off in a rage, he threw it upon deck, and, stamping upon it exclaimed, 'Am I a woman, that I should be encumbered with that stuff?'

"He then proceeded to give us a specimen of a war dance, which he commenced by poising and quivering his spear, running to and fro, leaping and vociferating, as though possessed by the spirit of wildness. Then he distorted his features most horribly by extending his mouth, gnashing his teeth, and forcing his eyes almost out of their sockets. At length he concluded this exhibition by thrusting the whole of his long grey beard into his mouth, and gnawing it with the most savage vengeance. During the whole of the performance he kept up a loud and hideous howl. On the preceding page the artist has given the reader an illustration of this singular war dance of the Niuanis.

These islanders do not use the tattoo, though they are fond of decorating their bodies with paint. Those who come on board European vessels are delighted to be adorned with streaks and spots of red and green paint, especially the latter, which is a novelty to them, and for which they are willing to pay highly. At a little distance, they look much as if they were suffering from some cutaneous disease, but a closer inspection shows that their appearance is partly due to the salt of the sea crystallizing on their oiled bodies, and partly to the multitudinous flies which settle upon them.

The hair is sometimes seen very short and sometimes very long, and this is the case with both sexes. They allow it to grow to a considerable length, and when it is a foot or eighteen inches long, they cut it off, and plait it into thin bands which are worn round the waist. The men prize these ornaments highly, and Captain Hood thinks that the love-locks are exchanged, and are valued accordingly. The younger men do not wear their beards, but the elders

suffer them to grow to a great length, plait them, and adorn them with pieces of oyster or clam shell. They know the art of coloring the hair a yellowish red by the application of lime.

As to dress, the men think it quite needless, and wear nothing but the belt round the waist. Some, however, wear a very small apron, only ten or twelve inches square, and this is considered rather in the light of ornament than of dress. They are of moderate stature, rather under than over the middle height, thus forming a strong contrast to the gigantic Marquesans and Samoans. The natural color of the skin is a clear brown, and their limbs are round and well shaped.

In weapons, they use the spear, the club, and the bow, all made well and neatly. They do not seem to invade other islands, and their warfare is therefore waged mostly among themselves. It seems rather strange that in an island only thirty miles in circumference war should exist, but in Nine, the usual Polynesian custom exists of dividing an island into several districts, among which is perpetual feud.

They use a very curious weapon. On their island are a number of caves in the coral limestone, similar in character to that which has been described in page 1006, though not approached in the same curious manner. From the roof hang vast numbers of stalactites, from which water continually drops. Indeed, the natives owe their fresh water almost entirely to these caves, and since the missionaries came to reside among them have learned to collect it by digging wells in the caves, into which the water flows, and so insure a certain instead of a precarious supply. The floor of the caves is covered with stalagmitic masses, and from these the natives make oval balls about the size of cricket balls, which they hurl from the hand with wonderful force and accuracy, not using the sling, as is the case with so many Polynesian tribes. Specimens of these balls are in the Christy collection.

These caves are evidently due to the character of the island, which is partly coral and partly volcanic, the coral having been upheaved by volcanic force, leaving the surface fissured and broken by the sudden violence of the shock. The native legend respecting the origin of the island points to the same conclusion. They state that the island was raised to its present elevation by two of their ancestors, named Hananaki and Fao, who swam there from Tonga, and found the island only just above the waves. They stamped twice upon it, the first stamp elevating the island to its present height, and the second clothing it with trees and plants. They made wives for themselves out of the Ti tree, and so the island became peopled. We may easily see in this tradition a record of the two facts that the island

was elevated suddenly from the sea, and that the inhabitants are not aborigines, but emigrants from some other part of Polynesia, probably from Tonga. Though they believe themselves to be derived from this origin, they have been subject to invasion from the restless and daring Tongans, whom they repulsed by an ingenious stratagem. The Tongans, possessed of far better weapons and better disciplined than the Niue islanders, and being equally courageous, were rapidly completing the conquest of the island, when the natives took advantage of the peculiar formation of their country.

The reader will remember that Niue is rocky, and covered with deep and narrow clefts, the result of the upheaval which elevated the island above the sea. Across one of these the Niuan laid small branches, which they covered with banana and coconut leaves, and then strewn over all a slight covering of earth, which they arranged so as to look exactly like the surrounding soil. They then executed a sham retreat, and slipped round to the further side of the chasm, so that the Tongans, flushed with victory, rushed on their retreating enemies with yells of triumph, and a great number of the foremost and best warriors were hurled down to the bottom of the cavern. Before the survivors could recover from their surprise, an attack was made upon them in overwhelming numbers, and of the whole Tongan expedition not a man escaped alive.

It was formerly thought that the Niuan were cannibals, but, as far as can be ascertained, the natives have never eaten human flesh. They do not even care for animal food of any kind; and, though at the present time they have pigs in abundance, they use them almost entirely for the market to European ships, contenting themselves with bananas, yams, taro, and fish. Strangely enough, they have not imported into Niue the custom of kava drinking, and they stand almost alone in their non-use of tobacco.

Polygamy is still practised among the inhabitants of Niue, though it is fast dying out under the influence of the missionaries, who have further conferred a vast boon on the people by their discouragement of infanticide, which at one time prevailed to a terrible extent. The mere check which they have placed on this custom has already raised the number of the population by more than three hundred—a considerable increase when the small size of the island is taken into consideration.

Even before the missionaries came, a tolerably comprehensive and just code of laws was in existence, so that the Niuan were in reality much less savage than many of their neighbors, and the missionaries had a better ground to work on than in other islands of more promising aspect. Their standard of morality was much higher than is usually the case among savages, infidelity

among women being severely punished. So great was their horror of this crime that illegitimate children were always thrown into the sea until the missionaries taught the people that, though the parents might be liable to punishment, the innocent children ought not to suffer.

Their punishment consisted generally in deprivation of food. For example, for some offences, the criminal was tied to a post, and allowed no food except bitter and acrid fruits, while for more serious offences he is lashed hand and foot to a bamboo for a considerable length of time, only sufficient food being given to save him from actually dying of starvation. For these punishments the missionaries have induced the natives to substitute forced labor in well sinking, road making, and other useful works.

The Niuan are good canoe-makers, constructing their vessels very neatly, and ornamenting them with devices in shells and mother-of-pearl. They manage these canoes well, and as a rule are excellent swimmers. There are, however, some families living in the interior of the island who, although they can be barely four miles from the sea, have never visited it, and are greatly despised by their neighbors because they can neither swim nor sail a canoe.

The native architecture is not particularly good, but it has been much improved by the instructions of the Samoan teachers, who have instructed the Niuan in their own mode of building houses, upon which the Niuan have engrafted their own mode of adornment, so that altogether the effect of a modern Niuan house is quaint, and at the same time artistic. The natives seem to be wonderfully quick at learning, and have even acquired the use of the pen, so that a Niuan can now be scarcely better pleased than by the gift of a pencil and a supply of white paper.

Nothing shows the wonderful advance that these people have made more than the fact that they have not only utterly discarded their old habit of murdering foreigners, but that they display the greatest eagerness to be taken as sailors on board European ships. They contrive to smuggle themselves on board without the knowledge of the captain and crew; and whereas in former times it was scarcely possible to induce a Niuan to venture on board an European ship, the difficulty is now, to find a mode of keeping them out of the vessels.

The method of disposing of the dead is twofold. When one mode is followed, the body is laid on a bier and left in the woods until all the flesh has decayed, when the bones are removed to the family burying-place, which is usually a cave in the limestone rock. When the other method is employed, the body is laid in a canoe, and sent adrift in the sea to go wherever the wind and tides may carry it.

CHAPTER CVIII.

THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

APPEARANCE, DRESS, AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

DISCOVERY OF THE ISLANDS, AND REASONS FOR THEIR NAMES—THE ISLAND OF TAHITI OR OTAHIEITE—CONFORMATION AND CLIMATE OF TAHITI—THEIR EFFECT UPON THE INHABITANTS—EFFEMINATE APPEARANCE OF THE MEN, AND BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN—SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE SEXES—GENERAL MODE OF LIFE IN TAHITI—SEPARATE TABLES FOR THE MEN AND WOMEN—POMARE'S CRUCIAL TEST, AND ITS RESULTS UPON IDOLATRY—DRESS OF THE SOCIETY ISLANDERS—NODES OF WEARING THE HAIR—TATTOOING IN TAHITI—MEANS EMPLOYED BY THE MISSIONARIES TO ABOLISH THE PRACTICE—HOSPITALITY OF THE TAHITANS—MODE OF MAKING PRESENTS—SOCIAL USE OF PRESENTS—THE BAKED I'OG AND THE CLOTH—DISTINCTIONS OF RANK—REASONS FOR OMAI'S FAILURE—EXTERNAL INDICATIONS OF RANK—REPORTMENT OF TAHITANS TOWARD THEIR SOVEREIGN—AMUSEMENTS OF THE TAHITANS—THEIR SONGS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—SURF RIDING—BOXING AND WRESTLING MATCHES.

THIS interesting group of islands was originally discovered in 1605 by De Quiros, and has derived the name of the Society Islands from the liberality of the Royal Society, which, in 1767, sent an expedition under Captain Cook for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus over the sun. There are many islands of this group, the best known of which is TAHITI, or OTAHIEITE, as the word was given in Cook's Voyages. This island forms one of a portion of the group which is distinguished by the name of the Georgian Islands, in honor of George III.

Tahiti is singularly picturesque when viewed from the sea, in consequence of its mountainous character, the island being so filled with lofty peaks and crags that the only way of reaching the interior is by following the courses of the valleys. Sometimes the rocks shoot up in a sharp and spire-like peaks, sometimes they run for miles in perpendicular precipices, several thousand feet in height; sometimes they are searped and angular like gigantic fortresses, sometimes they are cleft into ravines of terrible depth, and sometimes they are scooped out into hollows like the craters of extinct volcanoes.

Down these craggy steep darts torrents that fertilize the soil, and so equably genial is the temperature that every shelf and ledge is covered with luxuriant foliage and gorgeous flowers. Tahiti indeed, as has been well said, is the gem of the Pacific. Our

business, however, lies not so much with the island as with its inhabitants—not the semi-civilized people of the present day, but the uncivilized people of 1769, when Captain Cook visited them. In the following description, we will take Tahiti as the typical island of the Society group, merely introducing the lesser islands by way of illustration of the manners and customs which pervaded the whole group.

In consequence of the superior fertility of Tahiti, and the consequent supply of food without the need of labor, the Tahitians are more plump and rounded of form than are the inhabitants of most other Polynesian islands. In the case of the men, the fair skin and plump rounded forms give them an effeminate appearance, and the earlier voyagers have all noticed the strong contrast between the dark, nervous, and muscular frames of the Tongan men, and the fair, smooth limbs and bodies of the Tahitians. The men, too, wear their hair long, and, if it were not that they permit the beard to grow to some length, they would well deserve the epithet of effeminate.

Not only is this smoothness and fairness one of their distinguishing marks, but they also are characterized by a sort of languor in their movements and timidity in their carriage, very unlike the demeanor of the bold and warlike Tongans and Samoans. "This observation," writes Captain Cook,

"is fully verified in their boxing and wrestling, which may be called little better than the feeble efforts of children, if compared to the vigor with which those exercises are performed at the Friendly Islands."

They are so careful of their complexion that when they think their skins are becoming darkened by exposure to the sun, they have a mode of bleaching themselves. Captain Cook merely mentions that they remain within doors for a month or two, wear great quantities of clothing, and eat nothing but bread-fruit, this diet being supposed by them to have a strong bleaching power. It is probable, however, that besides the diet and the confinement within the house, they also employ some preparation similar to that which is used by the Marquesan women under similar circumstances.

The Tahitians place such reliance on the effect of food on complexion, that they believe themselves to change the hue of their skins several times in the year, owing to the kind of food on which, owing to the change of season, they are obliged to live. They do not, however, like many nations, think that corpulence is a mark of rank and wealth.

That fairness of skin and roundness of form which detract from the manly beauty of the male sex only add to the feminine charms of the women, who are far more beautiful even than those of Tonga, while they infinitely surpass the short, thickset women of the Marquesans. A Tahitian woman would be reckoned beautiful even among Europeans, the skin being fairer than that of many a Spanish girl, and the large full eyes and rich hair having a fascination peculiar to themselves, a charm which many travellers have endeavored to describe, and all, according to their own statements, have failed to convey in words.

Yet the lot of the Tongan women is far superior to that of the Tahitian. As we have already seen, the woman of Tonga is by no means the mere slave of the despotic husband, but is often his true helpmeet and best adviser. Among the Tahitians, however, we find that the effeminate, smoothlimbed, long-haired, fair-skinned man, who would not abide the charge of a Tongan boy, is a very tyrant at home, having no idea that women can be anything but chattels, and beating his wives, his dogs, or his pigs, with equal disregard of their feelings.

The women are not allowed to eat of various kinds of food, as they would offend the gods by so doing, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the gods do not permit the women to eat exactly those articles of food which the man likes best, such, for example, as turtle, and certain kinds of fish and plantain.

Neither are the women allowed to eat with their husbands, but take their meals in

a separate part of the house. This prohibition is the more galling because, in a well-to-do Tahitian's family, eating goes on all day with very short intervals. The family breakfast at eight, and have a first dinner or luncheon at eleven. Thus invigorated, they are able to wait until two, when they take their first dinner. This is followed by a second dinner at five and supper at eight, after which they retire to rest. But as it is manifestly impossible to go without food for twelve hours, they awake at two, take another meal, or "re-re-supper," and sleep again until daybreak.

As to the turtle, a certain sort of sanctity is attached to it. When one of these reptiles is caught, it is always sent to the king, who, however, does not cook so sacred a creature in his own house, but sends it to the temple, where it is offered to the idol. It is cooked in the marae, or sacred enclosure, and, after a portion has been taken by the priest for the idol, the remainder is sent back to the king. Unless this offering were made, the offender would immediately suffer from the vengeance of the offended god.

This custom was exploded by Pomaré about 1820. The king had long believed that the idols were nothing more than images, and that the gods were but human inventions, and determined to try the subject by a crucial test. He waited until his subjects had caught a turtle, and sent it to him according to the custom of the island. Instead of sending it to the marae, he had the turtle taken to his own kitchen and cooked there. It was then served up, and his whole household sat down with him to partake of it. No one, however, except the king, had the courage to eat a mouthful, and even Pomaré himself was in a state of nervous trepidation, and had very little appetite when he came to apply his test. However, he was a man of great moral courage, and though he could not eat much of the royal dainty, he ate enough to bring down upon him the wrath of the god.

Finding that no harm happened to him, he convened an assembly of the chiefs, and narrated the whole of the circumstances, telling them they were free to act as they liked, but that for his part he abjured idolatry from that time. The consequence was, that of their own accord the people voluntarily abandoned their idols, and either gave them to the missionaries, used them as seats, or put them in the fire with which food is cooked, the last proceeding being the very depth of degradation.

One of these raids on the idols was conducted after a very curious manner.

When the converts had reached the temple in which were deposited the idols that they had so long worshipped, their hearts failed them, and not a man dared to enter the house and lay his hands on the sacred images. They bethought themselves, how-

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ever, of trying the effect of fire-arms, with which they were furnished, and, in the presence of the terrified population, made ready to fire upon the idols. After calling upon the images, warning them that they were about to be fired upon, and calling upon them to avenge themselves if they could, they fired a volley into the house. Finding that no harm ensued, they advanced more boldly, and burned down the temple together with its occupants.

A curious instance of courage similar to that of Pomaré occurred at the island of Rurutu. A native teacher recommended at a public assembly that a feast should be held, and that the king, his chiefs, his people, and their wives should together partake of turtle and pork, both these articles of diet being prohibited to women in Rurutu. The test was accepted, and the party assembled, having by a curious coincidence selected ignorantly a piece of ground sacred to Oro, the vengeful god of war. That any one should eat on so sacred a spot would have been sufficient to draw upon the delinquents the full terrors of Oro's anger; but that men and women should eat together on the spot, and that women should absolutely eat both turtle and pork, were enormities almost too great to be conceived.

The feast took place, and, as writes Mr. Bennett, "when the Rurutians saw that, they said, 'No doubt they will die for this trespass on the sacred ground,' and looked earnestly, expecting some one to have swollen or fallen down dead suddenly; but after they had looked for a considerable time and saw no one come, they changed their minds, and said, 'Surely theirs is the truth; but perhaps the god will come in the night and kill them: we will wait and see.'"

"One man actually went in the night to the wife of the chief Anira, who also ate a part of a hog or turtle on the sacred spot, and said, 'Are you still alive?' When the morning arrived, and the Rurutians found that no harm had happened to any of them, they became exceedingly disgusted at their having been deceived so long by the evil spirit."

LIKE many other Polynesians, the Tahitians are of fair complexions, and very well made. Both men and women are good-looking, and many of the latter may be called beautiful, their graceful robe of bark cloth, and the flowers with which they love to entwine their hair setting off their charms in an admirable manner. It is rather strange, by the way, that the women of Eimeo, one of this group, are very inferior to those of the other islands, being darker, of lower stature, and not so graceful, and, as Captain Cook remarked, if a handsome woman were seen at Eimeo, she was sure to have come from another island.

The men dress in rather a variable man-

ner. All wear the primitive garment of Polynesia, namely, a piece of bark cloth passed round the waist, then through the legs, and the end tucked into the girdle. Over this garment many wear a sort of mantle made of finer cloth, gathered neatly round the waist, and sometimes flowing over their shoulders; while others wear the *tiputa*, or *tibuta*, a garment made in poncho fashion, with a hole in the middle through which the head passes, and hanging down in front and behind, but open at the sides. This garment is found in a very great number of Polynesian islands, the material and the form varying according to the locality. The bark cloth is made exactly after the fashion employed in Tonga and Samoa.

Both sexes usually cut their hair short, and sometimes crop it so closely at the crown of the head that it looks as if shaven. They anoint their locks freely with scented cocoa-nut oil, or with a resinous gum, which gives it a moist and glossy appearance, and causes it to retain the shape into which it is twisted. Beside the flowers worn in the hair and ears, and the garlands twisted round the head, the women wear a very elegant and striking ornament. They take the very young stipe of the cocoa-nut palm, peel it into long strips, and dry it. When properly prepared, it is of a glossy, pure white, looking much like white satin ribbon, and is worn twisted into rosettes and similar ornaments. The normal color of the hair is mostly black, but in some cases it takes a lighter and reddish hue. In children it is often light, but assumes a dark hue in the course of a few years.

The Tahitians think that the shape of the head is much improved by being flattened at the back. Accordingly, the mothers have a way of supporting their children during infancy by the heels and back of the head, and, as they think that the shape of the nose can be improved by art, they continually squeeze and press it with the hand while it is tender and plastic.

Tattooing was once much esteemed, and the operation was performed by means of a comb and mallet, as has been described when treating of Samoa. Professional artists executed the tattoo, and were accustomed to travel about the islands, remaining for some months at each spot, and being paid highly for each lad whom they decorated. The face was almost invariably left untouched; the bust, legs, arms, and even hands being covered with the graceful patterns. The women also employed the same decoration, but in a less degree, wearing the tattoo mostly on the arms, ankles, and feet, the latter being tattooed nearly half-way to the knees, so that at a little distance the woman looked as if she were wearing boots or socks fitting tightly to the skin. The missionaries, however, discouraged the tattoo, which by degrees came to be accepted as a

mark of a revolutionary spirit, and rendered the offender liable to punishment.

Mr. Bennett mentions two instances where old men were tattooed on the face as well as the body, one of them being a man who had been the high priest of the god Oro, the Polynesian Mars, who was worshipped with every accessory of bloodshed and cruelty. This deity, together with other objects of Tahitian worship, will be presently described.

The means that were employed to put an end to the practice of tattooing were of a very severe and rather despotic character. It was found that ordinary punishments were of little avail in checking a practice so much in consonance with the feelings and habits of the natives. Even after they had submitted themselves to the laws which the white colonists introduced, they could scarcely bring themselves to obey the edict which forbade the tattoo, and evaded it on every possible pretext. They would even voyage to another island, nominally on mercantile affairs, but in reality for the purpose of being tattooed while out of the reach of the white men and their laws.

As to the punishment which ensued, the delinquents cared little about it—the allotted task of road making or well digging was completed in time, whereas the decoration of the tattoo lasted throughout life. After trying to check the practice by various penal laws, the new legislators hit upon a plan described by themselves as merely disfiguring the pattern made by the tattoo. Dr. Bennett, however, uses more forcible terms. "The ancient practice of tattooing the skin is gradually declining amongst the Society Islanders generally. The missionaries have been much opposed to the custom, and among the laws framed for these islands was one which made tattooing criminal; but this has since been repealed, or continues in force only in the islands of Huahine, Raiatea, and Tahaa.

"When viewed in connection with the habits of the natives, tattooing is not, certainly, so innocent a display of savage finery as most Europeans imagine it to be; nevertheless, we felt much regret, not unmingled with indignation, when we beheld, in the house of the royal chief of Raiatea, a native woman of naturally agreeable features, disfigured by an extensive patch of charcoal embedded in her cheek—a punishment inflicted upon her by the judges for having slightly tattooed herself. While we were regarding this spectacle a second female showed us her hand, which afforded a similar instance of judicial severity."

The various figures employed by the Tahitians have each a separate name, and these figures are imprinted not only upon the skin, but upon the bark cloth garments of both sexes.

The Tahitians are naturally a hospitable

people, and have invented a complete code of etiquette for making presents, the most curious of which is that which is employed in giving bark cloth. Captain Cook's description of this custom is very interesting. It is also illustrated on the 1054th page. "I went with Otoo to his father's house, where I found some people employed in dressing two girls with a prodigious quantity of fine cloth, after a very singular fashion. The one end of each piece of cloth, of which there were a good many, was held up over the heads of the girls, while the remainder was wrapped round their bodies, under the arm-pits. Then the upper ends were let fall, and hung down in folds to the ground, one over the other, so as to bear some resemblance to a circular hoop-peticoat.

"Afterward, round the outside of all were wrapped several pieces of differently colored cloth, which considerably increased the size, so that it was not less than five or six yards in circuit, and the weight of this singular attire was as much as the poor girls could support. To each were hung two *taumes* or breastplates, by way of enlivening the whole, and giving it a picturesque appearance. Thus equipped, they were conducted on board the ship, together with several hogs and a quantity of fruit, which, with the cloth, was a present to me from Otoo's father.

"Persons of either sex, dressed in this manner, are called *ate*, but I believe it is never practised except when large presents of cloth are to be made. At least, I never saw it practised on any other occasion; nor, indeed, had I ever such a present before; but both Captain Clarke and I had cloth given to us afterward, thus wrapped round the bearers."

These cloths are mostly put on the bearers by laying the end of the cloth on the ground. The girl then lies down on the end of the piece, holds it tightly to her body, and rolls over and over, until she has wound herself up in all the cloth that she is intended to present. When the bearers are taken into the presence of the chief to whom the offering is made, they reverse the process, and unroll themselves, by revolving on the floor in the contrary direction.

Food is presented in another way. The donor sends his servants with the hogs, bread-fruit, and other provisions, to the house of the person to whom the present is made. They do not enter the house, but simply spread leaves on the ground, lay the provisions on them, and then return to their master. The donor then enters the house, and calls upon his friend to come out and look at the present that has been brought for him. The latter signifies his acceptance by ordering his servants to carry the food within his house, but utters no thanks.

In most of these cases, it is expected that a present of equal value should be returned,

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and, if the recipient should be a wealthy man, he would be thought rather shabby if his return present were not rather more valuable. In consequence of this theory, Captain Cook found that when he purchased provisions he got them much more cheaply than when they were presented to him.

In these islands is found the widely spread practice of selecting friends from strangers. When a ship arrives, each of the officers and crew is selected by a native as his particular friend, and during the time of the vessel's stay is placed under his charge. Every day, the "apoa" or friend will come on board with his present of eoked bread-fruit and other provisions; and should his visitor go on shore, he takes care that all possible necessities, and even luxuries, shall be provided for him. It is assumed that when the visitor departs he will in his turn make a present; but there have been many instances where the natives have been so grateful for some kindness that they have refused to accept anything in return for their hospitality.

One very graceful mode of giving presents is by offering them in the name of a child. In this case, whenever provisions are sent, they are always accompanied by the child, who is supposed to present them, and to whom all returns are made.

There is a custom—once very prevalent but now become nearly if not wholly extinct—which is evidently based on the same principle. When a man is in want of something which he cannot obtain, such as a new house, or a quantity of cloth, he bakes a pig, and sends it by his friends to all the population of the place. The bearers offer the pig, and mention at the same time the needs of the owner. All those who partake of it, even though they eat but a mouthful, thereby bind themselves to share in assisting the petitioner, either in building the house or in making the cloth.

Mr. Bennett mentions one instance, where a man wanted thirty-six yards of cloth, and sent a pig after the usual fashion. No one, however, would touch it, and the poor man could have gone without his cloth had not the queen taken compassion on him. She ordered the bearers to leave the pig in her house, thereby assuming to herself alone the task of providing the cloth. A number of women who saw the proceeding, felt rather ashamed that the queen should be left to perform the task alone, so they went into the house, ate the pig, and made the desired cloth.

Among the Society Islands, the distinctions of rank are jealously insisted upon, and no one can command any respect unless he be in the possession of some acknowledged rank. Ignorance of this characteristic was the real cause of Omai's failure. Most of my readers are aware that this man, the first Polynesian who had ever visited England, was a native

of Raitea, one of the Society Islands, and that he was brought to England for the purpose of being educated, so that he might act as a missionary both of Christianity and civilization in his native country.

In Captain Cook's third voyage, Omai was taken back again, after he had been loaded with presents of various kinds. It was found, however, that all that he really cared for was the possession of weapons, especially fire-arms, by means of which he might make himself master of the island. He had several muskets and pistols, together with ammunition, but Captain Cook remarked in his journal that he fancied Omai would be happier without the fire-arms than with them, and expresses a doubt whether he would not have been happier still if he had never been removed from his island.

The result justified these anticipations. No one, except the lower orders, would have anything to do with a man of no rank, and the nobles, who led public opinion, would not even look at him as he paraded up and down, clad in the suit of armor which had been presented to him with more generosity than prudence. In fact, they felt that his possession of all these treasures was a slight upon themselves, and the natural result was that Omai was soon fleeced of all his property, and speedily sank back again into his original barbarism and idolatry.

Tenacious as they are of their rank, the Tahitian nobles show but few external marks of it. Even at the present day, although they have obtained considerable wealth from trade, and though implicit deference is paid to them by their own people, the chiefs, as a rule, dress and fare no better than the generality of their subjects. The fact is, that every person's rank is so well known, that there is no necessity for indicating it by outward show or luxurious habits, which would only serve to bring upon them the contemptuous epithet of *fakie*, or conceited.

In illustration of this principle, Mr. Bennett remarks in his "Whaling Voyage round the Globe," that it was "usual to see the Queen Aunata clad in a loose cotton gown, bare-headed and bare-footed, mingling with natives of every class. Her meals, too, are equally unostentatious, the bread-fruit, poi, cocoa-nuts, and baked pig, intended for her food, being placed on a layer of fresh leaves spread on the ground; while the partaking party display, by the use of their fingers, a thorough contempt for the modern innovation of knives and forks, in the use of which, however, they are perfectly well versed." This visit to Tahiti was made in 1834.

Nothing, perhaps, shows the innate respect for rank more than the conduct of the Tahitians toward their queen. Personally she was not in the least respected, nor indeed did she deserve respect. Being the only daughter of Pomaré II., and deriving

from her birth the title of Pomaré Vahine, by which she was better known than by the name of Almata, she became queen in 1827, on the death of her infant brother. Her conduct as queen was at first of the most unquenchably kind. She resisted to the utmost the attempts that were being made to improve the moral condition of the people, and did her best, both by precept and example, to bring back the state of unrestrained licentiousness which had reigned through the land. Yet, in spite of her conduct, the respect for her rank was in no way diminished, and, as has been seen, she could be on familiar terms with the lowest of her subjects without derogating from her dignity.

THE amusements of the Tahitians are much like those of other Polynesians, and therefore need but little description. The Tahitians are fond of singing, and possess good voices and ears, so that they have been apt pupils in European music. As a rule, however, they prefer singing the air, or at most a first and second, the more elaborate movements of concerted music scarcely pleasing them. They excel in keeping time, and exhibit this capacity not only in their songs but in their dances. The native mode of singing is not pleasing to an English ear, being of a monotonous character, nasal in tone, and full of abrupt transitions from the highest to the lowest notes.

The native songs are mostly on two subjects, namely, love and war, the former predominating, as is likely to be the case from the quiet and peaceable character of the people. Sometimes their songs assume a more patriotic cast, and set forth the praises of their island home, the beauty of its scenery, and the fertility of its soil. The singers are usually women, whose sweet voices render pleasing even the nasal intonations. The men sing but seldom, and when they do exert their voices, they almost invariably use the harsh native mode of vocalization.

Their musical instruments are but few. They have of course the drum, with which they accompany their songs and dances, not by beating it violently after the African style of drumming, but gently tapping it with the fingers. The drums are of different sizes, and are all cylindrical, and very long in proportion to their diameter. Like many other uncivilized people, they display a great fondness for the Jews' harp, partly because it is easy to play, and partly because it reproduces to some extent the peculiar intervals of savage music.

The chief native instrument that is capable of producing different notes is a sort of flageolet or "hoe," which produces a low, deep tone, something like the "drone" of the bag-pipe. The native musician can tune his instrument in a very simple manner. The mouth-piece is split longitudinally,

so that the pieces vibrate like those of any "reed" instrument. Surrounding the mouth-piece is a ring of soft wood, and by pushing this forward, or driving it back, the performer can tune his instrument with some nicety, the former movement producing a sharp, and the latter a graver tone.

The hoe is seldom played alone, and is generally used as an accompaniment to the native dances. The performers, after tuning their instruments, sit in a circle, pressed closely together, and, bending forward so that their heads are bowed over their knees, play in admirable time, though as much praise can scarcely be given to the melody.

Following the instincts of the savage nature, the Tahitians are passionately fond of cock-fighting, and amusements of a similar character. Some of them are of a more harmless character. One of the most manly and graceful of these amusements closely resembles the surf swimming of the Sandwich Islanders, and is thus described by Captain Cook:—

"Neither were they strangers to the soothing effects produced by particular sorts of motion, which in some cases seem to allay any perturbation of mind with as much success as music. Of this I met with a remarkable instance. For on walking one day about Matavai Point, where our tents were erected, I saw a man paddling in a small canoe so swiftly, and looking about with such eagerness on each side, as to command all my attention.

"At first I imagined that he had stolen something from one of the ships, and was pursued, but on waiting patiently saw him repeat his amusement. He went out from the shore till he was near the place where the swell begins to take its rise; and watching its first motion very attentively, paddled before it with great quickness till he found that it overtook him, and had acquired sufficient force to carry his canoe before it without passing underneath. He then sat motionless, and was carried along at the same swift rate as the wave, till it landed him upon the beach, when he started out, emptied his canoe, and went in search of another swell.

"I could not help concluding that this man felt the most supreme pleasure while he was driven on so fast and so smoothly by the sea, especially as, though the tents and ships were so near, he did not seem in the least to envy, or even to take any notice of the crowds of his countrymen collected to view them as objects which were rare and curious.

"During my stay, two or three of the natives came up, who seemed to share his felicity, and always called out when there was an appearance of a favorable swell, as he sometimes missed it by his back being turned and looking about for it. By this I understood that this exercise, which is called

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choroos, was frequent amongst them, and they have probably more amusements of this sort, which afforded them at least as much pleasure as skating, which is the only one of ours with whose effects I could compare it."

Like the Tongans and Samoans, these people are fond of boxing and wrestling matches, not only as spectators, but actors. They do not, however, enter into them with the spirit and courage displayed by the more hardy islanders, and there is little doubt that a boxer or wrestler of Tonga would scarcely be able to find a worthy opponent in the Society Islands.

Of these two sports, the Society Islanders much prefer wrestling, boxing being thought rather too rough an amusement, and being apt to leave unpleasant marks on the face of the vanquished combatant. Wrestling, however, is much more common, and is conducted after the following manner.

The intending combatants first went to the temples of their special gods, and laid offerings before them, asking for their assistance in the approaching struggle. They then proceeded to the spot selected for the sports, which had always a smooth surface, sometimes covered with grass and sometimes with sand. A circle of thirty or forty feet in diameter was left clear for the competitors, and around it sat the spectators, the inhabitants of the island or district on one side, and the visitors on the other. All being ready, the combatants enter the arena, wearing nothing but the simple girdle, and mostly having well anointed their bodies and limbs with cocoa-nut oil. The mode of challenge and wrestling has been so well described by Mr. Ellis that I prefer to give his own words:—

"The fame of a celebrated wrestler was usually spread throughout the islands, and those who were considered good wrestlers, priding themselves on their strength or skill, were desirous of engaging only with those they regarded as their equals. Hence when a chief was expected in whose train were any distinguished wrestlers, those among the adherents of the chief by whom the party were to be entertained who wished to engage, were accustomed to send a challenge previous to their arrival.

"If this, which was called *tipaopao*, had been the case, when they entered the ring they closed at once without ceremony. But if no such arrangement had been made, the wrestlers of one party, or perhaps their champion, walked round and across the ring, having the left arm bent with the hand on the breast, and, striking the right hand violently against the left, and the left against the side, produced a loud hollow sound, which was challenging any one to a trial of skill. The strokes on the arm were sometimes so violent as not only to bruise the flesh, but to cause the blood to gush out.

"When the challenge was accepted the antagonists closed, and the most intense interest was manifested by the parties to which they respectively belonged. They grasped each other by the shoulders, and exerted all their strength and art each to throw his rival. This was all that was requisite; and although they generally grappled with each other, this was not necessary according to the rules of the game.

"Mape, a stout and rather active though not a large man, who was often in my house at Elineo, was a famous wrestler. He was seen in the ring once with a remarkably tall heavy man, who was his antagonist; they had grappled and separated, when Mape walked carelessly toward his rival, and, on approaching him, instead of stretching out his arms as was expected, he ran the crown of his head with all his might against the temple of his antagonist, and laid him flat on the earth.

"The most perfect silence was observed during the struggle, but as soon as one was thrown the scene was instantly changed; the vanquished was scarcely stretched on the sand when a shout of exaltation arose from the victor's friends. Their drums struck up; the women and children danced in triumph over the fallen wrestler, and sung in derision of the opposite party. These were neither silent nor unmoved spectators, but immediately commenced a most deafening noise, partly in honor of their own clan or tribe, but chiefly to neutralize the triumph of the victors. It is not easy to imagine the scenes that must often have been presented at one of these wrestling matches, when not less than four or five thousand persons, dressed in their best apparel, and exhibiting every variety of costume and brilliancy of color, were under the influence of excitement. One party were drumming, dancing, and singing, in all the pride of victory and the menace of defiance; while, to increase the din and confusion, the other party were equally vociferous in reciting the achievements of the vanquished, or predicting the shortness of his rival's triumph. When the contest was at an end, victor and vanquished once more repaired to the idol temple, and renewed their offerings of young plantain trees.

"Although wrestling was practised principally by the men, it was not confined to them. Often when they had done, the women contended, sometimes with each other, and occasionally with men. Persons of the highest rank often engaged in this sport; and the sister of the queen has been seen wearing nearly the same clothing the wrestlers wore, covered all over with sand, and wrestling with a young chief in the midst of the ring, round which thousands of the queen's subjects were assembled."

CHAPTER CIX.

THE SOCIETY ISLANDS—*Continued.*

RELIGION.

RELIGION OF THE SOCIETY ISLANDS—THEIR IDOLS—PARALLEL BETWEEN THE IDOLATRY OF MODERN POLYNESIA AND ANCIENT SYRIA—ORO, THE GOD OF WAR—EXTENT OF HIS WORSHIP—LEGEND OF A SHELL—ORO'S MARAE, OR TEMPLE—THE HUMAN SACRIFICE—HIRO, THE GOD OF THIEVES—HIS WORSHIP AND APOTHEOSIS—TANE, THE CHIEF GOD OF HUAHINE—HIS MARAE AND HIS BED—DRESSING TANE—THE TREES AROUND HIS MARAE—HIS UNFORTUNATE TAIL—HIS HIGH PRIEST—AN INGENIOUS EVASION—TANE'S HALF-WAY HOUSE—TANE AVERSE TO BLOODSHED, BUT NEEDING THE SACRIFICE OF LIFE—TANE'S STONE CANOE—THE SHARK GOD, AND HIS WATER TEMPLE—APOTHEOSIS OF A LIVING MAN—SINGULAR PERFORMANCE OF THE INSPIRED PRIESTS—MOVABLE SHRINES.

WE now come to the somewhat complicated subject of the religious belief of the Society Islanders. It is not an easy subject, involving, as it does, a great variety of national customs, including the all-pervading tapu, the burial of the dead, and the human sacrifices which accompany a funeral or are offered on great occasions. We will begin with a brief account of the religious system of these islanders, as far as it is possible to reduce to a system a subject so obscure in itself, and so little understood by the first travellers, who alone would be likely to witness and gain information about the various religious ceremonies.

As might be expected from these islanders, their religion is pure idolatry, or rather, it consists in the worship of certain images which are conventionally accepted as visible representatives of the invisible deities. The idols are of two different kinds, the one being rude imitations of the human figure, and the other, certain combinations of cloth, sinnet, and feathers, rolled round sticks, not having the slightest similitude to the human form, or being recognizable as idols except by those who understand their signification. The human figures are held as being inferior to other idols, and are considered in much the same light as the Lares and Penates of the ancient Romans. They are called by the name of Tu, and are supposed to belong to some particular family which is taken under their protection.

The other gods are, in the ideas of the natives, possessed of far more extensive powers, sometimes being supposed to watch over particular districts, or even particular islands. There are gods of the valleys and gods of the hills, exactly as we read was the belief of the Syrians nearly three thousand years ago: when Ahab had repulsed Benhadad, "the servants of the king of Syria said unto him, their gods are gods of the hills, therefore they were stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plain, and surely we shall be stronger than they." (1 Kings xx. 23.)

Fully believing in the protection which these deities are able to extend over their worshippers, it is no matter of wonder that the latter consider that they have a right to the good offices of their gods, and complain bitterly when anything goes wrong with them. So, if a god has been worshipped in some locality, and the ground becomes barren, or the cocoa-nut trees do not produce their full amount of fruit, or the district is devastated by war, the people think that their god is not doing his duty by them, and so they depose him, and take another in his place.

Although these gods are in a manner limited in their scope, many of them are acknowledged throughout the whole of the group of islands; and the chief, because the most dreaded, of them is Oro, the god of war.

This terrible delty is held in the greatest awe by his worshippers, and at one time was feared throughout the whole of the islands. His name was associated with sundry localities, and with many objects, so that his dreaded name was continually in the mouth of the people. There was even a small species of scallop shell which was held in such fear that not a native would dare to touch it. It was called tupe (pronounced *toopeh*), and was said to be the special property of Oro. When a man died, and was to be converted into a spirit, the body had to be entirely consumed. This was done by Oro, who scraped the flesh from the bones with a tupe shell, and thus ate the body.

The subsequent career of the spirit was rather peculiar. After issuing from Oro in its new form, it betook itself to a great lake in Ralatea, round which is a belt of trees, which from some cause are quite flat at the top, presenting a level surface like a leafy platform. On this place the newly enfranchised spirits danced and feasted, and after they had passed through that stage of their existence, they were transformed into cockroaches.

In Huahine there was an enormous marae, or sacred enclosure, dedicated to Oro. It was a hundred and fifty-six feet long by eighteen wide, and was built by a fence made of flat slabs of coral-rock placed on their edges, and the intervals between them filled in with earth. One of these blocks of stone measured nine feet by ten, so that the labor of cutting them and conveying them to such a distance from the sea must have been enormous.

On this platform a smaller one was erected, so as to leave a space of about four feet in width, and within this upper story were laid the bones of the many victims that had been slain in the worship of the god. The temple itself, called Fare no Oro, or the House of Oro, was quite a small building, eight feet long by six wide, and a little beyond this was the square stone on which the priest stood when about to offer a sacrifice, a higher stone behind it answering as a seat whereon the priest might rest himself when wearied.

Small as was this house, it had been the scene of many human sacrifices, and even its erection cost a number of lives, every post having been driven into the ground through a human body. Besides these victims, others had been sacrificed on many occasions, fourteen of whom were enumerated by an old man who had once officiated as the priest of Oro. When the chief of the island became converted to Christianity, this man tried to conceal the idol which he had so long worshipped, and to save it from destruction, hid it in a hole in the rock. The chief, however, very rightly feared that if the idol were allowed to remain its worship might revive, and accordingly insisted upon

its destruction. Besides the priest who offered the sacrifice, Oro had another officer, whose special duty it was to kill the victims. He was officially termed the Mau-buna, or Pig-owner, a human body killed for sacrifice being named a "long pig." When the victim was pointed out to him, the Mau-buna, having a round stone concealed in his hand, found an opportunity, of getting behind him, and, with a single blow, struck him senseless to the ground, where the murder was completed. He then packed the body in a basket of cocoa-nut leaves, and delivered it to the priest.

Next to Oro was Hiro, the Polynesian Mercury, or god of thieves. He was originally a man, but was elevated to the society of the gods in consequence of his wonderful deeds on earth, the chief of which seems to have been his darling in taking the image of Oro and flinging it to the ground with impunity.

The worship of Hiro extended through all ranks, from the highest chief to the lowest cook, and his votaries always asked for his help when they went on a plundering expedition, and promised him a share of the spoil. This promise they always performed, but as they were careful not to define the amount of booty which was to belong to the god, they contrived practically to have it all to themselves. For example, a thief would go out pig stealing, and promise Hiro a share of the stolen pork. Accordingly, if he had been successful, he would take home his ill-gotten booty, bake it, break off an inch of the tail, and go with it to the shrine of Hiro, where he would offer it with as much ceremony as if it had been half the pig, and at the same time beg the god not to divulge the theft of a votary who had kept his promise.

The natives are quite dexterous enough in the thieving way to be worthy of the protection of this god, having the most ingenious modes of stealing the goods of another. For example, if the objects are small, a hook is fastened to the end of a long bamboo, and the coveted article is slyly withdrawn by the actual thief while a confederate directs the attention of the victim elsewhere. Sometimes the hook is tied to a line, and the thief literally angles for the property.

The apotheosis of Hiro was a very remarkable one. After his life of theft, rapine, and murder, in which he did not spare even the temples of the gods, and had, as we have seen, the hardihood to fling Oro's image on the floor, and roll on it as if he had conquered Oro in wrestling, he was thought to have been so superhumanly wicked that he must have been a god. Accordingly, his skull was placed in a huge marae which he himself had erected, while his hair was put into an image of Oro, and both buried together, this act constituting the apotheosis.

When Messrs. Bennett and Tyerman were at the Society Islands, this skull was still in existence, but it disappeared, together with the idols and other relics of the old religions.

The next god is Tane (pronounced *tah-nel*), who was worshipped over a considerable range of country, and was in one or two islands considered as their supreme god. Such was the case with Huahine, in which Tane had a marae or malae of gigantic dimensions. I may here remark that in most Polynesian dialects the letters *r* and *l* are interchangeable, so that marae and malae are, in fact, the same word.

This marae is a hundred and twenty-four feet in length by sixteen in breadth, and is composed, like the marae of Oro, of two stories, the last being nearly ten feet in height, and built of coral blocks, some of which are ten feet in width, and correspondingly long and thick, so that their weight is enormous. As the marae is about a hundred yards from the shore, a prodigious amount of labor must have been expended in getting these huge stones out of the sea and fixing them in their places. The upper story is barely a yard in height, and has at each end an upright stone six feet high.

In the middle of the principal part is the idol's bed, which he occupies once annually, and in which he ought to feel comfortable, as it is twenty-four feet long by thirteen wide. It is built, like the marae, of stone and earth, and is only eighteen inches high. This is a very ancient structure, as is shown by the trees that surround and spread their arms over it. Near the bed is a small house about twelve feet by six, in which rests the god Tane, together with lesser gods, each of whom is set over a district.

Tane himself—burned in 1817—was carved out of a great block of wood, and was about as large as a tall man. He was not remarkable for an elegant shape, having no neck and no legs, the body terminating in a cone. The head was furnished with apologies for eyes, mouth, nose, and ears, and the whole was covered with sinnet.

Once in every year, Tane had a new dress, and was invested with great solemnity. He was brought out of his house by his priest and laid on his bed, having four lesser gods on either side of him. The chiefs of the district stood each in front of his own god, and the priests stood round Tane as being the great god of them all. The old garments were then removed, and examination made into the interior of the idol, which was hollow, and contained various objects, such as scarlet feathers, beads, bracelets, and other valuables. Those that began to look shabby were removed, and others inserted to take their place, and the idols were then invested in their new robes.

Meanwhile, a vast amount of kava was pre-

pared—the natives saying that it was equal in cubic measure to the marae—and a scene of drunken debauch took place, lasting for several days, even the priests being so intoxicated that they were unable to stand while performing their duties, but had to chant their incantations while lying on the ground. This stage of the idol-dressing is represented in the fine engraving on the opposite page. At the expiration of the three days a special god called Moorai was produced and stripped, and, as soon as his garments were removed, violent rain showers fell, as a signal for all the idols to be removed to their respective houses. The greatest care was taken that no woman should witness this ceremony, and if a female of any age had been detected coming within a certain distance of the marae, she would be at once killed, and even her father, husband, or brother, would have been among the first to strike her down.

The trees which decorated this marae are the banyans (*Ficus Indica*), one of which is described by Mr. Bennett as being seventy feet in girth at the principal stem, and throwing out vast horizontal branches, each of which is supported by a root which looks more like the trunk than the root of a tree. "More than forty of these we counted, standing like a family of earth-born giants about their enormous parent. A circle drawn round all these auxiliary stems measured a hundred and thirty-two feet in circumference, while a circle embracing the utmost verge of their lateral ramification was not less than four hundred and twenty feet.

"The upper stories (if such we may call them) of this multifarious tree presented yet more singular combination of interesting and intertwisting boughs, like Gothic arches, circles, and colonnades, propped as by magic in mid-air. These were occasionally massy or light, and everywhere richly embellished with foliage, through which the flickering sunshine gleamed in long rays that lost themselves in the immensity of the interior labyrinth, or danced in bright spots upon the ground black with the shadows of hundreds of branches, rising tier above tier, and spreading range above range, aloft and around."

This tree was one of the places in which the bodies of human beings were offered, being packed in leaf baskets and hung to the branches. One branch, which was hugely thick and strong, and ran horizontally at a small height from the ground, was pointed out as the principal gibbet, on which human sacrifices, thousands in number, have been offered century after century.

Tane, all powerful though he was, labored under one disadvantage. He had a very long tail, and whenever he wished to leave his house, rise into the air, and dart through the sky on some errand of mischief, he was

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SOCIETY ISLANDERS DRESSING THE IDOLS.

(See page 1066.)

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restrained by his long tail, which was sure to become entangled in some object, which from that time became sacred to the god. For example, the magnificent tree which has just been described was several times the means of detaining Tane on earth, and the several branches round which his tail was twisted became tapu at once. On one side of his house there was a large stone, which had become sacred in consequence of having arrested the flight of the god.

This idea of the long and streaming tail has evidently been derived from meteors and comets, which are supposed to be the gods passing through the air, and whenever a native saw one of them, he always threw off his upper garments, and raised a shout in honor of the passing god. Mr. Bennett suggests that the permanent tail attached to Tane is in all probability a commemoration of some very magnificent comet with a tail measuring eighty or ninety degrees in length.

So sacred was the idol that everything which was touched by it became tapu, and might not be touched by profane hands. There was only one man who was allowed to carry it, and he was called from his office, "*Te amo attua*," i. e. the god-bearer. His task was not an easy one, and his office, though it caused him to be viewed with nearly as much reverence as the god of whom he was the special servant, must have deprived him of many comforts. The god-bearer was not even allowed to climb a cocoa-nut tree, because, if he did so, the tree would be so sacred that no one might ascend it after him; indeed, every action of his life was fenced about with some similar restriction. He could not marry, as, in the first place, no woman could be deserving of the honor, and, in the second place, he would be defiled and unfitted for his office if he were to take any woman to wife.

A celibate life does not seem to us to entail such self-denial as seems to be implied by the prominence given to the celibacy of the god-bearer, who appears to have been the only bachelor in the whole group of islands. But among most savage nations a man's wealth and consequence are regulated by the number of his wives, who do all the work of the household, and in fact keep their husband in idleness.

The house in which the god lived was a small hut elevated on posts twenty feet high, and there were no means of access except by climbing one of these posts. The god-bearer, therefore, had no easy task in climbing up these posts with the great wooden image fastened to his back.

In the illustration on the 1084th page we see the chief priest of Tane—the god-bearer—ascending the pole of the sacred house, with the unwieldy idol slung on his back. A gust of wind has risen, and has wafted Tane's long tail into the air, so that

it has been entangled in a neighboring tree. One of the principal priests is running to ascend the tree and free the god's tail, and from that time the tree will be tapu, and no one of lower rank than the priest who freed the tail will be allowed to ascend the tree.

Sometimes Tane paid a visit to a marae at some distance, and when he did so, his bearer was naturally fatigued with the weight of his burden. It was, however, thought derogatory to the character of the god to say that his bearer could by any possibility be tired of carrying him, and so, by an ingenious evasion, the god himself was thought to be fatigued with the journey, and was laid to rest for a while on a flat stone about half a mile from the sacred tree. This stone was tapu to women, and if a woman had sat upon it, or even touched it with her finger, she would have been at once killed.

The stone was not a large one, being only four feet long, one foot broad, and nine inches thick. It is a singular fact that this sacred stone, which had so often been the witness of idolatrous rites, should also have witnessed the destruction of the idol to whom it was consecrated. After Christianity had been fairly established in the island, the chief men who adhered to the worship of Tane made war upon the Christians, who repelled them, so that they were obliged to bring out their idol and lay him on the sacred stone. The two bodies of warriors met face to face close to the idol, and the struggle was about to commence when the chief of the Christians made a speech to the enemy, laying before them the distinctions between idolatry and Christianity, and recommended peace instead of war.

His voice prevailed, and those who came to fight against the Christians renounced their idols, and, as a proof of their sincerity, they built a large fire on the spot, threw Tane into it, and then held a great feast, at which the men and women ate together. They then proceeded to Tane's house, burned it down, and dismantled his great marae.

The feathers attached to these idols and placed within their hollow bodies are mostly the two long tail-feathers of the tropic bird, white and broad toward the base, and narrow and scarlet for the remainder of their length. When the gods are newly dressed, it is considered a meritorious act for any one to present fresh feathers in lieu of those which have been deteriorated by age. After the old garments are unrolled, the feathers are placed inside the image, and a corresponding number of old feathers taken out and presented to the devotee, who values them beyond all things, as partaking of the sanctity which surrounds the original idol. These feathers are then carefully wrapped with sinnot, so as to cover them, with the exception of a little portion of both ends,

and they are then laid before the idol, while the priest recites a prayer, in which he beseeches the god to transfer his sanctity to these feathers, which from that moment become minor gods.

The happy devotee has already provided himself with bamboo tubes, in each of which he places one of the feathers, and from which he never takes them except to pray to them. Sometimes he has a smaller idol made, and places the feathers within it; but in this case, he has to take the new idol to be laid before the original one, so that the transfer of sanctity may be guaranteed to them. This mode of honoring the sacred feathers is usually employed when the devotee has enjoyed some piece of good fortune after he has received them, and in most cases he not only encloses them in a new idol, but builds a small temple in which that idol lives.

Formerly, when animals were brought to be sacrificed to Tane, no blood was shed, but they were laid upon a stone and strangled by pressing their necks between two sticks. Food of all kinds was presented to him, part of which he was supposed to consume himself, part was taken by the priests, and the remainder was consumed by the worshippers. All first fruits went to Tane, a peasant being supposed to offer him two of the earliest fruits, while a *raatira* or gentleman offered ten, and the chiefs still more, according to their rank and wealth.

Not very far from the sacred stone was a marae containing a very sacred object, no less, in fact, than a piece of Tane's own canoe. According to the people, it was a very miraculous canoe, for it was made of stone, and yet floated as well as if it were made of wood. In proof of this statement, they placed the fragment in water, where it floated, as it was likely to do, being nothing more than a piece of pumice stone. No one knew where the stone had been obtained, but they said that there were more pieces in different parts of the island.

Besides the idol gods, there are gods which are symbolized by living creatures, of which the shark is the chief, being worshipped for the same reason that crocodiles and venomous serpents are worshipped in some parts of the world, viz. on account of its destructive powers. Mr. Bennett saw a large marae which had been consecrated to a shark god on account of a miraculous event which was said to have happened some time previously. In one particular spot the ground began to shake and tremble, and, as the people were flying in terror, the ground opened, and a huge shark forced his head through the cleft in the soil.

The formation of the maraes has already been mentioned. Some time before Mr. Bennett arrived at the place, a shark had contrived to force its way through the sand into the marae, which was situated on the shore

of the lagoon. The water flowed in with the fish, and the natives, feeling delighted that their god had actually come to take possession of his temple, blocked up the passage by which he had entered, cleared out the marae, and kept the shark in it for the rest of his life, feeding him abundantly with fish and meat.

Indeed, in one bay the sharks were regularly fed by the priests, and the consequence was that they became quite familiar, and would swim to the beach to be fed with fish and pork. They would also accompany the canoes, knowing well that the natives always threw overboard some of the fish which they had caught, for the sake of propitiating the shark gods. The latter, however, were so little sensible of the kindness bestowed upon them, that had one of their worshippers fallen overboard they would have eaten him, in spite of all his propitiatory offerings.

Sometimes a living man has been elected to the rank of a god, and worshipped as such during his lifetime. This was done at Raiatea, the king, Tamatoa, having been reckoned among the gods by means of a series of ceremonies which might have been very appropriate in assigning him a place among the very worst and vilest of demons, but were singularly unsuitable to an apotheosis. After this ceremony, the king was consulted as an oracle, prayers and sacrifices were offered to him, and he was treated as reverently as if he had been Tane himself.

It is a most remarkable fact that Tamatoa became a Christian in his later life, and afforded most valuable information respecting the religious belief of the Society Islanders. He corroborated, as having been an eye-witness, the accounts that have been given of the astonishing deeds done by the heathen priests while in a state of inspiration. They have been seen to dash their hands against the ground with such violence that they imbedded the whole arm up to the shoulder. Captain Henry, the son of one of the missionaries, states that he has seen one of these priests plunge his arm into the solid earth as if it were water, and that he would perform the feat on any ground wherever he chanced to be.

"The infuriated priest, on that occasion, foamed at the mouth, distorted his eyeballs, convulsed his limbs, and uttered the most hideous shrieks and howlings. After he had seemingly buried his arm like a spear stuck suddenly in the ground, he held it there for a considerable time; then, drawing it out uninjured, he rushed toward the shore, and, laying hold upon a large canoe, which ordinarily required three or four men to launch, he shoved it before him with apparent ease, and sent it adrift.

"He afterward threw himself into the sea, wallowed about in it, and kept his head under water for a long time. When this act of the tragical pantomime was finished,

he sat among the waves, and delivered his prophecies in very figurative and hyperbolic language, at the same time sufficiently ambiguous to be fulfilled in one of two senses, whatever might happen."

Portable shrines of the gods were once used in the Society Islands, but so complete and rapid has been the demolition of everything connected with idolatry, that Mr. Bennett, who was eye-witness of many idolatrous practices, was only able to procure one specimen, which is now in the museum of the London Missionary Society.

In form it resembles a house, with sloping roof, and is about a yard in length. It is supported on four short legs, and underneath there is a round hole through which the idol

was passed into its shrine, a door exactly fitting and closing the aperture. The idol which was in this shrine represented a female god greatly venerated by the people, because she was so very mischievous, and had killed thousands of people, gaining from her bloodthirsty propensities the name of Tii Vahine, or Queen Tii. The idol is a horribly repulsive example of the ugliness with which savages invariably invest their deities.

The shrine, with the idol within it, was hidden in a rock cave by priests of Tii Vahine when idolatry was overthrown by Christianity, and was not discovered for a considerable time, when it was brought from its place of concealment and sold.

CHAPTER CX.

THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.—Continued.

HISTORY—WAR—FUNERALS—LEGENDS.

THE PRIESTS THE HISTORIANS OF THE SOCIETY ISLANDS—THE MARO, OR KING'S HOBE, AND ITS HISTORICAL VALUE—THE HEREDITARY TITLE OF THE KINO—THE KINO'S BEARERS—ARCHITECTURE IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS—TAHITAN WARFARE—RETENTIVE MEMORY, AND ITS USE IN WAR—BEHAVIOR OF THE VICTORS TOWARD THE VANQUISHED—NAVAL BATTLES AND MANŒUVRES—MILITARY ETIQUETTE—HUMAN SACRIFICE BEFORE BATTLES—CAPTAIN COOK'S ACCOUNT OF THE CEREMONY—FUNERALS AMONG THE TAHITANS—EMBALMING OF A CHIEF'S BODY—STRANGE DRESS OF THE CHIEF MOURNER—THE AREOI SOCIETY, AND THE INFLUENCE WHICH IT EXERTED ON THIS GROUP OF ISLANDS—LEGENDARY TALES OF THE AREOIS.

THE priests performed the office of historians as well as of hierophants, every chief of consequence having in his household at least one of these men, who made it his business to chant on all great occasions the most important events which had happened in the country, and especially those which affected the family of his patron. Not only did he relate those events of which he had been a witness, but he also sang of the deeds of past days, the records of which had been transmitted to him by his predecessors.

The priests were, therefore, the only historians of the Society Islands; and, indeed, there was no other mode of delivering to each succeeding generation the traditions of the past. As, however, much of their accuracy depended on the memory of the historian, and as that memory was likely to fade by age, it naturally followed that the history of earlier times was considerably modified by each succeeding narrator. Tamatoa was himself a well-known chronicler, and could repeat a wonderful number of narratives, in which fact and fiction were mixed together in a manner that exactly resembled the semi-mythic history of ancient Greece and Rome.

These chroniclers, though they were unable to write, were not without some means whereby they could refresh their memories. Chief of these was the Maro, the sacred scarf of royalty. The word "Maro" signifies the simple girdle which the men wear by way of clothing, but that of the king is called, by way of pre-eminence, THE MARO; and, like

the crown of an emperor, is only worn when the kingly rank is conferred. When not in use, it is rolled up in native cloth so as to make a large bundle, and is only untied when it is wanted. When Captain Cook saw it he described it as being fifteen feet long, but when Mr. Bennett was in the Society Islands it measured twenty-one feet in length the additional measurement being due to the coronation of successive kings. It is only six inches in width, and when worn is rolled round the body, so that the end flows far behind on the ground. It is covered with the precious red feathers, and to it is attached the needle with which it is worked. So sacred is the maro thought to be, that, according to the ideas of the natives, whenever a new stitch was taken the event was marked by peals of thunder.

The maro was never intended to be finished, but, according to the original projection, would receive an addition at the coronation of every new king, so that it would continue to increase in length as long as the kingly succession was kept up. In several respects it bears a great resemblance to the Bayeux tapestry. It is very long in proportion to its width, and the patterns described upon it are records of the time when the maro was woven, and act as aids to the memory of the professional historians, who celebrate in their songs the deeds of past days.

The manufacture of the maro was stopped in a very curious manner. After Tamatoa

became a Christian, he was so horrified at the unspeakable iniquity of the ceremonies that took place at each lengthening of the maro that he determined to destroy the maro itself. Fortunately, instead of destroying it, he gave it up to his teachers, and it was sent, together with many specimens of the idolatrous arts of Polynesia, to the museum of the London Missionary Society. I may here mention that Tamatoa is the hereditary name of the king, like the Pharaoh of Egypt and the Finow of Tonga.

All the kings, or rather the principal chiefs, have the greatest idea of their dignity, and are regarded by their subjects almost as demigods. Like some of the African royalties, they are carried on men's shoulders when they travel from one place to another by land, and when they go by sea they are said to fly and not to sail. There is a special language for the king, whose canoe is called the Rainbow, and whose house is termed the Cloud of Heaven. No one is allowed to stand above him: and this idea is so strongly impressed upon him that a great chief dislikes going into the cabin of an European ship, lest an inferior should tread on the deck over his head. The king even claims authority over the language. We speak in England familiarly of the king or queen's English. In the Society Islands the language really does belong to the king, who invents and alters words according to his own caprice, and even strikes out of the language those words which he does not happen to like.

The power of the king being so absolute, it might be imagined that the house in which he lived would be far superior to those of his subjects. His power is, however, more real than apparent, and though he has despotic authority, he is lodged, clothed, and fed, scarcely better than any of his subjects, and not in the least better than the chiefs. His house is built in the same manner and of the same materials as those of his subjects. It is certainly larger, because it has to accommodate more persons; but in other respects it is in no way superior.

The houses of the Society Islands are, indeed, little more than thatched roofs supported on pillars about seven or eight feet in height, the pillars tapering from the base to the top, and not being quite upright, but sloping a little inward. The floor is generally covered with grass and mats, while to the rafters of the roof are hung baskets, bundles of cloth, and other property.

WARFARE among the Society Islands differs little from the mode which is practised in many other parts of Polynesia, and therefore does not require a lengthened notice.

Formerly, when their weapons were the spear, the club, and the sling, the wars used to be very protracted and caused much

bloodshed, but the later introduction of firearms has had its usual effect, and not only reduced the number of wars but the loss of life in battle.

Some of their spears were dreadful weapons, the worst of which seems to have been a sort of trident, something like an eel spear. The head of it was armed with three bones from the tail of the sting-ray. They were not fastened to the head of the spear, but only slipped into sockets, just tightly enough to hold them. When an enemy was struck with either of these points, it became detached from the spear, and, in consequence of its peculiarly barbed edges, kept working its way deeper and deeper into the body, so that certain death was the result of a wound with one of these spears.

The natives of the Society Islands also used the bone of the sting-ray for secret assassination. They watched the intended victim while he slept, and, by gently touching him with a feather, made him turn about until he was in a favorable position. The fatal dagger was then struck into the body, and the assassin made his escape, being sure that the wound must sooner or later be mortal.

The peculiar character of the people shows itself in other ways. They are most tenacious of memory in everything that has a personal interest to them, and are equally unwilling to forget an injury or a benefit. They will cherish a life-long vengeance against any one who has offended them, so that one man has been known to follow another from year to year, from one island to another, with the certainty and tenacity of the bloodhound, and never to cease from his quest until he has avenged himself upon his enemy. There is, however, a redeeming point in this trait of character, namely, that although it is mostly exercised for evil purposes, it sometimes takes the opposite course. Mr. Bennett mentions that on one occasion, after a battle, a chief of the victorious side knew that among the flying enemy was a man who had shown a kindness to him in a former war. Knowing the fate that would befall the man if he fell into the hands of the victors, he followed on the track of the fugitive, and after seeking his friend from cover to cover, and from bush to bush, he at last discovered him, took him to his own house, kept him there for a time, and then dismissed him in safety.

Cruelty toward the vanquished is one of the invariable accompaniments of savage warfare, and we cannot expect to find that the Society Islanders are more free from it than others. The only cannibalism of which they are guilty is in connection with war, and even on those occasions the victorious party only eat a small portion of the dead adversary's body, in accordance with custom, and do not feast upon human flesh, as many of the Polynesians do.

They are, however, on some occasions very cruel to the captured or wounded enemies, absolutely tearing them to pieces by degrees, and taking care to avoid the vital parts, so as to prolong the agony of the sufferer as much as possible. Even Pomaré, before he became a Christian, was guilty of many abominable atrocities. He has been known to take the children of vanquished chiefs, run sinnet cords through the backs of their necks, and drag them about until they died of the torture.

Even when the enemy was dead, the victors could not be content without insulting the senseless corpse. "When a combatant had slain a distinguished adversary," writes Mr. Bennett, "after the fray was over, the perishing carcass was left upon the field for a day or two. It was then dragged to the marae, when the victor and his friends would stand over it, and exult in the most savage manner over the corrupted mass.

"Each taking a fibrous wand of cocoa-nut leaf, tough as whalebone, in his hand, to employ as a drumstick, they would beat the body with these till they were weary; saying to it, 'Aha! we have you now; your tongue fills your mouth, your eyes stand out of your head, and your face is swollen; so would it have been with us, had you prevailed.' Then, after a pause, they would renew their impotent stripes and not less impotent taunts. 'Now you are dead, you will no more plague us. We are revenged upon you; and so you would have revenged yourself on us, if you had been the strongest in battle.' Again: 'Aha! you will drink no more kava; you will kill no more men; you will disembowel no more of our wives and daughters. As we use you, you would have used us; but we are the conquerors, and we have our vengeance.'

"When they had tired themselves, and beaten the flesh of the corpse to a mummy, they broke the arms above the elbows, placed flowers within the hands, and, fastening a rope about the neck, they suspended the mangled remains on a tree, and danced with fiend-like exultation about it, laughing and shouting as the wind blew the dislocated limbs and the rent muscles to and fro."

The canoe fights show some skill in manœuvres. The war canoes are double, with a platform laid across the bars, forming a sort of stage, on which the warriors stand to fight. The movements of the canoes are directed by one man, who tries to take the adversary at a disadvantage, and orders the vessel to advance or retreat as he thinks best, while the warriors are dancing on the platform, and exciting themselves to rage by frantic shouts, brandishing club and spear, and exchanging defiance with the enemy when near enough. As soon as one of them can take the other favorably, the canoes close, and the warriors from one try to board the other and kill its defenders.

The reserves receive and take care of the wounded, laying them in the bottom of the canoe, where they are safe from the weapons of the enemy, and in their turn take the place of those who are disabled, so that a constant succession of fresh warriors is continually coming to the front. When at last one party gets the better of the other, those of the vanquished side who are able to use their limbs leap overboard and try to save themselves by swimming. They have, indeed, no other alternative, for no quarter is ever given or expected, and if the lives of the vanquished be spared at the time, it is only that the unfortunate men may be tortured to death next day.

When Captain Cook visited the Society Islands, he found that all the decisive battles were fought by water, and that such a thing as a great battle on land was never thought of. Indeed, the chief strength of these insular people lies in their canoes, and in a sea fight a great number of them were usually engaged. In such a sea fight, whenever one party found themselves being worsted, they immediately made for the beach, drew their canoes ashore, jumped out, and made the best of their way to the hills, where they concealed themselves during the day, and at night slipped off to their own homes.

When a pitched battle of this kind is determined upon, it is fought out very fairly, and becomes a sort of general tournament. The two opposing chiefs arrange with each other as to the time and place for the battle. The whole of the day and night preceding the battle are occupied by both parties in feasting and dancing, evidently on the principle that, if they are to be killed on the morrow, they may as well enjoy themselves while they can. Before daybreak the canoes are launched and made ready for battle, and with the dawn the fight commences.

After the engagement is over, and the vanquished have run away, the victors go in great triumph to the marae, where they return thanks to their gods, and offer to them the dead, the wounded, and the prisoners whom they have taken. The chief of the conquered party then opens negotiations with his successful opponent, and a treaty is arranged, in which peace is restored on certain conditions. These are often very hard, and force the vanquished to give up large tracts of land as well as to pay heavy fines in property. Sometimes a whole district changes masters, and, in one or two cases, an entire island has been added to the conquerors.

As human sacrifices have several times been mentioned, it will be as well to describe the circumstances under which they take place. We have already seen that in times of war the captured enemies are offered to the idols. There is a sort of excuse

for this act, the idea being that, as the captives had sought the lives of the worshippers of the gods, their own lives should be sacrificed to them as an atonement for their presumption.

There are, however, other occasions on which such sacrifices are offered, and where the victim is selected by the chief and killed in cold blood. If, for example, the king or principal chief of an island or district should project a war against another, he generally sacrifices a man to his god in order to bespeak his aid against the enemy. One of these sacrifices was seen by Captain Cook in 1777. He did not witness the actual murder of the victim, who was killed, as usual, unawares, by a blow from a stone, but saw the body as it was prepared for offering, and was present at the curious ceremony which accompanied the sacrifice.

It appeared that Towha, the chief of his district, intended to make war against the island of Eimeo, and sent a message to his friend and relative Otoo that he had sacrificed a man, and wished for Otoo's presence when the body was offered at the great marae of Attahooroo. Having previously doubted whether the usually mild and gentle Tahitians would really offer human sacrifices, Captain Cook asked permission to accompany Otoo, and accordingly went with him to the marae. The party accordingly embarked in their canoes, taking with them a miserable, half-starved dog, which was to form part of the sacrifice.

When they arrived at the landing-place, they found the body of the slain man already there, lying in a canoe which was half in and half out of the water, just in front of the marae. Otoo, his visitors, and the chiefs halted about ten yards from the body, while the rest of the people looked on from a distance.

"The ceremonies now began. One of the priests' attendants brought a young plantain tree, and laid it down before Otoo. Another approached with a small tuft of red feathers, twisted on some fibres of the cocoanut husk, with which he touched one of the king's feet, and then retired with it to his companions.

"One of the priests, seated at the marae, facing those that were upon the beach, now began a long prayer; and, at certain times, sent down young plantain trees, which were laid upon the sacrifice. During this prayer a man, who stood by the officiating priest, held in his hand two bundles, seemingly of cloth. In one of them, as we afterward found, was the royal maro; and the other, if I may be allowed the expression, was the ark of the Eatooa (i. e. the Atua, or god). As soon as the prayer was ended, the priests at the marae, with their attendants, went and sat down with those upon the beach, carrying with them the two bundles.

"Here they renewed their prayers; dur-

ing which the plantain trees were taken, one by one, at different times, from off the sacrifice, which was partly wrapped up in cocoa leaves and small branches. It was now taken out of the canoe and laid upon the beach, with the feet to the sea. The priests placed themselves around it, some sitting and others standing; and one or more of them repeated sentences for about ten minutes. The dead body was now uncovered by removing the leaves and branches, and laid in a parallel direction by the sea-shore.

"One of the priests then, standing at the feet of it, pronounced a long prayer, in which he was at times joined by the others; each holding in his hand a tuft of red feathers. In the course of this prayer some hair was pulled off the head of the sacrifice, and the left eye taken out; both which were presented to Otoo, wrapped up in a green leaf. He did not, however, touch it, but gave to the man who presented it the tuft of feathers which he had received from Towha. This, with the hair and eye, was carried back to the priests.

"Soon after, Otoo sent to them another piece of feathers, which he had given me in the morning to keep in my pocket. During some part of this last ceremony, a kingfisher making a noise in the trees, Otoo turned to me, saying, 'That is the Eatooa,' and seemed to look upon it as a good omen.

"The body was then carried a little way, with its head toward the marae, and laid under a tree, near which were fixed three broad thin pieces of wood, differently but rudely carved. The bundles of cloth were laid on a part of the marae; and the tufts of red feathers were placed at the feet of the sacrifice, round which the priests took their stations; and we were now allowed to go as near as we pleased.

"He who seemed to be the chief priest sat at a small distance, and spoke for a quarter of an hour, but with different tones and gestures; so that he seemed often to expostulate with the dead person—to whom he constantly addressed himself—and sometimes asked several questions, seemingly with respect to the propriety of his having been killed. At other times he made several demands, as if the deceased either now had power himself, or interest with the divinity, to engage him to comply with such requests. Amongst which, we understood, he asked him to deliver Eimeo, Maheine its chief, the hogs, women, and other things of the island, into their hands,—which was indeed the express intention of the sacrifice. He then chanted a prayer, which lasted near half an hour, in a whining, melancholy tone, accompanied by two other priests, and in which Potatau and some others joined. In the course of this prayer some more hair was plucked by a priest from the head of the corpse, and put upon one of the bundles.

"After this, the chief priest prayed alone, holding in his hand the feathers which came from Towha. When he had finished, he gave them to another, who prayed in like manner. Then all the tufts of feathers were laid upon the bundles of cloth; which closed the ceremony at this place.

"The corpse was then carried up to the most conspicuous part of the marae, with the feathers, the two bundles of cloth, and the drums, the last of which beat slowly. The feathers and bundles were laid against the pile of stones, and the corpse at the foot of them. The priests having again seated themselves round it, renewed their prayers, while some of the attendants dug a hole about two feet deep, into which they threw the unhappy victim, and covered it over with earth and stones. While they were putting him into the grave a boy squeaked aloud, and Omai said to me that it was the Eatooa.

"During this time, a fire having been made, the dog before mentioned was produced, and killed, by twisting his neck, and suffocating him. The hair was singed off, and the entrails taken out and thrown into the fire, where they were left to consume. But the heart, liver, and kidneys were only roasted, by being laid on hot stones for a few minutes; and the body of the dog, after being besmeared with the blood, which had been collected in a cocon-nut shell, and dried over the fire, was with the liver, &c., carried and laid down before the priests, who sat praying round the grave.

"They continued their ejaculations over the dog for some time, while two men at intervals beat on two drums very loud, and a boy screamed as before in a loud shrill voice three different times. This, as we were told, was to invite the Eatooa to feast on the banquet that they had prepared for him. As soon as the priests had ended their prayers, the carcass of the dog with what belonged to it were laid on a *whatta*, or scaffold, about six feet high, that stood close by, on which lay the remains of two other dogs, and of two pigs, which had lately been sacrificed, and at this time emitted an intolerable stench. This kept us at a greater distance than would otherwise have been required of us; for after the victim was removed from the seaside toward the marae we were allowed to approach as near as we pleased. Indeed, after that, neither seriousness nor attention were much observed by the spectators. When the dog was put upon the *whatta*, the priests and attendants gave a kind of shout, which closed the ceremonies for the present."

The scene is well represented in illustration No. 1, on the opposite page. In the foreground is the canoe, in which lies the body of the slain victim, attended by two priests; while just above it on the shore is the dog that is intended to furnish the second

portion of the offering. Just in front of the house are two platforms, on the taller of which lie the dogs and pigs that have already been sacrificed, and on the lower lies the embalmed body of the late king, which is brought out for inspection. In front of the bier are the drummers performing on their elaborately carved instruments. A portion of the marae is seen on the left hand of the illustration, and on it lie the skulls of the human sacrifices that have been offered on various occasions.

Next day the ceremonies were resumed; more pigs were killed, some gifts were laid upon the movable house in which the Atua (or god) was carried about, and a young plantain tree was plucked up and laid at the feet of the king.

The mysterious bundles of cloth which had been laid on the marae were then unrolled, and out of one of them was taken the sacred maro, or royal girdle, which has already been described. It was remarkable for the fact that a portion of the scarlet feathers with which the maro is decorated were sewed upon an English pennant which had been hoisted by Captain Wallis when he landed on the island, and left flying when he left it. The second bundle contained the idol to whom the sacrifices were made.

Another hog was then killed, and the entrails inspected, exactly after the manner employed by the old Roman augurs; and the ceremony ended with rolling up the Atua, together with a number of scarlet feathers, in the bundle of cloth from which it had been taken.

At the funerals of very great men human sacrifices are often made, and near the large *whattas*, or platforms, on which the pigs and other provisions are offered, there are numbers of human skulls, each a relic of a human sacrifice. The only redeeming point about these sacrifices is, that the victim is quite unconscious of his fate. He is struck to the ground suddenly by an assassin who comes stealthily upon him, and never feels the real bitterness of death, namely, the dread of the coming fate.

The bodies of great chiefs undergo a process by which they are preserved for a considerable time. Captain Cook saw the corpse of a chief who had been dead for several months, and whose body had suffered scarcely any apparent change. There was a slight contraction of the muscles and sinking of the eyes, but the body was otherwise perfect; and when the attendants on the corpse unrolled the cloth in which it was enveloped, the limbs were found to be nearly as pliant as in life.

This result is obtained by removing the whole of the interior of the body, supplying its place with cloth soaked in cocon-nut oil, and anointing the whole body repeatedly with the same substance. The bodies are exposed to public view for some time; but the em-



(1.) THE HUMAN SACRIFICE. (See page 1076.)



(2.) CORPSE AND CHIEF MOURNER. (See page 1079.)

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balming only postpones the process of decay, and, sooner or later, decomposition does its work. At first the body is exposed for several hours daily, provided that there be no rain; but by degrees it is only shown at intervals, and at last is scarcely ever exhibited, except by request.

There is a special building, called a *tupapau*, in which the bodies of chiefs are exhibited when lying in state. First, there is a tolerably large house, with a palisade around it, and within this house is the *tupapau* itself. It is made exactly like the little pent-houses that are built upon the larger canoes, and is profusely decorated with scarlet feathers, cloth, and other precious ornaments. Two men are attached to the *tupapau*, who watch over it night and day, attend to the proper arrangement of the cloth and feathers, receive the offerings of fruit and provisions that are constantly made, and prevent intruders from venturing within the palisades.

The second illustration on the 1077th page exhibits the manner in which the bodies of ordinary chiefs are laid out under the protection of a covered shed, as well as the extraordinary dress worn by the chief mourner. The dress is composed in the most ingenious manner of mother-of-pearl shell, feathers, bark cloth, and similar materials, and has a peculiarly startling appearance from the contrast between the glittering white of the pearl-shell and the dark feathers with which the shell is surrounded. Several of these extraordinary dresses have been brought to England, and may be seen in different collections.

BEFORE leaving the Society Islands, it will be necessary to mention an extraordinary institution that in former times prevailed among them. It consisted of a society called the "Areois." They were worshippers of the god Oro; and though they formed a single confraternity throughout all the Society group, each island furnished its own members.

Some writers have likened the society to that of Freemasonry; but no two institutions can be more utterly opposed than those of the Masonic and the Aroi societies—the one insisting on monotheism, while the other is based on idolatry; the one being an universal, and the other a local society; the one inculcating morality, and the other being formed for the express purpose of throwing aside the small relics of morality possessed by a native Polynesian.

It is not improbable, however, that on its first foundation the Aroi society possessed something of a religious nature. When Areois who had been converted to Christianity managed to shake off the dread with which they contemplated any reference to the mysteries of their society, they all agreed in the main points, though differing in details.

In the first place, the Areois believed in the immortality of the soul, and in the existence of a heaven suited to their own characters. Those who rose to high rank in the Aroi society were believed, after their death, to hold corresponding rank in their heaven, which they called by the name of *Rohutu-noa-noa*, or *Fragrant Paradise*. All those who entered were restored to the vigor and bloom of youth, no matter what might be their age; and in almost every respect the resemblance between the Polynesian *Rohutu* and the Mohammedan *Paradise* is close and almost startling.

The method by which this Paradise was to be gained was most extraordinary. Fanatics of an ordinary turn of mind believe that everlasting happiness hereafter is to be gained by self-denial and mortification of the body during the present life. The Areois, with an almost sublime audacity, held precisely the opposite view, and proclaimed both by words and deeds that a life of eternal enjoyment in the next world was to be obtained by leading a life of unbridled license in the present world.

In order to carry out this theory to the fullest extent, the Areois formed themselves into a society, and travelled about from one island to another, disseminating their peculiar opinions wherever they went, and gaining fresh recruits to their number in each island. On one occasion Captain Cook saw seventy canoes filled with Areois set off on an expedition to the different islands. Wherever they landed, they proceeded to the nearest marae, and offered a sacrifice of a sucking pig to the god who presided over it, this sacrifice being in the first place a thank-offering to the god for their safe landing, and in the next a notification that they wanted pigs for themselves.

Partly on account of the terror inspired by their numbers and unanimity, and partly on account of the spread of their very intelligible doctrines, the invitation always met with an immediate response, and great numbers of pigs, together with vegetable food, cloth, kava, and other luxuries were produced. A great feast was then held, during which the peculiar doctrines of the society were carried out to the full, and a scene ensued such as cannot be described.

Among the worst of their doctrines was that which declared them all to be celibates, because the god Oro was unmarried. Consequently, the existence of children among them could not be recognized, and as soon as a child was born, it was murdered, and the fact of its existence ignored. By a similarly convenient fiction, all Areois were presumed to be in the full vigor of human life. Consequently, the possibility of age and debility was ignored, and in order to prove the non-existence of either senility or sickness, any old or sick person was quietly buried alive. The victims were never ap-

prized of their fate, as is the case in Fiji, but a grave was dug surreptitiously, the sick person was decoyed to it on some pretence or other, dropped into the grave, the earth flung on him, and stamped down almost before he had time for a remonstrance.

Sometimes, when provisions ran short, the Areois had a very strange method of supplying themselves. A party of them, led by some chief, whose rank was known by the marks tattooed on his body, would visit a house where they saw evidences of prosperity, and look about until they came on a little boy—an easy matter enough in a country where polygamy is practised. They would then take the child, and go through various ceremonies, by which they represented him as having been raised to kingly rank.

They would then simulate the utmost deference to the new king, place him on an elevated seat, prostrate themselves before him, and appeal to him as though he really held the kingly rank. "We are come to the king's house, poor, naked, and hungry. We need raiment—give us that piece of cloth. We need food—give us that pig." Accordingly, the father of the child was forced to fall in with their humor, and, in return for the honor conferred upon his house, to give them whatever they demanded.

The only redeeming point of the Areois was their value in keeping up the old historical records of the islands. The food and clothing which they obtained from the various people were repaid by the dramatic performances and recitations which they gave, and which debased as they were by the licentious element which permeated every section of the society, performed toward their local history the same part which the ancient mysteries performed toward the Christian religion. The Polynesians being unable to read or write, and having no mode of recording historical events except by tradition, these performances rendered as it were history visible, and enacted before the eyes of the illiterate people the deeds of days long gone by.

Sometimes the story was that of a celebrated ancestor, much on a par with the semi-mythical legends of ancient European and Asiatic history, and sometimes it took a graver cast, and narrated the deeds and

powers of the native gods. For example, the legend of Taroa, the father of gods and men, was somewhat as follows:—

In ages long gone by, Taroa existed only in the form of a vast egg, and hung high in the firmament, inclosing in the shell the sun, moon, and stars. After floating in ether for ages, he thrust his hands through the shell, so that the light of the sun burst upon the universe and illumined the earth beneath him. And the earth was then small as it lay beneath him. Then Taroa saw the sands of the sea, and cried to them, "Sands, come up to me, and be my companions." But the sands replied, "We belong to the earth and sea, O Taroa, and may not leave them. Come thou down to us." Then he saw the rocks and cliffs, and cried to them, "Rocks come up to me, and be my companions." But the rocks replied, "We are rooted in the earth, O Taroa, and may not leave it. Come thou to us."

Then Taroa descended, and cast off his shell, which immediately added itself to the ground, and the earth was increased to its present dimensions, while the sun and moon shone above. Long did Taroa live on the earth which he peopled with men and women; and at last the time came when he should depart from it. He transformed himself into a large canoe, which was filled with islanders, when a great storm arose, and suddenly the canoe was filled with blood. The islanders with their calabashes baled out the blood, which ran to the east and west of the sea; and ever afterward the blood of Taroa is seen in the clouds which accompany the rising and setting sun, and, as of old tinges the waves with red.

When the canoe came to land, it was but the skeleton of Taroa, which was laid on the ground with its face downward, and from that time all the houses of the gods have been built on the model of Taroa's skeleton, the thatched roofs representing the backbone and the posts the ribs.

Legends such as these are often transmitted from one reciter to another, and repeated verbatim, being merely illustrated and exemplified by such poetical digressions as the mind of the narrator may suggest. With others, on the contrary, the orator has only the mere skeleton, and tells the story in the manner that seems him best.

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CHAPTER CXI.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

CLIMATE — DRESS — ORNAMENTS — WOMEN.

LOCALITY OF THE GROUP — CONFORMATION AND CLIMATE OF HAWAII — APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE MEN — FEATHER MANTLES AND HELMETS — SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE TO CLASSIC MODELS — APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN — A HAWAIIAN BEAUTY — DRESS OF THE WOMEN — MODES OF WEARING THE HAIR — BRACELETS AND OTHER ORNAMENTS — FONDNESS FOR PIGS AND DOGS — OCCUPATIONS OF THE WOMEN — HOSPITALITY TO STRANGERS — FISH PONDS, AND MODE OF MARKING THEM — TREATMENT OF WOMEN — SEMI-AMPHIBIOUS NATURE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS — INGENIOUS METHOD OF OBTAINING SOUNDINGS.

CONSIDERABLY to the northward of the Society Islands lie the SANDWICH ISLANDS, so called by Captain Cook, in honor of the Earl of Sandwich. The entire group consists of eight inhabited islands, and a few which are too barren and rocky to maintain human beings. The largest and most important of them is HAWAII, or Owhyhee, as the word is spelt in Cook's "Voyages." It was on the shore of a bay on the western side of this island that Captain Cook was killed in 1779. Owing to the interchange of the letter's *l* and *r*, which is so prevalent among the Polynesian languages, the name of this bay is sometimes spelt as Karakakooa, and sometimes as Kealakekua.

The capital city of the Sandwich Islands is not situated in Hawaii, but in Oahu, or Woahoo, one of the smaller islands, and is called Honolulu. It rightly deserves the name of a city, because it is the seat of a bishopric. The climate of the Sandwich Islands is said to be the most charming in the world. The variation is exceedingly trifling, as near the sea the temperature is below that of sultry English summer-time, while on the coldest winter's day the thermometer never sinks below 62° Fahr. Owing, however, to the mountainous nature of these islands, any one may live throughout the year in almost exactly the same temperature, by ascending into a cooler atmosphere when the weather is too hot, and descending into the warmer strata during the months of winter.

Adhering to the principle which has been followed in this work, I shall say but little of the present Europeanized condition of the natives of these islands, and confine myself as far as possible to the manners and customs of the people as they were before the white men had introduced their own mode of civilization. Even at the present day, however, the old savage character continually shows itself, and among the very people who seem to be most completely under the influence of civilization the original old heathenism exhibits itself when they are off their guard, or when they think themselves out of the ken of white men. It will be understood, therefore, that although the present tense may be used in the following pages, all descriptions apply to them as they were originally, and not to them as they are at the present day.

THE men are tall, active and powerful, and in color are of an olive brown, the precise depth of tint varying much according to the exposure to the sun, so that the skins of the chiefs are much lighter than those of the commonalty. The hair is jet black, and not in the least woolly, being sometimes quite straight, and sometimes wavy. The face is mostly wide, and is a very handsome one, the only fault in it being a tendency to width across the nostrils.

The men all wear the maro or malo, i. e. the slight girdle of cloth which has already been mentioned, and having this, they con-

sider themselves dressed for all purposes of decency. They also have a tappa, or bark-cloth garment, which is twisted round the waist, and falls below the knees, while the better class wear also a sort of mantle, to shelter their skin from the darkening sunbeams.

The great chiefs have also mantles made of a sort of network, into each mesh of which are interwoven the feathers of various birds, the most precious of them being that which supplies the yellow feathers. This is a little bird called *Melithreptes pacifica*. It is one of the honey-birds, and under each wing there is a single yellow feather, one inch in length. The late king, Kamehameha, had a cloak made of these feathers alone. It was four feet long, and eleven feet wide at the bottom. No less than nine successive kings died before this priceless mantle was finished.

The headdress of the chiefs is of so graceful and classical a form as absolutely to startle the spectator. It is a helmet made of wicker-work and covered with feathers, the shape being exactly that of the ancient Grecian helmet even to the elevated crest which runs over the top. One of these beautiful helmets is shown on the 1097th page. It is not intended as a protection for the head, the material being too fragile for such a purpose, but is simply a badge of rank and wealth. Mostly they are covered with scarlet and yellow feathers, disposed in bold bands or belts, and the wealth of the wearer may be known by the proportion which the yellow and scarlet feathers bear to each other.

Examples of these beautiful ornaments may be seen in several museums, where it is to be hoped that they will be kept from the destructive moths and beetles, inasmuch as they form the sole memorials of a time now passed away.

The birds which furnish these feathers are eagerly sought by the Sandwich Islanders, who have the same love of scarlet that distinguishes not only all Polynesians but all savages and children. The birds are usually caught by means of a tenacious substance much resembling our birdlime, and used in a similar manner by being smeared on twigs and poles, to which the birds are attracted by means of baits.

The natural taste in color is as good as that which displays itself in form, and although the brightest and most boldly contrasting colors are used by the Sandwich Islanders, they are used with such admirable judgment that they do not look gaudy, or even obtrusive.

The women, when young, are singularly beautiful, and retain their good looks longer than is usual among Polynesians. Like the other sex, however, they generally attain to great size in their latter years, those of the better sort being remarkable for their enor-

mous corpulence. This development is probably owing, like that of the Kafir chiefs, to the great quantity of porridge which they are continually eating. When young, however, they are exceedingly beautiful, their features having a peculiar charm of their own, and their forms being like those of the ancient Grecian statues. An American traveller, writing under the *nom de plume* of Haole, i. e. foreigner, gives a most animated description of a native girl, in his interesting work on the Sandwich Islands, showing that the partial civilization to which the natives have been subjected has not destroyed their beauty of features nor symmetry of form.

"In truth to nature, it may be safely asserted that beauty is not confined merely to the saloon of the monarch, nor to the tapestried chambers of the patrician. It is more frequently found amid the lowlier walks of life, on the desert, or the distant isle of the ocean. In this instance I wish to be understood as speaking of physical beauty only. On leaving the shore-road to ascend the mountains for Halawa, I met just such a specimen as has often driven men mad, and whose possession has many a time paved the way to the subversion of empire on the part of monarchs.

"She was rather above the medium size of American women. Her finely chiselled chin, nose, and forehead were singularly Grecian. Her beautifully moulded neck and shoulders, looked as though they might have been borrowed from Juno. The development of her entire form was as perfect as nature could make it. She was arrayed in a single loose robe, beneath which a pretty little nude foot was just peeping out. Her hair and eyebrows were as glossy as a raven's wing. Around her head was carelessly twined a wreath of the beautiful native *ohelo* flowers (*Gualtheria penduliflora*). Her lips seemed fragrant with the odor of countless and untiring kisses. Her complexion was much fairer than the fairest of her countrywomen, and I was forced into the conclusion that she was the offshoot of some white father who had trampled on the seventh precept in the Decalogue, or taken to his embrace, by the marriage relation, some good-looking Hawaiian woman.

"But her eyes! I never shall forget those eyes! They retained something that spoke of an affection so deep, a spiritual existence so intense, a dreamy enchantment so inexpressibly beautiful, that they reminded one of the beautiful Greek girl Myrrha, in Byron's tragedy of 'Sardanapalus,' whose love clung to the old monarch when the flame of the funeral pile formed their winding sheet.

"In no former period of my life had I ever raised my hat in the presence of beauty, but at this moment, and in such a presence, I took it off. I was entirely fasci-

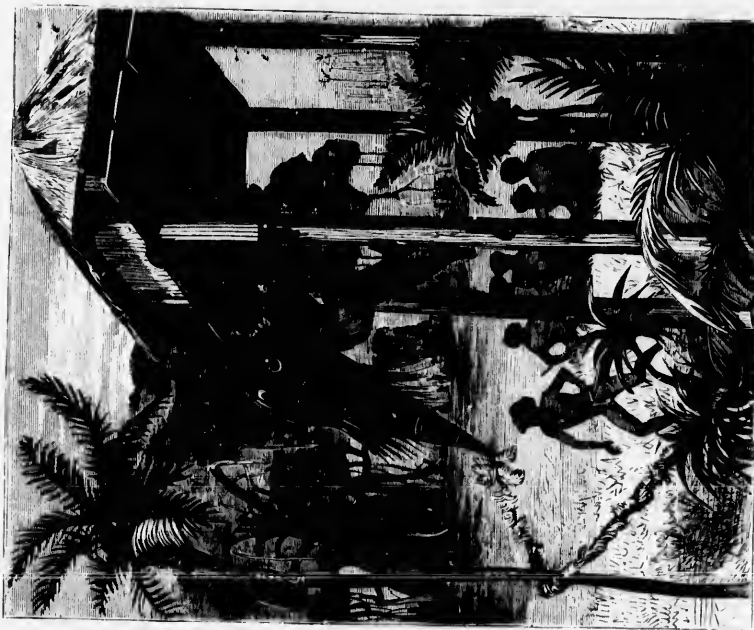
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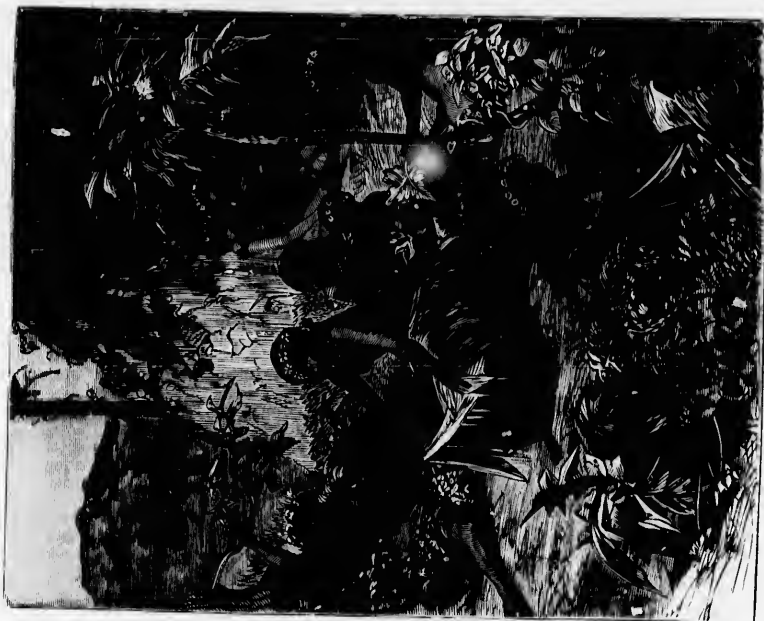
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(1.) IDOL TANE RETURNING HOME. (See page 1069.)



(2.) SANDWICH ISLAND WOMEN AND FIG. (See page 1083.)

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nated, charmed, spell-bound now. I stopped my horse; and there I sat, to take a fuller glance at the fair reality. And the girl stopped, and returned the glance, while a smile parted her lips, and partially revealed a set of teeth as white as snow, and of matchless perfection. I felt that smile to be an unsafe atmosphere for the nerves of a bachelor; so I bowed, replaced my hat, and passed on my way, feeling fully assured that nothing but the chisel of Praxiteles could have copied her exquisite charms. And as I gently moved past her, she exclaimed, in the vocabulary of her country 'Love to you.'"

The same writer mentions in several other places the beauty of the young girls whom he saw in Hawaii. There was no reason for the surmise that the girl who impressed him so deeply was a half-caste, because, as has already been mentioned, people of the better class are much fairer than those of lower rank, and are scarcely so dark as the inhabitants of Southern Europe.

The dress of the Sandwich Islands women is much like that of the Tongans, and consists essentially of a wrapper of bark cloth passing round the waist and falling below the knees. It is often arranged so that the end may be thrown over the shoulders, and many of the better class of women have a separate piece of cloth which is used as a mantle. When young they wear no clothing at all.

The methods of wearing the hair are somewhat various. The women generally cut it behind, but allow it to grow to its full length on the rest of the head. The men sometimes divide the hair into a number of locks, and plait or twist each lock into a sort of tail about the thickness of a man's finger. These tails are allowed to grow to their full length, and stream for some distance down the back. The length of tail seems to be much valued among these people, who are in the habit of adding to their length by supplementary additions of hair woven into their own locks. The hair is often stained of a reddish color by the use of lime, as is done in Fiji and other parts of Polynesia. Sometimes the men shave the whole of the hair on either side of the head, leaving only one crest of long hair to run from the forehead to the nape of the neck, just like the crests of the feather helmets.

Captain Cook remarks that the Sandwich Islanders stand almost alone among Polynesians in refusing to perforate their ears, and that they have no idea of wearing ornaments in them. They are fond of ornaments, some of which are worth a brief description. They have a sort of necklace made of black cord, doubled forty or fifty times, and supporting a piece of wood, shell, or bone cut into the form of a broad hook. Necklaces made of small shells strung to-

gether are also common, as are also necklaces of dried flowers.

Bracelets of various kinds are valued by the women. Some of these ornaments are made of hog's teeth placed side by side, with the concave parts outward, and joined by a string running through the middle. Some of these bracelets are made entirely of the long curved tusks of boars, and are really handsome ornaments. Others are formed from pieces of black wood, fastened together in a similar manner, and being variegated by small pieces of hog's teeth let into them.

The men sometimes wear on their heads tufts of feathers tied to slight sticks. The most valuable of these plumes are those which are made of the tail-feathers of the tropic bird. Others, which are not so valuable, are made of white dog's hair. The sticks are sometimes two feet in length.

Tattooing is but slightly practised among the Sandwich Islanders, though some of them have the arms and chest decorated with lines and figures tolerably well executed.

Like many of the Polynesians, the Sandwich Islanders have an absurd liking for pigs and dogs, carrying them about and feeding them when young, as if they had been children. Even when the animals attain their full growth, they are petted to no small extent. The "Häole" narrates an amusing example of the extreme tenderness which the Hawaiian women evince for these animals, and the artist has represented the description in engraving No. 2, on the preceding page. He was travelling through the island, and noticed a group of women sitting under the shade of a pandanus tree, and surrounding something in which they seemed to be greatly interested. On coming closer, he found that the object of their attention was an enormous hog.

The women were taking it to market, a task which usually devolves upon them, and had to drive the animal for a considerable distance over lofty mountains, a task which could not occupy them less than thirty-six hours. To produce the hog in good condition was evidently their principal object, and they would therefore hurry it as little as possible, coax it along, rather than drive it, by day, and sleep by its side at night. It so happened that the day was a very warm one, and the hog, which was in very good condition, was oppressed with its own fat, with the heat and the fatigue of the journey. Accordingly, the women had led their charge to a shady spot, taken off their only garments, soaked them in water, and spread them over the panting animal, which uttered occasional grunts of satisfaction at the coolness caused by the wet garments, and the continual fanning which the women kept up with leaves.

When the pig is of smaller size, and the

market is near at hand, so that there is no danger the animal may get out of condition, a much simpler plan is followed, the legs of the pig being tied together, and a pole run between them, which is lifted on the shoulders of two or four men, according to the weight of the animal.

Although the Sandwich Islanders will eat dogs, pigs, and cats too, when they can afford themselves the luxury, they are so fond of them while living that a man will sooner resent an injury done to his dog or pig than to his child. When travelling, accompanied by their dogs, they treat the animals just like children, taking them in their arms, and carrying them over any rough or muddy places, lest perchance the poor animals should hurt or soil their feet. It is possible that this extraordinary predilection may arise from the fact that none of these animals are indigenous, but have been introduced by Europeans.

It will be seen that the women do not spend their lives in idleness. Indeed, though they are not treated with the harshness that too often falls to the lot of women in uncivilized countries, they do a very fair share of the work. The cooking, for example, is entirely their business, and they are as great adepts at procuring as at cooking food. For example, if a stranger should call at the house of a native, the wife is sure to come out, pass her hand over him, and inquire whether he is hungry. Should he reply in the affirmative, she or another girl runs out to one of the fish ponds, launches a small canoe, and in a very short space of time she has caught some fish, broiled them, cooked some taro, and laid them on plantain leaves before the guest.

These fish ponds are very common in Hawaii, and are mostly made by the women. They are formed by taking advantage of the coral beach, which has numerous small bays or inlets with comparatively narrow mouths. Across the mouths of these bays the natives pile pieces of coral rock so as to prevent any fish from escaping. They are deepened as occasion may require, and it is not an uncommon thing to see a number of women up to their waists in mud and water busily employed in cleaning out a fish pond, and evidently enjoying the work rather than thinking it a hardship. While they are thus at work on land, their husbands and brothers are equally hard at work on sea, catching the fish which are to be transferred to the pond.

The natives rely much for their supplies of food on these ponds, as fish forms a considerable portion of their diet, pork and fowls being too expensive to be considered anything but luxuries, and only to be eaten constantly by the rich. The ponds vary much in size, but are generally of considerable dimensions. Few of them cover less than an acre of ground, while others are a hundred times as large. One or two of the largest

are very ancient, and may be considered as historical monuments, the coral blocks which shut them off from the sea being of such enormous size as to tell of the time when the kings or principal chiefs were absolute, and could command any amount of human labor.

Even at the present time the natives rely much on their fish ponds for their supplies of food, and the size of the pond is an invariable test of the rank and wealth of the owner. They are watched as carefully as game preserves in our own country, and suffer as much from poachers, who, however, seldom escape detection.

While, therefore, the women do their share of the work, their life is by no means a laborious one, because there is so little work to be done. The taro patch has to be prepared and cultivated, but this is not a very laborious task; the fish ponds have to be made and left in order, the cooking has to be done, and the bark cloth to be made. Of all these tasks the second is the hardest, and this is rather considered as an amusement than a labor, the women being so amphibious in their habits that to spend half the day in mud and water is no hardship to them, as is seen by the merry talk and laughter that accompany the work.

Mr. Bennett mentions one instance in which a woman was badly treated by her husband. Being in a state of intoxication, he ordered her to carry him on her back up one of the precipices with which these islands abound. In spite of the almost perpendicular rocks, which are in that spot so steep that the white visitors could barely climb up them without any burden at all, the woman undertook the task, and succeeded in reaching the summit in safety.

The semi-amphibious nature of the Sandwich Islanders has already been mentioned. The mode in which both sexes turn their aquatic powers into a means of amusement will be presently described, but we are now dealing with the work done by the women, and not with their amusements. There is a salt-water lake called *Loki Nomiiu*, which was said by the natives to be the handiwork of the terrible fire-goddess *Pele*, who dug deep into the ground in search of fresh water, but was baffled by the sea finding a subterranean entrance, although the lake is many yards from the shore. Being angry with the sea for its misconduct she took her departure, and took up her abode in the crater of the great volcano of Hawaii, which is called by her name. There is little doubt that the lake in question is itself the crater of an extinct volcano. The "*Hæle*" went to visit this extraordinary lake, and gives the following account of the mode by which its actual depth was ascertained:—

"Having been informed that this lake was fathomless, I felt only more solicitous to test the mystery. There were no means, however, on the premises; and, two women ex-

cepted, the little village was temporarily deserted. There were several canoes on the shore, but the lake was much disturbed by a heavy north wind, so that they would have been rendered nearly useless. But I felt as though I could not abandon the expedition. The gentleman who accompanied me thither informed the women of my object in coming, and assured them I was extremely anxious to know the depth of the water in that lake, and that we would wait until some of the men returned from their fishing excursion.

"But one of them soon provided a remedy. She proposed swimming into the lake with a sounding-line to make the required measurement. Our remonstrance against such a measure was in vain, for she resolutely assured us it would be not only an easy performance, but afford her much satisfaction, to have an opportunity of serving me. She procured a piece of willi-willi wood, exceedingly light, about six feet long, and as many inches in diameter. This she insisted on carrying to the north end of the lake, where, under the lee of the high hills, she launched the log of wood. After wading in until it was deep enough to swim, she placed the log firmly under her chest, keeping it there with

one hand, and retaining the sounding-line with the other. In this position she struck down the lake, stopping at short intervals to let down the line, which she knotted at the surface of the water every time she found the bottom. This done, she would gather up her line, replace her log, and resume her course. And she pursued this plan until her task was done.

"It would be superfluous to say that this feat excited our admiration, or that we compensated her for her pains. It was the most novel expedition I had ever seen; nor could I fully realize it until I remembered that in these islands, as in other parts of Polynesia, and in the Caribbean Sea, the women and girls are the best swimmers. The Hawaiians are almost amphibious. Volumes might be written detailing their extraordinary feats in the water. It is owing to their frequent bathing that many of the women of Polynesia display such an exquisite *contour*."

The woman who performed the feat was the mother of nine children, all of whom were living—an extraordinary event in the life of an Hawaiian woman, so many children perishing either by neglect, disease, or intentional violence.

CHAPTER CXII.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—*Concluded.*

WAR—SPORT—RELIGION.

WEAPONS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS—KAMEHAMEHA AND THE SPEARS—TWO KINDS OF SLINGS—THE WOODEN DAGGER OR PAHŪA—THE KNIFE FOR CUTTING UP THE BODIES OF SLAIN ENEMIES—THE WAR MAT AND ITS USES—THE TOOTH BREASTPLATE—SUPPOSED CANNIBALISM OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS—VARIOUS GAMES—SURF SWIMMING—CHILDREN AND THE WATER—MASKED PADDLERS—BALL PLAY—CUP AND BALL—THE HIDDEN STONE—A BOXING MATCH IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—SLEDGING AND ITS DANGERS—RELIGION OF HAWAII—FEATHER AND WOODEN IDOLS.

SOME of the weapons used by the Sandwich Islanders are rather curious.

In the first place they have the spear, which is made of a chestnut colored wood, which takes a high polish, and is usually barbed at the point and brought to a flattened point at the butt. They are exceedingly skilful in the use of this weapon, not only in throwing it, but in warding off the weapons that are flung at them. Kamehameha, the well-known king or chief, was celebrated for his skill with the spear. He used to stand with a spear in his right hand in front of six men, also armed with spears. At a given signal they flung their spears simultaneously at him, when he used to strike three aside with the spear in his right hand, and catch the other three in his left hand. Illustration No. 1, on the next page, shows the king performing this dangerous and remarkable feat.

These spears, which are intended to be thrown, are from six to eight feet in length, and are made to fly straight by being tapered gradually from the head to the butt. There is another kind of spear, which is used as a pike. This is from twelve to fifteen feet in length, and is not barbed.

The sling is another of the Sandwich weapons. It is of considerable length, and the receptacle for the stone is made of plaited matting. The stones are oval in shape, and are ground down for the express purpose, so that the slingers evidently possess much accuracy of aim. There is a modification of the sling, the use of which seems to be forgotten at the present day,

and even in Captain Cook's time was far from universal. The stone is cut of an oval shape, with a groove round it, much like a lady's tatting-needle, and the cord is passed round the groove with a half-hitch, so that when the end of the sling is liberated the stone flies off. Some of these stones obtained by Captain Cook were made of hematite, or blood-stone, and were very heavy, weighing at least a pound. It was rather curious that, although there was little difficulty in purchasing the stones, which must have cost much trouble in making, it was not possible to persuade the natives to part with the cord by which they were flung.

Another of their weapons is the dagger, or *pahūa*, as the natives call it. The material of which it is made is a very hard wood, something like ebony, and it is shaped much like the ordinary steel dagger, except that it has no guard. It is about two feet in length, and is secured to the wrist by a cord passing through a hole at the end of the handle. Some of these daggers are still larger, and double-pointed, being held in the middle like the antelope-horn daggers of India. This weapon has a mournful interest from the fact that when Captain Cook was murdered his body was pierced with innumerable wounds mostly made by wooden daggers, though one of the natives had a dagger made of iron, which they snatched from each other's hands in their eagerness to inflict fresh wounds.

On some occasions the Sandwich Islanders employ a weapon which much resembles the meral of the New Zealanders. It is a

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(1.) KAMEHAMEHA AND THE SPEARS. (See page 1088.)



(2.) MASKED ROWERS. (See page 1095.)

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battledoor-shaped piece of wood, armed with shark's teeth round the edges. Its primary use is that of a knife, and it is employed in cutting to pieces the bodies of foes that are slain in battle. Still, though it was originally intended as an implement and not as a weapon, it is of so formidable a character that it is often employed in the latter capacity. As far as can be ascertained, this knife is considered to be especially devoted to the one object of cutting up human bodies, and is never employed in any manner work.

As to clubs, they are of various shapes, the natives having no special form, but carrying them into any device that may suit them best, and using different kinds of wood for the purpose.

The defensive armor of the Sandwich Islanders is generally a thick mat, which is worn in time of war, and is sufficiently strong to save the wearer from the thrust of a spear or the stroke of a dagger, and can even greatly deaden the blow of a sling stone.

When Captain Cook was killed, the man who precipitated the attack was wearing his war mat, and, on threatening Captain Cook with a dagger in one hand and a stone in the other, the captain was obliged to fire at him in self-defence. Not wishing to kill, but only to wound and terrify his adversary, he fired a charge of shot, which was resisted by the war mat, so that the man escaped unhurt, his impunity encouraging the natives to proceed with their attack. Had Captain Cook fired the other barrel, which was loaded with ball, against which the war mat would have been no protection, it is probable that the natives would have been deterred from their attack, and that Captain Cook might have lived to complete the voyage of discovery.

One of the most curious examples of defensive armor is a breastplate made entirely of teeth, so arranged that they overlap each other just like the plates of scale armor. One of these curious breastplates is in the United Service Museum. Teeth hung in a similar fashion are employed as castanets, and are hung to the legs of dancers.

Warfare as originally practised by the Sandwich Islanders was scarcely deserving of the name, being little more than a series of desultory skirmishes. They usually began by practising in earnest the skill in avoiding spears which has already been mentioned as exhibited in sport. When the opposing parties met, one of the chiefs, clad in his feather helmet and cloak, advanced in front of his own men, totally unarmed, having nothing in his hand but a fan, and challenging the enemy to throw their spears at him. This they did, and by means of wonderful agility in leaping, stooping, and twisting his body, when the weapons could not be struck aside by the fan or caught in the left hand, he often contrived to escape with his life.

Though it was a piece of military etiquette that he should take no weapon into the field, he was at liberty to hurl back at his adversaries any of the spears which he could catch. Should one of the enemy's spears bring him to the ground, or should he be successful in killing an adversary, there was an immediate struggle for the possession of the dead body, which is looked upon much as is a flag among ourselves, to be defended or captured at all risks, even of life.

This statement naturally brings us to the disposal of the bodies of the slain, and to the practice of cannibalism. That the latter practice existed to a certain degree cannot be denied, but it is equally certain that the practice was always exceptional, and that it was followed rather as a portion of military etiquette than as a means of indulging the appetite. As may be imagined, the higher the rank of a slain man the greater the desire to eat a portion, however small, of his flesh; and this theory will account for the fact that the remains of Captain Cook which were rescued from the natives bore evident marks of fire.

It has often happened that cannibalism has been thought to exist on the strength of native evidence, which has afterward been found to have been misunderstood. A remarkable instance of such an error occurs in the account of Captain Cook's voyages. In vol. ii. p. 209, there is an account of a native who was observed to carry with him a very small parcel carefully tied up with string. After resisting many sollicitations, he allowed it to be opened, when there appeared a small piece of flesh about two inches long, "which to all appearance had been dried, but was now wet with salt water." On being further pressed on the subject, the man admitted that it was human flesh, and, pointing to his own stomach, indicated the portion of the body from which it had been cut.

Nothing could be clearer than this account, but in vol. iii. p. 133, the whole of this evidence is shown to be utterly untrustworthy. It seems that almost every Sandwich Islander was in the habit of carrying about with him a small piece of hog's flesh very highly salted, which he was accustomed to nibble occasionally as a delicacy, or by way of sauce when eating vegetable food. By pointing to his stomach the man merely used the conventional sign expressing the excellence of the food; and as to his statement that the flesh was that of a human being, he was so eagerly and closely questioned that, being a mere lad of sixteen or seventeen, he gave an affirmative answer to leading questions. As far as we can see, the Polynesian race is not given to cannibalism, while the Papuans are devoted to it.

WE now come to the various games with

which the Sandwich Islanders amuse themselves. Chief among them is the sport of surf-swimming. This is practised in several of the islands of Polynesia, but in none is it carried out to such perfection as in the Sandwich group. The following spirited account of this sport is given in Captain Cook's *Voyages*:—

"Swimming is not only a necessary art, in which both the men and women are more expert than any people we had hitherto seen, but a favorite diversion amongst them. One particular mode in which they sometimes amused themselves with this exercise in Karakakooa Bay, appeared to us most perilous and extraordinary, and well deserving a distinct relation.

"The surf, which breaks on the coast round the bay, extends to the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, within which space the surges of the sea, accumulating from the shallowness of the water, are dashed against the beach with prodigious violence. Whenever from stormy weather, or any extraordinary swell at sea, the impetuosity of the surf is increased to its utmost height, they choose that time for this amusement, which is performed in the following manner:—

"Twenty or thirty of the natives, taking each a long narrow board, rounded at the ends, set out together from the shore. The first wave they meet they plunge under, and, suffering it to roll over them, rise again beyond it, and make the best of their way by swimming out into the sea. The second wave is encountered in the same manner with the first; the great difficulty consisting in seizing the proper moment of diving under it, which, if missed, the person is caught by the surf, and driven back again with great violence: and all his dexterity is then required to prevent himself from being dashed against the rocks. As soon as they have gained, by these repeated efforts, the smooth water beyond the surf, they lay themselves at length on their board, and prepare for their return. As the surf consists of a number of waves, of which every third is remarked to be always much larger than the others, and to flow higher on the shore, the rest breaking in the intermediate space, their first object is to place themselves on the summit of the largest surge, by which they are driven along with amazing rapidity toward the shore.

"If by mistake they should place themselves on one of the smaller waves, which breaks up before they reach the land, or should not be able to keep their plank in a proper direction on the top of the swell, they are left exposed to the fury of the next, and, to avoid it, are obliged again to dive and regain the place from which they set out.

"Those who succeed in their object of reaching the shore have still the greatest

danger to encounter. The coast being guarded by a chain of rocks, with here and there a small opening between them, they are obliged to steer their board through one of these, or, in case of failure, to quit it before they reach the rocks, and, plunging under the wave, make the best of their way back again. This is reckoned very disgraceful, and is also attended with the loss of the board, which I have often seen, with great terror, dashed to pieces at the very moment the islander quitted it. The boldness and address with which we saw them perform these difficult and dangerous manœuvres was altogether astonishing, and is scarcely to be credited."

These swimmers used often to pass nearly a mile seaward, in order to enjoy the rapid motion of their return as long as possible. Both sexes and all ranks unite in it, and even the very chiefs themselves, who have attained to the corpulency which they so much admire, join in the game of surf-swimming with the meanest of their subjects. Some of the performers attain to a wonderful degree of skill, and, not content with lying on the board, sit, kneel, and even stand on it as they are hurled shoreward by the giant waves. The boards are of various sizes, according to the age and stature of the owner. For adults they are about six feet in length. They are slightly convex on both sides, and are kept very smooth—all surf-swimmers cherishing a pride in the condition of their boards, and taking care to keep them well polished and continually rubbed with cocoa-nut oil. The artist has finely represented on the following page the marvellous conquest of the sea by these islanders.

Such utter mastery of the waves can only be obtained by familiarity with the water from earliest childhood. A Sandwich Island child can swim as soon as it can walk, if not sooner, the mothers taking them from the breast, laying them on the surface of the water and encouraging them to kick about as if lying on their mats ashore. One writer mentions his encounter with an object which he took to be a very large frog, but which turned out to be a Kanaka (i. e. Sandwich Island) baby, which was lying on its back and disporting itself quite at its ease.

Indeed, in the mind of a Sandwich Islander there seems to be no connection between the ideas of water and danger, neither does it enter his imagination that any human being is unable to swim. Consequently, there have been several instances where white men have fallen into the water and have been almost drowned, though in the presence of the natives, simply because the idea that any one could be endangered by falling into the water never occurred to them.

They are equally skilful in managing

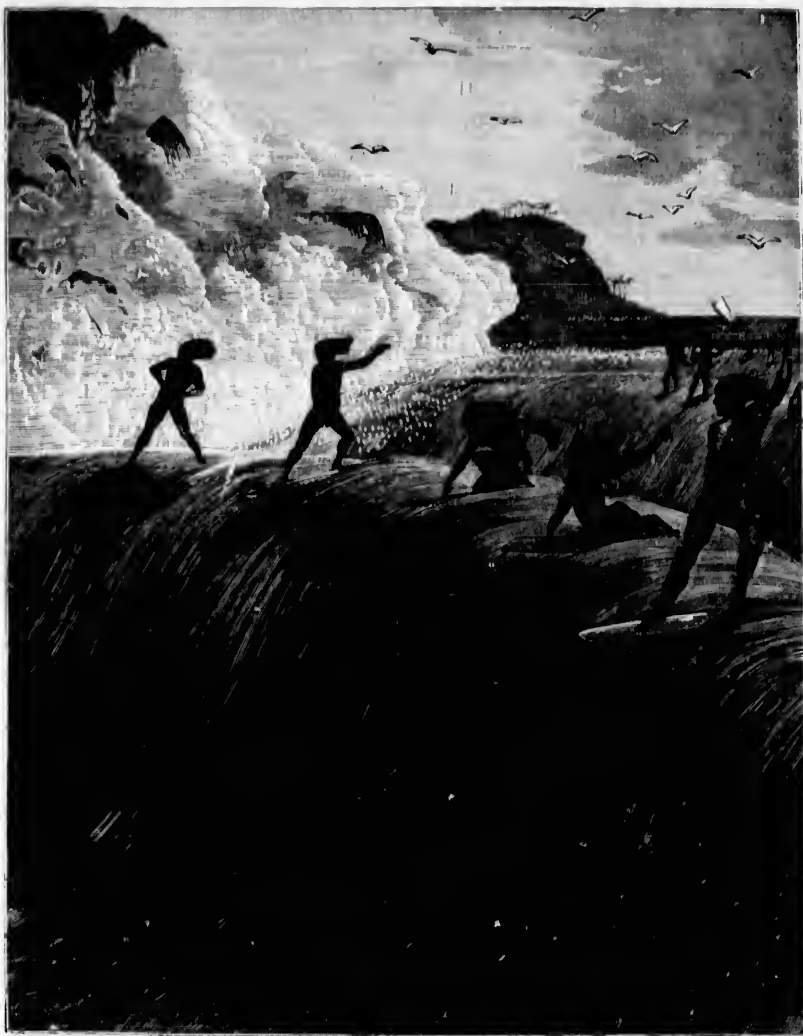
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SURF SWIMMING BY SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

(See page 1062.)

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their canoes, and have a curious mode of extracting amusement out of them. A number of men will sometimes paddle a canoe after dressing themselves up in a most ludicrous fashion. They take large empty gourds, and put them over their heads, after cutting holes in them corresponding with the eyes and nose, so that the effect is not at all unlike that of a turnip lantern. To the upper part of the gourd is attached a bunch of slender green twigs, which look at a little distance like a plume of feathers, and to the lower part are suspended a number of narrow strips of cloth, looking like a long beard. Their appearance is shown in illustration No. 2, on the 1089th page.

In every case where these masks were worn, the wearers seemed exceedingly jovial, laughing, shouting, and playing all kinds of antics. It was suggested that these masks were in fact helmets, used to protect the wearers against the stones slung by their adversaries; but the whole demeanor of those who wore them was so completely that of mere masqueraders that the helmet theory seems quite untenable.

Ball play is a favorite sport with the Sandwich Islanders, and is carried on with infinite variations. Like the Tongans, they can play with five balls at once, throwing them from hand to hand, so that four of them are always in the air. The balls are extemporized on the spot, being made of green leaves rolled together, and bound with string.

They have a modification of this game, which very much resembles our cup and ball. They take a wooden stick, or handle, about a foot or eighteen inches long, and through one end of it they pass a peg of hard wood, some three inches in length, so that an inch or more projects on either side. They bring both ends of the peg to a sharp point, and the toy is then ready. Throwing up the ball with the left hand, they catch it on one of the pointed ends of the peg, and then jerk it into the air, and catch it again, reversing the stick so as to catch it upon the other end of the peg. This game they will keep up for a very long time without missing ball once.

Another amusement is very popular. Two players sit opposite each other, one having a stone and a piece of bark cloth, and the other a stick. The first player takes the bark cloth, spreads it on the ground, and with his right hand crumples it up into folds, while with the other he deposits the stone under the cloth. The peculiar character of the cloth causes the folds and wrinkles to remain unaltered, just as would be the case if a piece of thin paper were treated in the same way. The other player carefully examines the cloth, endeavoring to discover the spot under which the stone is concealed, and, when he has made up his mind, strikes at the stone with his

stick. Should he hit it, he wins a large stake from his opponent; but in the very likely event of missing it he forfeits a small stake to the adversary. Great interest is taken in the game by the spectators, and heavy bets are laid on the two players.

They have many athletic amusements, such as bowls, spear throwing, stick darting, and similar sports and occasionally engage in the rougher sport of boxing. As may be seen from Captain Cook's account, this sport is not carried on with such fury and pertinacity as in Tonga, the victory being gained on comparatively easy terms:—

"As we had not yet seen anything of their sports or athletic exercises, the natives, at the request of some of our officers, entertained us this evening with a boxing match. These games were much inferior, as well in point of solemnity and magnificence as in the skill and powers of the combatants, to what we had seen exhibited at the Friendly Islands; yet, as they differed in some particulars it may not be improper to give a short account of them.

"We found a vast concourse of people assembled on a level spot of ground, at a little distance from our tents. A long space was left vacant in the midst of them, at the upper end of which sat the judges, under three standards, from which hung slips of cloth of various colors, the skins of two wild geese, a few small birds, and bunches of feathers.

"When the sports were ready to begin, the signal was given by the judges, and immediately two combatants appeared. They came forward slowly, lifting up their feet very high behind, and drawing their hand along the soles. As they approached, they frequently eyed each other from head to foot in a contemptuous manner, casting several arch looks at the spectators, straining their muscles, and using a variety of affected gestures. Being advanced within reach of each other, they stood with both arms held out straight before their faces, at which part all their blows were aimed. They struck, in what appeared to our eyes an awkward manner, with a full swing of the arm; made no attempt to parry, but eluded their adversary's attack by an inclination of the body or by retreating.

"The battle was quickly decided; for if either of them was knocked down, or even fell by accident, he was considered as vanquished, and the victor expressed his triumph by a variety of gestures, which usually excited, as was intended, a loud laugh among the spectators. He then waited for a second antagonist, and, if again victorious, for a third, till he was at last in his turn defeated.

"A singular rule observed in these combats is, that whilst any two are preparing to fight, a third person may step in, and choose either of them for his antagonist, when the

other is obliged to withdraw. Sometimes three or four followed each other in this manner before the match was settled. When the combat proved longer than usual, or appeared too unequal, one of the chiefs stepped in, and ended it by putting a stick between the combatants. The samo good humor was preserved throughout which we before so much admired in the Friendly Islanders. As these games were given at our desire we found it was universally expected that we should have borne our part in them; but our people, though much pressed by the natives, turned a deaf ear to their challenge, remembering full well the blows they got at the Friendly Islands."

A sport which was formerly in great vogue in the Sandwich Islands is sledging, the sloping sides of the mountain ranges being pressed into the service of the players. The game is called *holua*, and is played in the following manner:—

Each player is furnished with a sledge, made of two narrow runners, varying from seven to eighteen feet in length, three inches deep, and rounded off at one end, just like the steel runner of a skate. These are placed side by side, not parallel, but slightly diverging, the space between the runners being about two inches at the tips, and five inches at the other end. They are connected together with cross-pieces of wood, and mostly covered with strong matting. The native name for the sledge is *papa*. In order to prepare a path on which the sledge can travel, the natives cut a narrow and shallow trench from the top of the mountain to the base, and even carry it for a mile or more on level ground. Before the sport is begun, the trench is laid with grass so as to make the path easier.

When the players have assembled at the top of the mountain, one of them takes the sledge in his hands, holding it in front of him, retreats a few paces, and then runs forward with all his speed, flings himself head foremost into the trench, and glides down it at a terrific pace, resting on his sledge. The rapidity with which a well-managed sledge will dash down the trench, is absolutely fearful, the incline being often at an angle of forty-five degrees. The art of balancing the narrow sledge is a very difficult one, and if a player should chance to lean too much to one side, or should guide his sledge out of the trench, it is scarcely possible for him to escape with his life. The sledge flies to pieces in a moment, the rider is hurled high in the air, and goes rolling down the steep hill, without any means of guiding or stopping himself.

The winner in this game is the player who travels the farthest along the trench, and so fascinating is the sport, that the natives have been known to stake the whole of their property on their skill. They staked their houses, their lands, their fruit trees,

and their crops. Husbands staked their wives and children, and wives staked themselves. And after they had lost all that they had, or were likely to have, they staked their very bones, to be used after death in making fish hooks and arrow heads.

THE religion of the Sandwich Islanders resembles so closely that of the Polynesians that little need be said about it. What worship they have is extorted by fear, and, in accordance with this principle, they make their idols as ugly as possible. There is a certain character about the idols of the Sandwich Islands which, like the carving of New Zealand, cannot be mistaken.

In order to show how completely this character is impressed upon the workmanship, I introduce upon the following page two specimens, one from the British Museum, and the other from my own collection. The former of these, No. 1, is made, like the feather helmets, of wicker-work, and is very much larger than any human head and neck. It is covered with the red and yellow feathers which have already been mentioned, and, from the mere price of the material, must have been, in the days in which it was made, a most costly and precious object.

The eyes are made of mother-of-pearl, and in the centre of each is set a black bead by way of pupil. The enormous teeth which beset the open mouth are simply the fangs, or canine teeth, of dogs. The top of the head is furnished with a crest, just like that of the feather helmet. In spite of the rudeness of form, the image possesses a certain force and vigor, which shows that the native who made it had some modicum of artistic power, which in this case expresses itself in outline, just as in the case of the feather cloak it is exemplified in color.

By way of contrast with this idol, we will now look at another specimen (No. 2, on same page), in which the artist has been obliged to renounce color, and trust entirely to outline; and it cannot be said that he has been unsuccessful. The head and body of this image are cut out of a white and very light wood, and have been covered with bark cloth. This cloth has been stained black, and the native artist has contrived to apply it with such perfection of manipulation that it fits closely to all the inequalities of the carving, and cannot even be seen until specially pointed out.

The head and neck are separate from the trunk, and carved out of a single piece of wood; and even the bold crest and its supporting rays are cut out of the same piece of wood. The teeth of the upper jaw are those of a human being; but those of the lower jaw are simply a row of the palatine teeth of some large fish, and are sixteen in number. They are flanked at each angle of

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Top Human teeth.
Lower, Fish teeth.
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(2.) WOODEN IDOL. (See page 1096.)



SANDWICH ISLAND HELMET. (See page 1082.)



(1.) FEATHER IDOL. (See page 1096.)

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the mouth by a human tooth. After the teeth have been inserted into the wood, the bark cloth has been applied, and is turned in at the roots of the teeth, so as to represent the gums. The eyes are simply oval pieces of mother-of-pearl.

It is rather remarkable that the strip of cloth which runs over the crest has not been stained black, like that which covers the head, face, and neck, but is nearly white, and of much stronger and coarser texture. The skill with which the maker has applied the cloth to the wood is really admirable. He has evidently soaked it until it was quite soft and tender, and by means of careful stretching and pressing has "coaxed" it over the various irregularities—such as the nose, eyes, and mouth—so that it fits as closely as if it were the real skin.

The neck is small, narrow, and scarcely worthy of the name, being in fact little more than a large peg, by which the head may be attached to the body when needed. In consequence of this arrangement, the position of the head can be altered at will, and the variety of expression gained by so simple an arrangement is scarcely credible.

The body of the idol is made of the same

light wood as the head, and is also covered with the black bark cloth. There is a socket between the shoulders, into which the neck fits loosely. The arms are nothing more than bundles of rushes or reeds, tied with cloth; and each hand is furnished with six fingers, probably as a symbol of extraordinary power. The fingers are merely dogs' teeth, the whiteness of which presents a curious contrast with the black head and body. There are no legs, nor even any indication of legs, the body being little more than a block of wood, with a hole at the top for the insertion of the neck, and a smaller hole at each shoulder for the insertion of the arms.

Whatever artistic power the maker possessed has been given to the head, and it must be acknowledged that he has carried out his idea most vigorously. The long dress worn by this idol is not stained black, like that which covers the face, head, and body, but is white, and without even a pattern.

For this interesting specimen I am indebted to E. Randell, Esq., who has furnished me with many of the objects which have been figured in this work.

CHAPTER CXIII.

THE CAROLINE ARCHIPELAGO.

DRESS—ARCHITECTURE—AMUSEMENTS—WAR.

DISCOVERY AND NAMING OF THE ISLANDS—THEIR GEOGRAPHICAL EXTENT—THE MARSHALL AND GILBERT GROUPS—INHABITANTS OF ROMANZOFF ISLAND—THE ISLAND OF BORNABI AND ITS INHABITANTS—TATTOOING AND HAIR DRESSING—A MAN OF FASHION IN BORNABI—ARCHITECTURE AND ANCIENT RUINS—LOVE OF COAST—THE PELEW ISLANDS—SHIPWRECK OF CAPTAIN WILSON—COMPLEXION AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—THE TATTOO—CURIOUS COMBINATION OF NAKEDNESS AND MODESTY—USE OF THE BETEL-NUT—THE RUPACKS AND THE DONE BRACELET—MODE OF INVESTITURE—SPEAR THROWING—MODE OF CONDUCTING SEA FIGHTS—ARCHITECTURE OF THE PELEW ISLANDS—MANUFACTURE OF DOMESTIC IMPLEMENTS—DANCE OF THE WARRIORS—IDEA OF RELIGION—A FUNERAL IN THE PELEW ISLANDS—STORY OF LEE BOO.

PASSING in a south-westerly direction from the Sandwich Islands we come to a very large group called the Caroline Archipelago. These islands were discovered—as far as is known—in 1526, by the Portuguese, who in those days were the most enterprising navigators in the world. About fifty years afterward they were visited by Drake, but they did not receive the name by which they are known until more than a hundred years after Drake's voyage, when they were named by the Spanish the Carolines, in honor of Charles the Second, the then king of Spain.

These islands extend over a very considerable geographical range, a space of some fifty degrees intervening between the most easterly and westerly of them. Owing to the extensive range of these islands, there is considerable difference between the manners and customs of these natives, and even between their form and complexion. We will therefore take as examples some of the easterly, central, and western islands.

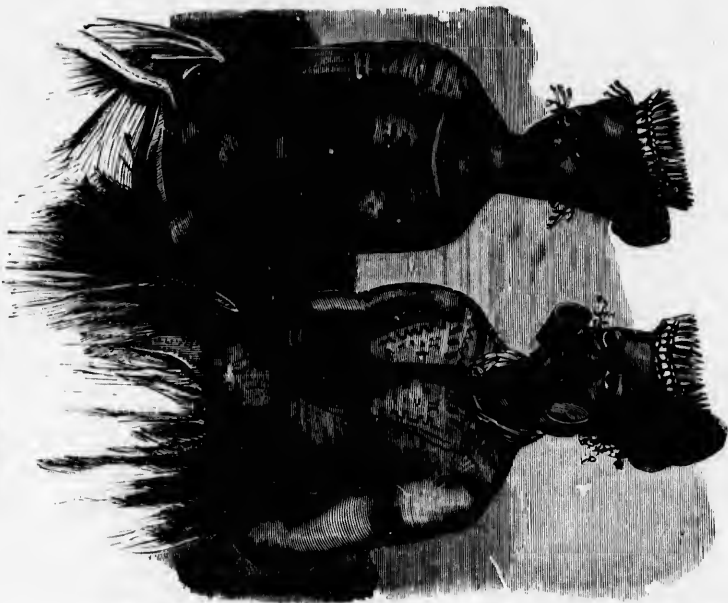
THE most easterly of the group are those which are called the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, the former being those of the north and the latter those of the south. They are sometimes divided into the Eastern and Western Islands, the former being the Radiek and the latter the Ralik chain, each group comprising about fifteen or sixteen islands.

These islands are all low in the water, being mostly of coralline structure, so that they are not visible from any great distance. In consequence of their lowness, they seem to have escaped the observation of voyagers until 1788, when they were discovered by Marshall and Gilbert, after whom they were named. As is usual in coral islands, the soil is but shallow, having been formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter thrown on the coral reefs by the waves. The vegetation is therefore scanty, and is mostly confined to bananas, cocoa-nut trees, bread-fruit—all of which thrive best on a low situation near water.

As a sample of the Marshall Islanders, I give a portrait of a man and woman of Romanzoff Island, on the next page. They are a rather fine race, taller than the generality of the Caroline Islanders, and possess tolerably good features. They use the tattoo with some profusion, both sexes appearing to be equally addicted to it. They are better clothed than many Polynesians, the men wearing a short mat round their waists, and the women being clad in a very fine and neatly-made mat, falling nearly to the feet. The hair is long, and naturally curling, and is worn long by both sexes. Earrings are in great request, and some of them, as may be seen by reference to the illustration, are enormously large.

From the structure of the island, it is evident that the present inhabitants are not

(1) ROMANZOFF ISLANDERS. (See page 1100.)



(2) DYAK WARRIOR AND DUSUK. (See page 1112.)



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aborigines, but came from other islands at no very remote period. They have kept up the nautical spirit to which they owe their presence on the island, and make long voyages from one island to another. Their canoes are well made, and are built of bread-fruit wood.

BORNABI is one of the largest and most important of these islands, being about seventy miles in circumference, and having a sufficient variety of soil to be very fertile. Instead of being as low-lying as some of these islands, it is of volcanic origin, shooting up to a considerable height in the middle, and surrounded by flat coral reefs.

In consequence of this structure, it affords excellent harborage, and has become a great place of resort for whaling vessels. Like some parts of America within the same zone, and having a somewhat similar contour, the island is a very wet one, so that the combined heat and moisture produce a wonderful fertility of vegetation. Even on the higher parts of the island, the fresh water nourishes various trees and shrubs, while on the coast the mangrove, which delights in salt water, absolutely grows into the sea, and, by its interlacing roots and branches forms a barrier which cannot be penetrated except through the apertures made by the mouths of rivers and creeks.

The inhabitants are of a fair average stature, the men being about five feet eight inches high, while the women are much shorter. They are, however, well proportioned, and not stumpy or clumsy, as is too often the case with the women of uncivilized races.

Like the Romanzoff Islanders, they tattoo themselves liberally, and both sexes wear their black hair very long, keeping it well oiled and carefully dressed, and, in the case of people of rank, adorning it with wreaths of flowers. They have the same odd passion for turmeric which is found in the Polynesian races generally, anointing themselves profusely with it, and thereby converting their naturally pleasing copper color into a repulsive yellow.

The men dress themselves very carefully, a Bornabi man of fashion spending a vast amount of time on his costume. He must not exhibit a vestige of hair on his face, but must painfully pluck out each individual hair by means of forceps made of a couple of cockle-shells, or a piece of tortoise-shell bent double. He must wear at least six aprons, one over the other. These aprons are made of strips of the cocoa-nut leaf bleached white and about two feet in length. He must have round his waist a belt or sash made of banana fibre, and dyed scarlet and

yellow. He must have his necklaces, his head-band, and his scarlet tassels in his ears; and he flushes off his costume by a sort of parasol or sunshade made of leaves, which he ties round his head so as to preserve the face from the sun.

This elaborate toilet must be made several times daily, as every native bathes, oils, and paints his skin yellow at least three times every day. The dress of the women bears some resemblance to that of the men, except that, in lieu of the series of apron fringes they wear bark cloth fastened round the waist and reaching to the knee.

In architecture the people of Bornabi are superior to the generality of Polynesians. Like the Marquesans, they begin by building a platform of stones, some four or five feet in height, and upon this they erect the framework of the edifice. The spaces between the upright timbers are filled in with wicker-work, in which are left certain apertures that answer the purpose of windows. The floor is covered with the same kind of wicker-work, except a small space in the centre, in which the fireplace is made. The roof is thatched neatly with pandanus leaves. In all these particulars there is little distinction between the architecture of Bornabi and that of many other islands. The chief point of difference lies, however, in the fact that the timbers are squared, and that, instead of being merely lashed together, they are fastened by tenon and mortise.

It seems probable that the superiority of their architecture, more especially in the squaring of beams and the use of the mortise, is due not so much to themselves as to the remembrance of buildings erected by white men several centuries ago. Near one of the harbors are some ruined buildings, which are evidently not of savage architecture. They are built of cut stones, which have been imported from some other country, and are arranged in streets, looking as if they had formed a portion of a fortification. It has been conjectured that these buildings were the work of the Spanish buccaneers, who used, some centuries ago, to range these seas, and would have found such a harbor and fort invaluable to them.

As far as is known, the inhabitants of Bornabi keep almost entirely to the coast, and never visit the interior. It is certain that the cultivated grounds only extend for a very little distance inland, and, as all the energy of these islanders naturally takes a seaward direction, it is very probable that the natives speak truth when they say that they have never even visited the centre of their island.

THE PELEW ISLANDS.

THE westernmost group of the Carolines is known by the name of the Pelew or Pallo Islands. They were discovered, in 1543, by Villaboa, but have been made known to us principally by means of Captain H. Wilson, who was wrecked there in 1783. The group consists of about twenty small islands, which are surrounded by a reef.

The inhabitants are of a dark copper color, well made, tall, and remarkable for their stately gait. They employ the tattoo in rather a curious manner, pricking the patterns thickly on their legs from the ankles to a few inches above the knees, so that they look as if their legs were darker in color than the rest of their bodies. They are cleanly in their habits, bathing frequently, and rubbing themselves with coco-nut oil, so as to give a soft and glossy appearance to the skin.

The hair of the head is fine and black, and is worn long by both sexes, being rolled up in a peculiar fashion close to the back of the head. That of the face and chin is mostly removed, being plucked out by tweezers, only a few men, remarkable for the strength and thickness of their beards, allowing them to grow. The men wear no clothing, not even the king himself having the least vestige of raiment, the tattoo being supposed to answer the purpose of dress.

So unacquainted with real clothing were they when Captain Wilson visited them, that they were utterly perplexed at the garments of the white men, lifting up the flaps of the coats, pinching the sleeves, and then comparing them with their own naked limbs, evidently fancying that these mysterious objects were the skin peculiar to the white man. They also took the blue veins on the seamen's wrists for lines of tattooing, and asked to be allowed to see the whole of the arm, in order to find out whether the blue lines were continued beyond the wrist.

In spite, however, of the absence of dress the deportment of the sexes toward each other is perfectly modest. For example, the men and women will not bathe at the same spot, nor even go near a bathing-place of the opposite sex unless it be deserted. If a man is forced to pass near a women's bathing-place, he is obliged, when he comes within a stipulated distance, to give a loud shout; and, if it be answered by a female voice, he must either pass by a circuitous route, or turn back and wait until the women have left the spot.

Their features are tolerably good, the nose rather prominent, and the mouth moderately large. They would look a tolerably handsome people but for their custom of chewing the betel-nut, which stains the mouth red and the teeth black. The chiefs and all the principal men are so devoted to

the betel that they always carry with them a little basket containing the nuts, and a small bamboo vessel in which they keep the quicklime which is mixed with the betel when chewed.

Although they care nothing for dress, and comparatively little for ornament, the very great chiefs wear one decoration which is prized by them much as is the Garter in England, or the Golden Fleece in Spain. This is a bone bracelet, worn on the left wrist and denoting the very highest rank next to that of the king himself. Those who are privileged to wear it are called Rupacks, and, as will presently be seen, the rank is not necessarily hereditary, but is conferred at the pleasure of the king.

It seems strange to us that distinctions of rank should be thus sharply defined among a people like the Pelew Islanders, and that "naked savages" should have their various gradations of social position. That a definite scale of rank should exist at all is an evidence of some civilization, and that so complete a system should be found among these islanders appears a perfect enigma to those who have been accustomed to associate clothing and civilization as inseparable conditions. Yet here we have the singular fact that there is a distinct division of ranks into king, nobles, gentry, and peasantry; and that, although these ranks are perfectly well defined and acknowledged, not a man, from the almost despotic king to the lowest subject, wears the slightest article of clothing.

Not only are these distinctions jealously observed, but we find also that the nobles are divided into several ranks, as is the case in civilized lands, and that the highest rank is denoted by a symbolical badge. This badge is conferred only by the sovereign himself, and the investiture with the Rupack's bone is conducted with a ceremonious solemnity that denotes the estimation in which it is held. So deeply are the Rupacks attached to this symbol of their rank, that a rebel Rupack, who had made war against the king, and was taken alive, resisted every attempt to deprive him of his bracelet, and did not part with it until he had sacrificed his life in its defence. In shape the bone bears a curious resemblance to the open jaws of a skate, and is probably made on that model.

The mode of investiture is a very ceremonious one, and is illustrated on the following page. The Rupacks are assembled together in a sort of chapter of their order, and the Rupack elect is seated at a little distance from them. The king, or a Rupack appointed by him, then takes the bracelet, and directs the candidate to throw a stone as far as he can. This is done in order to ascer-



(1.) INVESTITURE OF THE RUPACK. (See page 1104.)



(2.) THE WARRIORS' DANCE. (See page 1108.)

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tain which hand he habitually uses, so that if he be a right-handed man the bracelet goes on the left wrist, and if a left-handed man on the right wrist.

A string is then tied to each finger of the hand; the strings are passed through the bracelet, which, together with the hand, is plentifully anointed with coco-nut oil. The principal Rupack then places himself behind the candidate, and holds him firmly by the shoulders, while another hauls at the strings. The king, in the meantime, squeezes together the fingers of the hand, and by degrees draws the bracelet firmly on the wrist. He then makes a speech to the new Rupack, telling him to polish the bracelet daily, and keep it bright; never to suffer its honor to be tarnished, and never to part from it but with his life.

Captain Wilson, who was himself invested with the Rupack's bone, writes thus of the ceremony and its object:—"This mark of distinction is given and received in these regions as a reward of valor and fidelity, and held out as the prize of merit.

"In this light such public honors were originally considered, and still ought to be so, in every state, from Pelew to Britain. And while they continue to be thus regarded they will operate on the human passions—excite emulation, inspire courage, promote virtue, and challenge respect. The decoration, indeed, derives all its splendor from the combined ideas of the mind whilst viewing it; and the imagination is equally impressed with the same sentiment, whether the badge of honor be a strip of velvet tied round the knee, a tuft of riband and a cross dangling at the button-hole, a star embroidered on the coat, or a bone upon the arm."

He might have added that the intrinsic value of the decoration bears no comparison with the honor which it denotes, and that the bone of the naked Pelew Islander, the laurel or parsley crown of the ancient warrior, or the Victoria Cross of the modern hero, are alike valueless and priceless. It is remarkable that the king does not wear the bone, so that he has no external sign to distinguish him from the meanest peasant.

The Pelew Islanders are not a very warlike people, and their weapons are, therefore, simple and few. They have two kinds of spears, one used as a missile, and the other as a pike. The missile spear is thrown by a very remarkable instrument, reminding the observer of the Australian wumrah, or throw-stick.

It consists of a piece of wood about two feet in length, and having a notch at one end. When the warrior wishes to throw his spear, he places the butt in the notch of the throwing-stick, and with his left hand bends the elastic bamboo shaft until it is nearly doubled. The hold of the left hand is then loosed, and the spear projects itself to a con-

siderable distance by means of its own elasticity. To an European nothing can be more awkward than this mode of throwing the spear; but the Pelew Islanders can send the weapon to a considerable distance, and aim it well besides.

Even without the aid of the throwing-stick, they are no mean adepts at hurling the spear. When Lee Boo, the son of the king, was at Canton, some gentlemen who were skilled in spear throwing asked him to exhibit the manner in which his own people managed the weapon. He took the spear, and, not thinking that it was to be thrown, merely quivered and poised it according to the usual preliminaries. He was then requested to throw it at a gauzo cage, with a bird painted on it. The cage was at such a distance that the gentlemen could seldom strike it. Lee Boo, however, took up the spear carelessly, poised it for a moment, hurled it, and not only hit the cage, but struck the bird through the head.

The Rupacks mostly carry swords and daggers. The former are made of a very heavy wood, and nearly three feet in length. They are inlaid with pieces of white shell, and are strong and heavy enough to kill a man with a single blow. The daggers are made of the tall-bone of the sting-ray, and, when not in use, are carried in a sheath made of a single joint of bamboo, just as is the case with the small knives of Borneo.

Land battles are seldom fought in these islands, the natives trusting chiefly to their canoes, which are of large size and well built. Their hulls are cut out of tree trunks, and then are carved, painted, and inlaid with the patient care which distinguishes savage art. When the king goes out in state, the canoes are further adorned with bunches of shells, strung on cords and hung to the bows and stern-posts. The outrigger is used, and the sails are of the "latine" form. Despite, however, of the care bestowed upon their vessels, the Pelew Islanders are not good sailors, and seldom venture outside the chain of reefs which encircle their group of islands. Even within it when the sea ran at all high, they would not venture into their canoes.

In consequence of their mode of fighting, the capture of an enemy's canoe is thought of much more consequence than the slaughter of his soldiers, and is looked upon much in the same light as we consider the capture of an enemy's gun or flag. Therefore when one party finds that the battle is going against them, they turn their canoes landward, and drive them ashore with all their might, and, if possible, drag them so high on the beach that they cannot be floated without exposing the invaders to almost certain death.

The principal tool used in making the canoe is the adze, or axe. In form the weapon is almost identical with the Polyn-

slan adzes which have been already described in this work. The blade is made of the thick and strong shell of the giant clam, and the most serious point of the instrument is that the head revolves in a groove, so that it can be used as an adze or an axe at pleasure. The Dyak boat builder has a precisely similar instrument, as will be seen in the course of a few pages.

Their smaller tools and implements—such as stone knives, comb, and string—they carry in the basket which holds their betel; and as they have no dress, and consequently no pockets, a man never walks to any distance from his home without carrying the basket with him.

The architecture of the Pelew Islanders is very good. The houses are raised about three feet from the ground by means of stone posts, upon which are laid the beams which support the flooring and side-posts. The walls are made of thick matting, which extends from post to post, and the floors are generally of plank, having an inch or so of space between the boards. Sometimes they are made of split bamboos, which become polished and very slippery by the constant tread of naked feet.

Each house has in the centre its fireplace, sunk lower than the flooring, and formed of stones and earth. The fire is kept burning all night, not for the purpose of warmth, but that the smoke may fill the house, and drive away mosquitoes. When the house is a very large one, and employed for the general use, there are two fireplaces, one at each end. Along the sides of the house are arranged certain apertures which answer equally the purposes of windows or doors, and are furnished with sliding shutters, by which they can be closed at pleasure. Each of these apertures is furnished with stepping stones, by means of which the inhabitants can enter or leave the house without having to clamber from the ground to the raised floor. The large houses are employed for public uses, the councils being held in front of them, or the people assembling in them for social talk, in which the women bear their full share. Some of these houses are from sixty to eighty feet in length.

Being a cleanly people, the Pelew Islanders keep their houses neatly swept, the broom being a bundle of cocoa-unt husks tied together. The vessels which contain fresh water are simply joints of the bamboo, the open ends of which are furnished with a sort of spout or lip, by means of which the water can be poured without danger of being spilt.

The cooking vessels are made of earthenware, and are mostly of an oval shape. They are not, however, very good potters, their pots and pans being rather fragile, and so badly burnt that the natives dare not put them at once on the fire, but set them first at a little distance, and, as they become

warmer, bring them nearer, turning them continually, so as to heat each part equally.

When Captain Wilson was at the Pelew Islands, the king had a vessel of which he was very proud. It was carved out of a block of wood, plentifully inlaid with pieces of white shell, and, when the cover was upon it, formed a tolerably fair representation of a bird. This vessel held about nine gallons, and on occasions of great ceremony, was brought out and filled with sweet drink for the use of the king and his Rupaacks.

Of the amusements of the Pelew Islanders Captain Wilson says little, and gives but a brief description of the very odd dance in which they delight. This description will be better understood by reference to the illustration on the 1105th page. "In the evening our people were entertained with a dance of the warriors, who were just then returned, which was performed in the following manner:—

"The dancers have a quantity of plantain leaves brought to them, which they split and shiver into the form of ribands. These they twine and fix round their heads, wrists, waists, ankles, and knees; and the leaves being of a yellowish hue, so prepared, have not an inelegant effect when applied to their dark copper skin. They make also bunches or tassels of the same, which they hold in their hands.

"When drawn out, they form themselves into circles of two or three deep, one within another. In general, an elderly man amongst them begins in a very solemn tone something like a song, or long sentence—for our countrymen could not discriminate which it was—and when he comes to a pause, or what we should call the end of a stanza, a chorus is struck up, and the dancers all join in concert, still continuing their figure.

"Their dancing does not so much consist in capering or agility as in a particular method they have of balancing themselves, and this frequently very low sideways, singing together all the while; during which they will flatten their circles, so as to bring themselves face to face to each other, lifting up the tassels they hold in their hands, and giving them a clashing or tremulous motion. After this there will be a sudden pause, and an exclamation from every one of 'Weel!' Then a new sentence or stanza is repeated, and danced to as before, and the same ceremony continued till every man who is engaged in the dance has in his turn had his repetition and chorus."

As far as was ascertained by Captain Wilson, the Pelew Islanders have some notions of religion, and certainly believed in a life after death. They had several superstitions, one of which was that the wood of a certain tree was unlucky, and always brought harm wherever it was used. When Captain

Wilson was building his new vessel, he used some planks of this tree, much to the dismay of the king, Abba Thulle, who begged him to remove them. Captain Wilson explained to him that as in his own country any kind of suitable wood was employed for ship building without producing disastrous results, the same impunity was to be expected in the Pelew Islands. As it happened, shortly after the obnoxious planks had been inserted, one of the carpenters fell from the side of the vessel, and hurt himself severely, thus confirming the natives in their belief.

Their funeral ceremonies are very short and simple, and even in one instance witnessed by Captain Wilson, when the son of the principal chief was buried, there was scarcely any ceremony. The corpse was wrapped up in mats, and borne by four men on a bier, no men except the actual bearers attending. A number of women followed the bier, and poured out loud lamentations as they walked. When they arrived at the place of burial, the body was laid in the grave, and the earth immediately filled in by the four bearers, while the women knelt round, and renewed their lamentations, marking as if they would tear up the body from the ground.

Next day, however, Raa Kook, the father of the deceased, went to the burial-place, and performed a curious ceremony. He took two *old* cocoa-nuts (young nuts being always gathered for consumption) and some red ochre, with which he drew transverse stripes across the nuts. He then laid the painted nuts by his side, and repeated, in an undertone, some words which were supposed to be an incantation or prayer of some

kind. A bundle of betel leaves was treated in the same way, and the whole were then delivered to an old woman, who went with them toward the grave; but the precise termination of the ceremony was not ascertained.

ON page 1107 mention was made of Lee Boo. As this young man was the first Pelew Islander who ever visited England, and was besides a very remarkable character, I will conclude this account with a short memoir of him.

He was the second son of the king, Abba Thulle, who was no common man, and well deserving of the power which he held. He possessed great energy, wonderful liberality of mind, and an innate nobility of disposition. The visit of the white men taught him their infinite superiority, and when Captain Wilson had built his new ship, and was about to start, Abba Thulle begged him to take Lee Boo to England, to have him instructed in the arts of civilization, and to send him back again so that he might be the teacher of his future people. The request was granted, and Lee Boo accompanied Captain Wilson to England, where he lived for five months, winning the esteem and affection of all whom he met, by his intelligent, modest, and affectionate nature. Unfortunately for his father's hopes, he was attacked with small-pox, of which he died, his last wish being that all presents that been given him should be sent to his father. He died on Dec. 27, 1784, and was buried in Rotherhithe Church, where a tomb was erected to his memory by the India Company.

CHAPTER CXIV.

BORNEO.

THE DYAKS, THEIR APPEARANCE AND DRESS.

SUPPOSED ORIGIN OF THE DYAKS—NUMBER OF TRIBES—THE SEA AND LAND DYAKS—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—TATTOOING MOST PREVALENT AMONG THE LEAST CIVILIZED TRIBES—DRESS AND ORNAMENT—EXTRAORDINARY EARRINGS—FILING AND BLACKENING THE TEETH—A DYAK WARRIOR IN FULL DRESS—A DUSUM WARRIOR IN ORDINARY COSTUME—THE ILLINOAN PIRATES, THEIR ARMAMENTS AND FEROCITY—A SAGHAI DYAK AND HIS STRANGE HEADRESS—STRENGTH AND ACTIVITY OF THE DYAKS—"BATANG" WALKING—AN OELICING DYAK—THEIR ABILITY TO PENETRATE JUNGLES—THE CHAWAT AND SARONG—A DYAK DANDY—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—THE BEDANG AND SLEEVELESS JACKET—THE BEAUTIFUL HAIR OF DYAK WOMEN—THE METALLIC BODICES—A SAIKAS GIRL IN FULL DRESS—DYAK BELLS—TREATMENT OF THE WOMEN.

WITH the exception of Australia, which may take rank as a continent, BORNEO is the largest island in the world. It is situated in the tropics, the equator passing nearly through the centre of it, and forms the centre of the Indian Archipelago.

Until late years, scarcely anything was known of Borneo; but since the late Sir James Brooke accomplished his wonderful series of exploits against the piratical tribes that infested the coast for more than a thousand miles, and destroyed all commerce, the country has been tolerably explored, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants investigated. Following the plan on which this work has been formed, we will only concern ourselves about the natives of Borneo who live to a degree the life of savages, and only possess that amount of civilization which is compatible with savage existence.

PUTTING aside the Malay Mahometans who have settled in Borneo, we may roughly divide the native tribes into the Land and Sea Dyaks. The former of these divisions seldom go to sea, either for piracy or trade, and in this respect are very different from the Sea Dyaks, whose existence is essentially a naval one.

Mr. Brooke believes that the Land Dyaks have emigrated from a country in which they would be brought in contact with Hindooism, inasmuch as they possess sundry relics of that religion. "The remains of

Hindooism found among them, such as stone-shaped bulls and other stone utensils, and the refusal among them to touch the flesh of cattle or deer—and so particular are they that they will fine a man for even spilling the blood of these animals on their premises; the name of their deity being Juvata—these testifying points support a fair conjecture that they must have gained a fair notion of Hindoo worship from people coming into the Kapuas River from the island of Java, which is only distant from some of the outstretching points of Borneo two hundred miles, and fair winds generally prevail between."

In confirmation of this opinion, Mr. Brooke mentions that the expression, "in the days of the Hindoos," was formerly employed when any ancient date was signified. There are about nine or ten branches of the Land Dyaks, each of which branches is divided into a considerable number of tribes. It is impossible to give the names and description of the individual tribes on account of their fluctuating character. The people are continually shifting their place in search of new lands for cultivation, and the result is that they quarrel with each other, fight, are dispersed, and thus form new tribes in the spots on which they settle.

It is thought that their number does not exceed forty thousand, many tribes of which have never been near the sea.

Next come the Sea Dyaks, a fairer, a finer,

and a more interesting people. They are about three times as numerous as the Land Dyaks, and are at the present day much what the old sea-kings were in days gone by. They are essentially a nation of rovers, living by piracy, and carrying out to the fullest extent the abominable practice of head-hunting, of which we shall see something in the course of a few pages.

They are taller than the Land Dyaks, who seldom exceed five feet six inches in height, and much fairer in complexion. The skin of the Land Dyak is brown, whereas that of the Sea Dyak is many shades lighter, and has been compared to the color of a new saddle—a hue which admirably suits the well-developed forms of these people. They are very proud of their complexion, and the women are fond of an excuse for throwing off the jackets which they wear, in order to exhibit their smooth satiny skins, polished and shining as if of new bronze.

Their various customs in peace and war will be described in their proper places, and we will content ourselves at present with their appearance and dress.

The Dyaks, as a rule, are nearly beardless, and have a cast of countenance which might almost be called effeminate. Occasionally, however, a man does possess a few hairs on his upper lip, of which he is inordinately proud, and one or two instances have been known where a man has possessed a well-developed beard.

Tattooing is practised among many of the tribes, and prevails in inverse ratio to their civilization, those who are furthest from civilization being most profusely tattooed, and those who are brought in contact with it having almost entirely abandoned the practice. The men of some tribes are nearly covered with tattooed patterns, while those of other tribes have stars on their breasts and armlets and bracelets on their legs and arms. The Kanowit Dyaks, who belong to the great Malanau tribe, are tattooed from the breast to the knees with a pattern that has the effect of scale armor, and many of them tattoo their chins and chests so as to look as if they had real beards and moustaches. The tattoo of the women is often more elaborate than that of the men, as we shall presently see.

It is worthy of notice that, as a rule, the Sea Dyaks do not use the tattoo. They have an idea that it is a sign of cowardice, and are very much surprised that English sailors, whose courage they can but respect, will allow themselves to be tattooed with the anchors, true lovers' knots, ships in full sail, entwined initials, and other figures with which a British sailor loves to disfigure himself. In consequence of this feeling many verbal skirmishes have been waged between the Sea Dyaks and the English seamen. The tribes among whom tattooing reaches its greatest development are mostly those

of the Malaccan division, such as the Kanowits, who are mightily despised by the regular Land and Sea Dyaks, and are only tolerated by them as being the means of affording a constant supply of heads.

The Dyaks are exceedingly fertile in their invention of ear ornaments. Most savages content themselves with making one hole in the lobe of the ear, and often enlarge it so that a man's hand could be passed through the orifice. But the Dyaks go much further in their ideas of adornment.

In common with other savages, they make an enormous hole in the lobe of the ear, increase it by inserting a series of gradually enlarged plugs, and drag it down as far as the shoulder by hanging leaden weights to it. But they also bore a series of holes all round the edge of the ear, and fill them with various ornaments. The favorite plan is, to have a series of brass rings, and to insert them in the holes of the ear, the smallest being at the top, and the lowest, which is large enough to be a bracelet, at the bottom. This decoration prevails chiefly among the Sea Dyaks, and there is a sort of proverb which warns the hearer to beware of a man who wears many earrings.

Often the Dyaks do not content themselves with wearing rings in their ears, but fill the apertures with such a miscellany of objects that they have been described as "châtelaines," rather than earrings. One young man, the son of a chief, wore only one large ring in each ear, but from this ring depended a number of brass chains, to which were suspended various ornaments. To one ear were thus hung two boar's tusks, one alligator's tooth, part of a hornbill's beak, three small brass rings, and two little bells.

Many of the men wear one large earring in the lobe, and bore a hole in the top of the ear, through which is passed a canine tooth of the tiger-cat.

These ornaments are only worn when the Dyak puts on his dress of ceremony, and at other times the holes in the ears are kept from closing by plugs of wood. And, as the effect of the brass is always to cause ulcerating sores, the ordinary appearance of a Dyak's ears is not very pleasing. Some of them have a curious fashion of boring one hole at the top of the ear and another at the bottom, and tying to it a brass plate, to which are suspended the jingling ornaments of which these savages are so fond.

The Dyaks are so fully impressed with the idea that nature is meant to be improved by art, that they cannot even allow their teeth to retain their natural shape and color. As a general rule, the men file their front teeth into sharp points, while others improve upon nature still farther by scooping out the front face of each tooth and rendering it concave.

Having thus rendered the shape of the

tooth as unlike its natural form as possible, the next process is evidently to change the color as completely as the shape, and to turn them from white to black. The habit of betel-eating has much to do with the darkening of the teeth, but besides, there is a mode by which the Dyaks deliberately stain their teeth black. The method by which the dye is produced and applied is well told by Mr. Boyle, in his "Adventures among the Dyaks":—

"We made inquiries about the means employed for blackening the teeth, a custom which is universal in the far East. The old medicine man was finally persuaded to show us the process, and very curious it appeared.

"He produced from his stores a piece of dry wood of the kind called sinka: this was set on fire, and held over the blade of a parang (or sword), on which a few drops of water had been poured. As the stick blazed, a black sap oozed from it, and dropped upon the metal, where it mingled with the water, and in a few moments formed a pool of thick, jetty liquid. With this the teeth are stained in childhood, and one application, we are told, will suffice to preserve them black for ever, nor are there any means of removing the color.

"The process seems peculiar, because the wood from which exuded the sap appears to be as dry as dust, and because the dye will not affect any substance except the teeth, not even bone or horn. This is the more curious since some of the Malays file the enamel carefully from their teeth before applying the sinka. Many, indeed, file them to a point as sharp as a needle, as do some of the Dyak tribes." The reader will remember that several of the West African tribes file their teeth in like manner.

Illustration No. 2, on the 1101st page, represents two Dyak warriors, one in full costume, and the other a Dusum Dyak in ordinary dress. The former of these men carries in his right hand the sumpitan, with its spear head, and the other rests on his wooden shield covered with tufts of human hair. His parang-ihlang or war sword is on his left side, with its tufts of human hair depending from the handle. His ankles, legs, and arms are covered with multitudes of brass rings, he wears a sort of jacket formed from the skin of the orang-outan, and on his head is a kind of coronal made from the feathers of the Argus pheasant. This figure is taken from a photograph.

The next figure represents a man in ordinary costume. He belongs to the tribe of Dusums, who live on the northern coast of Borneo, and who wear less clothing than any of the tribes of the island, their whole dress consisting of the chawat and a number of large metal rings round their necks and hips. The Dusum warriors wear their hair long, merely bound with a piece of

cotton cloth, and their spears are as simple as their clothing, being nothing more than a metal head lashed to a shaft of bamboo.

In order to show at a glance the appearance of various tribes of Borneans, two more Dyaks are represented in the engraving No. 1 on the following page. The left-hand figure represents an Ilianoan pirate. These men are found at Tampasook or Tampasuk as the name is sometimes spelt, a place on the north-western coast of Borneo, not very much above the island of Labuan.

The Ilianoans possess many large and formidable war boats, which are armed in the bows with a very long gun, and have, after the fashion of Bornean boats, an upper deck, which serves as a platform for the combatants and a shelter for the rowers, who sit beneath. There is a small cabin astern for the captain, about the size of a dog kennel, but the boats have no other sleeping accommodation.

The paddles with which the rowers propel the vessel are shaped rather curiously, looking at a distance like mere sticks with flat discs of wood fastened to their ends. The boats are steered by an oar rudder at the starboard side of the stern, and each is furnished with a mast and huge sail, which can be raised in a few minutes, and struck in almost as many seconds. Although the Ilianoans are wealthy tribes, and possess quantities of fire-arms, they are rather afraid to use these weapons, and trust in preference to the spear and parang.

The Ilianoans were instrumental in the murder of two native chiefs who were friendly to the English, and who had been suspected of aiding the cession of Labuan. One of them, named Bud-ruddeen, a man of celebrity as a warrior, did not fall unavenged. When the enemy approached, he retired to his house, together with his favorite wife and his sister, neither of whom would leave him. By the aid of his followers, he fought desperately to the very last, until nearly all his men were killed, and he himself was dangerously wounded.

He then retired with his wife and sister into an inner chamber, while the enemy crowded into the house in search of him, and then, firing his pistol into a barrel of gunpowder which he had placed there in readiness, blew to pieces himself, his two relatives, and his enemies.

The other figure represents a Saghai Dyak.

This tribe lives on the south-eastern coast of Borneo, and is remarkable for the superb costumes of the men, who have about them an air of barbaric splendor, which they are exceedingly fond of displaying. Wearing, in common with all Dyaks, the chawat or waist cloth, they take a pride in adorning themselves with short tunics made of tiger or leopard skin, or rich and embroidered

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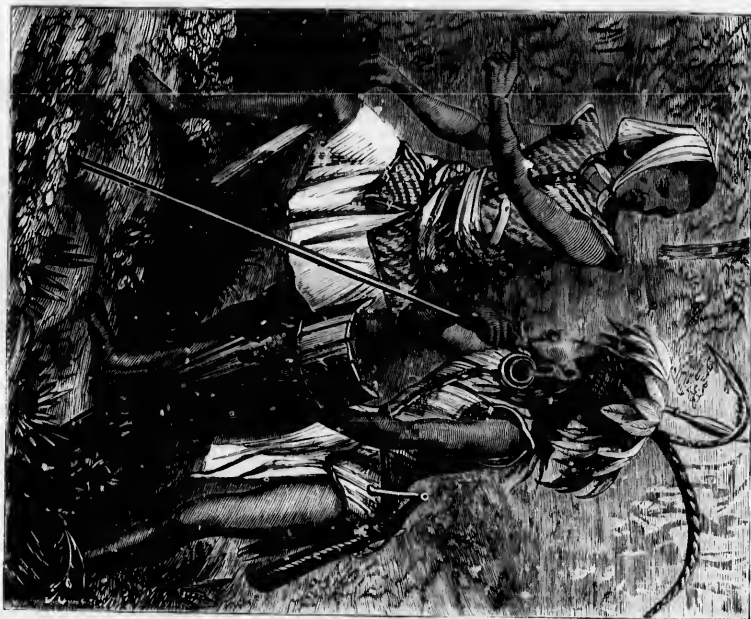
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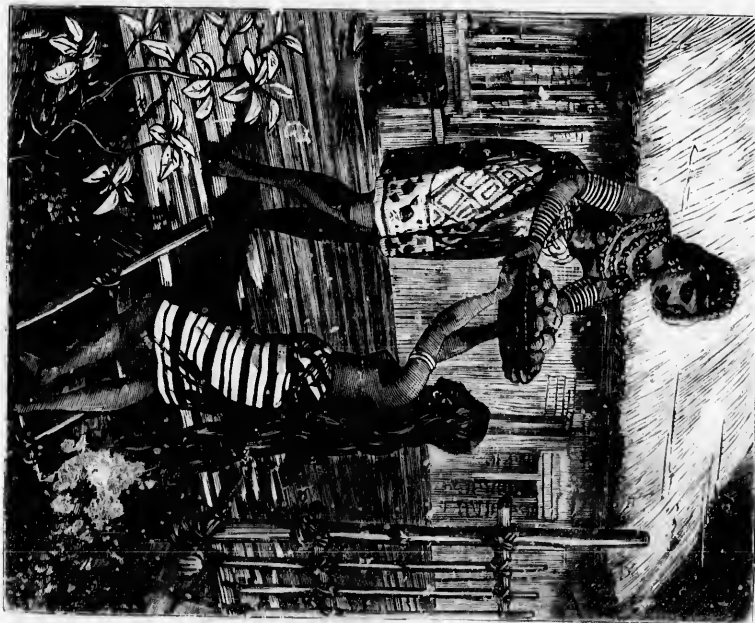
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(1.) ILLINOAN PLEAVE AND SAGHAI DYAK. (See page 1112.)



(2.) DYAK WOMEN. (See page 1118.)



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cloth; while on their heads they wear magnificent caps made of monkey-skin, and decorated with the beautiful feathers of the Argus pheasant, two of the largest feathers being placed so that one droops over each ear. All these Dyaks have a very singular profile, in consequence of their habit of filing the teeth and so reducing their bulk, those who have concave teeth presenting the most curious outline.

Comparatively slight and feeble as the Dyaks look by the side of the stalwart and muscular European, their strength is really wonderful, and enables them to perform tasks which the powerful white man could not by any possibility achieve. On a journey, when an European has fallen from sheer fatigue, a Dyak has taken the burden with which the fallen man was laden, and added it to his own, without seeming to display any particular sense of having increased his own labor; and when the stranger, in spite of the relief, has lain down in absolute inability to move, a little wiry Dyak has picked him up, put him on his back, and proceeded on his journey with perfect ease.

The Dyaks are in the habit of crossing the swamps with which Borneo abounds by means of primitive bridges, called batangs. These are the very simplest form in which the principle of the bridge can be carried out. If the reader wishes to obtain a correct idea of a batang, he can do so easily enough. Two bamboo poles are driven into the ground so as to cross one another near the top, like an X with the lower limbs much developed. They are then lashed together at the intersection, just like the supports between which a modern rope dancer stretches his cord. At about thirty feet distance, another pair of poles are fixed in a similar way, and a horizontal bamboo laid upon them.

In fact, the whole apparatus looks just like a rope dancer's apparatus, a bamboo taking the place of the rope. Beyond the second supports others are added and connected by horizontal bamboos as far as the marsh extends; and so fond are the natives of these very primitive bridges that they will make them a mile or more in length, and extend them over gorges of terrible depth.

To tread these extraordinary bridges is a task that would tax the powers of a professional rope dancer, and yet a Dyak has been known to take a heavy white man on his back, and carry him a mile or more over these slippery batangs, when, in many places, a false step would be certain destruction for both. He does not seem at all fatigued by this extraordinary feat of muscular power, but rather has a sort of boyish exultation in his strength, and a decided delight that he is able at all events in one respect to prove himself the superior of the white man, whom he regards with the most

profound respect as a being of supernatural wisdom and power.

The Dyaks are able, in some astonishing manner, to penetrate with comparative ease through jungles which are absolutely impervious to Europeans. One of these men, while on the march with some English soldiers, exhibited his strength in a very unexpected manner. The path was a terrible one, all up and down steep and slippery hills, so that the Chinese coolies who accompanied the party first threw away their rice, and lastly sat down and wept like children. The English sergeant, a veteran, accustomed to hard marching both in China and India, broke down at the first hill, and declared his inability to move another step under the load which he carried. Mr. Brooke, who was in command of the party, asked one of the Dyaks to carry the sergeant's burden, and promised him an additional piece of tobacco.

The man was delighted with the proposal, and accepted it. He was already carrying food for three weeks, his whole store of clothes, one twelve-pound shot, two twelve-pound cartridges, a double-barrelled gun, a hundred rounds of ball cartridge, and his own heavy sword and spear. Such a load as this, which would be almost too great even for a man walking on good roads, seemed a mere trifle to the agile Dyak, who went lightly and easily up and down paths which the foreigners could hardly traverse even without having to carry anything except their own weight.

So little, indeed, was he incommoded, that he strapped the whole of the sergeant's kit on his back, and walked off as easily as if the whole load were but a feather weight. No one who has not actually traversed those paths can form an idea of the miseries attending the journey. The paths themselves are bad enough, but, in addition to the terribly severe labor of walking, the traveller has to endure mosquitoes, sandflies, intense heat at mid-day, and intense cold at night, thirst, wet, and every imaginable discomfort.

Yet the native seems quite easy in the journey, and gets over the ground in a manner that is absolutely exasperating to the Europeans who accompany him. He is able to push his way through prickly thickets and morasses in a way which seems almost impenetrable. Indeed, he says himself that it is impenetrable, and that he achieves these feats by means of certain charms which he carries about with him. On one occasion it happened that at the end of a hard five hours' journey, a number of sketching materials and other necessities had been forgotten, and a Dyak was sent to the boats to fetch them, being promised a pocket-knife for his trouble. He started about two P.M. and arrived with the parcels before sunset, having thus, in addition

to his first journey with the travellers, and the heavy parcels which he had to carry, twice traversed the distance which had occupied them five hours in the transit.

When questioned about the manner in which he performed the journey, he said that it was owing to the virtues of a charm which he carried, and which he produced. It was a small misshapen horn, which he said that he had cut from the head of an antelope, and that its fellow horn was brass. He further offered to sell it for fifteen dollars, availing that its powers were unfailing, and that even any one who borrowed it was able to traverse the country at the same speed which he had exhibited.

The ordinary dress of the men is simple enough, consisting merely of the "chawat," or slight strip of cloth, which is twisted round the loins in such a manner that one end falls in front and the other behind. The chawat is often very gaily colored. Sometimes the Dyak wears a sarong, or short petticoat of cotton cloth, which reaches from the waist to a little above the knees. It is simply a strip of cloth, with the two ends sewed together, and is almost large enough to encircle two ordinary men. When it is put on the wearer steps into it, draws it up to his waist, pulls it out in front as far as it will go and then doubles back the fold and turns the edges inward, in such a manner that it is held tight in its place, while the folds caused by its large diameter allow the limbs full play.

One of these chawats in my collection is woven in a sort of plaid pattern, the ground hue being a bright and rather peculiar red, and the cross-lines being nearly white. The texture is rather coarse, and the whole fabric has a stiffness which is characteristic of native fabrics made of this material.

Those young men who are proud of their personal appearance, and are able to afford the expense do not content themselves with the plain chawat, but adorn it with all kinds of strange decorations. One of these young dandies is well described by Mr. Boyle:—"The young man did not dress in Malay trousers like his father, probably because one pair alone of such articles existed in the house; but his chawat was parti-colored, and his ornaments numerous. He was about five feet four inches in height, very fair complexioned, and his face, though Tartar like in character, had a pleasant expression. From the elbow to the knuckles, both his arms were covered with rings of brass, and above the joint were two broad armlets of snowy shells, which contrasted admirably with his yellow-brown skin.

"But the marvel and glory of his array hung behind. To the end of his chawat was attached a long network of agate beads and bangles, which jingled merrily whenever he moved. Round his neck were strings of bright beads, and his knees were encircled

by brazen wire. A profusion of dried scalps fluttered from the parang by his side; and in walking before us through the sunny glades of the jungle, his brazen gauntlet flashing in the light, and his beads of agate tinkling behind, he presented the very ideal of a barbaric dandy."

One chief, desirous of outdoing his fellows, had taken a gang and beaten it out into a belt of solid metal a foot in width. In consequence of the extraordinary value which the Dyaks set upon gongs, this belt was a mark of wealth which no one could venture to challenge. Beside the chawat, the well-to-do man wears a sort of shawl mantle, much like a Scotch plaid, and capable of being disposed after as many different fashions. They display great taste in the graceful folds which they give to it, and seem to take a pride in the variety which they can produce by the different modes of folding this simple garment.

The women dress in a manner somewhat like that of the men; but, in lieu of the sarong, they mostly wear a rather longer petticoat, called a bedang. When obliged to go out in the sun, they also wear a jacket, without sleeves and open in front; but as this jacket hides the glossy brown skin on which they pride themselves, they generally lay it aside when in the house.

In youth they are remarkable for their slender and graceful forms; but, unfortunately, after a woman has passed the age of twenty, she begins to deteriorate, and at thirty is an old woman. The face is pleasing in expression, despite of the artificial means whereby the women do their best to make themselves hideous. The eyes are black, clear, and expressive, and the lashes singularly long. The nose is rather disposed to turn upward than downward, and the mouth is terribly disfigured with the continual chewing of betel and the mode in which the teeth are filed and blackened.

The chief point in a Dyak woman's beauty is her hair, which is black, wonderfully thick, and shining, and so long that when allowed to flow over the back it nearly touches the ground. Of this ornament the women are inordinately vain, and, when engaged in conversation, are fond of flinging their shining tresses from side to side by coquettish tossings of the head. Unfortunately, the fever which is so prevalent in many parts of Borneo has the effect of bringing off all the hair, so that many a young girl is thus deprived of her chief ornament.

The women belonging to some of the tribes wear a most singular bodice, composed of bark and bamboo, and kept together by successive rings of brass wire, which form a strong and weighty bodice, to the lower part of which is attached the bedang, or petticoat.

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Mr. Boyle seems to have taken a strong aversion to these bodices. "When a Dyak lover attempts to pass a tender arm round his sweetheart's waist, instead of the soft flesh, he finds himself clasping a cuirass of solid metal. Nor is this all; for fashion ordains that the Dyak heiress shall invest her available means in the purchase of long gauntlets of twisted brass wire, reaching from the knuckles to the elbow; and if, in her turn, she encircles her lover's neck with a responsive arm, the wretched man finds himself clasped by a horrible fetter, which draws a little bit of his flesh between each of its links, and pinches him fearfully. For these reasons, caresses are not common among Dyak lovers; after all, perhaps, they are only a habit.

"But, apart from their inconvenience, these brazen ornaments are decidedly tasteful and pretty. The ordinary color of a Dyak girl, when she does not stain her body with turmeric, is a dull brownish yellow, and the sparkling brass rings are a great relief to this complexion. They are not removed at night, nor, in fact, during the wearer's lifetime, unless she outgrow them."

More than once the possession of these strange ornaments has proved fatal to the wearer, the woman having fallen overboard from a canoe, and drowned by the enormous weight of her brass ornaments. In some parts of Borneo the girls are not content with their brass bodices, bracelets, and anklets, but must needs encircle their throats with the same material. They take a long piece of stout brass wire, and twist it spirally round their necks, so that the lower part of the coil rests on the shoulders, and the upper part comes just under the chin, causing the wearer to hold her head upright, and having a most inelegant and awkward effect.

The Kayan women are exceedingly fond of a peculiar bead which is of several colors, looking as if it were a black bead into which pieces of green, yellow, blue, and gray material had been carefully let. A rich woman will sometimes wear several strings of such beads just above the hips. The different strings are connected with each other so as to form a single ornament. For one such hip-lace (as Mr. St. John calls it) a woman has given property equal to thirty-five pounds of our money; and the same woman had several others for which she had given scarcely less, together with a great number of inferior value.

The Kayan women carry the tattoo to a great extent, and follow exactly the same plan as the Samoan warriors, *i. e.* being completely tattooed from the waist to the knees. They are very fond of this ornament, and are apt to wear their dress open at the side so as to exhibit it. When the women bathe, they think that the tattoo is quite sufficient dress, and at a little dis-

tance they really look as if they were wearing short trousers.

As has been already mentioned, the Sea Dyaks do not, as a rule, care for the tattoo, and in this respect the women follow the example of the men. They are, however, equally fond of ornament with their sisters of the land, and adorn themselves with most scrupulous care on festive occasions. Mr. Boyle gives an animated description of the gala-dress worn by the Saibas Dyak girls and women during a great feast given by the chief.

"Meanwhile the female portion of the community had been preparing for their part in the proceedings. At this moment they came from the interior of the house, and the stately magnificence of their appearance showed that time and labor had not been spared in arraying themselves for this great occasion. From the neck to the hips they were covered over with large agate beads; string of them was heaped on string, till many of the women were encircled an inch thick in solid stone before and behind.

"Upon their heads was placed a piece of bead-embroidered cloth, in which were arranged thin skewers of painted wood about five inches long; there were about twenty of these bits of wood disposed about their heads, and each was attached to the other by strings of brilliant glass beads. Five or six of these many-colored loops hung from each skewer, and they were entwined into a graceful network. The effect was very pretty, though barbarous, and the solemnity of the ceremonies was much enhanced by the stately uprightness which the women were compelled to observe in moving, on peril of disarrangement of this delicate structure."

They also wear conical hats, made of split rattan. These hats are very light, and last for a wonderful time. A specimen was presented to me by a lady who had worn it for four years, and had certainly not treated it with any consideration. Yet it is as strong and good as ever, and the colors are as fresh and bright as when the hat was first made. The rattan has been split into very narrow strips, and stained red, yellow, and black, while some of the strips have had the natural color discharged, so as to make them nearly white.

The hat is fixed on the head by a broad loop of plaited palm leaf, which is fastened to the side. Hats made on this principle are prevalent throughout the whole Archipelago.

Among the ornaments which are worn by the Dyaks are the little bells which have already been mentioned as forming part of the appendages of an earring. These ornaments called "garunongs," and mostly worn by the women on the edges of the bedang or petticoat, are almost exactly like our hawk-bells, being nothing more than

little hollow spheres of brass or bronze about the size of a boy's playing marble, with a small metal ball in the interior by way of a clapper, and a moderately wide slit at the bottom. To some of the bells the remarkable beads are attached. These bells keep up a musical chime or jingle as the wearer walks, and are therefore used in dances and on great occasions.

The general treatment of the Dyak women is good. They certainly have to work hard, but so have their husbands, and, as we shall presently see, they are not the abject slaves such as are too often found among savage nations, but maintain their share of influence in the family, and are perfectly capable of assisting themselves when the occasion requires it. They are accustomed to work in the fields, and the universal chopping-knife or parang is seldom out of their hands. The constant use of this weapon hardens their hands and often deforms the fingers.

When they come home from their work in the field, they have the heaviest portion of their work before them, their evening task being the husking and winnowing of the rice for supper and for the meals of the following day. The rice is first pounded in large troughs by means of long and heavy wooden poles, which are held perpendicularly, lifted up, and then allowed to fall on the grain, and, as a rule each trough occupies three women, who work for about half an hour. This pounding separates the husk from the grain, and the next process is to winnow the rice by means of a shovel and a fan.

The evening meal is then cooked and eaten, the children fed, the bronze dishes put away, and then the women can sit quietly in the veranda, and eat their betel in peace. Although this mode of life seems rather hard, and the husbands appear to be acting harshly toward their partners in letting them work in this manner while they sit in their houses, chew betel, and talk over the gossip of the day, there is really a

very fair reciprocity of labor. While the wives have been working in the fields, the husbands have been fishing, and in so doing have repeatedly exposed their lives to danger, the rollers being at certain seasons of the year exceedingly dangerous. At Mukah, as at other places, the wives insist upon being furnished with fish by their husbands, and, in case the men should come home unsuccessful, the women fasten their doors and bar them out. Indeed, so long as the marriage holds good, the relation of husband and wife seems to be conducted in a manner similar to that which is so graphically depicted by Scott in his "Antiquary."

In order to show the appearance of the Dyak women in their ordinary and gala costumes, two figures are introduced into illustration No. 2 on page 1113. One represents a Dyak girl before arraying herself in the mass of ornaments with which she loves to decorate herself on festivals. She wears, as usual, the bedding, or petticoat, which, if she be of ordinary condition, is made of cotton, but if she be rich, of silk. It is twisted round the waist in the manner practised by the men, but, in addition, is fastened to the brass belts which surround her waist. Her long glossy hair is flowing to the full extent, before the owner gathers up its massive tresses preparatory to adorning her head with the complicated decorations, of full dress.

The other figure represents her as she appears in all the glory of full gala costume. As far as absolute dress goes, she wears no more than she did before, the only alteration being that her bedding is the best which she has, and is sometimes beautifully embroidered. On her arms are several thick rings of brass, and the singularly uncomfortable brass gannet extends from the wrist to the elbow. Her neck and bust are nearly covered with the heavy agate beads, and on her head is the complicated cap, with its curious arrangement of wooden spikes and glass beads.

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CHAPTER CXV.

BORNEO—Continued.

WAR.

DYAK WEAPONS—THE SUMPITAN, OR BLOW GUN—CONSTRUCTION OF THE WEAPON—THE INLAID OR METAL BUTT—THE SPEAR HEAD, OR BAYONET—THE SUMPIT ARROW—THE UPAS POISON AND ITS EFFECTS—DESCRIPTION OF THE TREE—THE QUIVER—THE PARANG, OR SWORD, AND ITS VARIETIES—THE PARANG-LATOK, AND ITS CURIOUS HANDLE—POWER OF ITS BLOW—TWO BLOWS OF AN EXECUTIONER—THE PARANG-ILLANG: ITS CURIOUSLY FORMED BLADE—AN AWKWARD WEAPON—POWER OF THE PARANG-ILLANG, AND ITS VALUE—THE SHEATH AND ITS ADDITIONAL KNIFE—DOUBLE-EDGED PARANG, WITH CHARGES—A SINGULAR ORNAMENT—THE KIDS AND ITS VARIETIES—ITS WAVED AND LAMINATED BLADE—EFFECT OF THE LIME JUICE—THE EXECUTIONER'S KIDS.

WE now come to the subject of Warfare, which forms perhaps the most important branch of Dyak history. Whether the Dyaks belong to the Land or Sea division, they are always warlike, though the latter are fiercer, perhaps braver, and certainly more enterprising than the former. In order to understand the system by which they wage war, we must first examine their weapons. I will take that which is the most characteristic; namely, the sumpitan, or blow gun.

We have here a weapon, the like of which we have not seen in any country that we have hitherto investigated; namely, an instrument by means of which missiles are projected by means of compressed air. The principle on which the sumpitan acts is precisely similar to that of fire-arms, though the propelling power is obtained in a different and more simple manner. In fact, the sumpitan is nothing but the "pea-shooter" of boys, very much enlarged, and carrying an arrow instead of a pea or clay ball.

This curious weapon is about eight feet in length, and not quite an inch in diameter, and is bored with the greatest accuracy, a task that occupies a very long time, the wood being very hard, and the interior of the sumpitan smooth and even polished. It is not always made of the same wood, the specimens in my own collection being of different material, one of very dark and the other of very light wood. The surface is of equal thickness from end to end, and, as it generally has to enact the part of a spear as

well as of a sumpitan, it is very strong and heavy.

One of these weapons, brought to England by the late Admiral Young, is of a beautiful colored wood, and is beautifully inlaid, both at the butt and the point, with metal. The last few inches of the butt are entirely made of metal, the weight of which causes the weapon to balance itself easily when held to the lips. The pattern of the inlaying may be seen in fig. 1, of the illustration entitled "Sumpitans," on the 1122nd page.

The other sumpitan, fig. 2, is of a very dark, almost black wood, which is brightly polished on the exterior as well as in the interior, and is not inlaid. The butt, however, is encased with brass for five inches, the brass being very thick and heavy at the end, and deeply ridged, so as to look at a little distance as if it were a spiral brass wire coiled round the butt of the sumpitan.

At the tip of this weapon is a spear head, very thick, broad, and strong, sharply edged and pointed, and decorated with engraved patterns after the manner employed by Dyak smiths. It is firmly bound to the sumpitan by brass wire or rattan, and is an exact analogue of the bayonet, the spear head being fastened to the side of the weapon, and not interfering with the flight of the missile. The bore of the weapon is very small, not quite half an inch in diameter, and it is really wonderful that the maker could contrive to hollow it with the perfect



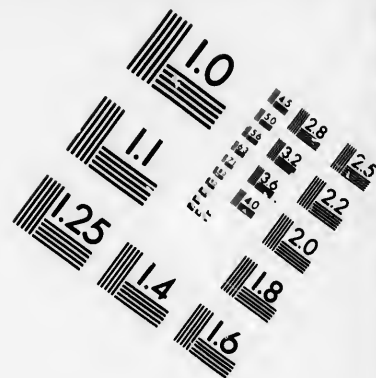
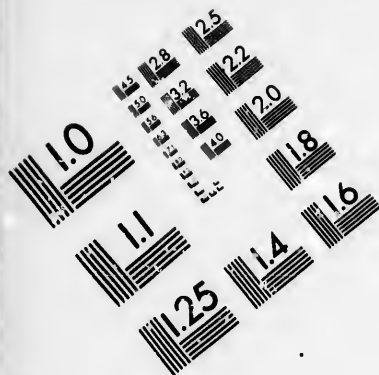
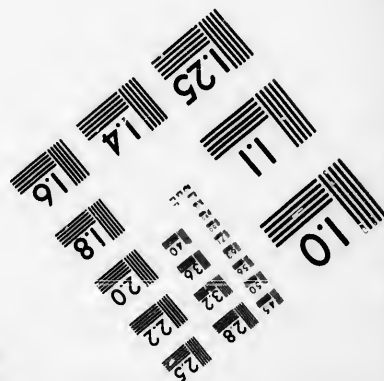
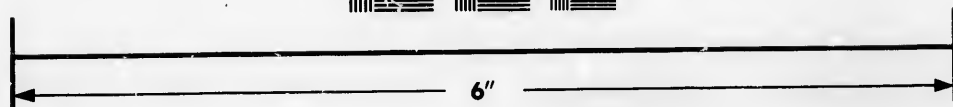
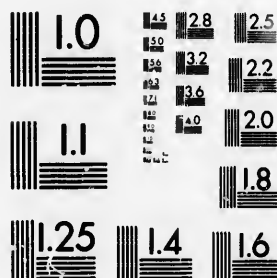


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precision which is necessary for the accurate flight of the arrow.

We next come to the missile which is projected through the sumpitan. This is a very tiny arrow, made of the thorn of the sago palm, about seven or eight inches long, equally thick from base to point, and not thicker than a large steel knitting-needle. In order to make it fit the bore so that it can be propelled by the breath, it is furnished at the butt with a conical piece of pith or soft wood, so that it exactly fits the bore. In some of the arrows, the cone is hollow, and a few of them are furnished with wing-like appendages along the shaft. As a rule, however, the solid cone is in most general use.

These arrows are so small that the wound which they inflict is in itself insignificant, and would not be sufficient to kill any animal larger than a rat. They are, however, converted into weapons of the most formidable character by being smeared at the tip with poison obtained from the upas-tree.

The reader is probably aware of the many tales that are told of this tree—how that it poisons the country for a mile round, and how that the deadly juice can only be obtained by means of condemned criminals, who earn their pardon in case they can bring off a bottle of the juice. Even in more recent days the upas-tree has not lost all its legends, and many persons still believe that actual contact with the tree or its leaves produces a sensation of faintness. This, however, is not the case; neither is the actual juice of the tree so deadly as is supposed.

A wound made by an arrow poisoned with upas juice is sure to be fatal, provided that the poison be quite fresh; but it loses its power very rapidly, and after it has been exposed to the air for two hours it is useless, and must be renewed. When fresh, it is fatal in a very short time, as was found by Mr. Johnson, who led an attack on the Kanowit Dyaks in 1859. He lost thirty men in the attack, every one of them being killed by the tiny sumpit arrow, and not one having a mark on him, except the little wound made by the arrow's point.

Should the poison have been exposed to the air, the wounded man has a chance of recovery; and it has been found that a large dose of spirits, sucking the wound, and keeping the sufferer continually in motion will generally overcome the virulence of the poison. Indeed, the sumpit arrow seems to have much the same effect as the bite of the cobra, and the treatment which is efficacious for the snake bite answers equally well for the arrow wound.

The juice of the upas-tree is procured simply by boring a hole in the trunk, from which the juice issues in a white, cream-like state. It is received in little flasks made of bamboo, which are closed in the most care-

ful manner, in order to exclude the air. One of these flasks in my possession is five inches in length, and about half an inch in diameter. One end is naturally closed by a knot, and the other is sealed with the most scrupulous care. First, a plug of soft wood has been inserted into the end, after the manner of a cork. Over the plug a lump of beeswax has been firmly kneaded, and over the wax a piece of membrane has been tied when wet. Although the upas juice is white when it first issues from the tree, it speedily becomes black when exposed to the air.

The upas-tree is called scientifically *Antiaris toxicaria*, and it belongs to the natural order *Astocarpeæ*, the best known species of which order is the well-known bread-fruit tree. All the plants of this order produce a white milky juice, which is always acrid and deleterious, and in many instances is exceedingly poisonous. Yet those parts of the plant, such as the fruit, in which the milk is replaced by sugar in the process of ripening, are not only harmless, but even nutritious. The tree grows to a considerable size, and the bark of the trunk has a reddish hue.

The reader will at once understand how formidable is this weapon. It is greatly to be dreaded even when the Dyak warriors are met in open battle, and in naval engagements the showers of poisoned arrows that are continually shot through the port-holes render the gunners' task a most unpleasant one. But the sumpitan is much more to be dreaded by land than by sea; and when it is employed in bush warfare, the boldest soldier shrinks from the encounter. The Dyak who wields it lies hidden in the thick foliage, sure that, even in case of discovery, he can glide through the tangled thickets into a place of security. The sumpitan makes no report, and gives out no smoke as an indication of its position, but the deadly arrow flies silently on its errand, and the only intimation of the presence of an adversary is the slight tap with which the arrow strikes its mark.

The only disadvantage of the sumpitan is that its range is a short one, the light arrow being seldom used at a distance exceeding forty yards, though a man who is accustomed to its use can propel an arrow for seventy or eighty yards. At this distance, however, it is not to be dreaded, as its force is so expended that it can scarcely break the human skin. Some of these arrows have their heads made of the barbed bone of the sting-ray, which snaps off at a touch, and remains in the wound if the man tries to draw out the weapon. Others have separate heads made of wood, which become detached as soon as the shaft is pulled. The native name of the head is *jowing*.

The Dyak generally carries thirty or forty of these arrows in a peculiar-shaped quiver. It is made of the ever useful bamboo, and is

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(3.) PARANG IHLANG.
(See page 1124.)

(1.) PARANG LATOK.
(See page 1123.)

(2.) DYAK SUMPITANS.
(See page 1119.)

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furnished with an appendage by which it can be stuck into the belt and carried at the side. This appendage is made of hard wood, and is lashed to the quiver by a broad belt of rattan, most beautifully plaited. The quiver is closed by a conical wooden cover, which is always secured by a string so that it shall not be lost. Some of the Dyak quivers are highly polished, covered with carvings, and are almost to be ranked with works of art. Many of these quivers have an inner case or lining of dried skin or membrane, so as to exclude the air, and preserve the poison of the arrow as long as possible.

When the Dyak uses the sumpitan, he holds the mouthpiece to his lips between the two first fingers of his left hand, while with his right he supports and aims the heavy weapon, which requires a strong as well as a practised man to direct it steadily.

The weapon which comes next in importance to the sumpitan is the parang or sword, of which there are several varieties. The Dyaks pride themselves greatly on their swords, and the excellence of their workmanship is so great that they have good reason for pride. Their forges are of excellent quality, and some of the tribes are able not only to forge their own weapons but to smelt their own iron.

The commonest of all the Dyak weapons is the sword called parang-latok, which is carried by every man and nearly every woman. It is used not only as a sword, but as an axe, and is indifferently employed for cutting through the jungle or cutting down the enemy. The shape of this sword is very peculiar, as may be seen from illustration No. 1, on the preceding page, which represents a specimen in my collection.

The blade is formed after a very curious pattern. Toward the hilt it is squared, and is in fact nothing but a square bar of steel nearly half an inch in thickness, and three quarters of an inch in width. From the hilt to the point the blade becomes gradually wider and thinner, so that the broad point, two inches in width, contains just the same amount of metal as the half-inch square hilt. It is evident that the sword is first forged into a square bar of equable size, and is then beaten out flatter and flatter toward the point.

The illustration shows that the blade of the sword is bent at a considerable angle toward the hilt. This curious shape, awkward as it is to an unaccustomed hand, forms the principal value of the sword. When the parang-latok is used for cutting down branches or chopping a path through the jungle, it is grasped at the squared portion of the blade, and is used just as we use the common bill-hook in this country. But when the object which is to be chopped lies on the ground, the parang is held by the handle, so that the angular shape allows the

blade to be used with full force. It is the habit of holding the parang by the squared portion of the blade, that disfigures and even deforms the fingers of the women, as has already been mentioned on page 1118.

The ordinary parangs have no attempt at ornament upon them, but those of better construction are covered with patterns engraved upon the blade, of which we shall see some examples.

In war, this sword is a most formidable weapon. It is so heavy, weighing on an average two pounds, that a blow from it is sufficient to crush the skull or break the limb of a man, and, even if it had no edge, it would equal in efficacy the meral of the New Zealander. But the parang-latok has a very sharp edge, which is kept in the best order, and, when a blow is delivered with it, the very form of the weapon causes it to make the terrible "drawing cut," the blade being drawn through the wound nearly from hilt to point. In consequence of this peculiarity, the wounds made by the parang-latok are very severe, and the natives pride themselves greatly in the depth of the wound which they can inflict.

One of the modes by which they try their skill is killing a pig with a single blow of a parang-latok, a good swordsman being able to sever the animal completely, and to drive the point of his weapon into the earth. If the reader has been accustomed to use the sword, he will see that to strike downward at an object so near the ground is by no means an easy task.

When an English swordsman performs the feat of severing a sheep at a single blow, he has several advantages which are denied to the Dyak. In the first place, the sheep is already dead, so that he can take his aim in quiet, whereas the pig is alive, so that the Dyak must aim his blow as he can. Then the sheep has been skinned and cleaned, so that the sword has not so much resistance to overcome. Lastly, the sheep is suspended, so that the swordsman can use the most effective blow, namely, "Cut 6," i. e. a sweeping, horizontal cut from left to right, which can be delivered with the full swing of the arm.

Were it not for the peculiar form of the parang-latok the feat of severing a pig could not be accomplished, but the angular shape of the blade and its gradually increasing width combine the power of the drawing cut with the chopping force gained by the weight of the weapon.

The sheath of this parang is neatly made of two flat pieces of wood, neatly hollowed inside to receive the blade, and bound together in the most elaborate manner by a series of belts, twelve or fourteen in number. These belts are made of very narrow strips of dark rattan, and are twined into an endless four-plait. In my own specimen,

there are thirteen of these belts. Attached to the upper end of the sheath is the cord by which the weapon is hung to the side. This cord is doubled, is made of scarlet and yellow cotton plaited square, and is ornamented at the ends with two large tassels, the strings of which are yellow tipped with scarlet tufts.

The parang-latok is more a Malayan than a Dyak weapon, but it is in favor with the Dyaks, and, as has been mentioned, has come into general use.

The Malays use it in execution, and are able to decapitate a man at a single blow, the executioner standing at his side and a little behind him. On one occasion, an executioner, who was distinguished for the skill with which he wielded a very heavy parang which he possessed, stood between two criminals as they knelt on the ground, and with a right and left hand blow struck off both their heads. The same man, who was one of the police, being annoyed by the howling of some dogs in the street, rushed out with his parang, and with one blow cut in two the first animal which he met.

We now come to another weapon, the parang-ihlang, which is one of the most extraordinary swords in the world, and more troublesome and even dangerous to strangers than can well be conceived. This is a smaller, shorter, and lighter weapon than the parang-latok. From point to hilt it measures nineteen inches, and in extreme breadth of blade is rather under an inch and a half. It weighs rather less than one pound six ounces, and altogether appears to be quite insignificant when compared with the parang-latok. We shall see, however, that in the hands of an experienced swordsman it is even superior to that weapon on account of a strange peculiarity in construction. The general shape of the blade of the parang-ihlang can be seen in illustration No. 3, on page 1122. It is very thick and heavy toward the hilt, where it is nearly squared, like the parang-latok, but becomes gradually thinner toward the point, which is finished off in a series of scooped patterns that look at a little distance as if the sword had been broken. The back is quite straight, and along it and on either side of the blade is a series of small patterns engraved with much neatness and freedom of execution.

But the most remarkable thing about the blade is, that instead of being nearly flat as are European sword blades, it is convex on one side, and concave on the other, as is shown at the section, fig. 5. Owing to this form, it can only be used for two cuts, one downward and one upward; and if used in the wrong direction, it flies off at an angle, and is nearly certain to inflict a wound on the man who wields it. These swords are made either for the right or left hand, so that a man who is not acquainted with the peculiarities of

any parang is afraid to use it without a careful trial, lest he should make the wrong cut with it, and so wound himself.

Small and insignificant as this weapon looks, it is capable of inflicting the most dreadful wounds, the peculiar concavity of the blade aiding it in a most remarkable manner. Like the parang-latok, it is used as a chopper as well as a sword, and in experienced hands is a most effective tool. One man, described by Mr. Brooke, was a celebrated swordsman, and has been known to sever at a single blow a log of tolerably hard wood as thick as a man's leg.

Even English officers have been so much impressed with the value of this weapon, that they have only carried the regulation sword for show, preferring the parang-ihlang for use. The Sea Dyaks, who have been already mentioned as essentially warriors, prefer this sword to any other weapon, though the real inventors and principal makers of it are the Kayans, who belong to the Malanau division of the Land Dyaks. As a rule, the ordinary Land Dyaks use the parang-ihlang but little, and when they do use it are apt to hurt themselves. Mr. Boyle mentions an instance where the eldest son of a chief had cut himself seriously on both shins through his incautious use of this weapon.

"The finest parangs," writes Mr. Boyle, "or those esteemed so, are found in the graves of Kayan warriors, which are consequently rilled by Dyaks and Malays on every possible occasion. I have one, purchased at Kennowit, which I was told had been obtained from a sepulchre, three hundred years old—a rather improbable assertion, though I believe the weapon was really found in a Kayan grave, for it was strangely stained and rusted when I bought it."

The Dyaks are very proud of the quality of their blades, and hold even the best European steel in utter contempt. It is said that their swords are made of old files, which are imported in large quantities; but, whatever may be the material, the temper of their blades is marvellously excellent. These parangs not only take a razor-like edge, but are exceedingly tough, and when used for bush-work beat the very best English implements. Mr. Boyle remarks, that whereas his own hunting-knives, which professed to be the finest steel possible, broke and gauged, the Dyak parangs were not in the least injured.

Such a blade as has been described is exceedingly valuable, even in its own country, and one of the best quality cannot be purchased under ten pounds sterling. It may be easily imagined that when a Dyak is fortunate enough to possess one of these valuable blades he will not be content with an ordinary handle and sheath, but will lavish upon his weapon all the powers of his na-

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tive art. The handle, instead of being of simple wood, is of bone, carved deeply and boldly into patterns, and is always bent at right angles to the line of the blade. It is further ornamented by sundry tufts of human hair, dyed of various colors, of which deep red, yellow, and green are the favorites. The hilt is generally bound with brass wire, and, for a small-handed raeo like the Dyaks, affords an excellent hold. An European generally finds that the narrow handle is very awkward and cramped, and is not sufficient for his grasp.

The scabbard of this weapon is covered with ornaments. Instead of being a plain and simple sheath, like that of the parang-latok, it is made of a hard wood, of a dark, rich, mahogany color, which takes a very high polish. This is carved in elaborate and really artistic patterns, the carving being confined to the front of the scabbard.

In the middle, just under the carved part, is a piece of fur, and below the fur is a tuft of human hair dyed red. In most cases of swords made by uncivilized races, there is some danger to the hand in drawing them, the edge of the sword being apt to project between the two flat pieces of which the sheath is made. In order, however, to guard against such an accident, the maker of the parang-ihlang places a piece of rattan against each edge of the scabbard, so that the blade cannot by any possibility cut the fingers, even if the hand should grasp the sheath. The various parts of this sheath are bound together by six belts of plaited rattan and three belts of brass wire, plaited most beautifully, in that form which is known to sailors as the Turk's head.

The belt by which the sword is attached to the wearer is made of rattan, cut into very narrow strips and plaited into thongs, three of which thongs are again plaited together to form the belt. On the opposite side of the scabbard is a second sheath, of the same length as that to which it is fastened, but small and cylindrical. This sheath is made of red and yellow cloth, is lined with bark, and is intended for the reception of a knife which is peculiar to the Dyaks. One of these knives may be seen at fig. 3, in the illustration of the parang on page 1129. The handle of this knife is made of the same hard wood as that of which the sheath is formed. It is nearly cylindrical, about half an inch in diameter, and fourteen inches in length, the blade being short, pointed, and barely two inches in length. This curious knife is used by the Dyaks for splitting rattan, and similar purposes, the long handle being held under the left arm, while the rattan is drawn with both hands across the edge of the blade.

The natives are singularly averse to parting with this knife. They will sell the sword, if a sufficient price be offered, but will always endeavor surreptitiously to withdraw the

knife, so that, out of many parangs which have been brought to Europe, comparatively few have the knife attached to them. In one specimen in my collection, the weapon appears to be quite perfect, but, on withdrawing the knife from its sheath, it is seen that the Dyak has cleverly substituted a bladeless handle for the real knife.

Both the weapons which have been described were presented to me by C. T. C. Grant, Esq.

There is also in my collection a third kind of parang, which at first sight looks almost exactly like the old Roman sword. It is thick, massive, weighty, and at first sight looks more like an ancient than a modern weapon. On a closer examination, however, the peculiar Dyak workmanship is evident. Though it is not like the preceding weapon, convex on one side, and concave on the other, the two sides are entirely distinct. The blade is double-edged, very thick in the middle, and sloped off rather abruptly to the edge on either side.

The handle is only made of wood, but is profusely decorated with human hair of different colors and considerable length, and it is bound with a broad belt of plaited rattan. The sheath for the knife is entirely made of bark, and the knife itself is shown at fig. 2. Like the scabbard of the parang-ihlang already described, that of this weapon is richly carved, and adorned with fur and long tufts of human hair.

The belt by which it is suspended is made of rattan split very fine, and plaited so as to form a strap nearly an inch in width, and the sixth of an inch in thickness. It is rounded at the edges, and at the upper part it is ingeniously separated into two portions, so as to form a loop.

The chief peculiarity of this weapon lies in the number of charms which are attached to it. First come two teeth, and then there is a beautifully plaited little case, surrounded like the cocoon of an insect, containing several little pieces of wood. Next comes a small bag of netted string, about an inch and a half in length, in which is a stone, and then come three little flatish baskets, with covers, which are empty. Fastened to the belt by several thongs is a curiously shaped piece of wood which I believe to be used for sharpening the edges of the sword, and to the end of the sheath is hung by a string of beads a feather, the quill of which has been carefully wrapped with red and black string.

This weapon is in all ways a most formidable one, and to European travellers is by far the best for practical purposes. The handle is rather larger than is the case with either of the preceding weapons; the blade has not that curvature which renders it so perilous a weapon in unpractised hands; it is double-edged, and either edge can be used with equal facility; and lastly, it pos-

assesses a point, which is not the case with the other forms of the sword.

One Dyak chief had an ornament attached to his sword of which he was exceedingly proud. It was an enormous tuft of hair, being nothing more nor less than the pigtail of ten Chinese whom he had killed, and whose hair he had fastened to the scabbard of his sword. This ornament must have been singularly inconvenient to him. There is in my collection an average specimen of a Chinese pigtail. It weighs nine ounces, so that the weight of the ten must rather exceed five pounds and a half, while the length is five feet, so that ten tufts of hair, each five feet in length, must have given the wearer an infinity of trouble as he walked.

THE reader will already have noticed how the various forms of sword are used alike by the Malays and the Dyak tribes. There is another weapon, which, though strictly a Malay invention, is used by the Dyaks, and indeed, with some variations, throughout the whole of the Malay Archipelago. It is called the kris, sometimes, but wrongly, spelt *creese*, and is so common that any ordinary collection of weapons is sure to contain several specimens of the kris. It is remarkable for three points. In the first place, the handle is not set in a line with the blade, as in ordinary daggers, but is bent at a right angle; next, the blade is almost always waved in form, like the flaming sword with which the old painters armed the angels who kept the gates of Paradise; and thirdly, the blade is never smooth, but dull, rough, and indented with curved grooves much resembling in form the marks on a "browned" gun-barrel. By referring to the illustration "Kris" on page 1129, the reader will better understand its peculiarities.

There are few weapons which vary more in value, or in which the price set upon them is so apparently excessive. A first-rate blade, even without the handle and sheath, will cost from eighteen to twenty pounds, and an ordinary one can scarcely be purchased under two pounds. They have by no means the appearance of being valuable weapons, the steel of the blade being not only rough and corroded, but looking as if it were composed of successive laminae which are on the point of being separated. This effect is produced by steeping the blade in lime juice, thus causing a partial corrosion of the metal, which is made of small pieces of steel twisted and welded together in such a manner as to produce exceeding toughness.

One of these weapons in my collection is worn away almost to a mere ribbon of steel by the action of the acid, and, strange as it may seem, weapons of this kind, which look much as if they were mere pieces of rusty iron-hooping, are the most valued by connoisseurs. The length of grain in this weapon is wonderful, the corrosion of the

lime juice showing it in the most perfect manner. The long grooves can be traced from one end of the blade to the other, following the waved form of the narrower portion, and curling round in the wider part near the hilt, as if the whole of the blade had been forged out of steel wires laid parallel to each other and then welded together.

The lime juice takes off from the edge that razor-like smoothness which is so much admired in European blades, and gives it a ragged, saw-like appearance that is peculiar to the instrument. This edge, however, is a terrible one for penetration into human flesh, and answers the purpose even better than a plain and sharp edge could do.

The form of the kris is sufficient to tell the reader the mode of handling it, the weapon being thrust forward just as a man points with his extended forefinger, and not grasped according to the conventional ideas of painters. Spaniards, who are proverbially expert in the use of their long knives, hold and use them in nearly the same manner, laying the extended forefinger along the blade as a guide, and thrusting forward instead of striking downward. The average length of a kris blade is about a foot, but some are nearly as long as ordinary swords, while others are only six or seven inches in length.

Very great pride is taken in an old family kris, the owner regarding it with a veneration that is almost superstitious. Generally, the handle is quite plain, but the more wealthy have it made of gold, and encrusted with precious stones. This weapon is seldom used in war. It is carried more as the symbol of a gentleman than as a weapon to be used in actual fight, and plays the part that the sword used to play in the last century.

The kris is much used in executions, the weapon being one made expressly for the purpose, quite straight, thin, and narrow. In all cases it is used in the same manner, though there are some variations in detail. Generally, the man who is to suffer walks quietly and unbound to a chair, in which he seats himself, mostly solacing his last moments by chewing the betel-nut. His arms are then extended, and held by two men, while the executioner, standing behind him, places the point of the kris just above the left collar-bone, and strikes it downward into the heart, so that death is instantaneous.

In some places the execution kris is very narrow, thin, and sharp on both edges, like a lancet. The executioner takes a small tuft of cotton wool, and twists it lightly round the blade of the kris, just above the point. He then holds the cotton wool between the finger and thumb of his left hand, so as to keep the kris upright. After placing the point of the weapon on the right spot

above the left collar-bone, he drives it downward into the heart with his right hand, and the man is dead. Still holding the cotton wool between the finger and thumb, he draws out the kris, and, as the point is withdrawn, presses the cotton wool into the small wound which it has made, so that the weapon is quite clean and bright, and not a drop of blood is allowed to be seen. There is no doubt that this mode of execution is as certain, swift and merciful as any that can be devised. It is equal in these respects to the guillotine, and has the great advantage of being absolutely bloodless, and requiring no scaffold or visible apparatus. A traveller might pass within two yards of the fatal spot, and not know that anything out of the ordinary way was being done.

Some of these weapons have been used for many successive generations, and are highly prized, some being valued at sums which to Europeans seem almost fabulous. One of these execution crises was shown at

the Great Exhibition in London, but was lost, together with many other weapons of great value.

The spear is a weapon much favored by many Dyak tribes, but little employed by others, the spear head at the end of the sumpitan answering every practical purpose. In fact it is used, like the club of the Fiji Islander, as a summons to battle, and serves the same purpose as the fiery cross of the Scotch Highlands. This symbol is instantaneously obeyed, and, as it runs through a country with almost magical speed, a chief can raise a large force within a very short time. On one occasion, during the rajahship of Sir James Brooke, an insipient rebellion was ingeniously stopped by finding the "calling-out spear" as it lay hidden in a canoe, and taking possession of it. The people strenuously denied that such an article ever existed; but when it was taken from its hiding-place, the projected rising instantly collapsed.

CHAPTER CXVI.

BORNEO — *Continued.*

WAR — *Concluded.*

THE BORNEAN SHIELD, ITS USUAL SHAPE AND DECORATIONS — MODE OF USING IT — A CURIOUS SHIELD IN MY COLLECTION — HEAD HUNTING AND ITS ACCOMPANYING HORRORS — OBJECTS OF SIR JAMES BROOKE'S MISSION — HIS MODE OF SUPPRESSING THE PRACTICE — "OPENING MOURNING" — THE FISH SPEARING AND THE FEAST — VALUE OF HEADS — TREACHERY AND CUNNING — THE HAFLED HEAD HUNTERS — DYEING AND PRESERVING THE HEADS — THE HEAD HOUSES — COURAGE IN WAR — STORMING A NATIVE FORT — A NAVAL BATTLE — TRAPS AND PITFALLS — MAKING PEACE.

By way of defensive weapons, the Dyaks use the shield, which is made of wood, and is generally of an oblong form. Like the parang, it is decorated with various ornaments, the chief of which are hair, beads, and feathers. The hair is made into flat tufts, and fastened at regular intervals all over the shield, as is seen in an illustration at the foot of next page, which represents a fine specimen in the magnificent collection of the late Mr. Christy. In the centre of this shield there is a rude and evidently conventional representation of the human face, the eye being circular, of very great size, and painted white in the centre. At the top and bottom of the shield are similar figures, but of smaller size. Some shields, which are now very seldom seen, have the entire human form painted on them, the legs issuing from the chest, and the neck being entirely dispensed with. The tufts of hair on this shield are black.

The mode of using the shield and sword is shown in their sword dances, and Mr. Brooke, who had great experience in the Dyak weapons, gives the following opinion of their value:— Sword dances with shields were going on. Each tribe has a peculiar step and code of its own; but as an attack and defence in earnest they all seemed to be equally ridiculous.

"However, in the event of an opponent using a shield, I feel convinced that an European could not stand against them, as they are able to crouch their bodies entirely behind it, and can spring immediately from such an attitude behind it without losing

their balance. But without a shield a man with a rapier would be more than a match for any of them, unless, as is possible, a heavy Dyak weapon were to cut a light sword in two. This, however, no dexterous fencer would be likely to allow, and, after the first blow from a heavy weapon had fallen, the opponent would be at the mercy of a light swordsman."

With due respect to the opinion of so competent an authority, I cannot but think that, even when furnished with this shield, the Dyak ought not to overcome a good fencer. The very fact that he is obliged to hold his shield before him, and consequently to stand either with his left side or at least his breast fronting his adversary, shows that he can have but a very short reach with his weapon, while his opponent, armed with a small sword, and using only the point, can remain entirely out of reach of the parang's edge, while he himself is within easy distance of the Dyak, and ready to bring in the fatal point of his weapon at the slightest opening made by his opponent.

The reader may remember that the parang described on page 1125 has attached to it, among other ornaments, a single feather. This feather has been taken from the rhinoceros hornbill, a bird which the Dyaks hold in much respect, and which they will not eat, however hungry they may be. The quill feathers of the wing and tail are black, with a band of white, and by both Malays and Dyaks they are thought to possess certain virtues, and are used as talismans. The bird is considered to be an emblem of war,

(1128)





(4.) SPEAR.
(See page 1132.)



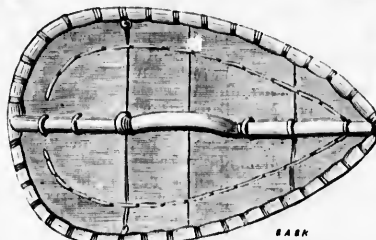
(1.) DYAK KRIS. (See page 1120.)



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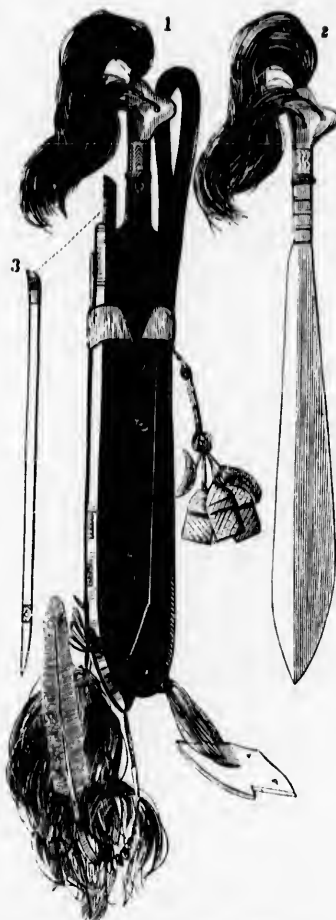


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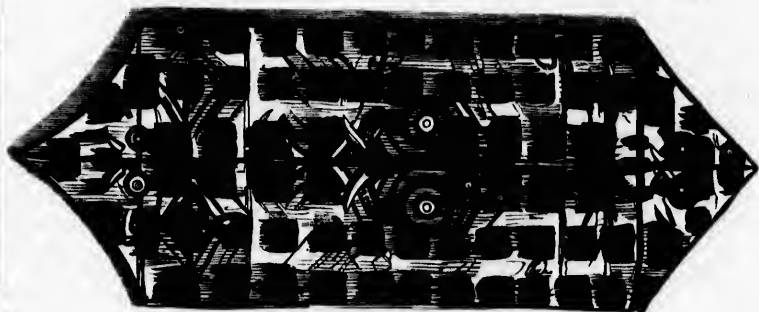


SHIELD

(4.) BORNESE SHIELD. (See page 1131.)



(3.) PARANG WITH CHARMS. (See page 1125.)



(5.) DYAK SHIELD. (See page 1128.)

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and for this reason the sword sheaths, shields, and cloaks worn in war time are decorated with its feathers; and the huge horny beak of the bird is scraped thin, polished, and made into earrings.

I insert also on page 1120, a figure of a shield in my collection, which I believe to be of Bornean make, the materials and mode of employing them being evidently Bornean. In shape it exactly resembles the small shields used by horsemen in the early age of English history, and, small as it is, it forms a very efficient defence. It is twenty inches in length, and thirteen inches in width, and it is wielded by means of a separate handle, firmly lashed to the body of the shield by strips of rattan. The characteristic feature of the shield is the manner in which it is built up of a number of pieces, the whole, though merely bound together by rattan, being as firm as if it were cut out of one piece of wood.

If the reader will look at figure 2, which shows the back of the shield, he will see that it is made of four flat pieces of wood, which are laid side by side. These pieces are of a lightish colored wood, and are but slightly smoothed. The handle is cut from a separate piece of wood, which runs the whole length of the shield. As is usual with Bornean weapons, the handle is much too small for the grasp of an European.

The front of the shield is made of a single flat piece of wood, to which the others are lashed, or rather sewed, by means of rattan passing through holes. In order to hold all these cross-pieces more firmly together, a deep groove has been cut in a thick rattan, which has been bound round the shield so as to receive the edges of the wood in the groove, and has been sewed to them by rattan at regular intervals.

The shield is further strengthened by an upright piece of wood, which runs along the front, and to which the handle at the back is lashed by rattan, so that the handle and the corresponding piece in front actually strengthen the shield instead of being a strain upon it. The materials have been chosen with the eye for color which the Dyak usually possesses. The thin flat wooden plate which forms the front of the shield is nearly black, the central piece is yellowish white, and the rattans with which it is edged and sewed are of a bright yellow. The weight of the shield is exactly a pound and a half. Besides the centre ornament on the front, a section of the shield is also given, so as to show the form of the handle, and the slight curvature of the whole implement.

The perpetual feuds that rage among the Dyak tribes are mostly caused by the practice of "head hunting," which is exactly analogous to the scalp hunting propensities of the North American tribes. Mr. Boyle has sketched the outlines of this horrid cus-

tom in a few nervous words, which will afterward be examined in detail. "The great tribes of Sakarrang and Saribas have never been more than nominally subject to the Malays of Kuching or Bruni, and Sir James Brooke is the first master whom they have really obeyed. Every year a cloud of murderous pirates issued from their rivers and swept the adjacent coasts. No man was safe by reason of his poverty or insignificance, for human heads were the booty sought by these rovers, and not wealth alone. Villages were attacked in the dead of the night, and every adult cut off; the women and grown girls were frequently slaughtered with the men, and children alone were preserved to be the slaves of the conquerors.

"Never was warfare so terrible as this. Head hunting, a fashion of comparatively modern growth, became a mania, which spread like a horrible disease over the whole land. No longer were the trophies regarded as proofs of individual valor; they became the indiscriminate property of the clan, and were valued for their number alone. Murder lurked in the jungle and on the river; the aged of the people were no longer safe among their own kindred, and corpses were secretly disinterred to increase the grisly store.

"Superstition soon added its ready impulse to the general movement. The aged warrior could not rest in his grave till his relations had taken a head in his name; the maiden disdained the weak-hearted suitor whose hand was not yet stained with some cowardly murder.

"Bitterly did the Malay Pangerans of Kuching regret the folly which had disseminated this frenzy. They themselves had fostered the bloodthirsty superstition in furtherance of their political ends, but it had grown beyond their control, and the country was one red field of battle and murder. Pretenses for war were neither sought nor expected; the possession of a human head, no matter how obtained, was the sole happiness coveted throughout the land."

It was in order to stop this terrible custom that Sir James Brooke undertook his rule. The sultan of Bruni, in despair at the state of things, and utterly unable to check the increasing rage for head hunting, ceded the territory to him, hoping that the Englishman, with his small forces, would succeed where he himself with all his soldiers had failed. Although these tribes were nominally his subjects, they never thought of obeying him, and the only sign of their subjection was a small tribute very irregularly paid. The sultan was right in his conjecture, and we know how the Englishman, with his steady, unfinishing rule, succeeded in abolishing head hunting as an acknowledged practice, and, by his system of inflicting heavy fines on any one who took a head, gradually and steadily put an end to the

practice. For several years the Dyaks could not understand the prohibition, and the English rajah and his officers were continually pestered with requests from Dyaks to be allowed to go and take heads. An old man, for example, had lost his wife, and begged piteously to be allowed to take just one head, so that she might rest quietly in her grave. Then a young man would come, who had been rejected by a Dyak damsel, lay his case before the authorities, and beseech them to permit him to take a head, and so to win the hand of the disdainful lady. One man, after meeting with the usual refusal, proposed a compromise, and asked whether he might not go and take the head of a Pakarran, because Pakarrans really could not be considered as men. In fact, as Mr. Brooke well remarks, the Dyaks behaved just like children crying after sugar-plums. No plan could have been devised which was more effective than that which was carried out by the English rajah. Whenever a party of Dyaks started surreptitiously off on a head hunting expedition, a force was always despatched after them, in order to cut them off and bring them to justice, when they were fined heavily. If they succeeded in procuring heads, their trophies were taken away from them, and they were fined still more heavily. Those who refused to submit to the punishment were declared to be enemies to the government, and their houses were burnt down. Dyaks of more peaceful tribes were always employed in such expeditions, as, owing to the feuds which had existed for so long, they had been exasperated by the numerous murders which had been perpetrated by the more warlike tribes. The English rule, unlike that of the Malay sultan, was irrespective of persons, and the highest chiefs were punished as swiftly and surely as the lowest of the people. On one occasion, a quarrel arose between two parties of Dyaks, one of which, commanded by a chief named Jannah, was entirely in the wrong, having first trespassed on the property of the other party, and then got up a quarrel because they had hurt themselves against the spiked bamboos, which were planted by way of fences. In the fight that ensued Jannah himself shot the other chief; but he gained little by his act. As soon as the facts were known, Mr. Brooke sent a large force against him, and he was fined nearly two hundred pounds. He and his party took to the bush, but they were soon starved out, and had to submit. The other chiefs were delighted at the result, and were accustomed ever afterward to check those who wished to go head hunting by telling them to remember Jannah and his two hundred pounds. It is rather curious that this high-handed proceeding inspired Jannah with the greatest respect and affection for Mr. Brooke, for whom he afterward entertained a sincere friendship. He

asserted that the three years subsequent to this episode in his life had been marked by very much better harvests than he had before obtained from his land, and attributed his prosperity to his friendship for the white man.

One ingenious portion of the system was, that a large share of the fines was distributed among chiefs who had abstained from head-hunting. This plan had a double effect; it proved to the Dyaks that they were not fined for the benefit of the English, and it induced them to be always on the look-out for those who were going to hunt after heads.

It has been mentioned that the heads are wanted to "open the mourning" after the death of any person. This phrase requires some little explanation. When a chief loses a relative, he closes some stream during the time of mourning. This is done by driving spears into the bank, on either side, and fastening bamboos to them across the stream. No one is allowed to pass this obstruction until the mourning is over, an event which cannot take place, according to Dyak custom, until a head had been obtained.

When he has brought home the required trophy, he leaves it at the head house to be prepared, while he makes ready for the feast with which a new head is received. He takes some plants, the juice of which has a stupefying quality, pounds them, and throws them into the river. The fish come floating to the surface, and are then captured by means of barbed spears, which are flung at them from the bank. The spears are very light, their shafts being made of bamboo, so that they always float, and enable the thrower to recover both the spear and the fish which it has struck. The spears and poles which closed the stream are removed in order to allow the fishermen to use their weapons, and thus, by the arrival of the coveted head, the stream is again thrown open.

One of these fish spears is shown on page 1129. It is five feet in length, and the shaft, which is three-quarters of an inch in diameter, is made of hollow bamboo, and is exceedingly light. The four prongs are made of iron, and very slightly barbed. Owing to the manner in which they are lashed to the shaft, they are very elastic, so that their slight barbs are perfectly capable of retaining the fish. With the natural love of ornament which distinguishes the Dyaks, the owner of this spear has decorated it with several broad belts of split rattan, plaited in a very artistic manner. One was placed just below the head of the spear, another was placed at the centre of gravity, so as to guide the hand at once to the "balance" of the weapon, and the third was near the butt. Of the three, however, only the central belt remained when the spear reached me.

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Owing to the enormous demand for heads, quantity rather than quality was the chief requisite, so that at the time when Sir James Brooke undertook the task of putting down the practice of head hunting, no practical distinction was made between the head of a stalwart warrior and that of a tender girl. A head was a head; the body to which it belonged was of no consequence.

The rage for heads was so great that in one head house an Englishman, who happened to know something of comparative anatomy, espied a head which seemed scarcely human, and which, on examination, turned out to be that of an orang-outan. The proprietors of the head house at first indignantly denied that any imposture had been practised, and adhered to the human origin of the head. At last, however, they were obliged to yield to a certain degree, but they only said that the head in question was that of an Antu or goblin, which had infested the village for a considerable time, and had at last been killed.

One exception was made in the value of these trophies, the head of a white man being beyond all price, and being so valued that a Dyak who had obtained one would not place it in the common head house, but would build a special house to contain it. One of these Dyak warriors was seen exposing himself to great danger in his anxiety to secure a white man's head. A boatman had been killed, and one of the Dyak murderers was observed dragging up the hill the body of the slain man, lugging with his knife at the neck so as to secure the head, regardless of the fact that he was likely to be shot in the endeavor.

As the possession of a head is the height of a Dyak's ambition, it is not extraordinary that the natives should use all their powers of force or craft to secure the trophy. One example of treachery is narrated by Mr. Brooke (the present Rajah).

"Five years ago the Saribas Malays were living at the mouth of their river, and, with very few exceptions, were hostile to us. Still they were on friendly terms so far as gaining trade, and making use of the merchandise they could only get by communication with Sarawak. A party of five people, three men and two women, left Sakarrang to go to Saribas for the purpose of meeting some of their relatives. After they had been absent a considerable time, the news was brought back that they had been beheaded by Dyaks in the river.

"It happened thus: They met a boat's crew of Dyaks while in Saribas, and spoke together, saying they were traders, and were also seeking for fish. When the Malays were leaving Saribas to return, the Dyak boat followed in their wake, entered this river together, and on the following day proceeded to carry out their sly and murderous design.

"In the morning they offered their swords for sale, and sold or exchanged one, suffering the Malays to make an exceedingly profitable bargain. They then proposed fishing with a hand net on the mud bank, and persuaded a Malay named Limin (who was well known, and considered a brave man) to separate from the others and cast the net. This was done, and for some time they were successful in bagging fish, and were going further and further from the boats.

"At length the net fouled on a stump at the bottom, and one of the Dyaks immediately took off his sword and dived down, as poor Limin thought, to clear it, but, instead of doing so, the wily rascal twisted it firmly round and round, came up to take breath, and then again dived, and again twisted it in various ways round the stumps; he then rose, and said he could not clear it, but asked Limin to try. Limin unsuspectingly took off his sword, dived, and, on approaching the surface breathless, the two Dyaks struck and decapitated him without a sound. They then took his head and returned to their boat.

"A third Malay was persuaded to administer some cure to a Dyak's foot, which was bleeding slightly. While the Malay was leaning over and looking to the wound, one of them chopped off his head from behind. After this, the woman was decapitated. They lost one head, which tumbled into the water, but the other four, with all the property belonging to the Malay party, were taken and carried away to Sadok."

On another occasion, a party of Dyaks in a canoe met a boat containing a man, his wife, and their young daughter. They stopped the boat, and offered betel-nut for sale. As soon as they came within reach, they drew their swords, struck off the woman's head, and took the girl prisoner, but the father had just time to jump overboard and swim ashore.

This occurred in the Saribas River, and, strangely enough, the murderer, whose name was Sadji, nearly came in contact with Mr. Brooke, who had gone out expressly to check his head hunting propensities. Mr. Brooke passed him on the river, but, not being acquainted with him, did not arrest him. This, as was afterward learned, was fortunate for Sadji sat in the boat with his sword drawn, and if the captive girl had called for help, or if the English had shown any signs of arresting him, he would have struck off her head, jumped with it into the river, swum ashore, and escaped together with his followers through the jungle.

The same author gives another example of head hunting, which is a curious mixture of the terrible and the ludicrous. A young man named Achang was brought before Mr. Brooke in irons. He was only nineteen years of age, and yet he had gray hair, the natural color having vanished in conse-

quence of his troubles. Some time previously, he had fallen in love with a young Dyak girl, who spurned all his advances because he had never taken a head, and so proved himself to be a warrior. She was evidently a girl of energy, for she proposed that he should go to the Saribas fort, and take the head of Bakir, the Dyak chief, or of the Tunn Hassan, i. e. Mr. Watson.

Being thus pressed, Achang, with another lad of his own age, set off for the fort, and on the way suffered the usual drawbacks of bad birds, bad dreams, and missing the path, so that when they came within sight of the fort they thought they had better change their plans. They determined on going to a Chinaman's house under pretext of purchasing his goods, and taking his head while he was off his guard. When well cooked and dried, one head would do as well as another, and they thought that they would have no difficulty in passing off the Chinaman's head for that of the white man.

Accordingly, they went to a Chinaman's house, had their supper with him very amicably, and then retired to rest, after agreeing that at midnight they would strike the fatal blow. Now it happened that Achang overslept himself, and his friend thought that he might as well take advantage of his drowsiness, and secure the head for himself. Accordingly, at midnight, hideous yells were heard from the Chinaman's house, and when the people rushed into the room, they found the unfortunate owner with his face gashed all down one side, the Dyak youth having missed his blow in his haste. The actual perpetrator escaped, but Achang was found still fast asleep, and was instantly put in irons.

Next day he was brought down to Sakarang, with a chain round his waist, and on the way he was followed by a body of Dyaks, who were trying to bribe his keepers to let them take his head. They actually held an auction for his head as they went along, each bidding higher than the other, and the horrors of that twelve-mile march were such that the poor lad became gray before the next morning.

After all, Achang was really a most gentle and innocent lad, and was only following the habits of his country in obeying the behests of his mistress. He was kept in irons for about a month, and then released, after which he attached himself to the service of the white men, worked in the garden, and, as the saying is, made himself generally useful.

The heads are subjected to a sort of drying process, called "cooking," which is tolerably effectual, but is far inferior to that which is employed by the New Zealanders, and, for a considerable time after the heads are cooked, they are very offensive to European nostrils, though Dyaks seem to be quite unconscious of the evil odor. They

are always kept in the pangarangs, or head houses, which are very unlike the ordinary dwelling-houses of the Dyaks. A very good account of a head house is given by Mr. F. S. Marryat:—

"We were escorted, through a crowd of wandering Dyaks, to a house in the centre of the village, which was very different in construction from the others. It was perfectly round, and well ventilated by numerous port-holes in the roof, which was pointed. We ascended to the room above by means of a rough ladder, and when we entered, we were rather taken aback by finding that we were in the head house, as it is termed, and that the beams were lined with human heads, all hanging by a small line passed through the top of the skull.

"They were painted in the most fantastic and hideous manner. Pieces of wood painted to imitate the eyes were inserted in the sockets, and added not a little to their ghastly, grinning appearance. The strangest part of the story, and which added very much to the effect of the scene, was, that these skulls were perpetually moving to and fro, and knocking against each other. This, I presume, was occasioned by the different currents of air blowing in at the port-holes cut in the roof; but what with their continual motion, their nodding their chins when they hit each other, and their grinning teeth, they really appeared to be endowed with new life, and to be a very merry set of fellows.

"However, whatever might be the first impression occasioned by this very unusual sight, it very soon wore off, and we amused ourselves with their motions, which were not life, as Byron says; and in the course of the day we succeeded in making a very excellent dinner in company with these gentlemen, although we were none of us sufficiently Don Giovannistic to invite our friends above to supper."

These head houses are, as we have just seen, the places wherein guests are received, and we can therefore understand that the natives of any village would have a pride in showing to their visitors the trophies won by themselves. One of these houses scantily furnished with heads would be held as a scandal to the village, so that the three emotions of pride, love, and sorrow have all their effect in aiding the custom of head hunting.

In these head houses, the unmarried men of the village sleep. The reason for this custom is two-fold. In the first place, the bachelors are kept out of mischief; and in the next, they are always ready with their arms at hand to turn out in defence of the village should it be attacked. In such expeditions, the head house is always the central object of attack, and by having the young warriors at hand the Dyaks ensure the security of their cherished trophies.

Some of the horrors of the head hunting custom are well described by Mr. St. John:—"About thirteen years ago, I heard the Natuna people give an account of a horrible transaction that took place in one of their islands. A party of Saribas Dyaks were cruising about among the little isles near, and had destroyed several women and many fishermen, when they were observed, toward evening, creeping into a deep and narrow inlet to remain during the night.

"The islanders quietly assembled and surprised their enemies, killing all but seven, who were taken prisoners—six men and one lad. The former they roasted over a slow fire, and they declared that the bold fellows died without uttering a cry of pain, but defying them to the last; the lad, who stood trembling by, uncertain of his fate, was sent back to the coast, with a message to his countrymen that, if ever they came there again, they would all be treated in the same way. This fearful warning was sufficient to deter their seeking heads again in that direction.

"Parties of two and three sometimes went away for months on an inland incursion, taking nothing with them but salt wrapped up in their waist-cloths, with which they seasoned the young shoots and leaves, and palm cabbages found in the forests; and when they returned home, they were as thin as scare-crows.

"It is this kind of cat-like warfare which causes them to be formidable enemies both to the Chinese and the Malays, who never felt themselves safe from a Dyak enemy. They have been known to keep watch in a well up to their chins in water, with a covering of a few leaves over their heads, to endeavor to cut off the first person who might come to draw water. At night they would drift down on a log, and cut the rattan cable of trading prahus, while others of their party would keep watch on the bank, knowing well where the stream would take the boat ashore; and when aground they kill the men and plunder the goods."

In war Dyaks have often proved themselves to be valiant soldiers. Mr. Brooke relates that when he was attacking the fort of a hostile chief having with him a mixed force of Malays and Dyaks, the latter were by far the better soldiers. The former advanced to thirty or forty yards of the house, i. e. just beyond the range of the Sumpitan arrows, which were being blown from the fort, and ensconced themselves behind trees and stumps, where they could fire without exposing themselves to the deadly darts. The Dyaks, however, dashed boldly at the house, clambering up the posts on which it was built, carrying their weapons with them, hacking at the breaches which had previously been made with shot, and trying to force their way into the fort.

At last, one Dyak succeeded in getting into

the house, and remained there for about five minutes, when he was obliged to retreat and slide to the ground down the post. After much fighting, the Dyaks managed to set fire to the building at both ends, thus forcing the inmates to rush out among their enemies. Scarcely any of them escaped, some perishing in the flames, others being badly wounded, and the rest being taken prisoners.

The victorious Dyaks were mad with excitement, and rushed about with furious shouts, carrying heads in their hands, and insensible to the wounds which many of them had received. One lad came yelling by, having a head in one hand, and with the other holding on one side of his face. An enemy's sword had nearly sliced off the whole of that side of his face, but he was almost unconscious of the fact, and his excitement prevented him from feeling any pain. In a few minutes, however, he fainted from loss of blood, and, in spite of the terrible wound which he had received, eventually recovered.

Sometimes the Dyaks are exceedingly cruel to their captives, not being content with merely taking their heads, but killing them slowly by torture. Generally, however, the competition for heads is so keen that a man who has overcome an enemy has no time for torturing him, and is obliged to content himself with getting off the head as fast as he can.

Some of these forts are most perilous places to attack. The approaches are guarded with "ranjows," i. e. slips of bamboo sharpened at the end and stuck in the ground. Ranjows are troublesome enough on open ground, but when they are stuck among leaves, grass, and herbage, they become terrible weapons, and impede very effectually the advance of the attacking force.

Then the Dyaks set various ingenious traps. They place bent bows near the path, so constructed that as soon as a man comes opposite them, the string is liberated, and an arrow is tolerably sure to transfix both his legs. Sometimes they bend a young tree down, and lay a javelin, so that when the tree is freed, it strikes the end of the javelin and urges it onward with terrific violence, just like the mangonel of olden times. They dig numberless pitfalls of no very great size in depth, but each having a sharp bamboo stuck upright in the centre, so that any one who falls into the pit must inevitably be impaled.

The forts themselves have been much modified since the introduction of fire-arms, the stockades which surround them being made of the hardest wood, about two feet in thickness, and capable of resisting the fire of any small arms. In fact, nothing but artillery is of much use against one of these forts. Many of them are furnished with a sally-port through which, when the place becomes untenable, the defenders quietly

escape, just as is done with the paks of New Zealand.

The Sea Dyaks, as their name implies, are a maritime set of tribes, and fight chiefly in canoes. They have some ideas of tactics, and can arrange their canoes in regular array when they meet with an enemy. One of their favorite tactics is to conceal some of their larger boats, and then to send some small and badly-manned canoes forward to attack the enemy. They are, of course, soon repulsed, and obliged to retreat. The enemy, thinking himself victorious, follows them exultingly, and, as soon as he passes the spot where the larger canoes are hidden, he is attacked by them in the rear, while the smaller canoes, which have acted as decoys, turn and join in the onslaught. The rivers are almost invariably chosen for this kind of attack, the overhanging branches of trees and the dense foliage of the bank affording excellent hiding-places for the canoes. An illustration of a "Canoe fight" is given on page 1139.

When peace is declared, or when people desire to renew friendship to each other, they declare themselves friends by a ceremony which is identical in principle with that which is practised in many parts of Africa, each of the contracting parties partaking of the blood of the other. Sometimes the blood is actually drunk, but generally it is taken by mixing it with tobacco and smoking it. Mr. St. John, in his "Forests of the Far East," describes this ceremony with much force:—

"Singanding sent on board to request me to become his brother by going through the sacred custom of imbibing each other's blood. I say imbibing, because it is either mixed with water and drunk, or else it is placed within a native cigar, and drawn in with the smoke. I agreed to do so, and the following day was fixed for the ceremony, which is called Berbiang by the Kayans, Bersabibah by the Borneans.

"I landed with our party of Malays, and after a preliminary talk, to give time for the population to assemble, the affair com-

menced. We sat in the broad veranda of a long house, surrounded by hundreds of men, women, and children, all looking eagerly at the white stranger who was about to enter their tribe. Stripping my left arm, Kum-Lia took a small piece of wood shaped like a knife-blade, and, slightly piercing the skin, brought the blood to the surface; this he carefully scraped off. Then one of my Malays drew blood in the same way from Singanding, and a small cigarette being produced, the blood on the wooden blade was spread on the tobacco.

"A chief then arose, and, walking to an open place, looked forth upon the river, and invoked their god and all the spirits of good and evil to be witness of this tie of brotherhood. The cigarette was then lighted, and each of us took several puffs, and the ceremony was concluded. I was glad to find that they had chosen the form of inhaling the blood in smoke, as to have swallowed even a drop would have been unpleasant, though the disgust would only arise from the imagination.

"They sometimes vary the custom, though the variation may be confined to the Kiniahs, who live further up the river, and are intermarried with the Kayans. There a pig is brought and placed between the two who are to be joined in brotherhood. A chief offers an invocation to the gods, and marks with a lighted brand the pig's shoulder. The beast is then killed, and, after an exchange of jackets, a sword is thrust into the wound, and the two are marked with the blood of the pig."

The stranger thus admitted into membership with the Kayans is called Niau, or friend, and in some cases the experiment proves to be successful. Generally, however, the honor, such as it is, is greater than the profit, the Kayans assuming that their newly-admitted member ought to make plenty of rich presents to his tribe, in order to show his sense of the privileges that have been conferred upon him.

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CHAPTER CXVII.

BORNEO—Continued.

SOCIAL LIFE.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE DYAKS—COURTSHIP, ACCEPTANCE OR REJECTION—A SIBUYAN WEDDING—CURIOUS DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS—PRIDE OF BIRTH—STATE OF MORALITY—FACILITIES OF DIVORCE—JEALOUSY, AND ITS RESULTS—HOW TO TREAT A RIVAL—FORBIDDEN DEGREES—SPORTS AND GAMES—BEE HUNTING—THE BORNEAN SWING—TRIALS OF STRENGTH AND EQUILIBRIUM—TRICKS WITH STRINGS—COCK FIGHTING—THE SWORD DANCE—A DYAK WAR DANCE WITH HEADS—THE CAT-O'-NINE TAILS—DYAK FESTIVALS—STRANGE COOKERY—THE DURIAN FRUIT—THE NATIONAL DRINK, ITS ODOR AND TASTE—HABIT OF INTOXICATION—A DYAK CIRCE—STOUT DRINKERS AND STRONG HEADS—THE FORCE OF RIDICULE.

PASSING from war to peace, we will begin with marriage as practised among the Dyaks.

In some parts of the country marriage is a very simple business, the two parties living together as long as they like each other, and separating if either feels dissatisfied. In any case, as we shall see, the facilities for divorce are extreme, and the bonds of matrimony are worn with marvellous looseness.

The reader cannot but have remembered the singular coincidence that often exists between customs of savage and of civilized life.

Among the Sinambau Dyaks there is a mode of courtship which still prevails in some parts of Europe, though it is generally falling into disuse. A young Sinambau Dyak, when struck with the charms of a girl, shows his preference in various ways, such as helping her in her daily labor, carrying home her load of wood for her, and making her such presents as are in his power to give.

After he has carried on these attentions for some time, he thinks that he may proceed to a more explicit declaration. At night, when the family is supposed to be asleep, he quietly slides back the bolt of the door, steals to the spot where his beloved is sleeping under her mosquito curtains, and gently awakes her. He always brings with him an abundant supply of betel-nut and sirih leaf, and the two sit talking together

throughout the greater part of the night. It cannot be expected that the parents of the girl, who sleep in the same room, should be wholly ignorant of the proceeding, but they are conventionally supposed to be so, and if they approve of the young man they take no notice, while if they do not, they use their influence with the girl to induce her to dismiss him.

The mode of rejection is in keeping with the rest of the proceedings. Should the girl dislike the too adventurous suitor, she declines accepting the betel-nut, and merely asks him to blow up the fire or light the lamp, a request which is tantamount to instant dismissal.

When the marriage takes place a feast is made, and then the parties are made man and wife without any more ceremony. It is very seldom that the young couple begin housekeeping on their own account, and, as a general rule, the bridegroom enters the household of his father-in-law, or, at all events, of some of his wife's relations, and so becomes one of the family, laboring for the common stock, and taking his share when the head of the household dies. Occasionally this plan is reversed, and when the bride is one of a large family of brothers and sisters, or if the bridegroom is the sole support of his parents, she accompanies her husband, and becomes part of his household.

The ceremony of marriage among the Sibuyan Dyaks of Lundu is worthy of no-

tice. The artist has given an admirable representation of this unique ceremony on the following page. Two bars of iron are laid on the ground in the spot appointed for the ceremony, and the young couple are brought from opposite ends of the village. The first part of the ceremony consists in seating them on the bars of iron, as token that the blessings of their married life are to be as strong as iron. The priest gives to each of the pair a cigar and some betel-nut and sirih leaf, which they hold in their hand until the next part of the ceremony is completed. Taking two fowls in his hands, the priest waves them over the heads of the couple, and, in the course of a long address, invokes every blessing upon them. He then solemnly knocks their heads together three times, after which the bridegroom places the betel-nut in the mouth of his bride, and inserts the cheroot between her lips, she afterward doing the same by him, this ceremony being the public acknowledgment of accepting each other as husband and wife.

After they have thus declared their acceptance of each other, the fowls are killed, and their blood received in two cups, the color of the blood being carefully inspected by the priest, and its hue being held as an omen of the future well-being or misery of the newly married pair. One of the feasts which will presently be described closes the ceremonies.

It has already been mentioned that in most cases the bridegroom enters the family of his wife. But in any case he is bound to honor the father of his wife even above his own father. The young husband may never even pronounce the name of his father-in-law, he may not eat from the same dish, drink from the same cup, or rest on the same mat.

Among another tribe of Dyaks, the Balaus of Lingga, the ceremonies of marriage are rather different. By way of a propitiatory offering, the mother of the bridegroom gives to the relatives of the bride some domestic utensil, such as a plate or a basin, and three days afterward the very simple ceremony is performed.

The bridegroom's mother takes a quantity of the araca-nut prepared for chewing, divides it into three portions, places them in a basket, and sets them on a sort of altar in front of the bride's house. The friends of both parties then assemble, and chew the nuts while they discuss the future prospects of the young couple, and they decide as to the amount of fine which the husband shall pay to his wife in case he separates from her after she is a mother, or when she is likely to be so. In fact, in their own rough-and-ready way, these Dyaks have contrived to organize a tolerably complete code of marriage settlements, which, in consequence of the very easy system of divorce, is abso-

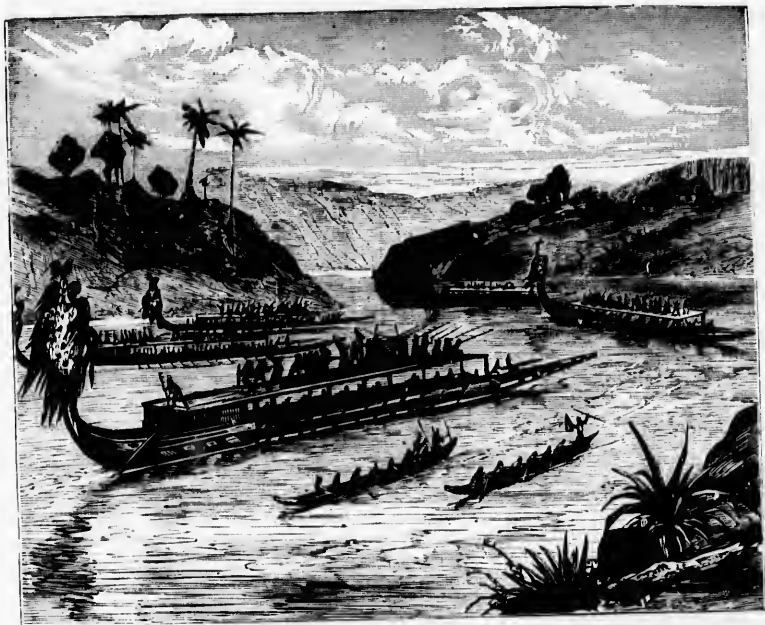
lutely necessary for the protection of the women.

These Sea Dyaks of Lingga have, in common with all the sea tribes, the greatest pride of birth; and if a girl were to listen to the addresses of a man of much inferior rank, her parents would prohibit the match. In one such case the two lovers fled into the jungle, poisoned themselves with the juice of the tuba plant, and were found dead next morning in each other's arms. So full are they of their family pride, that they look upon any mixture of their noble blood as a dire disgrace, and this is carried to so great an extent that, although within their own degree their morals are of the laxest order, the men would scorn any intrigue with a woman of low condition.

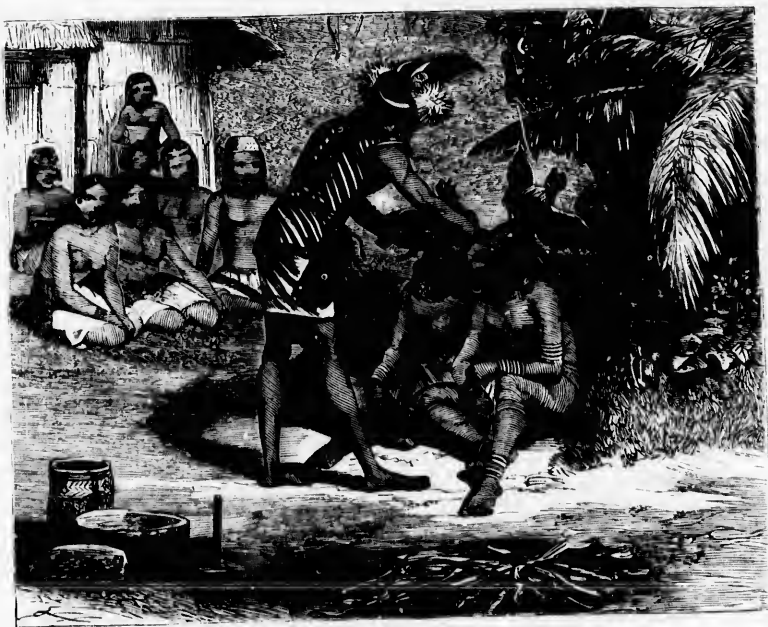
The Dyaks of Sibuyan are remarkable for the superiority of their morals when compared with the generality of the Dyak tribes, believing that immorality is an offence against the higher powers, and that, if a girl becomes a mother before she is married, she angers the deities of the tribe, who show their wrath by visitations upon the whole of the tribe. If, therefore, such a case be discovered, both the erring lovers are heavily fined, and a pig is sacrificed in order to avert the anger of the offended deities. Nor do the delinquents always escape the fine even after the sacrifice of the pig, for every one who was smitten with sickness, or met with an accident, within a month of the sacrifice, has a claim on them for damages, as having been the cause of the misfortune, while, if any one has died, the survivors claim compensation for the loss of their relative.

The reader will remember that the young people of both sexes live with their parents, contributing their labor to the common stock, and being therefore incapable of possessing property of their own. In consequence of this arrangement, the fines which are levied upon the lovers practically fall upon the parents, who therefore take care to look after their daughters, while the young men are partly kept out of mischief by being obliged to sleep together at the head house.

The Dyaks of the Batang Lupar are more lax in their notion of morality than the Sibuyans, and it is seldom that a girl is married until she is likely to become a mother. When this is the case, the lover marries her as a matter of course, but in those cases where a man denies his complicity, and the girl is unable to prove it, she is so bitterly scorned and reproached by her kindred that she generally runs away from the village. Some such delinquents have been known to take poison in order to escape the contempt of their relatives and acquaintances. They are thought to have brought such a disgrace on their family, that the parents sacrifice a pig to the higher powers, and wash the door



(1.) A CANOE FIGHT. (See page 1136.)



(2.) A DYAK WEDDING. (See page 1138.)

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of the house with its blood, in order to propitiate the offended deities.

When the pair are married, they almost invariably remain faithful to each other. There is, however, small credit to them for it, inasmuch as they can be divorced on the slightest pretext. An evil omen in the night, such as a "bad bird," will frighten both parties so much that they will separate by mutual consent on the next day. Mr. St. John mentions that many men and women are married seven or eight times before they finally fix upon a partner with whom they mean to spend the rest of their lives, and as an example of the exceeding facility for divorce which exists among the Dyaks, states that he saw a young girl of seventeen who had already had three husbands.

Still, it is very seldom that married couples part after they are parents; and if they do so, the family of the women expect a heavy fine from the fickle husband. Now and then, a married pair are really so attached to each other that they do not like to part, even when they hear the voice of a "bad bird." In such a case they avert the anger of the superior powers by sacrificing a pig, and are then able to remain together without fear. It often happens that a man and wife quarrel, and divorce themselves. After a while, however, they begin to think that they have made a mistake, and are allowed to renew their matrimonial relations without any ceremony or fresh rites of marriage.

Mr. St. John mentions a curious case of jealousy after a divorce, and its consequences.

The Paingeran Mumei took a Murout girl, and paid her father as a marriage portion a heavy weight of brass guns—a curious sort of currency which is much valued by the Dyaks, and perfectly useless for any practical purposes. He left her for some time, and then, after she had borne him a child, repudiated her, telling her father that he did not want her any more, unless she liked to follow him to Brunei. This, however, the girl refused to do, so the Paingeran made her father refund the brass guns, and besides pay a fine of double the amount, as a penalty for not allowing the girl to go to Brunei, where he meant to have sold her as a slave. The father paid the fine, and was told that the girl might then go where she liked, and marry whom she chose, as was only just after the previous event.

Accordingly, some little time afterward, she did marry one of her countrymen, whereupon the Paingeran flew into a fit of jealousy, and ordered the head man or Orang-Kaya of the village to seize them and bring them to him. The Orang-Kaya was afraid, and hid himself, so that the Paingeran had to employ the Bisayas, who captured the husband and brought him to their employer. The unfortunate man was then tied up to the Orang-Kaya's landing place, and the Paingeran cut him to pieces with his own hand,

finishing by making a present of his head to the Gadong Murut Dyaks. Having thus wreaked his vengeance on the man who excited his jealousy, he allowed the girl and her father to go unharmed. Dyak history is full of similar tales.

Jealousy is by no means confined to the men, the women being far more jealous of the men than they of their wives, and with good reason. There is a tacit law that, whenever a wife detects her husband in flirting, she may beat her rival to her heart's content, provided that she use nothing except a stick, and, if the woman be married, her husband may beat the disturber of his domestic peace, if he can. The usual result of discovery in such cases is, that the man goes off into the bush under the pretext of head hunting, and stays there until he thinks his wife's anger has cooled down. If he is fortunate enough to return with a head, his success as a warrior ensures a condonation for his shortcomings as a husband.

The Dyaks have a code of forbidden degrees for marriages, differing slightly in the various tribes, but tolerably uniform on the whole. Marriage with first cousins is not permitted, they being looked upon as brother and sister; neither, as a general rule, is an uncle allowed to marry his niece. To this latter rule, however, there are exceptions. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is almost universally permitted, and, in fact, encouraged, provided that the parents of the woman approve of the match, because in that case all the children belong to one family.

Of sport, as we understand the word, the Dyaks have no idea, though they possess all the capabilities for it, being active, daring, and quick sighted. All these characteristics are shown in the mode by which they supply themselves with honey. They do not keep hives in or near their houses, but seldom fail to see a bees' nest in a tree, though the unaccustomed eyes of an European can see nothing of the bees at the great height at which the nests are usually found.

Sometimes the stem of the tree rises for a hundred feet without a branch, and is from fifteen to twenty-five feet in circumference. The Dyaks, however, ascend such a tree with ease. They bore holes in the trunk of the tree as high as they can reach, and drive into them wooden pegs rather more than a foot in length. A stout rattan or a bamboo is then driven into the ground, and the ends of the wooden pegs are lashed to it so as to form a sort of ladder, of which the bamboo forms one side, and the trunk of the tree the other. On this slender ladder they ascend, drive in more pegs, and lash them to the bamboo, adding one bamboo after another until the nest is reached.

Nothing looks more insecure than this primitive ladder, which sways fearfully as the

man ascends, the rattan lashings cracking and creaking as if the whole structure were coming to pieces. It is, however, perfectly adapted for its purpose, and, armed with a flaming torch, the almost naked Dyak ascends, and fearlessly takes the nest, which he lowers down by means of a rattan.

The nest is generally attacked at night, the Dyaks saying the bees always fly after the sparks that fall from the torch, believing them to be the enemy that is disturbing the nest, the man himself escaping unhurt. Some of the tribes have another plan, and before they ascend the tree light beneath it a large fire in which they throw a quantity of green branches. The smoke from these branches drives the bees out of their nest, and stupefies them for a time, so that the combs can be taken without danger.

Of games which are, in fact, an imitation of war, the Dyaks are equally ignorant, and, although so warlike a people, they do not wrestle, nor box, nor race. It would be expected that a people who trust so much to the sword would exercise with sham weapons, for the purpose of accustoming themselves to the proper management of the sword and shield. This, however, they never do, thinking that all such exercises are unlucky.

They have one game which somewhat resembles our swing, but which partakes in some degree of the nature of a religious ceremony. A strong derrick is erected some forty or fifty feet high, and to this is suspended a stout single rattan, which reaches within a few feet of the ground. The derrick is strengthened by rattan stays lashed to a neighboring tree. The end of the rattan is formed into a large loop.

At some distance from the derrick, just where the end of the rattan describes its circle, a slight bamboo stage is erected. One of the swingers mounts on the stage, draws the rattan to him by means of a string, places his foot in the loop, and swings off with as much impetus as he can give himself. As he returns, another leaps on the swing, and sometimes two at a time will do so, until ten or twelve are all swinging away at the same time. Of course, they cannot all put their feet in the loop, but content themselves with clinging to the arms and legs of those who have done so. As they swing, they strike up a monotonous song, which sounds like a dirge. It is, however, merely an invocation to the deities for a plentiful harvest and a good fishing season. As may be imagined, they often get bad falls from those swings.

The boys and youths have a game which is familiar to all gymnasts. The two competitors sit opposite each other on the ground, the soles of their feet being placed in contact. They then grasp a short stick, and each tries to pull the other on his face or to raise him off the ground. There is also a

game which bears a close resemblance to our "prisoners' base," twenty or thirty players joining in the game; and there is another game, which is very much like the "cock fighting" of English school-boys. The players stand on one foot, holding the other foot in one hand and try to upset each other, or at least to make their antagonists put both feet to the ground.

In "cat's cradle" they are wonderful proficient. Mr. Wallace thought that he could instruct them in the game but found that they knew much more about it than he did. They were acquainted with all the mysteries of the English modification of the game, and produced a vast number of additional changes from the string. Indeed, the Dyaks can do almost anything with a piece of string, and they could well instruct our own conjurers in this branch of legerdemain.

Cock fighting is an amusement of which the Dyaks are very fond, though they do not indulge in that amusement with the reckless enthusiasm of the Malays. Mr. St. John writes of the birds used for this purpose: "We did not see more than a few of these birds in Dyak houses, but since they are usually kept, when not in training or exercise, closely wrapped in linen bands and hung on nails in a dry place, they might easily escape our notice."

"Not having the fear of police magistrates and Humane Society prosecutions before our eyes, we assisted at one or two brief combats, evidently mere trial matches to assist the calculations of the 'bookmakers,' by testing each bird's pluck and skill. When this object was attained by a few minutes' struggle, held with much secrecy in the veranda by the gray light of early morning, the cocks were picked up before any injury was inflicted, and carefully swathed in their bandages, from the midst of which they soothed their ruffled feelings with an occasional crow of defiance."

Allusion has already been made to the feasts held by the Dyaks on several occasions, and it is only on such festivities that the men ever use their weapons in sham fight. Even in those cases, they do not so employ them by way of practising themselves, but merely because they form part of the movements of the dance. In one of these dances, described by Mr. Keppel, two swords are laid on a mat in the middle of the room, and two men advance toward them from opposite sides, waving their arms, revolving on their toes, and performing various manoeuvres with their legs.

As soon as they come to the mat, they suddenly stoop, seize the swords, and go through the movements of actual combat, crossing swords, advancing, retreating, cutting at each other, kneeling at one moment as if to collect force, and then springing up with renewed energy. Both dancers have previously studied and practised the various

movements, each of which they make simultaneously.

Sometimes the sword dance is performed with the shield as well as the sword, and of this dance Mr. Marryat has written so graphic an account that his own words must be used. The guests were asked if they wished for a specimen of the war dance.

"Having expressed our wishes in the affirmative, the music struck up; it consisted of gongs and tom-toms. The Malay gong, which the Dyaks also make use of, is like the Javanese, thick with a broad rim, and very different from the gong of the Chinese. Instead of the clanging noise of the latter, it gives out a muffled sound of a deep tone. The gong and tom-tom are used by the Dyaks and Malays in war, and for signals at night, and the Dyaks procure them from the Malays. I said that the music struck up, for, rude as the instruments were, they modulate the sound, and keep time so admirably, that it was anything but inharmonious.

"A space was now cleared in the centre of the house, and two of the oldest warriors stepped into it. They were dressed in turbans, long loose jackets, sashes round their waists descending to their feet, and small bells were attached to their ankles. They commenced by first shaking hands with the rajah, and then with all the Europeans present, thereby giving us to understand, as was explained to us, that the dance was to be considered only as a spectacle, and not to be taken in its literal sense, as preparatory to an attack upon us, a view of the case in which we fully coincided with them.

"This ceremony being over, they rushed into the centre and gave a most unearthly scream, then poising themselves on one foot they described a circle with the other, at the same time extending their arms like the wings of a bird, and then meeting their hands, clapping them and keeping time with the music. After a little while the music became louder, and suddenly our ears were pierced with the whole of the natives present joining in the hideous war cry. Then the motions and the screams of the dancers became more violent, and everything was working up to a state of excitement by which even we were influenced.

"Suddenly a very unpleasant odor pervaded the room, already too warm from the numbers it contained. Involuntarily we held our noses, wondering what might be the cause, when we perceived that one of the warriors had stepped into the centre, and suspended round the shoulders of each dancer a human head in a wide-meshed basket of rattan. These heads had been taken in the late Sakarran business, and were therefore but a fortnight old. They were encased in a wide network of rattan, and were ornamented with beads. Their stench was intolerable, although, as we dis-

covered upon after-examination, when they were suspended against the wall, they had been partially baked, and were quite black. The teeth and hair were quite perfect, the features somewhat shrunk, and they were altogether very fair specimens of pickled heads; but our worthy friends required a lesson from the New Zealanders in the art of preserving.

"The appearance of the heads was a sign for the music to play louder, for the war cry of the natives to be more energetic, and for the screams of the dancers to be more piercing. Their motions now became more rapid, and the excitement in proportion. Their eyes glistened with unwonted brightness, the perspiration dropped down their faces; and thus did yelling, dancing, gongs, and tom-toms become more rapid and more violent every minute, till the dancing warriors were ready to drop. A farewell yell, with emphasis, was given by the surrounding warriors; immediately the music ceased, the dancers disappeared, and the tumultuous excitement and noise were succeeded by a dead silence.

"Such was the excitement communicated, that when it was all over we ourselves remained for some time panting to recover our breath. Again we lighted our cheroots, and smoked for awhile the pipe of peace.

"A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the preparations were made for another martial dance. This was performed by two of the Rajah's sons, the same young men I have previously made mention of. They came forward each having on his arm one of the large Dyak shields, and in the centre of the cleared space were two long swords lying on the floor. The ceremony of shaking hands, as described, preparatory to the former dance, was gone through; the music then struck up, and they entered the arena.

"At first they confined themselves to evolutions of defence, springing from one side to the other with wonderful quickness, keeping their shields in front of them, falling on one knee, and performing various feats of agility. After a short time, they each seized a sword and then the display was very remarkable, and proved what ugly customers they must be in single conflict. Blows in every direction, feints of every description, were made by both, but invariably received upon the shield. Cumbrous as these shields were, no opening was left; retreating, pursuing, dodging, and striking, the body was never exposed.

"Occasionally, during this performance, the war cry was given by the surrounding warriors, but the combatants held their peace; in fact, they could not afford to open their mouths, lest an opening should be made. It was a most masterly performance, and we were delighted with it."

A rather curious dance was witnessed by Mr. Boyle at a feast of which an account will

presently be given. First two chiefs each took a sword, and began a maniacal sort of dance, which was intended to be very imposing, but only succeeded in being very ludicrous, owing to the fact that both were too much intoxicated to preserve their balance, and, being of opposite tempers in their cups, one was merry and the other was sulky.

After this performance was over, a tall chief stepped forward with a whip, much like a cat-o'-nine-tails, another produced a human head, and the two began to chase each other round the veranda of the building. Presently, the chief with the head stopped, and with one foot in the air began to pirouette slowly, while he swung the head backward and forward, the chief with the whip lashing vigorously at the spectators, and laughing derisively at each cut.

After a while these performers became too tired to proceed without refreshment, and their place was taken by four or five others carrying blocks of wood having a feather at each end. The foreign guests took these objects to represent canoes, but were told that they were rhinoceros hornbills, and were thought by all competent judges to be fine works of art. Suddenly a number of gongs were beaten, and over the mass of human beings arose swords, heads, rhinoceros hornbills, and cat-o'-nine-tails in profusion, the Dyaks being for the time half mad with excitement.

It was remarkable that in this wild scene no harm was done, no blow was struck in anger, and no quarrel took place. Decorum was maintained throughout the whole of the festival, though not one of the revellers was sober, and then, as Mr. Boyle remarks, "a scene which, according to all precedent, should have been disgusting, turned out to be pleasantly amusing."

This feast was a very good example of a Dyak revel. It was given by the chief Gasing, who was gorgeously attired for the occasion in an old consular uniform coat, covered with gold lace, the top of a dragoon's helmet tied on his head with a handkerchief, a brass regimental breastplate on his forehead, and a plated turban cover on his breast. This turban cover, by the way, was the most valued of Gasing's possessions, and one which was madly envied by all the neighboring chiefs. Being a tall, thin man, the effect of his naked, lean, yellow legs, appearing from beneath all this splendor, was remarkable.

He had prepared his long house carefully for the festival. He had erected a bamboo railing on the edge of the veranda, as a necessary precaution against accidents, for the veranda was at a considerable height from the ground, and the guests are all expected to be very unsteady on their feet, even if they can stand at all. From the top of the rail to the eaves of the veranda he

had thrown a quantity of cloths, so as to allow the chiefs who sat under them to be sheltered from the rays of the sun.

For this festival Gasing had been making preparations for months past, half-starving himself in order to collect the requisite amount of provisions, and being likely to find himself rather deeply in debt before the preparations were completed. Unfortunately for the English guests, the smell of Dyak cookery is anything but agreeable, and one of their favorite articles of food, the fruit called the durian, exhales a most intolerable odor, so that, if they had not been furnished with plenty of tobacco, they would have been obliged to retire from the scene.

The Dyaks roast fowls without removing the feathers, tear them joint from joint, and so eat them. They have a most extraordinary liking for viands in a nearly putrid state, such as fish or mollusks in a very advanced state of decomposition, eggs black from age, and rotten fruit, the chief being the durian, which smells like all the other dishes put together, but with a sort of peculiar fragrance of its own. Even foreigners have learned to like the durian, but they have not found that it acclimatizes them to the bad eggs, burnt feathers, and very high fish.

This very remarkable fruit is about as large as a cocoa-nut, slightly oval, and is covered with a thick, tough skin, armed with sharp, short, and stout spines, the bases of which touch each other. The skin is so strong, that even when it falls, as it always does when ripe, from a considerable height, it does not break, and the spines are so sharp and hard, that, if a durian falls on a man, it inflicts a very severe wound, and causes great loss of blood.

When possible it is eaten fresh, as it falls ripe from the tree, but it is often cooked while still green, and, when especially plentiful, is preserved in jars by means of salt. In this state its natural odor is very greatly increased, and the very opening of a jar of preserved durians is enough to drive a stranger to the country out of the room.

Mr. Wallace gives a very interesting account of the durian, mentioning that, although for some time the odor of the fruit completely deterred him from tasting it, he once found a ripe durian just fallen from the tree, overcame his repugnance to the fruit, tried it, ate it, and became from that moment a confirmed durian eater. The following passage contains his description of the peculiar flavor of the durian:—

"The five cells are satiny white within, and are each filled with an oval mass of cream-colored pulp, embedded in which are two or three seeds about the size of chestnuts. This pulp is the eatable part, and its consistence and flavor are indescribable. A rich, butter-like custard, highly flavored

with almonds, gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it come wafts of flavor that call to mind cream cheese, onion sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities.

"Then there is a rich glutinous smoothness in the pulp which nothing else possesses, but which adds to its delicacy. It is neither acid, nor sweet, nor juicy, yet one feels the want of none of these qualities, for it is perfect as it is. It produces no nausea or other bad effect, and the more you eat of it the less you feel inclined to stop. In fact, to eat durians is a new sensation, worth a voyage to the East to experience."

Mr. Wallace, in summing up the merits of the various fruits with which we are acquainted, says that if he had to fix on two only, which would represent the very perfection of flavor and refreshing qualities, he would choose the durian and the orange, which he terms the king and queen of fruits.

Their national drink, called "tuak," is worthily matched with the viands. It is in color like thin milk, and its odor has been forebly compared to that of five hundred negroes drunk in a slave-pen. The same traveller, having fortified his palate with the strongest tobacco, drank some of the liquid in honor of his host, and gives a very vivid description of its flavor. When first taken into the mouth, it gives the idea of cocoa-nut milk gone very sour, and holding in solution a considerable quantity of brown sugar and old cheese. When it is swallowed, the victim is conscious of a suffocating sensation, as if the liquid were thickened with starch and a great quantity of the strongest cayenne pepper, the general effect produced on the novice being comparable to nothing but a very bad attack of sea sickness.

Strange to say, this abominable liquid retains the strongest hold on three millions of human beings, who can conceive no greater luxury than the privilege of drinking it without stint. At their feasts it is kept in huge bathing jars, and is handed about in all kinds of vessels, which are continually emptied and sent back to be replenished, so that a continual stream of full and empty vessels passes from and to the large jars.

Even if the warriors who are invited to the festival were to feel inclined to sobriety, they would be forced to drink by the women, who seem to think themselves bound to make every man completely intoxicated. "No Deilah of Europe better knows her power to make a fool of a strong man than one of these Dyak syrens, nor is more inclined to exert her fascinations.

"The presence of the female element was soon felt in the noise and confusion, which absolutely seemed to increase. Several of the girls were so charming as to excuse the

infatuation of their victims and I need scarcely say that the prettiest were the most culpable. But ugly or beautiful, old or young, all instantly employed their most cunning arts in enticing the bravest and most famous warriors to drink and drink again.

"We saw a little beauty seat herself lovingly beside a tall fellow with a simple face and honest eyes, whom she coaxed to toast her from a large jar which she offered to his lips, until he fairly fell backward upon the floor. This satisfactory conclusion attained, his tormentor, who, we heard, was affianced to him, ran screaming with laughter to bring seven other wretches as mischievous as herself to jeer at the vanquished lover. Raising her hopes to sport of a higher order, she shortly after brought her jar to the spot where we sat, in the hope, no doubt, of beguiling the white men into the same condition as her other admirers; but in Europe we are accustomed to run the gauntlet of more dangerous fascinations, and she relinquished the attempt in despair."

Mr. St. John mentions that the men are in no way behind the women in their efforts to seduce their guests to intoxication, and it is their greatest pride to have as much tuak drunk as possible, to drink their own share and remain comparatively sober, while all their guests are laid prostrate and insensible. In fact, if we substitute punch and port for tuak, and an open veranda for a closed dining-room, there is little difference between the hospitality of the present Dyak chief and that of the average English squire of the last century.

A chief, for example, who prides himself on his strong head, will sit before a huge jar of tuak, and pledge every one around. For every one whom he serves he drinks one cup himself, and it is his ambition to keep his seat after all his companions are insensible. Of course, it is impossible that any man can drink an equal amount with ten or twelve others, and it is most likely that he forces the tuak on them so fast that they are soon rendered incapable of seeing whether their host drinks or not. They are very proud of being fresh on the following morning, and boast that although their guests, who belonged to another tribe, had severe headaches, they themselves suffered nothing at all.

It is partly by means of appealing to this pride that the girls are able to make the men drink to the extent which has been mentioned, and they derive so much amusement from exercising their power that they lose no opportunity that falls in their way, and essay their blandishments even when there is no definite feast.

Once, when Mr. St. John had travelled from the Sibuyan Dyaks to the Bukars, he and his guides were received, as usual, in

the head house. While the English guests were making their toilet, two young Dyak girls came very gently up the ladder and slipped into the chamber. Now the head house is, as the reader may remember, the bachelors' hall, and consequently the girls had no business there. So, pretending not to see them, the white men proceeded with their toilets, and quietly watched their proceedings.

The two girls, after glancing cautiously at the strangers, and thinking themselves unobserved, made their way to the Dyak guides, each having in her hands a vast bowl of fresh tuak, which they offered to the visitors. The young men, knowing their object, declined to drink, and thereby drew on themselves a battery of mixed blandishments and reproaches. Above all, they were entreated not to inflict on the girls the shame of refusing their gift, and making them take it back, to be laughed at by all their friends.

Cajolery, honied words, and caresses having been resisted, they tried the effect of ridicule, and their taunts succeeded where their coaxing failed. "What!" said they, "are the Sibuyans so weak-headed as to be afraid of drinking Bukar tuak?" This touched the visitors on a very tender point. The Sibuyans specially pride themselves on the strength of their heads and of their tuak, and a refusal to drink was thus made tantamount to a confession of inferiority in both respects. So they raised the huge bowls to their lips, and were allowed no

peace until they had drained the last drops, when their tempters ran away laughing, knowing that in a very short time their two victims would be senseless.

It is a most extraordinary thing that the Dyak women, most of whom do not drink at all, and very few drink even moderately, take such a delight in forcing the men into intoxication. The young girls are the most successful temptresses. They take advantage of their youth and beauty, and employ all their fascinations to inveigle the men into drinking. No man is safe from them.

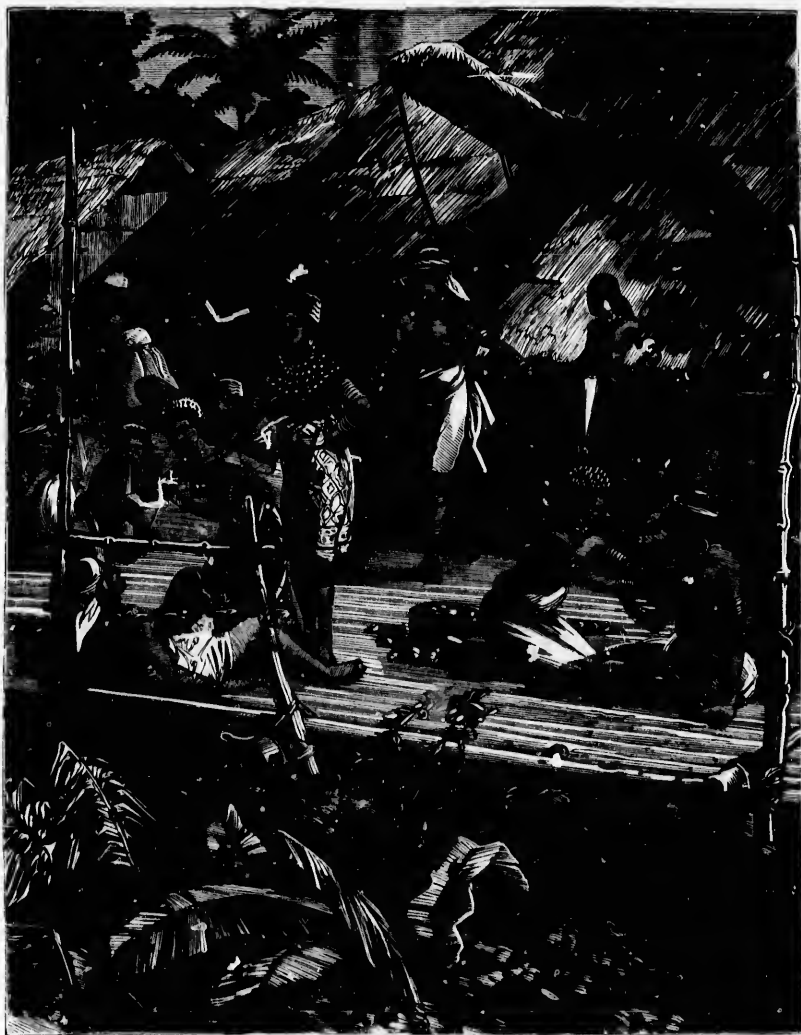
Their brothers, friends, and even their betrothed, fall, as we have seen, victims to their blandishments. They will make up to perfect strangers, get up a flirtation, and lavish all their enchantments upon them like Circe of old, until they have reduced their helpless admirers to a state little better than that of the mythological swine. Even after the men have sunk on the ground, and are incapable of raising the cup to their lips, the women think their task not quite completed, and pour the tuak down the throats of the helpless men. In the "Dyak Feast," which the artist has so finely drawn on the opposite page, the appeal and dresses of these Eastern syrens are illustrated.

Yet, although on such occasions they give themselves over to utter drunkenness, the Dyaks are a sober race, and except at these feasts, or when beset by women, they are singularly temperate, the betel-nut supplying the place of all intoxicating liquor.

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A DYAK FEAST.

(See pages 1145, 1146.)

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CHAPTER CXVIII.

BORNEO. — *Continued.*

ARCHITECTURE — MANUFACTURES.

AERIAL HOUSES — THE LONG HOUSE AND ITS ARRANGEMENTS — THE ORANG-KAYA'S ROOM — STRUCTURE OF THE FLOORING — REASONS FOR THE DYAK ARCHITECTURE — THE NIPA PALM AND ITS USES — THE ATAPS — SALT AND SUGAR MANUFACTURE — ERECTION OF THE FIRST POST — VARIOUS MODES OF PROCURING FIRE — CONSTRUCTION OF THE DYAK BRIDGE — A NARROW ESCAPE — MANUFACTURES — THE ADZE AXE OF THE DYAKS — ITS ANALOGY WITH THE BANYAI AXE — SMELTING AND FORGING IRON — BASKET MAKING — THE DYAK MAT — SPLITTING THE RATTAN — THE BORNEAN KNIFE, AND MODE OF USING IT — THE SACRED JABS AND THEIR PROPERTIES.

THE architecture of the Dyaks is very peculiar. The reader may find a Dyak village represented on page 1153.

In the first place, the houses are all built on posts, some of them twenty feet in height, and the mode of access to them is by climbing up a notched pole, which answers the purpose of a ladder. The chief dwelling in every village, and indeed practically the village itself, is the long house, which is of wonderfully large dimensions. One of these houses, measured by Mr. St. John, was more than five hundred and thirty feet long, and was inhabited by nearly five hundred people.

Throughout the entire length of the house runs the broad veranda or common room, which is open to all the members, and at the side are rooms partitioned off for the different families, as many as sixty or seventy such rooms being sometimes seen in one long house. Although the veranda is common ground to all the tribe, and in it the members go through their various sedentary occupations, each family occupies by tacit consent the portion of the veranda opposite their own rooms.

These rooms are strictly private, and none except the members of the family, or their intimate friends, would think of entering them. The chief or Orang-kaya of the long house has a much larger room than the others, and the space in front of his room is considered to be devoted to the use of the lesser chiefs and councillors, and, although

free to all the inhabitants, is frequented almost entirely by the old men and warriors of known courage.

One of the rooms inhabited by the Orang-kaya was visited by Mr. Boyle, and was not an attractive apartment. On each side of the entrance there was a piece of furniture somewhat resembling an old English plate-rack, upon the lower shelf of which was placed a flat stone. In spite of the heat, which was terrific, a large fire was burning on the stone, and on the range above were wood, rice, pots, and other utensils. There was no chimney to the house, but a sort of flap in the roof was lifted up, and kept open by a notched stick. This flap answered both for window and chimney, and when it was closed the room was in total darkness, beside being at once filled with smoke.

The height of the chamber was barely seven feet, and the space was rendered still more limited by the weapons, girdles, mats, mosquito curtains, strings of boars' tusks, aprons, and other property, that hung from the rafters. The sides were adorned with a quantity of English and Dutch crockery, each piece being in a separate rattan basket and suspended from the wall. The house being an old one, the smell was abominable; and the Orang-kaya's chamber was, on the whole, a singularly uncomfortable residence.

A number of fire-places, varying according to the population of the house, are arranged along the veranda, and, as a general rule, one of the primitive ladders already

mentioned is placed at either end, so that when a visitor enters the house, he sees throughout its entire length, the range of his eye being only interrupted by the posts, which after supporting the floor pass upward and serve also to support the roof. Outside this veranda extends another, called the outer veranda. It has no roof, and is exposed to the blazing sunbeams. It is used, not as a habitation, but as a kind of store-house and drying ground.

As the flooring is made of bamboo, the Dyaks can easily, if they choose, keep the interior of their rooms clean. This, however, they seldom choose to do, limiting their cleanliness to the simple process of sweeping any offal through the floor so as to fall under the house. They never think of removing it after it has fallen, so that by degrees the heaps of refuse become higher and higher, and gradually diminish the distance between the floor of the house and the soil beneath. In some of the older houses, these heaps of rubbish have increased to such an extent that when the pigs are grubbing in them their backs touch the bamboo flooring of the house.

The reason for building the Dyak houses on piles are several, the chief being that such a house acts as a fort in case of attack. The custom of building on piles is universal, but only those tribes that are liable to invasion employ piles of the height which have been mentioned. This mode of architecture also protects the inhabitants from floods and from the intrusion of reptiles. The Dyaks do not use the bow and arrow, and before they learned the use of fire-arms, a house built on piles some twenty or thirty feet in height made a very secure fort, which could not be fired, and which exposed the storming party to certain and heavy loss. Even since the English have taken up their residence in Borneo, some of these houses, belonging to revolted chiefs, have given great trouble before they could be taken, artillery appearing to be the only weapon to which they at once succumb.

The piles are made of the hardest iron-wood, and are very thick, much thicker than is needed for the support of the house. The reason for this strength and thickness is, that in case of attack, the assailing party dash under the house, protecting themselves from missiles by a canoe which they turn keel upward, and hold over their heads while they chop at the posts, so as to bring the house and its defenders down together. If the posts are but moderately stout, they will sometimes succeed; but if they are very thick and strong, the defenders can remove part of the floor, and throw on the attacking party weights sufficiently heavy to break through their roof and kill them.

It is probable that the custom of building houses on piles is partly derived from the Malay fashion of erecting buildings over the

water. The Dyaks copied this plan, and became so used to it that when they built inland they still continued the practice. The same theory accounts for the habit already mentioned of throwing all kinds of offal through the open bamboo flooring. This custom was cleanly enough when the houses were built over the water, but became a source of utter pollution when they were erected on land, and the offal was allowed to accumulate below, undisturbed except by the dogs and pigs.

Most of these houses are built rather high up the rivers, especially upon the tributary streams; and booms, composed of bamboos and rattans, are fastened across the stream below them, so as to hinder the advance of the enemy's canoes. The thatch, as well as a considerable portion of the material, is obtained from the nipa palm, a tree which to the Borneans is almost a necessity of existence, and supplies a vast number of their wants. It grows in large numbers at the water's edge; its huge leaves, fifteen or twenty feet in length, projecting like the fronds of vast ferns.

When dried, the leaves are woven into a sort of matted fabric called "ataps," which is used sometimes as thatch, sometimes as the indispensable covering of boats, and sometimes even as walls of houses, the mats being fastened from post to post. By the use of these ataps certain portions of the roof can be raised on sticks in trap-door fashion, so as to answer the double purpose of admitting light and securing ventilation.

Various other mats are made of the nipa palm leaf, and so are hats and similar articles. The entire leaf is often used in canoes as an extemporized sail, the leaf being fastened upright, and driving the boat onward at a very fair pace. Besides these uses the nipa leaves, when young, are dressed as vegetables, and are both agreeable and nutritious, and the fine inner leaves, when dried, are rolled round tobacco so as to form cigars.

From the root and stem a coarse sugar is made, which is used for all general purposes; for, although the sugar-cane grows magnificently in Borneo, the natives only consider it in the light of a sweetmeat. It seems rather strange that sugar and salt should be extracted from the same plant, but such is really the case, and salt-making is one of the principal occupations of some of the tribes.

They gather great quantities of the nipa root, and burn them. The ashes are then swept together, and thrown into shallow pans half filled with water, so that the salt is dissolved and remains in the water, while the charcoal and woody particles float at the surface, and can be skimmed off. When the water is clear, the pans are placed over the fire and the water driven off by evaporation, after which the salt, which remains on the bottom and sides of the pans, is scraped off.

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It is of a coarse and decidedly bitter character, but it is much liked by the natives, and even the European settlers soon become accustomed to it. Salt is imported largely from Siam, but the Borneans prefer that of their own manufacture for home use, reserving the Siamese salt for preserving fish.

The nipa and the mangrove grow in similar localities and on the same streams, and are useful to those who are engaged in ascending rivers, as they know that the water is always shallow where the mangrove grows, and deep near the nipa.

In the olden times, when a long house was projected, the erection of the first post was always accompanied by a human sacrifice, precisely as has been mentioned of several other parts of the world. Mr. St. John saw one of these houses where a human sacrifice had been made. A deep hole was dug in the ground, and the huge post, which, as the reader may remember, is cut from the trunk of the hardest and heaviest wood which can be found, was suspended over it by rattan lashings. A girl was laid at the bottom of the hole, and at a given signal the lashings were cut, permitting the post to drop into the hole, and crush the girl to atoms.

The same traveller saw a ceremony among the Quop Dyaks, which showed that the principle of sacrifice still remained, though the victim was of a different character. The builder wanted to raise a flag-staff near his house, and proceeded on exactly the same plan. The excavation was made, the pole was suspended by a rattan, but, instead of a human being, a fowl was bound and laid at the bottom of the hole, so as to be crushed to death when the lashings were cut.

These houses are often approached by bridges, which are very curious structures, so apparently fragile that they seem unable to sustain the weight of a human being, and of so slight a character that to traverse them seems to imply the skill of a rope dancer. As these houses are often built on the side of a steep hill, a pole is laid from the platform to the hill, and, if it be a tolerably long one, supported by several rattan ropes fastened to trees. A very slight bamboo handrail is fastened a little above it, and the bridge is considered as complete.

One of these simple bridges is shown in illustration No. 2, on the 115th page, which gives a good idea of the height of the house and its general style of architecture. Near the foreground is a man engaged in making fire by means of twirling one stick upon another, precisely as is done by the Kadirs and other savage tribes. There is, however, one improvement on the usual mode. Instead of merely causing a pointed stick to revolve upon another, the Dyaks use instead of the lower stick a thick slab of very dry wood, with a deep groove cut on

one side of it, and a small hole on the other, bored down to the groove.

When the Dyak wishes to procure fire, he places the wooden slab on the ground with the groove undermost, and inserts his pointed stick in the little hole and twirls it rapidly between his hands. The revolution of the stick soon causes a current of air to pass through the groove, and in consequence the fire is rapidly blown up as soon as the wood is heated to the proper extent. In consequence of this arrangement, much labor is saved, as the firemaker is not obliged to stop at intervals to blow upon the just kindled dust which collects in the little hole around the firestick. Some tribes merely cut two cross grooves on the lower piece of wood, and insert the point of the firestick at their intersection.

The Saribas and Sakarrang Dyaks have a very remarkable instrument for obtaining fire, called by them "besi-api." It consists of a metal tube, about three inches in length, with a piston working nearly air-tight in it. A piece of dry stuff by way of tinder is introduced into the tube, the piston rod is slapped smartly down and withdrawn with a jerk, when the tinder is seen to be on fire. Europeans find that to manage the besi-api is as difficult a task as to procure fire by two sticks. The reader may remember that a machine of similar construction is sold at the philosophical instrument makers, and that a piece of German tinder is lighted by the sudden compression of the air.

Another form of the besi-api is thus described by Mr. Boyle:—"Among some of the Dyak tribes there is a manner of striking fire much more extraordinary. The instrument used is a slender cube of lead, which fits tightly in a case of bamboo. The top of the cube is hollowed into a cup, and when fire is required this cup is filled with tinder, the leaden piston is held upright in the left hand, the bamboo case is thrust sharply down over it, as quickly withdrawn, and the tinder is found to be lighted. The natives say that no metal but lead will produce the effect."

The same traveller gives an account of another mode of obtaining fire:—"Another interesting phenomenon these natives showed us, which, though no doubt easily explained on scientific principles, appeared very remarkable. As we sat in the veranda my cheroot went out, and I asked one of the Dyaks squatted at our side to give me a light.

"He took from his box of bamboo a piece of pitcher and a little tinder; put the latter upon the pitcher and held it under his thumb, struck sharply against the bamboo, and instantly offered me the tinder lighted. Several times subsequently we watched them obtain fire by this means, but failed to make out a reasonable theory for the result."

Even rivers are bridged over in the same simple, but really efficacious manner, as the approaches to the houses. The mountain streams alternate greatly in depth and rapidity, and it is no uncommon occurrence for a heavy rain to raise a river some forty feet in its deep and rocky channel, and even after a single heavy shower the fords are rendered impassable. In consequence of this uncertainty, the Dyaks throw across the chasms such bridges as are described by Mr. St. John:—

"How light and elegant do these suspension-bridges look! One, in particular, I will attempt to describe. It was a broad part of the stream, and two fine old trees hung over the water opposite to each other. Long bamboos lashed together formed the main portion, and were fastened by smaller ones to the branches above; railings on either side were added to give greater strength and security, yet the whole affair appeared so flimsy, and was so far above the stream, that when we saw a woman and child pass over it we drew our breath until they were safe on the other side. And yet we knew that they were secure.

"I have often passed over them myself; they are of the width of one bamboo, but the side railings give one confidence. Accidents do happen from carelessly allowing the rattan lashings to rot. Once, when pressed for time, I was passing rapidly across with many men following close behind me, when it began to sway most unpleasantly, and crack! crack! was heard as several of the supports gave way. Most of my men were fortunately not near the centre, and relieved the bridge of their weight by clinging to the branches, otherwise those who were with me in the middle would have been precipitated on the rocks below. After that, we always passed singly over such neglected bridges."

THE domestic manufactures of the Dyaks are of a very high order, and display a wonderful amount of artistic taste. The mode of building canoes has already been mentioned, but the principal tool of the canoe maker is too curious to be passed over. The implement in question is singularly ingenious, combining within itself a number of qualifications. The general appearance of it can be seen by reference to the illustration, which is drawn from a specimen presented to me by C. T. C. Grant, Esq.

It is apparently a most insignificant tool, hardly worthy the hands of a child; and yet, when wielded by a Dyak, it produces the most remarkable results. The handle is only ten inches in length, and the blade measures barely an inch and a quarter across the widest part. The handle is made of two portions, united with a strong lashing of rattan, backed up by cement. The lower portion, which is curved exactly

like the hilts of the Dyak swords, is made of a soft and light wood, while the upper part, which carries the head, is made of a hard, strong, and moderately elastic wood.



ADZE-AXE.

The head is made of iron, mostly imported, and is in all probability formed on the model of a stone implement that was formerly in use. As the reader may see, it is fastened to the wood by rattan, exactly as the stone heads of the Polynesian axes are held in their places by lashings of plaited sinnet.

But here the resemblance ends. The head of the Polynesian axe is immovable, whereas the essence of the Bornean axe is that the head can be shifted at will, by taking it cut of the rattan lashing, reversing and replacing it, so that it forms an axe or an adze, as the user desires. The reader may remember that the Banyai tribe of Southern Africa have an axe made on a similar principle, though in their case the reversal is accomplished by cutting holes at right angles to each other, through which the shank of the iron head can be passed. (See p. 364, figs. 4, 5.)

With this tiny instrument the Dyaks not only shape their planks, but cut down the largest trees with a rapidity that an English workman could scarcely equal, in spite of the superiority of his axe. They have a very curious method of clearing away timber from a space of ground. They first cut away all the underwood with their parangs, or choppers, and then, with their little axes, cut the larger trees rather more than half through, leaving the largest to the last. This tree is then felled, and, as all the trees are bound together with rattans and other creepers, it brings down all the others in its fall.

Although the iron which the Dyaks use is mostly imported, they are capable of smelting their own metal by a very simple proc-

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(1.) A DYAK VILLAGE.

(See page 1149.)

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(2.) A DYAK HOUSE.

(See page 1161.)

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ess. By way of a crucible, they dig a small pit in the ground, and perforate the sides with holes, through which currents of air can be passed by means of the native bellows. Charcoal is first placed in the pit, and then the ore, well broken, is laid on the charcoal; and so the Dyak workmen proceed to fill the pit with alternate layers of charcoal and ore. A light is then introduced by means of a hole, the bellows are worked, and in a short time the metal is smelted. Although each man is generally capable of making his own tools on a pinch, there is generally a man in each village who is a professional blacksmith, and makes his living by forging spear heads and parang blades, as well as by keeping the weapons of the villagers in repair.

The basket work of the Dyaks is exceedingly good, color as well as form being studied in the manufacture. The basket called *tambok* is made of the *nipa* palm leaf, cut into strips not quite the twelfth of an inch wide, and stained alternately yellow and red. These are interwoven so as to produce a considerable variety of pattern, somewhat resembling that which is used in the sarongs and other woven fabrics. These patterns are nearly all combinations of the square, the zigzag, and the diamond; the last form, however, being nothing more than the square turned diagonally.

Although made in cylindrical form, the *tambok* is slightly squared by means of four strips of hard red wood, which are tightly fastened to the basket by rattan lashing. The bottom of the basket is squared in a similar manner, so as to flatten it and enable it to stand upright, and is defended by thicker strips of wood than those which run up the sides. The lid is guarded by two cross-strips of wood, and both the lid and the top of the basket are strengthened by two similar strips bound firmly round their edges. This basket is exceedingly light, elastic, strong, easily carried, and fully warrants the estimation in which it is held. Baskets are made of almost all sizes, and extensively used by the Dyaks, the Malays, and the European colonists.

Mats of various kinds are made by this ingenious people. One of these mats, which is in my possession, is a wonderful specimen of Dyak work. It is nine feet long and five wide, and is made of rattan, cut into very narrow strips—not wider, indeed, than those of the enlarged patterns of the *tambok* basket. These strips are interwoven with such skill as to form an intricate and artistic pattern. The centre of the mat is occupied by a number of spiral patterns, two inches in diameter, the spiral being produced by extensions of the zigzag already mentioned.

Around the spirals are three distinct borders, each with a definite pattern, and the whole is edged by a sort of selvaie, which

gives strength to the fabric, and prevents it from being torn. This kind of mat is exceedingly durable, the specimen in question having been long used in Borneo, then brought over to England, and employed as a floor-cloth; and, although cut in one or two places by chair-legs, is on the whole as firm as when it was made. As the rattan has not been dyed, the color of the mat is a pale yellow; but the pattern comes out with wonderful distinctness, just as is the case with good English table linen.

Like all uncivilized people, the Dyaks never hurry themselves about their manufactures. Time is no object to them; there is none of the competition which hurries European workmen through life. The women, who make these beautiful mats, go about their work in a very leisurely way, interweaving the slender rattan strips with infinite care, and certainly producing work that is thorough and sound.

The rattan is split in rather a curious manner. On account of the direction and length of its fibre, it will split almost *ad infinitum* into perfectly straight strips of very great length, so that the only difficulty is to cut the slips of precisely the same width. The knives with which this task is performed are rather peculiar. One of them has already been described on page 1125, as an appendage to the Bornean sword; but there is another which is so remarkable that it deserves a separate description.

The handle is bent at an angle like that of the parang-latok, described and figured on the page to which reference was just made. In order to produce this effect, the handle is made of two pieces of wood, the ends of which are bevelled off, so that when they are placed together they produce the angular form which is desired. The two pieces are fitted very neatly together, and the joint is strengthened by a thick coating of cement. The handle is further ornamented by having a long piece of brass wire coiled tightly round it, and is finished off at the end with the same kind of cement as that which is used at the joint.

Not only does the handle resemble that of the parang, but there is a great resemblance between the blades of the sword and the knife. The blade of this knife has been forged out of a square bar of steel, which has been first flattened, and then beaten out into the slightly curved form which is so largely used throughout the whole of this part of the world.

As is the case with the sword knife already described, this implement is used by putting the handle under the left arm and holding the blade firmly in front of the body, while both hands are at liberty to press the end of the rattan against the edge of the knife, and so to split it into as many strips as are needed. In spite of the comparative roughness of the manufacture, which dispenses with a finish

and polish, the knife can take a very fine edge; and my own specimen, after having suffered rather rough usage, is so sharp that I have just mended a pen with it, and cut a piece of note paper edgewise. The blade of this knife is eleven inches in length.

In order to preserve the sharpness of the edge, the Dyak carries the knife in a sheath made simply of a small joint of bamboo, closed at the lower end of the natural knot, and carefully wrapped at each end with rattan to prevent it from splitting.

The cotton fabrics are entirely made by the women, from the preparation of the thread to the weaving of the stuff. They beat out the cotton with small sticks, and, by means of a rude sort of wheel, spin it out into thread very rapidly. They cannot compete with the English manufacturer in fineness of thread, but in durability there is no comparison between the two, the Dyak thread being stronger than that made in England, and the dye with which it is stained being so permanent that no fabric wears so well as that which is of native manufacture.

Although we can hardly rank the Dyak jars among native manufactures, they play so important a part in the domestic life of these tribes that they cannot be passed over without some notice.

The Dyaks have no real currency, and can scarcely be made to understand it. They perfectly comprehend direct barter, but the secondary barter by means of a circulating medium is, as a rule, beyond an ordinary Dyak. He will take some goods to the market for the purpose of exchanging them for some article which he wants; but he has no idea of selling his goods for money, and buying with that money the needed article.

The reader may remember that brass guns have already been mentioned as a sort of currency. These are nothing more or less than cannon of various sizes, which are valued by weight, and form a sort of standard by which prices are measured, like the English pound or the French franc. They are bored to carry balls from one to two pounds weight, and, though regarded chiefly in the light of money, are serviceable weapons, and can throw a ball to a considerable distance. There is an advantage about this kind of currency. It is not easily stolen, and outside the chiefs' houses may be seen rows of brass guns lying on the ground unmounted and owing their safety to their weight.

There is also a second standard of value among the Dyaks. This is the Jar, an in-

stitution which, I believe, is unique. These jars are of earthenware, and as far as can be judged by appearance, must have been of Chinese manufacture. They are of different descriptions, and vary greatly in value. The commonest jars, called Naga or Dragon jars, are worth about seven or eight pounds, and derive their name from figures of dragons rudely scrawled on them. They are about two feet in height. The Rusa jar, which is next higher in value, is worth from ten to fifteen pounds, according to its quality, and is known by the figures of the Rusa deer which are drawn upon it.

But the most costly is the Gusi, which is worth almost any sum that the owner chooses to demand for it. The Gusi jar is neither large nor pretty. It is of a dark olive green color, and about two feet in height. These jars are very scarce, and are considered as being worth on an average about five hundred pounds. Seven or eight hundred pounds have been paid for a Gusi jar, and there have been one or two so valuable that many thousands pounds have been offered and refused for them.

Mr. St. John mentions a jar of this kind belonging to the Sultan of Brunei, which derived its chief value from the fact that it spoke on certain great occasions. For example, the Sultan declared that on the night before his wife died the jar uttered hollow moaning sounds, and that it never failed to apprise him of any coming misfortune by wailing pitifully. This jar is kept in the women's apartments, and is always covered with gold brocade, except when wanted for consultation, or to exhibit its medicinal properties. Water poured into a Gusi jar is thought by the Dyaks and by the Malays to be the best possible medicine for all kinds of diseases, and, when sprinkled over the fields, to be a certain means of procuring a good crop. As the people are willing to pay highly for this medicated water, there is some reason for the enormous cost of these jars.

One of them is said to possess a quality which belongs to itself. It increased everything that was put into it. If, for example, it were half filled with rice in the evening it would be nearly full in the morning; and if water was poured into it, a few hours would increase the depth of water by several inches. It is remarkable that the art of making these jars is lost. The Chinese, admirable imitators as they are, have always failed when they have endeavored to palm off upon a Dyak a jar manufactured by themselves.

CHAPTER CXIX.

BORNEO.—*Concluded.*

RELIGION—OMENS—FUNERALS.

THE STATE OF RELIGION AMONG THE DYAKS—THEIR BELIEF IN A SUPREME BEING—THE VARIOUS SUBORDINATE GODS—THE ANTUS, AND THEIR FORMS—CATCHING A RUNAWAY SOUL—THE BUAN AND HIS NATURE—ORIGIN OF LAND LEECHES—CHARMS, AND THEIR VALUE—OMENS—THE GOOD AND EVIL BIRDS—A SIMPLE CAUSE OF DIVORCE—THE ENCHANTED LEAF—THE ORDEALS OF DIVING, BOILING WATER, SALT, AND SNAILS—THE ENCHANTED WATER—A CURIOUS CEREMONY—DYAK FUNERALS—THE OFFICE OF SEXTON.

THE religion of the Dyaks is a very difficult subject, as the people themselves seem to have an exceedingly vague idea of it, and to be rather unwilling to impart the little knowledge which they have. It is tolerably clear that they have an idea of a Supreme Being, whom they call by different names, according to their tribes; the Sea Dyaks, for example, calling him Batara, and the land Dyaks Tapa. Next to the Supreme, by whom mankind was created, were some very powerful though inferior deities, such as Tenabi, who made the earth and the lower animals; Iang, who taught religion to the Dyaks, and still inspires them with holiness; and Jirong, the lord of life and death.

Besides those chief deities there are innumerable Antus or minor gods, which correspond in some degree to the fauns and satyrs of the ancients. They are called by many names, and as, according to Dyak ideas, there is scarcely a square rod of forest that does not contain its Antu, the people live as it were in a world peopled with supernatural beings. Some of them even declare that they have seen the Antus, the chief distinction of whom seems to be that they have no heads, the neck being terminated in a sharp point. They are capable of assuming the form of a human being or of any animal at will, but always without heads, so that they can be at once recognized.

The story of one of these Antu-seers is a very strange one. He declared that he saw a squirrel in a tree, throw a spear at it, and

brought it to the ground. When he went to pick it up, it suddenly rose, faced him, and changed itself into a dog. The dog walked a few paces, changed again into a human being, and sat slowly down on the trunk of a fallen tree. The body of the spectre was parti-colored, and instead of a head it had a pointed neck.

The Dyak ran off in terror, and was immediately smitten with a violent fever, his soul having been drawn from the body by the Antu, and about to journey toward the spirit world. The doctor, however, went off to the spot where the Antu appeared, captured the fugitive soul, brought it back, and restored it to the body by means of the invisible hole in the head through which the Antu had summoned it. Next morning the fever was gone, and the man was quite well.

They tell another story of one of these inimical beings, who are supposed to be ghosts of persons killed in battle, and called Buans. A Buau pounced upon a woman named Temunyan during her husband's absence, carried her off, and by his magic arts fixed her against a rock from which she could not move. When the husband returned, he went in search of his wife, and, having found her, concocted a scheme by which the Buau was induced to release her. By stratagem the husband contrived to destroy the Buau, and took his wife home.

She had, however, scarcely reached her home when she gave birth to a horrible being, of which the Buau was the father. Her husband instantly chopped it into a thousand pieces with his parang, and flung

it into the jungle, when each fragment took life, and assumed the blood-sucking character of the demon parent. And thus the Buau was the original parent of land-leeches.

In order to propitiate these beings, the Dyaks are in the habit of making offerings of food, drink, and flowers to them before they undertake any great task, mostly putting the food into dishes or baskets, and laying it in the jungle for the use of the Antus.

Satisfied apparently with the multitude of their deities, the Dyaks possess no idols, a fact which is really remarkable, as showing the character of their minds. Charms, however, they have in plenty, and place the greatest reliance on them. Some charms are credited as rendering the wearer invulnerable, and it is likely that those attached to the parang described on page 1126 are of that character.

Mr. St. John mentions an amusing example of the value set upon these charms. There was a chief of very high rank, who possessed some exceedingly potent charms, which had been in his family for many generations, and had been handed down from father to son. They consisted of two round pebbles, one flat pebble, a little stone which had been found in a banana, and some sand. All these valuables were sewed up together and fastened to a string, by which they could be attached to the waist in times of peril.

Unfortunately, the chief lent these charms to a man who lost them, and was sued by the aggrieved owner before the English court. He gained his case, but was nearly as much dissatisfied with the court as with the defendant, inasmuch as he estimated the value of the charms at a Rusa jar, i. e. about thirty dollars, or seven pounds, whereas the value set on them by the court, and paid by the defendant, was fivepence.

Allusion has been already made to the birds on which the Dyaks so much rely as omens. These are three in number, the Kushah, the Kariak, and the Katupung. When a Dyak is about to start on an expedition, he goes to the place near the village where the feasting sheds are built, and there waits until he hears the cry of one of these birds. Should either the kushah or the katupung cry in the front, or on either side, and not be answered, the omen is bad, and the man gives up his expedition. It is a good sign, however, if the bird should first cry on one side and then be answered on the other. The most important bird is the kariak. If the cry of the kariak be heard on the right, the omen is good; if on the left, it is doubtful. But if the cry be heard behind the diviner, the omen is as bad as it can be, and portends at least sickness, if not death.

The Dyaks scarcely engage in any undertaking without consulting the birds, whom

they believe to be half Dyaks, all birds having proceeded from the union of an Antu with a Dyak woman.

Mr. Brooke, in treating of this subject, has the following forcible remarks:—"Some of our party of Dyaks had proceeded, but most were yet behind, and will be sweeping down for the next week or more. Many go through the forms of their forefathers in listening to the sounds of omens; but the ceremony is now very curtailed, compared with what it was a few years ago, when I have known a chief live in a hut for six weeks, partly waiting for the twittering of birds to be in a proper direction, and partly detained by his followers. Besides, the whole way in advancing, their dreams are religiously interpreted and adhered to; but, as in all such matters, interpretations are liable to a double construction. The finale is, that inclination, or often fear, is most powerful. A fearful heart produces a disagreeable dream, or a bad omen in imagined sounds from birds or deer, and this always makes a force return. But they often loiter about so long, that the enemy gains intelligence of their intended attack, and is on the alert.

"However absurdly these omens lead the human race, they steadily continue to follow and believe in such practices. Faith predominates, and hugs huge wonders, and tenaciously lives in the minds of the ignorant. Some of the Dyaks are somewhat shaken in the belief in hereditary omens, and a few follow the Malay custom of using a particular day, which has a strange effect on European imaginations. The white man who commands the force is supposed to have an express bird and lucky charm to guide him onward; and to these the Dyaks trust considerably. 'You are our bird, we follow you.' I well know the names, and can distinguish the sounds of their birds, and the different hands on which the good and bad omens are interpreted.

"The effect of these signs on myself was often very marked, and no Dyak could feel an adverse omen more than myself when away in the jungle, surrounded by these superstitious people. Still, I could sympathize with the multitude, and the difficulty lay in the question, whether any influence would be sufficient to counteract such phantoms. It must not be thought I ever attempted to lead the Dyaks to believe that I was the owner of charms and such absurdities, which could not have lasted above a season, and could never be successful for a length of time. A maias' (orang-outan's) head was hanging in my room, and this they thought to be my director to successful expeditions."

The cries of various animals are all interpreted by the Dyaks, those which have evil significations far outnumbering the good-omened cries. The worst of all omens is the cry of a deer, which will make a Dyak

abandon any project on which he is engaged, no matter how deeply his heart may be set on it.

On one occasion, a Dyak had married a young girl for whom he had a very strong attachment, which was returned. On the third day after the marriage, the English missionary entered the head house and was surprised to see the young husband sitting in it hard at work on some brass wire. This was a very strong circumstance, as the head house is tenanted only by the bachelors. The missionary naturally asked him what he was doing there, and what had become of his wife, to which he answered sorrowfully that he had no wife, a deer having cried on the preceding night, so that they were obliged to dissolve the marriage at once.

"But," said his interrogator, "are you not sorry for this?"

"Very sorry!"

"What are you doing with the wire?"

"Making ornaments for the girl whom I want for my new wife."

It seems that the belief in the Antus is so ingrained in the minds of the Dyaks, that whenever any one meets with an accident, some Antu or other is presumed to have been the author of the injury, and to require appeasal. Mr. Brooke mentions that he once found the leaf of a palm tree folded in a peculiar manner, lying near his house. This was an offering to the Antu, because a man had fallen down there and injured himself.

The leaf was supposed to be possessed by the Antu, who would avenge himself if his leaf were disturbed by causing the arm of the offender to swell. However, Mr. Brooke picked up the leaf and threw it away, and within two days his arm became swollen and inflamed, and remained in that state for nearly a fortnight afterward.

In connection with this subject must be mentioned the ordeals by which disputes are often settled. These are of various kinds, but the favorite plan is the ordeal of diving. The two disputants are taken to the river and wade into the water up to the chin. At a given signal they plunge beneath the surface, and the one who can remain longest under water wins the case. There was a very curious instance of such an ordeal where the honor of a family was involved. The daughter of a chief was found to have disgraced herself, and laid the blame upon a young man of rank. He, however, utterly contradicted her story, and at last the dispute was brought to an end by the ordeal of diving. The young chief won his cause, and the result was that the offending girl had to leave the village, and her father was deserted by his followers, so that he was also obliged to seek another home.

Then there is the salt ordeal. Each litigant is provided with a lump of salt of precisely the same weight, and he whose salt retains its shape longest in water is held to

be the winner. There is also the boiling-water test, which is exactly the same as that which was practised in England in former days, the hand being dipped into the hot liquid, and coming out uninjured if the appellant be innocent. Lastly, there is the snail ordeal. Each party takes a snail and puts it on a plate, and lime juice is poured over them, when the snail that first moves is considered to have indicated that its owner is in the wrong.

The reader may remember that the Dyaks are in the habit of purchasing water that has been poured into the sacred jars, and sprinkling it over their fields by way of ensuring fertility. They believe that water which has touched the person of a white man will have the same effect, especially if he be a man of some rank. So as soon as English officers arrive at a Dyak village, the natives have a custom of seizing them, pulling off their shoes and stockings, and washing their feet, the water being preserved as an infallible charm for promoting the growth of their crops.

They carry this principle to an extent which to us seems exceedingly disgusting. Long bamboos filled with dressed rice are brought to the visitors, who are requested to spit in them. The rice thus medicated is distributed among the assembled crowd, who press eagerly round, each attempting to secure a portion of the health-giving food. Some of the more cunning among the people try to secure a second and some a third supply, and Mr. St. John mentions an instance when one horrid old woman managed to be helped six times.

The same traveller mentions that the blood of fowls is thought to be a very powerful charm, and the Dyaks have a ceremony connected with the shedding of blood which is almost identical with the Jewish Passover. (See Exod. xii. 22.) A festival had been given in honor of the visitors. Their feet had been washed, and the water put aside. Their rice had been duly medicated, and the Orang-kaya began some curious ceremonies, flinging rice out of the windows, and accompanying the act with a prayer for fertility to the fields and prosperity to the village. He was evidently repeating a well-learned lesson, and it was ascertained that the words which he used were not understood by himself, so that we find among the Dyaks the relics of an expired language, the few remnants of which are preserved by religion, just as is the case with the inhabitants of New Zealand and other islands.

This portion of the ceremony being ended a sort of sacred dance was performed, the Orang-kaya and the elders going successively to the white visitors, passing their hands over their arms, and going off in a slow, measured tread, "moving their arms and hands in unison with their feet until they reached the end of the house, and came

back to where we sat. Then came another pressure of the palm, a few more passes to draw virtue out of us, another yell, and off they went again—at one time there were at least a hundred dancing.

"For three nights we had had little sleep, on account of these ceremonies, but at length, notwithstanding clash of gong and beat of drum, we sank back in our beds, and were soon fast asleep. In perhaps a couple of hours I awoke, my companion was still sleeping uneasily, the din was deafening, and I sat up to look around.

Unfortunate moment! I was instantly seized by the hands of two priests, and led up to the Orang-kaya, who was himself cutting a fowl's throat. He wanted Captain Brooke to perform the following ceremony, but I objected to his being awakened, and offered to do it for him. I was taken to the very end of the house, and the bleeding fowl put in my hands. Holding him by his legs I had to strike the lintel of the doors, sprinkling a little blood over each. When this was over, I had to wave the fowl over the heads of the women and wish them fertility; over the children, and wish them health; over all the people, and wish them prosperity; out of the window, and invoke good crops for them."

FUNERALS among the Dyaks differ slightly in the various tribes. The common people are buried or even burned with scarcely any ceremony, but the bodies of chiefs and their relatives are treated with a whole series of rites.

As soon as a chief dies, the corpse is dressed in his finest clothes, every ornament that he possessed is hung upon him, and his favorite swords and other weapons are laid by his side. The body is then placed on an elevated platform, and is watched and tended as if the dead man were still alive, food, drink, tobacco, and sirih being continually

offered him, and the air kept cool by constant fanning. The men assemble on one side of the corpse, and the women on the other, and romp with each other as if the occasion were of a joyful rather than a sorrowful character. These games are continued until the corpse is far gone in decomposition, when it is placed in a coffin made of a hollowed tree trunk, and buried in a grave which must not be more than five feet deep.

Knowing the customs of the people, the Malays are apt to rifle the graves of dead chiefs, for the sake of obtaining the swords and other valuables that are buried with them. Formerly, after the body was laid in the grave, the sword, a jar or two, clothes, ornaments, and a female slave were placed in a canoe, the woman being firmly chained to it. When the tide was ebbing the boat was sent adrift, and was supposed to supply the spirit of the departed with all the goods that were on board. This custom, however, has been long discontinued, as the Dyaks found that the canoe and its contents almost invariably fell into the hands of the Malays, who thus procured slaves without paying for them, and enriched themselves besides with the swords, gold, and clothing.

The sexton's office is hereditary, and whenever the line fails the Dyaks have great difficulty in finding some one who will not only take the office upon himself, but must also entail it upon his descendants. The office, however, is a very lucrative one, varying from a rupee to two dollars, a sum of money which can procure for a Dyak all the necessaries and most of the luxuries of life for several weeks.

The Kayan Dyaks do not bury their dead, but place the body in a very stout coffin made of a hollowed tree, and elevate it on two stout carved posts, with woodwork projecting from each corner, like the roofs of Siamese houses.

CHAPTER CXX.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

APPEARANCE — ARCHITECTURE — MANUFACTURES.

POSITION OF THE COUNTRY AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE NAME — CONFORMATION OF THE LAND AND ITS ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE — APPEARANCE OF THE FUEGIANS — ERRONEOUS IDEAS CONCERNING THEM — COLOR, COSTUME, AND MODE OF WEARING THE HAIR — INDIFFERENCE TO DRESS — PAINT AND ORNAMENTS — FUEGIAN ARCHITECTURE — THE POINTED AND ROUNDED HUTS — THE SPEAR AND ITS HEAD — DOWS AND ARROWS — STONE THROWING — WONDERFUL STRENGTH OF THE FUEGIANS — SKILL WITH THE SLING — STUDY OF PARTICULAR WEAPONS — FOOD OF THE FUEGIANS — ANGLING WITHOUT HOOKS — THE DOGS, FISHERS AND BIRD CATCHERS — THE DOG RESPECTED BY THE FUEGIANS — CANNIBALISM — THE TREE FUNGUS — CANOES — THE LARGE AND SMALL CANOES, AND THEIR USES — SHIFTING QUARTERS AND TRANSPORTING CANOES — COOKERY — GENERAL TEMPERAMENT OF THE FUEGIANS — JEMMY BUTTON — FUEGIAN GOVERNMENT.

AT the extreme southern point of America is a large island, or rather a collection of islands separated by very narrow armlets of the sea. It is separated from the mainland by the strange tortuous Magellan's Strait, which is in no place wide enough to permit a ship to be out of sight of land, and in some points is exceedingly narrow. As Magellan sailed through this channel by night, he saw that the southern shore was studded with innumerable fires, and he therefore called the country TIERRA DEL FUEGO, or Land of Fire. These fires were probably beacons lighted by the natives in order to warn each other of the approach of strangers, to whom the Fuegians have at times evinced the most bitter hostility, while at others they have been kind and hospitable in their way.

The country is a singularly unpromising one, and Tierra del Fuego on the south and the Esquimaux country on the north seem to be exactly the lands in which human beings could not live. Yet both are populated, and the natives of both extremities of this vast continent are fully impressed with the superiority of their country over all others.

Tierra del Fuego is, as its proximity to the South Pole infers, a miserably cold country, and even in the summer time the place is so cold that in comparison England

would seem to be quite a tropical island. In consequence of this extreme cold neither animal nor vegetable life can be luxuriant. The forests are small, and the trees short, stumpy, and ceasing to exist at all at some fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. There is a sort of evergreen beech (*Fagus betuloides*).

There is only one redeeming point in the climate of Tierra del Fuego. The mosquito that haunts alike the hottest and coldest countries, and equally a terror in tropical and Arctic America, cannot live in Tierra del Fuego, the damp, as well as the cold, being fatal to it. Indeed, there are very few insects in this strange land, and reptiles are altogether absent.

Absence of vegetable life naturally results in absence of animal life, the herbivorous animals being starved out for want of their proper food, and the carnivora being equally unable to live, as finding no animals on which to feed. Man being omnivorous, has a slightly better chance of living, but even he could not multiply and fill the country when food is so limited, provided he were limited to the land, but, as he is master of the waters as well as of the earth, he can draw his living from the sea and rivers when the land refuses to supply him with food. Such is the case with the Fuegians, who are essentially people of the sea and its shore,

and who draw nearly the whole of their subsistence from its waters, as we shall see in a future page.

Perhaps in consequence of the scantiness, the irregularity, and the quality of their food, the Fuegians are a very short race of men, often shorter than the average Boesjesman of Southern Africa, and even lower in the social scale. They ought not to be called dwarfs, as is too often the case, their bodies being tolerably proportioned, and their figures not stunted, but simply smaller than the average of Europeans, while the muscular development of the upper part of the body is really wonderful. As a rule, the average height of the Fuegian men is about five feet, and that of the women four feet six inches. In some parts of the islands there are natives of much larger size, but these are evidently immigrants from the adjacent country of Patagonia, where the stature is as much above the average of Europeans as that of the Fuegians is below it.

The color of the natives is a dark coppery brown, the reddish hue being only perceptible in spots where they happen accidentally to be clean. The limbs are generally slight, so that the knees and elbows seem to be disproportionately large, and their heads are covered with masses of black hair, that possesses no curl, and falls in long, wild tangled locks over their shoulders. The men are almost entirely beardless.

An illustration on the opposite page of a Fuegian man and woman gives a correct representation of the ugliness of feature and want of intelligence which characterize this people.

Both sexes allow their hair to run to its full length, except over the forehead, where it is roughly cut with a shell to prevent it from falling into the eyes. The people have a strange superstitious reverence for hair, and that portion which is cut off is deposited in a basket, and afterward carefully disposed of. Once, when the captain had snipped off a little hair from a Fuegian's head, he found that he had given great offence, and was obliged to restore the severed hair and put away the scissors before the angry feelings of the native could be smoothed. On another occasion, the only mode of pacifying the offended native was by restoring the lock of hair, together with a similar lock from the head of the white man. The cut hair is generally burned.

Captain King's account of the Fuegian women is not attractive.

"The hair of the women is longer, less coarse, and certainly cleaner than that of the men. It is combed with the jaw of a porpoise, but neither plaited nor tied; and none is cut away, except from over their eyes. They are short, with bodies largely out of proportion to their height; their features, especially those of the old, are scarcely less disagreeable than the repulsive ones of

the men. About four feet and some inches is the stature of these she-Fuegians, by courtesy called women. They never walk upright; a stooping posture and awkward movement is their natural gait. They may be fit mates for such uncouth men; but to civilized people their appearance is disgusting. Very few exceptions were noticed.

"The color of the women is similar to that of the men. As they are just as much exposed, and do harder work, this is a natural consequence. Besides, while children they run about quite naked, picking up shell-fish, carrying wood, or bringing water. In the color of the older people there is a tinge of yellow, which is not noticed in the middle-aged or young."

As is the case with many savage tribes, the teeth of the Fuegians are ground down to an almost flat surface. This is most conspicuous in the front teeth. There is little apparent distinction between the canine and the incisor teeth, both being ground down to such an extent that the only remains of the enamel are on the sides, and, as Captain King graphically remarks, "the front teeth are solid, and often flat-topped like those of a horse eight years old. . . . the interior substance of each tooth is then seen as plainly in proportion to its size as that of a horse."

The mouth is large, and very coarsely formed, and as there is not a vestige of beard its full ugliness is shown to the best advantage.

One of the strangest phenomena connected with the Fuegians is their lack of clothing. In a climate so cold that in the middle of summer people have been frozen to death at no great elevation above the level of the sea, it might well be imagined that the natives would follow the same course as that adopted by the Esquimaux, and make for themselves garments out of the thickest and warmest furs that can be procured.

They might do so if they chose. In some parts of their country they have the thick-wooled guanaco (probably an importation from the mainland), and in others are deer and foxes, not to mention the dogs which they keep in a domesticated state. Besides, there are few furs warmer than those of the seal, and seals of various kinds abound on the Fuegian coasts, some, such as the sea-lion, being of very large size. Then there are various water birds, whose skins would make dresses equally light and warm, such as the penguin, the duck, the albatross, and the like.

It is evident, therefore, that if the Fuegian is not warmly and thickly clothed, it is not from want of material, and that he is naked not from necessity but choice. And he chooses nudity, neither sex wearing any description of clothes except a piece of seal or deer skin about eighteen inches square

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(1.) FUEGIANS.
(See page 1162.)



(2.) PATAGONIANS.
(See page 1173.)

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hung over one shoulder. No other covering is worn except this patch of skin, which is shifted about from one side of the body to the other according to the direction of the wind, the Fuegian appearing to be perfectly indifferent to frost, rain, or snow. For example, a Fuegian mother has been seen with her child in her arms, wearing nothing but the little patch of seal-skin on the windward side, and yet standing unconcernedly in the snow, which not only fell on her naked shoulder, but was heaped between her child and her breast, neither mother nor infant seeming to be more than ordinarily cold. During mild weather, or when the Fuegian is paddling or otherwise engaged in work, he thinks that even the piece of seal-skin is too much for him, and throws it off.

Though careless about clothing, he is not indifferent to ornament, and decorates his copper-colored body in various ways. He uses paint in profusion, generally laying on a white ground made of a chalky clay, and drawing patterns upon it of black or dull brick-red. The black is simply charcoal reduced to powder. He likes necklaces, which are mostly white, and are made of the teeth of fishes and seals, or of pieces of bone. Ornaments of the same character are worn upon the wrists and ankles, so that, although the Fuegian has no clothes, he has plenty of savage jewelry.

Both sexes keep their long, straggling locks out of their eyes by means of a small fillet made of sinews, or the hair of the guanaco, twined round the forehead. Feathers and similar ornaments are stuck into this fillet; but if they be white, the spectator must be on his guard, for white down and feathers on the head are signs of war. Red, on the contrary, denotes peace; so that these people entirely reverse the symbolism of color which is accepted almost over the entire world. Sometimes a native may be seen so covered with black paint that the coppery color of the skin is entirely lost, and the complexion is as black as that of a negro. This is a sign of mourning, and is used on the death of a relation or friend.

The houses of the Fuegians are as simple as their dress, and practically are little but rude shelters from the wind. Any boy can make a Fuegian house in half an hour. He has only to cut a number of long branches, sharpen the thicker ends, and stick them into the ground, so as to occupy seven-eighths or so of a circle. Let him then tie the sticks together at the top, and the framework of the house is completed. The walls and roof are made by twisting smaller boughs among the uprights and throwing long coarse grass on them, and the entire furniture of the hut is comprised in a few armfuls of the same grass thrown on the ground.

The opening at the side is always made in the direction opposite the wind, and there is no attempt at a door; so that, in

fact, as has been said, the Fuegian's only idea of a house is a shelter from the wind, so that the natives have no idea of a home or even of a dwelling-place. This is the form of hut used by the Tckeelika tribes of south-eastern Fuegia. A Fuegian settlement, with houses and surrounding scenery, is well represented on the 1160th page.

That which is generally employed in other parts of Fuegia is even more simple. It is barely half the height of the Tckeelika hut, and looks something like a large bee-hive. It seldom, if ever, exceeds five feet in height, but, as the earth is scraped away within, another foot in height is given to the interior. It is made simply by digging a circular hole a foot or so in depth, planting green boughs around the excavation, bending them over, and tying their tops together. Upon this rude framework are fastened bunches of grass, sheets of bark, and skins; so that, on the whole, a habitation is formed which is equal in point of accommodation to a gipsy's tent. These huts vary much in diameter, though not in height; for, while a number of huts are from four to five feet in height, their diameter will vary from six to twenty feet.

The Fuegians are a quarrelsome people, and the different tribes are constantly at war with each other; and, although they can scarcely be divided into definite tribes, the spirit of local jealousy is sufficiently strong within them to keep the inhabitants of one district at perpetual feud with those of another. The conformation of the country aids this feeling of jealousy, the land being divided by numerous ravines, armlets of the sea, and precipitous mountains; but, fortunately for the Fuegians, this very structure prevents destruction in war, although it encourages the ill-feeling which leads to war; and the battles of the Fuegians are, at the best, nothing but detached skirmishes, without producing the least political effect.

Their weapons are the bow and arrow, the spear, and the sling. These weapons are primarily intended for hunting, and are much more used for killing seals, guanacos, deer, fish, and birds than in slaying men. In the use of them the Fuegians are wonderfully expert. Capt. Parker Snow mentions a case where a number of Fuegians had assembled in their canoes round his vessel. A large fish happened to pass, whereupon the natives instantly speared it, and pitched it on board the ship.

The shafts of the spears sometimes reach the length of ten feet, and, instead of being rounded, as is mostly the case with spear shafts, are octagonal. The heads are made of bone, about seven inches in length, and have a single barb about four inches from the point. The Patagonians use a very similar weapon, as we shall presently see.

There is another kind of spear head, which has a whole row of small barbs down one side. This weapon is used as a javelin, and is thrown with great force and accuracy, the native grasping it near the middle, poising for a moment, so as to look along it, and then hurling it.

The bow and arrow are mostly used for killing birds, the arrows being made of hard wood, about two feet long. They are headed with pieces of flint or obsidian, which are merely stuck in a notch at the end of the arrow, so that, when the shaft is withdrawn, the head remains in the wound. The bow is strung with twisted sinews. Birds are also killed by stones, some thrown by hand, and others with the sling, the wonderful strength of these strange people enabling them to use their missiles with terrible effect.

Although not tall, the Fuegians are very thick-set and enormously powerful. One of them, named by the sailors York Munster, was a match in point of muscular strength for any two of the men belonging to the ship. The women are as strong as the men. On one occasion, when three Fuegians, a man and two women, had treacherously attacked a white sailor, and were trying to beat out his brains with stones, they were interrupted, and the sailor rescued. The man was shot. One of the women tried to conceal herself under the bank, and the other was seized by the captain and his coxswain, who tried to pinion her arms. She struggled and fought so stoutly that they could scarcely achieve their object, and had no idea that they were contending with a woman until they heard some one announce the sex of their captive. As to the other woman, who was the oldest of the party, she clung so tightly to the bank that two of the strongest sailors could scarcely remove her.

The fate of the man was very curious, and illustrates the reckless, not to say senseless, courage of these people. He was mortally wounded, and fell back for a moment, allowing the maltreated sailor to escape. However, he instantly recovered himself, and, snatching stones from the bed of the stream in which he was standing, began to hurl them with astounding force and quickness. He used both hands, and threw stones with such truth of aim that the first struck the master, smashed his powder-horn to pieces, and nearly knocked him down. The two next were hurled at the heads of the nearest seamen, who just escaped by stooping as the missiles were thrown. All this passed in a second or two, and with an attempt to hurl a fourth stone the man fell dead.

Some time before this event the sailors had been astonished at the stone-throwing powers of the Fuegians, who nearly struck them with stones thrown by hand when

they thought themselves even beyond musket shot. They generally carry a store of pebbles ready for use in the corner of their little skin mantles.

The sling is made of a cup of seal or guanaco skin, to which are attached two cords similar in material to the bow-strings, thus combining apparent delicacy with great strength. The cords of the sling are more than three feet in length. The skill which the Fuegians possess with this weapon is worthy of the reputation attained by the Balearic islanders. Captain King has seen them strike with a sling-stone a cap placed on a stump at fifty or sixty yards' distance, and on one occasion he witnessed a really wonderful display of dexterity. He asked a Fuegian to show him the use of the weapon. The man immediately picked up a stone about as large as a pigeon's egg, placed it in the sling, and pointed to a canoe as his mark. He then turned his back, and flung the stone in exactly the opposite direction, so that it struck the trunk of a tree, and rebounded to the canoe. The men seem to think the sling a necessity of life, and it is very seldom that a Fuegian is seen without it either hung over his neck or tied round his waist.

It is rather a curious fact that the Fuegians always devote themselves to one particular weapon. One, for example, will be pre-eminent in the use of the bow, another will excel in throwing stones with the hand, and a third will give all his energies to the sling. Yet, although each man selects some particular arm in the use of which he excels, they all are tolerable masters of the other weapons, and it sometimes happens that a Fuegian crosses over to the Patagonian coast, procures the singular weapon called the "bolas," of which the reader will learn more presently, and becomes almost as expert in its use as the man from whom he obtained it.

As for the food of the Fuegians, it is, as I have already mentioned, chiefly drawn from the sea. He is an excellent fisherman, and manages to capture his prey without even a hook. He ties a bait on the end of the line, dangles it before the fish, and gradually ceases it toward the surface of the water. He then allows it to bite, and, before it can detach its teeth from the bait, jerks it out of the water with his right hand, while with the left he catches or strikes it into the canoe. It is evident that by this manner of angling it is impossible to catch fish of any great size. As soon as he has caught the fish, the Fuegian opens it by the shuple plan of biting a piece out of its under surface, cleans it, and hangs it on a stick.

Molluscs, especially the mussels and limpets which are found on the sea-shores, form a very considerable portion of the Fuegian's diet; and it is a curious fact that these natives never throw the empty shells about,

but carefully lay them in heaps. They are especially careful not to throw them back into the sea, thinking that the molluscs would take warning by seeing the shells of their comrades, and would forsake the coast. Every woman is furnished with a short pointed stick of hard wood, with which she knocks the limpets off the rocks.

There is a very large species of mussel found on these shores, which is particularly useful to the Fuegian, who employs its shell as a knife. These tools are made in a very simple manner. The Fuegian first knocks off the original edge of the shell, which is brittle and rather fragile, and, by grinding it against the rocks, produces a new edge, which is sharp enough to cut wood and even bone.

By means of the spear and arrows, the Fuegian contrives even to capture seals and sea-otters, but the pursuit in which he shows his greatest ingenuity is the capture of fish by means of dogs. These dogs are little, fox-like looking dogs, which appear utterly incapable of aiding their masters in hunting. Yet they are singularly intelligent in their own way, and have learned a most curious fashion of taking fish. When a shoal of fish approaches the land, the dogs swim out and enclose them, splashing and diving until they drive the shoal into a net, or into some creek when the water is sufficiently shallow for the spear and arrow to be used. The dogs are also taught to catch the birds while sleeping. They creep up to the birds quietly, pounce upon them, carry them to their masters, and return for more, and all so silently that the birds around are not disturbed.

These animals are regarded with very mingled feelings. The Fuegian neglects them and ill-treats them, scarcely ever taking the trouble to feed them, so that if they depended on the food given them by their masters they would starve. However, their aquatic training gives them the power of foraging for themselves, and, when not required by their masters, they can catch fish on their own account. They are odd, sharp nosed, bushy tailed animals, with large, pointed, erect ears, and usually with dark rough hair, though a few among them have the fur nearly white. They are watchful and faithful to their masters, and the sight of a stranger, much more of a clothed stranger, sets them barking furiously.

Although the Fuegian neglects his dog, he has a great respect and even affection for the animal. It often happens that the muscels and limpets fail, that the weather is too tempestuous for fishing, and that in consequence the people are reduced to the brink of starvation. It might be presumed that, having their dogs at hand, they would avail themselves of so obvious a source of food. This, however, they never do, except when reduced to the last extremity, and, instead of

enough their dogs, they eat their old women, who, as they think, are worn out and can do no good, while the dogs, if suffered to live, will assist in catching fish and guanaco.

When they have determined on killing an old woman, they put a quantity of green wood on their fire, so as to cause a thick, suffocating smoke, and in this smoke they hold the poor creature's head until she is stifled. Unless there is very great distress, the women eat the upper part of the victim and the men the lower, the trunk being thrown into the sea.

Several species of echinus, or sea urchins, are eaten by the Fuegians, who dive for them and bring them to the surface, in spite of the sharp prickles with which the entire surface is beset.

The Fuegian's great feast, however, takes place when a whale is stranded on the shore. All the people within reach flock to the spot, while fleets of canoes surround the stranded monster, and its body is covered with little copper-colored men carrying away the blubber with their shell knives. Each cuts as much as he can get, and when he has torn and carved off a large piece of blubber, he makes a hole in the middle, puts his head through the aperture, and thus leaves his hands free to carry more of the dainty food. Besides this animal food, the Fuegian eats a remarkable kind of fungus, which is found on the antarctic beech, the tree which has already been mentioned. Mr. Webster gives the following description of it:—

"The antarctic beech is the common and prevailing tree. It is an elegant evergreen. It grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, with a girth of from three to five feet, and sometimes, doubling these dimensions, it forms a majestic tree. In December it puts forth a profusion of blossoms, with anthers of bright pink, large and pendent. This evergreen beech frequently has round the upper part of the trunk, or on some of the larger branches, large clusters of globular fungi of a bright orange color. Each fungus is about the size of a small apple, of a soft pulpy nature, with a smooth yellow skin. As it approaches maturity it becomes cellular and latticed on its surface, and when it drops from the tree, dries, and shrivels into a brown mass resembling a morel.

"The Fuegians eat this fungus with avidity. The gelatinous mass is pale, without taste or odor; at the part in contact with the tree are two germs or processes. From twenty to thirty of these fungi are clustered together, and encircle the tree. They form a very conspicuous object, and wherever they are attached they produce a hard knot, or woody tumor, of considerable density. I did not observe them on any other tree than the evergreen beech."

Passing so much of his time on the sea, the Fuegian needs a boat of some kind, and,

debased as he is in many points, he is capable of constructing a vessel that answers every purpose he requires. There are several kinds of Fuegian canoes. The simplest form is made of the bark of a sort of birch, and is in fact formed much like the primitive canoes of the Australians. It is a single sheet of bark stripped from the tree, and tied firmly together at each end. Several sticks placed crosswise in the middle serve to keep it open; and if any part has a tendency to bulge in the opposite direction, a skin thong is passed across the boat and keeps it in shape. The ends of the canoe, as well as any cracks or holes in the bark, are caulked with dry rushes and a pitchy resin procured from trees.

Like the Australian, the Fuegian carries fire in these tiny canoes, placing a lump of clay in the bottom of the boat, building the fire on it, and so being able to remain at sea for a considerable time, cooking and eating the fish as fast as he catches them. Such a boat as this, however, is too frail to be taken far from land, or indeed to be used at all when the weather is tempestuous. Moreover, it only holds one or two persons, and is therefore unfitted for many purposes for which a Fuegian requires a canoe. A much larger and better kind of canoe is therefore made, which has the useful property of being made in separate parts, so that the canoe can be taken to pieces, and the various portions carried overland to any spot where the canoe may be wanted. Such a vessel as this is about fifteen feet in length and a yard in width, and, being very buoyant, is capable of holding a whole family, together with their house, and weapons, and utensils. It is considerably raised both at the bow and the stern, and the various pieces of which it is made are sewed together with thongs of raw hide.

The very character of a Fuegian's life shows that he must, to a certain degree, be a nomad. He never cultivates the soil, he never builds a real house, he never stores up food for the future, and so it necessarily follows that when he has eaten all the mussels, limpets, oysters, and fungi in one spot, he must move to another. And, the demands of hunger being imperious, he cannot wait, but, even if the weather be too stormy to allow him to take his canoe from one part of the coast to another, he is still forced to go, and has therefore hit upon the ingenious plan of taking his canoe to pieces, and making the journey by land and not by sea. An illustration on the following page shows him shifting quarters.

All he has to do in this case is to unlace the hide thongs that lash the canoe together, take it to pieces, and give each piece to some member of the family to carry, the strongest taking the most cumbersome pieces, such as the side and bottom planks, while the smaller portions are borne by the children. When

the snow lies deep, the smaller canoe is generally used as a sledge, on which the heavier articles are placed. As to the hut, in some cases the Fuegians carry the upright rods with them; but they often do not trouble themselves with the burden, but leave the hut to perish, and cut down fresh sticks when they arrive at the spot on which they mean to settle for a time.

The Fuegians are good fire makers, and do not go through the troublesome process of rubbing two sticks upon each other. They have learned the value of iron pyrites (the same mineral which was used in the "wheel-lock" fire-arm of Elizabeth's time), and obtain it from the mountains of their islands. The tinder is made either of a dried fungus or moss, and when the pyrites and a pebble are struck together by a skilful hand, a spark is produced of sufficient intensity to set fire to the tinder. As soon as the spark has taken hold of the tinder, the Fuegian blows it until it spreads, and then wraps it up in a ball of dry grass. He rapidly whirls the grass ball round his head, when the dry foliage bursts into flames, and the fire is complete.

Still, the process of fire making is not a very easy one, and the Fuegians never use their pyrites except when forced to do so, preferring to keep a fire always lighted, and to carry a firestick with them when they travel. Fire is, indeed, a necessary of life to the Fuegians, not so much for cooking as for warming purposes. Those who have visited them say that the natives always look cold and shivering, as indeed they are likely to do, considering that they wear no clothes, and that even in their houses they can but obtain a very partial shelter from the elements.

Their cookery is of the rudest description, and generally consists in putting the food into the hot ashes, and allowing it to remain there until it is sufficiently done for their taste — or, in other words, until it is fairly warmed through. Cooking in vessels of any kind is unknown to them, and the first lessons given them in cooking mussels in a tin pan were scarcely more successful than those in sewing, when the women invariably made a hole in the stuff with the needle, pulled the thread out of the eye, and then insinuated it through the hole made by the needle. They were repeatedly taught the use of the eye in carrying the thread, but to little purpose, as they invariably returned to the old fashion which they had learned with a fish-bone and fibre of sinew.

Though so constantly in the water, the Fuegians have not the most distant idea of washing themselves. Such a notion never occurs to them, and when Europeans first came among them, the sight of a man washing his face seemed to them so irresistibly ludicrous that they burst into shouts of laughter. In consequence of this utter



(1.) A FUGIAN SETTLEMENT. (See page 1165.)



(2.) FUGIANS SHIFTING QUARTERS. (See page 1168.)

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neglect of cleanliness, and the habit of bedaubing themselves with grease and clay, they are very offensive to the nostrils, and any one who wishes to cultivate an acquaintance with them must make up his mind to a singular variety of evil odors. Moreover, they swarm with parasites, and, as they will persist in demonstrating friendly feelings by embracing their guest with a succession of violently affectionate hugs, the cautious visitor provides himself either with an oil-skin suit, or with some very old clothes, which he can give away to the natives as soon as he regains his vessel.

Although the Fuegians are often ill-disposed toward strangers, and indeed have murdered many boats' crews, Captain Parker Snow contrived to be on very friendly terms with them, going on shore and visiting them in their huts, so as to place himself entirely in their power, and allowing them to come on board his ship. He was fortunate in obtaining the services of a native, called Jemmy Button, who had been partially educated in England, with the hope that he might civilize his countrymen. However, as mostly happened in such cases, he was soon stripped of all his goods; and when Captain Snow visited Tierra del Fuego, twenty-three years afterward, he found Jemmy Button as naked and dirty as any of his countrymen, as were his wife and daughter.

The man, however, retained much of his knowledge of English, a few words of which he had engrafted upon his native language. When first he arrived on board, the English words came with difficulty; but he soon recovered his fluency, and had not forgotten his manners, touching his forehead as he stepped on the quarter-deck, and making his bow in sailor fashion when he addressed the captain, to the entire consternation of the sailors, who could not understand an absolutely naked savage speaking English, and being as well-mannered as themselves.

The faculty of acquiring language is singularly developed in the Fuegian. Generally, the inhabitants of one country find great difficulty in mastering the pronunciation, and especially the intonation, of a foreign land; but a Fuegian can repeat almost

any sentence after hearing it once, though of course he has not the slightest idea of its meaning.

A very absurd example of this curious facility of tongue occurred to some sailors who went ashore, and taught the natives to drink coffee. One of the Fuegians, after drinking his coffee, contrived to conceal the tin pot, with the intention of stealing it. The sailor demanded the restoration of his property, and was greatly annoyed that every word which he uttered was instantly repeated by the Fuegian. Thinking at last, that the man must be mocking him, and forgetting for the instant that he did not understand one word of English, the sailor assumed a menacing attitude, and bawled out, "You copper-colored rascal, where is my tin pot?" The Fuegian, nowise disconcerted, assumed precisely the same attitude, and exclaimed in exactly the same manner, "You copper-colored rascal, where is my tin pot?" As it turned out, "the copper-colored rascal" had the pot tucked under his arm.

The natives evidently seemed to think that their white visitors were very foolish for failing to comprehend their language, and tried to make them understand by bawling at the top of their voice. On one or two occasions, when a number of them came on board, they much annoyed Captain Snow by the noise which they made, until a bright thought struck him. He snatched up a speaking trumpet, and bellowed at his visitors through it with such a stunning effect that their voices dropped into respectful silence, and they began to laugh at the manner in which they had been outbawled by a single man.

As far as can be ascertained, the Fuegians have no form of government. They live in small communities, not worthy of the name of tribes, and having no particular leader, except that the oldest man among them, so long as he retains his strength, is looked up to as a sort of authority. Their ideas of religion appear to be as ill-defined as those of government, the only representative of religion being the conjuror, who, however, exercises but very slight influence upon his fellow countrymen.

CHAPTER CXXI.

THE PATAGONIANS.

APPEARANCE — WEAPONS — HORSEMANSHIP.

POSITION OF PATAGONIA — STATURE OF THE INHABITANTS — SIGNIFICATION OF THE NAME — HORSE FURNITURE — THE STIRRUP AND BOOT — AN INGENIOUS SADDLE — THE GIRTH AND ITS CONSTRUCTION — PRIMITIVE HUCKLES — THE BRIDLE AND ITS ACCOMPANYING WHIP — THE PATAGONIAN AND SPANISH BITS — SIZE AND STRENGTH OF THEIR HORSES — HORSE-HACING — THE BOLAS, THEIR CONSTRUCTION, AND DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF FORM — WAR IN PATAGONIA — THE SPANISH HORSES AND THEIR USE — THE RETURN FROM BATTLE — A HUNTING EXPEDITION — CHASING THE GUANACO — A TERRIFIED HERD — THE DISADVANTAGE OF CURIOSITY — DECOY GUANACOS — FAITHFUL CATCHING — THE POWER OF FASCINATION.

SEPARATED from Tierra del Fuego by a strait so narrow that in certain spots human beings might converse across the water, is the land called Patagonia.

It derives this now familiar title from a nickname given to the inhabitants by Magellan's sailors. As we shall presently see when treating of their costume, the Patagonians wear a sort of gaiter to protect their ankles against thorns. These gaiters are made of the furry skin of the guanaco, the long hair spreading out on either side of the foot. The sailors, ever ready to ridicule any custom new to them, remarked this conspicuous part of the dress, and nicknamed the natives Patagones, i. e. duck-feet, a name which has ever since adhered to them, and even been applied to their country.

The narrow armlet of sea, to which reference has been made, divides two lands utterly opposed to each other, and inhabited by people totally distinct in appearance and habits. Tierra del Fuego has scarcely a level spot in it, but is composed of even set ravines clothed with trees, and precipitous, snow-clad mountains. Patagonia, on the contrary, abounds in vast level plains, unfertile and without a tree on them.

The human inhabitants of these countries are as different as the lands themselves, the Fuegians being below the average height, and the Patagonians above it. Yet, just as the Fuegian is not such an absolute dwarf, as has often been stated, the Patagonian is not

such an absolute giant, a regiment of English Lifeguards being as tall as an equal number of Patagonians. It is true that if a Patagonian regiment of picked men were raised they would overtop even the Guardsmen, but the old tales about an average of seven or even eight feet are unworthy of credit. Some of the older voyagers even attribute to the Patagonians a much loftier stature, saying that some of them were twelve feet in height, and that when one of them stood with his legs apart, an ordinary man could walk between them without stooping.

The color of the Patagonians is somewhat like that of the Fuegians, being a dark copper brown, the reddish hue coming out well on any part of the skin that happens to be less dirty than others. The hair is coarse, long and black, and is allowed to hang loosely about their faces, being merely kept out of their eyes by a small fillet of guanaco hair. There is scarcely any eyebrow, a deficiency which always gives an unpleasant expression to the eyes, and indeed, even in the old men, the face is almost devoid of hair. The face is roundish, the width being increased by the great projection of the cheek-bones, and the chin is rather broad and prominent. The small, restless eyes, are black, as is the hair, and rather hidden under the prominent brows. The nose is narrow between the eyes, but the nostrils are broad and fleshy. The mouth is large, and the lips rather thick, but altogether the

face is not a bad one. The illustration on the 1163d page, of a Patagonian man and woman furnishes a striking contrast with the Fuegians, their neighbors.

The dress of the Patagonians is simple, but sufficient, and in this respect they form a great contrast to the absolutely naked Fuegians of the opposite shores. The chief part of the costume consists of a large mantle made of guanaco skins. The guanaco is, as the reader may possibly be aware, one of the llama tribe, and is about the size of a deer. It is covered with a thick woolly coat, the long hair of which is valuable, not only to the Patagonians, but to Europeans, by whom it is made into various fabrics.

It is very plentiful in this country, fortunately for the Patagonians, to whom the guanaco is the very staff of life, the creature that supplies him with food, clothes, and dwelling. Sometimes it is seen in great droves of several hundreds in number, but it generally associates in smaller herds of twenty or thirty individuals. It is a shy animal, as well it may be, considering the many foes that are always ready to fall upon it; and as it is swift as well as shy, great skill is required in capturing it, as will presently be seen.

The guanaco-skin mantle is very large, and when folded round the body and clasped by the arms, falls as low as the feet; and when a tall Patagonian is seen in this mantle, which adds apparently to his height, he presents a very imposing appearance. Generally, the mantle is confined round the waist by a belt, so that when the wearer chooses, he can throw off the upper part of it, his hands remaining at liberty for action. Under the mantle he wears a small apron.

Next come the curious gaiters, which have been already mentioned. At first sight they look like boots reaching from the knee downward, but when examined more closely, they are seen to be devoid of sole, having only a strap that passes under the middle of the foot, so that the heel and toes and great part of the sole are left unprotected. The reason of this structure is, that the Patagonian is nearly always on horseback, and the toe is made to project beyond the gaiter in order to be placed in the stirrup, which is very small and triangular.

As the Patagonians are so devoted to horsemanship no sketch of this people would be adequate without an account of their horse accoutrements. I have a complete set in my possession. The saddle is made of four pieces of wood, firmly lashed together with raw-hide thongs, and both the front and back of the saddle are alike. From the sides depend the stirrups, which are appended to leathern thongs, and are made in a very simple manner. A hole is made at each end of a stout leathern strap, and a short piece of stick about half an inch in diameter is thrust through them, being re-

tained in its place by a groove near each end. The strap being attached by its middle to the thongs which act as stirrup-leathers, the article is complete.

As the space between the grooves is rather less than three inches, it necessarily follows that the Patagonian horseman can only insert his great toe in the stirrup. This, however, is sufficient hold for him, as he is an admirable though careless looking rider, the greater part of his life, from childhood upward, having been spent on horseback.

The spur is as primitive as the stirrup, and exactly resembles in principle the prick-spurs of the ancient knights. It consists of two pieces of stick, exactly like those employed for the stirrups, and two short straps of cowhide. A hole is made at each end of the strap, and the sticks are pushed through them, being held in their places, like those of the stirrups, by a groove cut half an inch from their ends, so that the two sticks are held parallel to each other.

To the upper ends of each stick a leathern thong is applied, and these thongs, being tied over the instep, hold the spur in its place. At the other ends of the sticks holes are bored, into each of which a sharp iron spike is inserted. In my own specimen, the maker has been economical of his iron, and has only inserted spikes in one of the sticks, so that when the spurs are worn with the spiked stick inward, they are quite as effective as if both sticks were armed. Still, the hole for the reception of the spikes has been bored in all the sticks, and there is no doubt that the Patagonian who made the spurs would have inserted the spikes at some time or other.

The spur is worn as follows: The armed sticks come on either side of the foot, the strap which is next to the spiked ends goes round the heel, the other strap passes under the hollow of the foot, and the hide thongs are tied over the instep. Such a spur as this is not only an effective but a cruel instrument, really as bad as the huge metal spurs, with rowels four inches in diameter, which the Gauchos wear. It is impossible to see this simple form of spur without recalling the old story of "Sandford and Merton," and referring to the adventure of Tommy Merton, who, on being forbidden to use spurs, stuck pins into the heels of his boots, and was run away with in consequence.

The girth is a singularly ingenious piece of work. The strength of the girth itself is prodigious. At first sight it looks as if it were a single broad belt of leather, but a nearer inspection shows that it is made of twenty-two separate cords, each about the eighth of an inch in thickness, laid side by side, and united at intervals by several rows of similar cords or strings. Each of these cords is made of two strands of raw hide, probably that of guanaco, and looks as strong as ordi-

nary catgut. Buckles are unknown to the Patagonian, who has invented in their stead a mode of tightening the girth by passing straps through holes, hauling upon them, and fastening off the ends.

The bit and bridle are equally ingenious. It consists of a squared bar of iron four and a half inches long, the ends of which are passed through holes in doubled pieces of hide, and hammered when cold into a sort of rivet-like shape, so as to retain the leather in its place. To the lower part of the leathers are attached a couple of stout thongs, which are passed under the lower jaw of the horse, and then tied, so that they keep the bit in its place, and at the same time act as a sort of curb.

To the upper part of the leathers are fixed the long plaited thongs which are used as reins, and which seem strong enough to hold an elephant, much more a horse. The Patagonian uses no separate whip, but has a long double strap of stout hide, which is fixed to the junction of the reins, so that there is no danger of losing it.

This is the ordinary bit of a Patagonian hunter, but those who can obtain it like to use the cruel Spanish bit, which they fit up in their own way with thongs of plaited hide. One of these bits is shown in illustration No. 4 on the following page. The principal distinguishing point about these bits is the large iron ring, which passes over the horse's jaw, and gives to the rider a leverage so powerful that he could break the jaw of any horse without making any very great exertion. By the use of this bit, the horse is soon taught to stop almost suddenly, to wheel in a very limited area, and to perform the various evolutions which are needed in carrying out the pursuit in which the Patagonian depends for much of his livelihood.

The reins which are attached to this bit are of enormous strength, and are plaited in a square form, so that no amount of pulling which any horse could accomplish would endanger them. The whip is attached to these reins like that of the last mentioned apparatus, but is more severe, thicker, and heavier, and is made of a long and broad belt of hide, cut into four strips, which are plaited together, flat and narrow strips about four inches long answering as the lash. It will be seen that the Patagonian is by no means merciful to his beast, but that he uses a bit, spur, and whip which are, though so simple in appearance, more severe in practice than those which have a far more formidable aspect.

The horses which he rides are descended from those which were introduced by the Spaniards, and which have multiplied so rapidly as almost to deserve the name of indigenous animals. They are of no great size, being under fifteen hands high, and belonging to that well-known mustang breed

which is more celebrated for strength and endurance than for speed, qualities which are indispensable in an animal that has to carry so heavy a rider after creatures so fleet as the guanaco or the rhea.

The Patagonians are fond of racing, but never make their courses longer than a quarter of a mile. The reason for these short races is, that their horses are not required to run for any length of time at full speed, but to make quick and sudden dashes, so as to enable the rider to reach his prey, and hurl the singular missiles with which he is armed.

There is yet an article needed to complete the equipment of a Patagonian. This is the celebrated "bolas," a weapon which looks almost contemptible, but in practised hands is exceptionally formidable. It consists of two or sometimes three balls at the end of hide thongs. The form most in use is that which is represented in illustration No. 3 on the next page. The native name for the two-ball bolas is *sonai*, and that for the three-ball weapon is *achico*.

The first point in making the bolas is to procure the proper balls, and the second to prepare the proper rope to which they are fastened. The ordinary balls are made of stone, and are nearly as large as cricket balls. They are made by the women, who pass much of their time in supplying the men with these necessities of life. To cut and grind one of these stones is a good day's work, even for an accomplished workwoman.

A still more valuable ball is made of iron, which has the advantage of being so much heavier than stone that the ball is considerably smaller, and therefore experiences less resistance from the air, a quality which is of the first consequence in a missile weapon. The most valuable are those which are made of copper, as is the case with the specimen from which the illustration is taken. Each of these balls weighs eighteen ounces, in spite of its small size, so that the weapon is a very formidable one.

The thong to which the balls are attached is nine feet in length, and is made in the following manner: two pairs of thongs of raw hide are cut, and, while they are still fresh and wet, each pair is twisted together so as to form a two-stranded rope. These ropes are again twisted into one, so that the aggregate strength of the four is enormous.

Round each of the balls is then laid a circular piece of guanaco hide, with holes bored all round the edge. The ends of the thongs being passed through the holes and laced tightly, the raw hide is drawn over the balls, and encloses them in a sort of pocket, as is seen by the enlarged figure in the illustration. This specimen is one of the three-ball weapons. In this case a third thong five feet six inches in length has been twisted, one end fastened to a ball, and the other interlaced with the strands of the first

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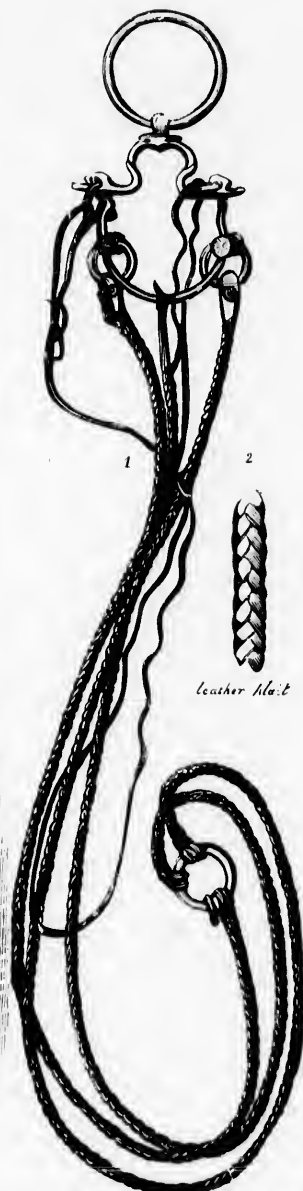
(1) STIRRUPS AND SPURS. (See page 1106.)



(2.) LASSOS.
(See page 1107.)



(3) PATAGONIAN BOLAS.
(See page 1174.)



(4.) SPANISH BIT AND PATAGONIAN
FITTINGS. (See page 1174.)

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thong exactly at its centre. We have now the three-ball bolas, which is made in such a manner that, when the thongs are grasped at their points of junction, two of the balls hang at equal depths from the hand, and the third is just a foot below them.

The bolas is to the Patagonian what the kris is to the Malay, the boomerang to the Australian, the lasso to the Gaucho, the club to the Fijian, and the bow to the Andamaner. From early childhood upward no Patagonian is without this weapon, which seems to him an absolute necessity of existence. Generally he carries it twisted round his waist, like an officer's sash of the olden days, the balls dangling at the side like the tassels of the sash.

It is, however, coiled on the body with such consummate skill that it can be cast loose with a turn of the hand, the eye being fixed on the object of attack, and in a moment the Patagonian is fully armed. Putting aside warfare, which in Patagonia is scarcely known, the tribes, or rather the families, not being strong enough to wage real war upon each other, the so-called battles are unworthy of any name except that of skirmishes, which among themselves seem to do no great harm, however formidable they may be to opponents who happen to be unacquainted with the mode of fighting practised by the Patagonians.

For example, a dozen trained riflemen, on foot, who could thoroughly depend on each other, would overmatch ten times their number of mounted Patagonians, who, every whit as brave as themselves, are ignorant of discipline, and fight every man for his own hand.

Let the riflemen once allow the Patagonians to come within thirty yards, and they would be annihilated; but as long as the foe could be kept out of throwing distance, they are comparatively harmless.

When a Patagonian intends to attack either a human enemy, or some animal of chase, or even, as often happens, some wild beast or bird, he slips the ever-ready bolas from his waist, grasps the thongs at their point of union, drives his primitive spurs into the flanks of his rough-coated steed, and dashes off at full gallop, whirling the bolas round his head by a dexterous movement of his flexible wrist.

As soon as he comes within throwing distance, which materially varies according to the strength of the thrower and the structure of the bolas, he hurls his singular weapon with unerring skill. No sooner does it leave his hand than the centrifugal force causes the balls to diverge, and they fly round and round in the air with a motion exactly resembling that which an English street acrobat imparts to a couple of padded balls at the ends of a string, when he wants to clear the ground.

Urged by the stalwart arm of the Patagonian, the bolas flies straight to its mark, and no sooner does it strike it, than the impetus communicated to the balls causes the thongs to twist round the unfortunate victim, and bring him at once to a halt. Indeed, should a man be struck by the bolas, he may congratulate himself if in three minutes afterwards he finds himself alive, neither having been strangled by the cords twisting round his neck, nor brained by the heavy balls coming in contact with his skull.

The skill which the Patagonians attain is really marvellous. At any distance short of fifty yards a victim marked is a victim slain. So terrible is the gripe of the bolas thong, that Europeans who have been struck with it have been found to suffer from welts as well marked as if they had been made by the stroke of a "cow-hide" whip upon the bare flesh.

An excellent description of the various kinds of bolas is given by Captain King:—

"Sometimes two balls, each of which has a cord about a yard in length, are fastened to the thong of the larger set. This is to entangle the victim more effectually. They do not try to strike objects with these balls, but endeavor to throw them so that the thong shall hit a prominent part; and then, of course, the balls swing round in different directions, and the thongs become so 'huddled up' (or twisted), that struggling only makes the captive more secure.

"They can throw them so dexterously as to fasten a man to his horse, or catch a horse without harming him. If an animal is to be caught without being thrown down suddenly—an inevitable consequence of these balls swinging round his legs while at full speed—a *somai* is thrown upon his neck. The two balls hang down, and perplex him so much by dangling about his fore-legs that his speed is much checked, and another set of balls or a lasso may be used to secure without throwing him down. The lasso is not much used, so adroit are they with the balls.

"A formidable missile weapon is the single ball, called by the Spaniards '*bola perdida*.' This is similar to the other in size and substance, but attached to a slighter rope about a yard long. Whirling this ball, about a pound in weight, with the utmost swiftness around their heads, they dash it at their adversary with almost the force of a shot. At close quarters it is used, with a shorter scope of cord, as an efficient head-breaker. Several of these original and not trifling offensive weapons are kept in readiness by each individual, and many a Spaniard, armed with steel and gunpowder, has acknowledged their effect."

The raids which are dignified by the name of warfare are more for plunder than conquest, inasmuch as the Patagonian cares nothing for territory, of which he has

enough and to spare, and almost nothing for military fame. Sometimes he wants plunder; sometimes he means to make a hunting expedition into a district held by another tribe; and sometimes he prepares a short campaign against an inimical tribe in revenge for a real or fancied insult.

When preparing for such an excursion, or while expecting the attack of another tribe, the Patagonians keep themselves in constant preparation for war. They put on three of their thickest mantles in order to deaden the blow of the bolas, or withstand the point of the spear and arrow. These mantles are not wrapped round them in the ordinary fashion of peace, but are worn like ponchos, the head being thrust through a hole in the middle. The innermost mantle is of guanaco skin, with the hairy side inward, while the others are simple leather, without hair, the place of which is taken by paint. Their heads are guarded by conical caps, made of hide, and often adorned by a tuft of feathers from the rhea.

Those who are wealthy enough purchase a sort of armor composed of a thick hide tunic, with a high collar and short sleeves, and a hat or helmet made of double bull's hide. This garment is very heavy and clumsy, but it will resist every weapon except bullets, and will make even the blow of the "bola perdida" fall harmless. Those who are too poor to possess a horse, and are obliged to fight on foot, carry shields made of several layers of hide sewed together.

Sometimes they come unexpectedly upon enemies, and a skirmish is the immediate result. In this case they mostly fling aside their cumbersome mantles, and fight without any clothing except the girdle and their spurs. When they make expeditions against inimical districts, they take spare horses with them, one of which is intended to bear the plunder as they return, and to take its share in carrying the warrior to battle. As soon as the Patagonian finds that his weight is beginning to tell upon the horse which he rides, he vaults upon the other without checking them in their gallop, and thus makes sure of a fresh and unwearied horse upon going into action. The second horse is afterward used for the conveyance of slaves, skins, weapons, and other booty.

As they return, they fling off the cumbersome armor of coats and mantles, and ride, according to their fashion, naked to the waist, the innermost mantle being retained in its place by a leathern thong, which acts as a belt. In some of these expeditions a whole troop of loose horses is driven in front of the warriors, and when a man feels his own horse becoming wearied, he rides alongside one of the loose horses, shifts the bit, and leaps on the fresh animal, not troubling himself about the saddle.

When the Patagonian goes out hunting, he carries no weapon except the bolas and a

knife, the latter being considered rather as a tool than a weapon. Should he see a herd of guanacos, he makes silently toward them, imitating the cry of the young one in distress, and doing all in his power to attract the animals. Anything very strange is sure to attract them, just as it attracts cows, which are horribly afraid of the new object, but, victims of a sort of fascination, are led nearer and nearer by a spirit of curiosity, for which they pay with their lives. When a small herd—say six or eight—of guanacos is seen, they can generally be enticed within range of the bolas by a hunter on foot, who steals as near them as he can manage to do without alarming them, and then plays various antics, such as lying on his back and kicking his legs in the air, tying a strip of hide or a bunch of feathers to a stick, and waving it about. The inquisitive creatures seem unable to resist the promptings of their curiosity, and, though they are really afraid of the strange object, come closer and closer, until the hunter is able to hurl the terrible bolas at them.

When, however, the herd is a large one, the guanacos are much more timid, and, until the introduction of the horse, the Patagonians could seldom do much with them. Now, however, the possession of the horse, together with their knowledge of the guanaco's disposition, enables them to capture and kill great numbers of the animals.

In this mode of chase the Patagonians make use of two characteristics which belong to the guanaco. In the first place, it is a hill-loving animal, and when pursued, or even afraid of pursuit, leaves the plains and makes for some eminence. Like all gregarious animals, the guanacos invariably have sentinels posted on the most elevated points, and trust their safety to their watchfulness, the squeal of alarm being instantly followed by the flight of the herd. Knowing this peculiarity, the hunters are sure that if a herd of guanacos be in the plain, and a hill be near them, the animals will be almost certain to take to it.

The second characteristic is, that the guanacos, when thrown into confusion, entirely lose their presence of mind, running a few steps in one way and then a few steps in another, being quite unable to fix upon any definite plan of escape.

A large party of hunters, sometimes nearly a hundred in number, arm themselves with their long, light, cane-shafted spears, called *chuzos*, summon their dogs, and set off toward the spot where a herd of guanacos is known to be. Having fixed upon some grassy hill, half of the hunters push forward and take up a position on the further side, while the others drive the guanacos gently toward their well-known grazing place.

As soon as the animals are fairly on the hill, the hunters spread out so as to enclose

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PATAGONIANS HUNTING GAME.

(See page 1181.)

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them in a semicircle, and then dash forward, driving the herd up the hill. The detached band on the other side, as soon as they hear the shouts, spread themselves out in a similar manner, the two bodies completely surrounding the hill, so that when the guanacos reach the summit they find themselves environed by enemies.

After the usual custom in such cases, the guanacos lose all presence of mind, some running one way, some another, mutually hindering each other's escape, so that the hunters are able to pierce with their long spears the finest animals, and thus secure in a very short space of time so great a number, that they are amply supplied with skins and meat.

Although they carry the spear on these occasions, they are not without the bolas, it being used for capturing the young guanacos, which are kept in a domesticated state like sheep. Now and then a guanaco, which possesses more sense than its comrades, takes a line of its own, and dashes through the circle of its enemies. Still it has but little chance of escaping, for round the circle of horsemen there is another circle of men on foot, accompanied by dogs. As soon as a guanaco breaks through the first circle, it is instantly seized by the dogs, which terrify it to such an extent that it is unable to move, and neither tries to escape nor resist.

On the preceding page is a spirited engraving which represents Patagonian scenery, and the natives in their favorite pursuit of hunting game. The hot chase, the flying bolas, the bewildered guanacos are vividly pictured.

The young guanacos which have been mentioned as being domesticated are not solely intended to furnish food, or even bred merely for the sake of their skins. They are employed for the sake of decoying the adult animals. Taking the young guanaco to the feeding grounds, the hunter ties it to a bush, and then conceals himself behind it. By imitating the mother's cry, he induces the captive to utter the plaintive bleating sound by which a young one calls for its mother. This is a sound which the adult guanacos cannot resist, and as soon as they come within twenty yards or so of the bush, the bolas is launched, and the animal at which it is aimed falls to the ground, enveloped in the fatal coils.

The power of the bolas is eminently shown in the chase of the rhea, or American ostrich. This bird is as swift and wary as the true African ostrich, and, but for the bolas, the hunters would scarcely be able to secure it. In the chase of this bird the Patagonians employ the same device which is used in capturing the guanacos. They know that the rhea shares with the guanaco the tendency to become confused and uncertain in its movements when it is pressed simultaneously from opposite directions. They

therefore try to surround the herd and converge upon it, or, at all events, two or three of them attack it from opposite quarters, driving it first one way and then another, so that the bird becomes so perplexed that it cannot make up its mind to run in one direction, and escape its foes by its superior speed, but allows them to come within range of the bolas, when its fate is sealed.

The hunters also know that, in common with all the ostrich tribe, and, indeed, with many wild animal of chase, the rhea always runs against the wind. It is therefore easy for them to ascertain the direction which the bird will take, and by sending two or three horsemen several miles windward the retreat of the bird is easily cut off. The Patagonian can even kill the little covies with the bolas, so accurate is his aim.

The reader may easily imagine that such a weapon as this would be serviceable in warfare. When the Patagonian uses it in battle, he does not always fling it, apparently because he does not like to deprive himself of his weapon. Sometimes he dashes alongside of a foe, and throws one of the balls at him, just as if he were throwing a stone, retaining the other ball in his hand, so as to recover the weapon after the blow has sped. When the Patagonian carries the three-ball bolas, which has already been described, he uses the third ball, which, as may be remembered, is attached to the longest thong, as an English robber uses his "life-preserver," or an American his "slung-shot."

Another mode of procuring game is practised by the Patagonians, and is identical with that which is used by the North Africans in taking the partridge, the South Africans in killing the bustard, as well as by the inhabitants of other parts of the earth. There is a sort of partridge which is common on the plains, and is called the Pampas partridge. Its scientific name is *Nothura major*. The weapon, or rather implement, required for this sport is a very simple one. It is nothing more than a light reed, some eight feet in length, at the end of which is a noose composed of a strip cut from the side of a long feather. This noose has sufficient pliability to be drawn tight when pulled and sufficient elasticity to keep itself open.

Furnished with this implement, the Patagonian looks out for a partridge on the ground and, when he finds one, begins riding round and round it in an ever decreasing circle. The bird is much perplexed by this conduct, and, instead of flying away, it simply crouches closely to the ground. By degrees, the young hunter — this sport being only practised by boys — comes so close to the bird that he slips the noose over its neck, and, before it can spread its wings for flight, jerks it into the air.

An expert bird catcher will secure three or four birds in an hour by this curious mode

of hunting, which may be pursued on foot as well as on horseback. The only drawback to it lies in the very limited time during which it can be attempted. It has been found that, if the shadow of the hunter should fall upon the partridge, the bird seems to shake off the strange feeling which paralyzes its energies, and flies away before it can be captured. Consequently, the sport can only be pursued so long as the sun is toward the meridian; and as soon as the shadows lengthen sufficiently to throw them on the bird, the young hunter abandons his sport. All practical naturalists are aware of the alarm caused by a shadow falling on some animal which they are watching or trying to capture; and entomologists in particular have learned that, to approach most insects,

it is necessary to keep the insect between themselves and the sun.

As to the strange sort of fascination which forces the bird to crouch instead of flying away, it exists in very many birds, of which the domestic poultry or any of the common cage-birds are familiar examples. Any one who is accustomed to deal with these birds can take one, stand it or lay it on a table, go away, and return after an absence of hours, knowing that the bird will not dare to move. During the time that I kept and bred canaries, I used to free them from the dreaded red mite by sprinkling insect powder under their feathers, laying them on a piece of paper covered with insect powder, and leaving them there for an hour or two, until the powder had destroyed all the parasites.

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CHAPTER CXXIII.

THE PATAGONIANS — *Concluded.*

DOMESTIC LIFE.

PATAGONIAN MARRIAGE — APPEAL OF A SUITOR — REJECTION OF THE OFFER, AND RESULT OF THE NEGOTIATION — CURIOUS MODE OF SMOKING — PRESCRIPTION FOR A SICK CHILD — PATAGONIANS AT HOME — NATIVE COOKERY — PATAGONIAN ARCHITECTURE — TREATMENT OF WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND SLAVES — MODE OF GOVERNMENT — POWER OF THE CACIQUE — NOTIONS OF RELIGION — OFFERINGS AND LIBATIONS — FUNERALS IN PATAGONIA — SECLUSION OF WIDOWS — VISITS OF CONDOLENCE.

WE will now glance at the domestic life of the Patagonians, if the word "domestic" can be rightly applied to people who have no settled home or *domus*.

How marriage is conducted among them is described by Captain Bourne, who was kept a prisoner for a considerable time, and had every opportunity of studying their manners and customs. It appeared that in the house of the chief to whom he belonged there was a daughter—a widow, with a young child. One evening, the tramp of many feet was heard on the outside of the hut, together with the mutterings of voices. Presently, one voice was heard louder than the rest, evidently addressed to some one within the hut. It was the voice of a suitor come to ask the hand of the young widow. The chief scornfully refused the offer, saying that he was not worthy to be her husband, having no horses or other property. The man admitted that at the present time he did not happen to have any horses, but that he was a remarkably good thief, and that, if the lady would only accept him, he would steal horses, catch guanacos, and give her plenty of grease.

These overtures being rejected as contemptuously as the last, the suitor addressed himself to the lady, who was very willing to accept him, and entirely yielded when he repeatedly promised to bring home plenty of grease for her. She then besought her father to listen to the suitor's application, but was angrily refused. Her mother then tried to pacify the angry father, saying that the young man might fulfil his promises,

catch plenty of horses, and become a great chief.

This was too much for the old man. He jumped up in a towering passion, seized the cradle in which his little grandchild was lying, flung it out of the hut, snatched up every article which his daughter possessed, threw them after the cradle, and then ordered her to follow her goods. This was exactly what she wanted; so, accompanied by her mother, she left the hut, and was joined by her intended husband.

A curious mode of smoking is practised among the Patagonians, which somewhat resembles that which is used by the Damarras, as recorded on a preceding page.

When one of these smoking parties is organized, the guests assemble together, sometimes in a hut, and sometimes in the open air. They gravely seat themselves in a circle, round a vessel of water,—sometimes an ox-horn stuck in the ground, and sometimes a sort of basin made of raw hide. All being assembled, one of them takes a stone pipe, and fills it with a mixture of tobacco and the shavings of some yellow wood.

The pipe being prepared, all the company lie flat on their faces, with their mantles drawn up to the top of their heads. The pipe is then lighted and passed round, each drawing into his lungs as much smoke as he can swallow, and retains it as long as he can exist without breathing. As soon as the smoke is expelled, the men begin a series of groanings and gruntings, which become louder and louder, until they are absolutely deafening. By degrees they die

away; and when quiet has been restored, each takes a draught of water, sits silently for a space, and then slowly rises and moves away.

Captain Bourne is of opinion that this ceremony has in it something of a religious element. The growling and grunting might be due to the tobacco, or the substance which is mixed with it, but the sounds seemed to him to be louder and more emphatic than they would have been if entirely involuntary; and the breathings, writhings, and other accompaniments, the profound gravity, and the abstinence from speech, all appeared to have some religious significance.

The same traveller gives a very amusing account of a visit paid by a Patagonian physician to the hut of a chief. The party were just preparing to shift their quarters, after the Patagonian fashion, when one of the daughters came in, carrying a child who was crying loudly, and who was supposed in consequence to be very ill. The journey was stopped, and a messenger despatched for the wise man, who soon came, and brought with him his magic medicines, rolled up in two pieces of skin.

These were laid on the ground, and the doctor squatted by the side of them, fixing a steady gaze on the child, who presently ceased crying. Encouraged by this success, the wise man ordered a clay plaster to be applied. This was done. Some yellow clay was brought, moistened until it was like paint, and with this substance the child was anointed from head to foot. The clay seemed to have but little good effect, for the child began to cry as badly as ever.

The two mysterious packages were now untied, and out of one the doctor took a bunch of rhea sinews, and from the other a rattle. The doctor then fingered all the sinews successively, muttering something in a very low tone of voice, and after he had muttered for some five minutes or so, he seized his rattle and shook it violently. He next sat in front of the patient, and stared at him as he had done before. After an interval of silent staring, he turned to the chief and asked whether he did not think that the child was better. A nod and a grunt expressed assent, and the mother on being asked the same question gave a similar response.

The same process was then repeated—the silent stare, the painting with clay, the fingerings of the sinews, the muttering of inaudible words, the shaking of the rattle, and the concluding stare. The treatment of the patient was then considered to be complete. The chief gave the doctor two pipefuls of tobacco by way of fee. This was received gratefully by the man of skill, who gave his rattle a final shake by way of expressing his appreciation of the chief's liberality, and went his way. As soon as he

had gone, the child resumed its crying, but the parents were satisfied that it was better, and, as Captain Bourne testifies, it soon became quite composed, and thrived well afterwards.

The general mode of life among the Patagonians is not particularly alluring to persons of civilized habits, if we may judge from the graphic picture drawn by Captain Bourne:—

"A few dry sticks and a bunch of dry grass were brought; mine host drew from a convenient repository a brass tinder-box with a stone and a piece of steel, and soon produced a blaze that brilliantly illuminated the scene. By its light I was enabled to survey the first specimen of Patagonian architecture that had blessed my vision. It was constructed in a 'pointed' style, though not very aspiring, consisting of a row of stakes about eight feet high, each terminating in a crutch or fork, with a pole laid across them; two parallel rows of stakes on either side about two feet high, with similar terminations and a similar horizontal fixture; and a covering composed of skins of the guanaco sewed together with the sinews of the ostrich, the only thread used by the people. This covering is thrown over the framework and fastened by stakes driven through it into the ground. For purposes of ventilation, some interstices are left; but these again are half closed by skins attached to the outside, so that the air from without and the smoke from within (in default of a chimney) must insinuate themselves through these apertures in great quantities.

"In truth, my first survey was rather hurried; the first cheerful gleam had scarcely set my eyes on the look-out, when I was fain to shut them against an intolerable smoke. In no long time I felt as bacon, if conscious, might be supposed to feel in the process of curing. No lapse of time was sufficient to reconcile the eyes, nostrils, and lungs to the nuisance. Often have I been more than half strangled by it, and compelled to lie with my face to the ground as the only endurable position. 'Talk that is worse than a smoky house' must be something out of date, or Shakespeare's imagination never comprehended anything so detestable as a Patagonian hut. The chief and his numerous household, however, seemed to enjoy immense satisfaction, and jabbered and grunted and played their antics and exchanged grimaces as complacently as if they breathed a highly exhilarating atmosphere.

"My meditations and observations were shortly interrupted by preparations for a meal. The chief's better-half—or rather fifth-part, for he had four wives—superintended the culinary operations, which were as rude and simple as the huts where they were carried on. And now my fancy began to conjure up visions of the beef, fowls, and

eggs, the promise of which had lured my men from the boat, had proved stronger than suggestions of prudence, and had made me a prisoner. But these dainties, if they existed anywhere within the chief's jurisdiction, were just at present reserved.

"The old hag threw down from the top of one of the stakes that supported the tent the quarter of some animal, whether dog or guanaco was past imagining. She slashed right and left with an old copper knife with might and main, till it was divided into several pieces. Then taking a number of crooked sticks about two feet long, and sharpened at the points, she inserted the forked ends into pieces of the meat, and drove the opposite points into the ground near the fire, which, though sufficient to smoke and comfortably warm the mess, was too feeble to roast it. At all events, time was too precious, or their unsophisticated appetites were too craving, to wait for such an operation, and the raw morsels were quickly snatched from the smoke, torn into bits by their dirty hands, and thrown upon the ground before us.

"The Indians seized them with avidity, and tossed a bit to me; but what could I do with it? I should have no appetite for the dinner of an alderman at such a time and place, but as for tasting meat that came in such a questionable shape, there was no bringing my teeth or resolution to it. While eyeing it with ill-suppressed disgust, I observed the savages, like a horde of half-starved dogs, devouring their portions with the greatest relish, seizing the fragment with their fine white teeth, giving every sign of enjoyment, except what one is accustomed to see in human beings.

"The old chief remarked the slight I was putting upon his hospitality. 'Why don't you eat, man? This meat very good to eat—very good to eat. Eat, man, eat.'

"Seeing him so much excited, and not knowing what deeds might follow his words if I refused, I thought it expedient to try to 'eat what was set before me, asking no questions,'—thinking, moreover, that if there were any evil spirit in it that the fire had failed to expel, it could not possibly have resisted the smoke. So, being sorely divided between aversion to the strange flesh and fear of showing it, I forced a morsel into my mouth. Its taste was by no means as offensive as its appearance, and I swallowed it with less disgust than I had feared. This was my first meal with the savages, and a sample of many others, though better viands afterward varied their monotonous now and then."

It is most probable that the meat which was so rapidly cooked and eaten was that of the guanaco. The Patagonians are in no way fastidious as to their diet, and eat almost every animal which they kill, whether it be guanaco, rhea, or cavy. They have a

repugnance to the flesh of dogs, though they cannot, like the Fuegians, be accused of eating the flesh of human beings rather than that of dogs.

Their chief dainty is the flesh of a young mare, and it is rather curious that these strange people will not, if they can help themselves, eat that of a horse, unless it be disabled by an accident. They are fond of the fat of mares and rheas, separating it from the flesh by boiling, and pouring it into bladders, much as lard is treated in this country. Yet the fat obtained from the guanaco is not stored like that of the mare and rhea, but is eaten raw. As is the case with the Fuegians, the Patagonians obtain a considerable amount of food from the seashore, great quantities of limpets, mussels, and similar creatures being gathered by the women and children.

Besides animal food, vegetables are consumed, though rather sparingly, by the Patagonians. Two roots form part of their ordinary diet. One is called "tus," and looks something like a yam or potato. It is bulbous, and when cleaned and properly cooked bears a strong resemblance to a baked potato. The second root is called "challas," and is a long, slender root, scarcely so thick as an ordinary pencil.

It is rather remarkable that the Patagonians do not seem to have invented any intoxicating drink. They soon learn to appreciate rum and other spirits, and will intoxicate themselves whenever they can procure the means, but they obtain all fermented and distilled liquors from the white traders, and not from their own manufacture. They have a sort of cooling drink made of the juice of barberries mixed with water, but it is drunk in its natural state, and is not fermented.

The dwellings of the Patagonians are worthy of a brief description, inasmuch as they show the distinction between the Patagonian and Fuegian ideas of architecture. The reader will remember that the principal portion of the Fuegian hut consists of sticks and branches, whereas the Patagonian only uses the sticks and poles by way of a framework whereupon he can spread his tent of skins.

These huts, called by the Spanish "toldos," and by the Patagonians "cows," are of variable dimensions. Generally they are little more than sloping sheds, six or seven feet high in front, and only two feet high at the back. The length of each toldo is about twelve feet, and its width about nine feet. As east winds are hardly ever known in Patagonia, the opening of the hut is always to the east, the skin covering of this simple tent being impervious to wind and rain. A Patagonian village, showing the form of these huts, is represented on the 1187th page.

This is the ordinary kind of dwelling, but

In some places a much larger description of hut is erected for the chief or the medicine man. These houses are gabled, being eight feet or so in height in the middle, and sloping on either side to the wall, which is five feet or so in height. Huts of this kind are nearly square, their depth rather exceeding their length.

The sleeping accommodation of these habitations is very simple, and consists of skins, which are spread on the floor. Other skins rolled up are laid along the side of the hut, and serve as pillows, the children lying in a corner by themselves, and the dogs sleeping at the feet of their owners. Those children who are unable to walk are laid in simple cradles made of square pieces of guanaco skin, hung hammockwise by four ends to the rafters of the hut.

During the daytime the infants are kept, or rather packed, in cradles made of flat pieces of board, over which some pliable sticks are bent in a semicircular form. The child is placed between two pieces of guanaco skin, fastened in the cradle, and can then be carried about without trouble. Even when the family is shifting quarters, the cradle can be hung on the saddle-bow of the mother's horse, the little occupant being perfectly contented with its situation.

It might seem from this statement that children are treated with neglect. Such, however, is not the case, the Patagonians being remarkable for their parental affection, and being much more inclined to spoil their children by over-indulgence than to behave unkindly toward them. Indeed, when a Patagonian chief wishes to change his quarters, and the people do not wish to part with him, they take one of his children, indulge it in every way, and declare that he must leave it behind him. The affectionate parent cannot bring himself either to leave his child, or to deprive it of the society of those who are kind to it, and in consequence he remains with his people.

The condition of the women is a very tolerable one. They certainly have to work hard all their lives unless their husband be rich enough to purchase slaves, or be fortunate enough to procure them by a raid on some other tribe. Many such slaves are obtained from the Fuegians, who do not scruple even to sell their own relatives when they can procure a good price for them. Even the wives of the chief men are not exempt from labor unless their husbands happen to possess slaves.

Generally the wives are faithful to their husbands, but there are cases where the woman has thought herself ill-treated, and has betaken herself to another protector. Should he be an inferior, the aggrieved husband makes him pay for his offence; but if a superior, he is obliged to put up with his loss. Generally, however, the husband and

wife live happily together, and the husband thinks it a point of honor to take his wife's part if she should fall into a dispute, no matter whether she be right or wrong. He will scold her severely in private, and even inflict corporal punishment on her, for involving him in such a dispute, but he will make a point of upholding her in public.

The mode of punishment of the Patagonians is rather variable, but is generally a modification of the patriarchal system. The heads of families or tribes possess hereditary rank, and take the lead in all important events of peace or war. Their power is, however, not very great, and they are not able to raise taxes, nor enforce compulsory labor without payment. These chiefs, or caciques, as they are termed, can, if they choose, refuse the rank, and many do so, preferring to become subjects of some other cacique to the trouble and responsibility which accompany the post.

According to Falkner, "the cacique has the power of protecting as many as apply to him; of composing or silencing any difference; or delivering over the offending party to be punished with death, without being accountable for it. In these respects his will is the law. He is generally too apt to take bribes; delivering up his vassals, and even his relations, when well paid for it."

"According to his orders the Indians encamp, march, or travel from one place to another to hunt or to make war. He frequently summons them to his tent, and harangues them upon their behavior, the exigencies of the time, the injuries they have received, the measures to be taken, &c. In these harangues he always extols his own prowess and personal merit. When eloquent he is greatly esteemed; and when a cacique is not endowed with that accomplishment, he generally has an orator who supplies his place."

The religion of the Patagonian is a polytheism, the natives believing that there are great numbers of deities, some good and some evil. Each family is under the guardianship of one of the good deities, and all the members of that family join him when they die. Beside these gods there are subordinate demons, good to their own friends, but bad toward all others, so that on the whole the bad predominates in them. They are called by the name of Valichu.

Yet among some of the Patagonian tribes there is even an approach to personal religion. It has been thought that the Patagonians are totally destitute of such religion. This, however, is certainly not the case, as even our limited knowledge of these people, their language, and their habits shows that, even though they may not possess any definite system of religion, they are still impressed with the idea of some Being infinitely greater than themselves, who knows everything that they do. Thus they believe



(1.) PATAGONIAN VILLAGE. (See page 1183.)



(2.) PATAGONIAN BURIAL GROUND. (See page 1189.)

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In an omniscient Being; and such a belief as this, limited and imperfect though it may be, is yet a step toward true religion.

To this unknown Being they return thanks when they have obtained a supply of food after long famine, so that we find them acknowledging that the great Being, who knows all their deeds, watches over them, and is the Giver of all good things. When, for example, they have procured a seal after having been half-starved for months, they assemble round a fire, and the oldest man present cuts for each person a piece of the seal, uttering over each portion a sort of prayer, and looking upward in devotion to the unseen God, who had sent them meat in their need. Undisciplined as are the Patagonians, totally unaccustomed to self-denial, and mad with hunger, not one of them will touch the food until this invocation has been repeated.

The mode of burial among the Patagonians varies in detail according to the particular tribe, but there is a general resemblance in the ceremonies throughout the country. When a man dies, his body is wrapped in his best mantle, placed on his favorite horse, and conveyed to the place of burial, where a square pit has already been dug, some six feet in depth and two or three feet in width. In this pit the body of the deceased is placed in a sitting position, his bolas, spears, and other property laid beside him, and the pit is then covered with branches, on which a quantity of earth is thrown. The horse is next sacrificed. It is held at the grave by one man, while another kills it by a blow on the head from the bolas, and the skin is then removed, stuffed, and supported at the grave on four posts. At the grave of a caelique four horses are sacrificed. The clothing which is not buried with the deceased is burned, and a feast on the body of the horse closes the proceedings. On page 1187 the reader may find an engraving of a Patagonian burial ground.

The widows are obliged to remain in a state of the strictest privacy for an entire year, keeping themselves within their huts, never mixing in society, and not even showing themselves unless absolutely obliged to do so. They must blacken themselves with soot, and not eat the flesh of the guanaco, the mare, or the rheu. Should a woman break the rule of seclusion, and be detected in an intrigue, she would at once lose her life at the hands of her dead husband's relations.

Among some of the tribes the tomb is periodically opened, and the skeleton of the deceased, which has been prepared with the greatest care, is washed and clothed in new robes. This office belongs to an old matron, who is specially selected for the task, which becomes in process of time a long and tedious one, as the warriors are placed side by side in the grave, each year gradually adding to the number of those who have to be washed and clothed annually.

Among some of the tribes the skeletons are prepared by laying the bodies on platforms woven from canes and twigs, and during the time that is occupied in cleaning and bleaching the skeleton the platform is guarded by the friends of the dead man, draped in long mantles, and bearing spears or staves with which they strike the ground, while they sing mournful strains in order to drive away the Valchus or spirits, who may possibly be well disposed toward the dead man, but are more likely to be unfriendly.

Should the deceased have been a wealthy man, many visits of condolence are paid to the relatives, the mourners weeping loudly, and pricking their arms and legs with thorns in order to prove their affection by the effusion of their blood. For these tokens of respect they are rewarded with beads, brass ornaments, and other presents; and it need scarcely be said that the sorrow felt for the deceased and the sympathy excited for his friends depend very much on the amount of property at the disposal of the relatives.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

THE ARAUCANIANS.

DRESS — ETIQUETTE — GOVERNMENT.

DIVISION OF THE NATION INTO TRIBES — THE MAPUCHÉS — PECULIAR STRUCTURE OF THE HEAD — THE CHERIPA, PONCHO, AND BOOTS — MODE OF SHAVING — DRESSING THE HAIR — THE "PULLING HAIR" — FIGHT — DRESS OF THE WOMEN — THE ENORMOUS BRESTPIN — SINGULAR USE OF THIMBLES — ELABORATE HEADDRESS — PAINT — EXHIBITION OF FEMALE VANITY — DRESS OF THE CHILDREN — ARCHITECTURE OF THE ARAUCANIANS — THE CHIEF'S HOUSE AND ITS FURNITURE — LONG HOUSE OF THE MAPUCHÉS — NUMBER OF FIRES — CODE OF ETIQUETTE — THE SPEECH OF CEREMONY — VALUE OF ORATORY — DEMAND OF TRIBUTE — MODE OF GOVERNMENT — THE GRAND TQQUI — THE COUNCILS OF PEACE AND WAR.

PASSING northward from Patagonia, and taking a westerly direction, we come to the ARAUCANIAN nation. This title was given to them by the Spaniards, just as was the name of Patagonians to their southern neighbors, and, although it is an incorrect one, it has been accepted for so many years that it cannot be conveniently exchanged for the more correct designation.

The aborigines of Chili and a part of the territory now occupied by the Argentine Republic were formerly one great people, extending over a very considerable portion of the land, and necessarily modified in manners and customs by the influence of climate and geographical position. Their general title was *Alapu-ché*, or People of the Land, but they were separated into three great divisions, namely, *Pehuen-ché*, or People of the East; *Mara-ché*, or People of the West; and *Huill-ché*, or Far-off People, being those nearest to the Patagonians. Passing over the wars with the Spaniards, as foreign to the object of this work, we will describe the Mapuchés, or People of the Country, as they call themselves.

THESE people are rather below the middle height, strong, thick-set, broad-chested, and much inferior in point of form to the North American tribes. The head is narrow, and low in front, broad and high behind, and the back of the head falls in almost a direct line with the nape of the neck, a peculiarity by

which an Araucanian may almost invariably be distinguished. The foot is as remarkable as the head. It is very short and broad, and rises straight from the toes to the ankle with scarcely any curve, so as to produce a very high but very clumsy looking instep.

The ordinary dress of the Mapuché men is mostly composed of two garments, namely, the "*cheripa*" (pronounced *chéreepah*) and the poncho. The *cheripa* is a sort of compromise between a kilt and trousers. It is a piece of stuff, mostly cotton, which is fastened to the back of a girdle, passed between the legs, drawn up in front there, and tucked then into the girdle. The poncho is nothing but a large circular piece of stuff, with a hole in the centre, through which the head passes. It is exactly similar in principle to the cloak of Polynesia, and is at once a primitive, efficient, and graceful robe, assuming with every change of attitude folds which delight the eye of an artist.

Beside the poncho and *cheripa*, the Mapuché generally wears a pair of boots, similar to those of the Patagonians, and made of shuilar materials, the skin from the hind legs of a horse being drawn over the foot while still fresh, so that it moulds itself to the leg of the wearer. As with the Patagonians, it is open in front, so as to allow the two first toes to pass through and grasp the small triangular stirrup. The elaborate

horse-acoutrements in which the Mapuchés delight will be described when we come to the manners and customs of the people. Men of rank wear woollen bracelets and anklets as marks of their superior position.

Like most of the Araucanian tribes, the Mapuchés have but little beard, and what they have they eradicate after the usual fashion of savages, plucking out the individual hairs instead of shaving. Mr. R. E. Smith had the opportunity of seeing the operation performed:—"At one house where we stopped I saw an Indian, who at first sight seemed to be a white man, from the fact that his beard was grown as though unshaven for a week. He looked red and blotched, and was continually raising his hand to some part of his face, wearing all the while an expression of patient endurance. A close scrutiny showed that he was engaged in shaving.

"These Indians pull out or nip off the beard with small steel tweezers. This instrument was originally, as the Mapuché name signifies, a clam shell, but, by intercourse with the whites, they have been able to procure a more elegant article. Every dandy carries his tweezers hanging from his neck, and at leisure moments amuses himself by smoothing his face to the taste of his painted mistress. The arguments they use in defence of their treatment of the beard are precisely those used by shavelings the world over."

They do not content themselves with merely removing the hair from the chin, cheeks, and upper lip, but pull out the eyelashes and eyebrows, substituting instead of the latter a slender curved line of black paint. They say that the presence of the eyelashes hinders them in the pursuit of bee hunting, a sport of which they are very fond, and on which they pride themselves greatly. Some of the younger warriors have allowed a very slight fringe of hair to remain on the upper lip, but the older chiefs think that it is an innovation on the ancient customs, and discountenance it as far as they can.

The hair of the head is cut short at the top, but is allowed to grow long at the sides, in order that it may be easily grasped, just as the North American tribes leave one long lock on the crown of the head so as to assist the enemy who slays them in getting off the scalp.

When two lads quarrel, they settle the dispute with a fight, which is conducted, not by blows with the fist or with a weapon, but by pulling the hair. "Let us pull hair, if you are not afraid," cries one of the disputants to the other. The challenge is never refused. Off goes the poncho, if they happen to be wearing it, the cheripa is tucked tightly into the belt, the combatants allow each other to take a fair grasp of the long locks,

and the struggle begins. Each tries to twist the head of his opponent so as to bring him to the ground, and when he has once fallen, they loosen their grasp, rub the backs of their heads, take a fresh grasp, and repeat the struggle until one of them yields. The combat over, all animosity vanishes, and they are good friends again.

The dress of the women is, like that of the men, composed of two garments, though they are differently put on. One is an enlarged cheripa, and made of the same material. It is first wrapped round the body close under the arms, and then pinned together over each shoulder, so that the arms are left bare. It is confined at the waist by a very broad belt, and falls nearly to the ankle. This alone is a very sufficient dress, but over it is thrown a second piece of stuff which acts as a shawl or mantle, being fastened in front with a pin having a most enormously flat head, about the size of a cheese plate. Sometimes the head is globular, but the flat form is the favorite, and it is adorned with engraved figures. The cloth is mostly of native manufacture, and is either black or a very dark indigo blue.

Like that of the men, the hair of the women is divided into two long tails, one of which hangs over each shoulder. The tails are wound round with spiral strings of blue beads, and their ends are connected by a string of twelve or fourteen brass thimbles, which hang side by side, like a peal of bells. Besides these ornaments, the women wear a sort of cap, made entirely of beads, and falling over the back of the head as far as the shoulders. Its lower edge is decorated with a row of brass thimbles, like that which connects the two queues of the hair. This elaborate headdress is only worn on great occasions, while ordinarily the queues are wound round the head, the two ends projecting in front like horns, a fillet, usually studded with beads, being employed to keep the hair in its place. These peculiarities of dress are shown in the illustration of a Mapuché family on page 1201.

Ornaments are worn according to the wealth of the owners. Strings of beads, silver dollars, and brass thimbles are hung in profusion round the neck, which is further decorated with a collar made of leather and inlaid with silver. Wide bracelets and anklets are also worn, similar to those of the men, but made of variously colored beads instead of wool.

Paint is worn by both sexes, but chiefly by the women, and is anything but ornamental. It is invariably of two colors, red and black, which are mixed with grease, so that they can be applied and removed at pleasure. The usual plan is to have a broad red belt from ear to ear, taking in the cheeks, eyelids, and nose, the lower edge of the belt being sometimes edged and scalloped with black. The eyelids and lashes

are also edged with black, and a thin line of the same hue takes the place of the eyebrows, which are all removed except a very fine row of hairs in the centre. Some of the women further decorate their faces by spots of black paint. The women are exceedingly proud of these ornaments; and an amusing instance of their vanity is related by Mr. Smith:—"Our conversation turned upon female dress; and, without intending any disparagement to our fair entertainers, we compared them to the women whom we had seen at the house of Chanecay. The women, who were at work near by, did not understand half-a-dozen words of Spanish; but, with that intuitive perception which belongs to the sex, they were not long in discovering that our conversation related to themselves and their dresses.

"Immediately they held a council of war; and, entering the house, they presently returned, each with a bag of trinkets. There were coverings for the head and breast, composed of strings of beads of all colors and designs, with brass thimbles and silver coins. There were rings and pendants for ears and nose; bracelets and anklets, eoliers and breastpins of colossal proportions. These were held up for our admiration; and that we might more fully realize their wealth, the ladies proceeded to deck themselves with all their finery. They were at the same time jabbering at the top of their lungs, praising their own superiority to all other women, and appealing to us for a confirmation of their own good opinions.

"Finally, the belle of the lot, having ornamented her head, breast, and arms to their fullest capacity, stepped in advance of the others, and, raising her dress as high as the knee, displayed to our astonished gaze a remarkably well-rounded piece of flesh and blood. Patting the calf with honest pride, and turning it about for our inspection, she hung it round with beads, adjusted the many-colored anklets, and, snapping her fingers contemptuously, poured out a perfect torrent of Mapuche.

"Unfortunately, there was no one near to interpret this language; but from her action, and the frequent repetition of the name 'Chanecay,' we gathered her meaning to be pretty much that, in whatever else the wives of Chanecay might excel, she would defy them or any one else to produce a finer leg than the one in question."

The dress of the children is simple enough. As long as they are infants, and not able to walk, they are tightly rolled up in bandages, so as to be unable to move. In this helpless condition they are put into bamboo cradles, and hung up on pegs driven into the walls of the house, or laid in baskets suspended from the roof, so that they can be swung about by a cord tied to the cradle. The infants are perfect models of behavior, never crying, and allowing themselves to be hung

on pegs without betraying any signs of life, except the movement of the eyes. As soon as they can walk, they are allowed to run about without the incumbrance of any clothing, which is not worn until they become boys and girls of seven or eight years old.

The architecture of the Araucanians is very simple, but differs slightly according to the district, and the position of the owner of the house. The ordinary house of a common man is a mere hut, built of wicker-work, about twelve feet by ten, carelessly made, and ill calculated to withstand the elements. On a wet day the rain pours into the hut on all sides, a circumstance which has its advantages to counterbalance its discomforts. On rainy days all cooking has to be done within the house, which would be absolutely unbearable if the apertures which let the rain in did not let the smoke out. At night, moreover, these huts are overcrowded with sleepers.

In one of these huts there were three rude bedsteads, for the accommodation of two married couples and a pair of grown-up girls, while on the ground lay sixteen or seventeen young men and children, packed together like herrings in a barrel. Moreover, a whole troop of dogs came sneaking into the house as soon as the inmates closed their eyes; so that within this limited space some thirty living beings were contained during the night. It is evident that, if the hut had been weather-proof, the whole party would have been suffocated before the morning.

A better kind of habitation, visited by Mr. Smith, deserved the name of house. It was rectangular instead of rounded, and measured thirty feet in length by fifteen in breadth. In the middle of the roof was a hole, by way of chimney, the fire being made directly beneath it. There was no window, the hole and the door being the only apertures for the admission of light and air.

There was only one room, though a sort of loft was made in the roof. This was used as a storehouse, where sacks of beans and similar luxuries were kept. As might be supposed, the whole upper part of the house was thickly encrusted with soot. One of the corners was partitioned off with a sort of wicker-work wall, and served as a granary, in which the wheat was stored.

From the sooty, cobwebbed rafters hung bunches of maize, pumpkins, joints of meat, nets full of potatoes, strings of capsicum pods, and similar articles; while earthenware pots, dishes, and spears were scattered in profusion over the floor. In the middle of all these articles hung two long lances, with their points toward the door; but, although their heads were protected by being stuck into lumps of fat, they were rusty, and had evidently been long out of use.

Two of the corners were occupied with the

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ordinary bedstead of the country, *i. e.* a framework of cane, with a bull's hide stretched tightly over it; and near the beds hung the stock of finery belonging to the owner, namely, spurs, stirrups, and bits, all of solid silver, belonging to the men, and breastpins, necklaces, earrings, strings of thinbles, and other adornments of the women. The usual basket cradle, containing a swathed baby, was suspended from one of the rafters.

The house of a *cacique*, or chief, is very much larger than either of those which have been described, and somewhat resembles the "long house" of Borneo. One of these houses, belonging to a *cacique* named Ayllal, looked at a distance something between a very long boat and a haystack. Its height was about fifteen feet, its width thirty, and its length about one hundred and forty.

The middle of the house was common to all the inhabitants, but the sides were partitioned off so as to form a series of chambers, each of which belonged to a married son of the proprietor, or to one of his own wives. In cases where the family is not a very large one, each wife has her own fireplace; but when the number of families under one roof is considerable, one fire is common to two or three of them. In Ayllal's house there were six fireplaces, and over each was a hole in the roof. The fireplaces are nothing more than a few stones, so arranged that the pots can be kept clear of the burning wood; and, as the ashes are allowed to accumulate where they fall, or to be blown about by every current of air, it is evident that the interior of such a house is not a model of cleanliness.

In consequence of the custom of appropriating a separate fire to each wife, the one is conventionally accepted as a metaphor for the other. It is not considered polite to ask a man how many wives he has, but etiquette permits any one to ask another how many fires he burns. In front of the door hangs a cross-bar, beyond which no one ventures to pass without a special invitation, unless he be an inmate of the house, or an intimate friend of the family.

The Mapuchés exhibit in perfection that curious mixture of the savage and the gentleman that is so often found among uncivilized people. They have a most elaborate code of etiquette, which to a stranger is often irksome, on account of the time which is consumed in going through the requisite formalities. When two persons meet, it is necessary that they should go through a set course of complimentary remarks, the omission of which, except between relatives or very intimate friends, would be held as an unpardonable offence. Let us take Mr. E. R. Smith's account of the ceremonial:—

"If the guest be a stranger, the host begins by addressing him with 'I do not know you, brother; or 'I have never seen you before.'

Thereupon the stranger mentions his own name and residence, and goes on to ask the host about himself, his health, and that of his father, mother, wives, and children; about his lands, crops, cattle, and flocks: the chiefs of the district, the neighbors, *their* wives, children, crops, &c., are next inquired about; and whether there have been any disturbances, diseases, deaths, or accidents.

"If the responses given are favorable, the questioner goes on to express his happiness, and moralizes to the effect that health, wealth, and friendship are great blessings, for which God should be thanked. If, on the contrary, the answers should convey bad news, he condoles with the afflicted, and philosophizes that misfortunes should be borne with equanimity, since men cannot always avoid evil. The guest having finished, the host commences in turn to ask all the same questions, making such comments as the answers received may demand.

"This formality occupies ten or fifteen minutes. The questions and answers are recited (by rote) in a low monotonous voice, with a sing-song tone, not unlike the saying of the rosary or the chanting of friars. At the end of each sentence, if the last word end with a vowel, the voice is raised to a shout; but should the final letter be a consonant, it is rounded off with a nasal grunt. The listener expresses his satisfaction occasionally by a sound between a grunt and a groan, or indicates surprise by a long-drawn *Hue!* With these exceptions, he never interrupts until the speaker has given notice, by a peculiar cadence of the voice, that he has said his say. During this palaver, the speakers often do not look at each other, and frequently even sit with their backs turned to one another."

As soon as etiquette has been satisfied by these formalities, the speakers assume their ordinary tone of voice, and converse freely on subjects respecting which they really take an interest.

Oratory is highly valued by the Mapuchés, and should a young man have some power of speech, and train it into eloquence, he is on the high road to distinction, and will probably end by becoming a chief, though originally of inferior rank. Such young men are always eagerly sought by the chiefs as their messengers, inasmuch as etiquette requires that such messengers should not only possess a retentive memory, so as to insure the transmission of the message correctly, but should also be fluent of speech and choice of diction, the latter being a point in which the Mapuchés are exceedingly fastidious.

A young man who shows himself to be a proficient in these three requisites is sure to be taken into the service of an important chief, and indeed he knows his own value too well to damage his prospects by serving any except a man of very high rank. Acting as messenger, he practically becomes a sort of

ambassador, on whom the reputation of his principal is reflected, and by associating with the chief men, and speaking at their assemblies, he soon gains for himself that importance which was formerly only accorded to his official capacity. Men of this stamp have frequently become the masters of those whom they formerly served, their abilities having raised them to their appropriate station.

To a stranger the eloquence of these men is utterly unintelligible. They deliver their message in a sort of monotone, varied with inflections, but without the least spirit or action. In fact, they very much resemble schoolboys reciting a piece of poetry which they have learned by rote without taking the trouble to understand it. Yet the Mapuches are held entranced during the delivery of such a discourse by an accomplished orator, the purity of whose diction excites the respectful admiration of his hearers.

Etiquette is so highly valued among the Araucanians that on one occasion an English gentleman nearly lost his life by neglecting a ceremonial. It seems that every chief, no matter how petty may be his domain, expects that every stranger who passes through his territory shall pay him a tribute. The amount of the tribute is of little consequence, so that something is given as an acknowledgment of rank.

Being new to the country, the gentleman in question was passing through the territory of a chief, when he was stopped and asked for tribute, a demand which he refused to pay, on the ground that he was only a traveller and not a trader. Thereupon a young man leaped into a cabin, brought out a trumpet made of a horn, and blew a blast upon it. The signal was answered in all directions, and from every side there poured in a number of mounted and armed warriors. The traveller was not daunted, in spite of the martial array, cocked his pistols, and awaited the attack, when his guide ran up to him, and begged him to give them something, *if it were only a pocket-handkerchief*.

The traveller saw at once, from the smallness of the suggested present, that it was a mere question of etiquette, and munificently presented the chief with a jack-knife. Enmity at once gave way to enthusiastic friendship. The old chief was quite overcome by the splendor of the gift, swore eternal friendship with the traveller, and sent a guard of honor to accompany him for several miles on his way.

WE naturally come to the mode of government employed by the Araucanians.

The four great divisions are subdivided into provinces, and these into smaller districts, each of which is presided over by a chief, who exercises a kind of patriarchal authority over his clansmen. He is the judge and arbiter of the clan, and there is

no appeal from his decision. Yet he levies no taxes, and cannot force even the lowest of his people to work for him. He can require the services of the men for war or for business of state, but there his authority ends. No land can be sold except by the chief, to whom it is by a sort of legal fiction supposed to belong, and even he cannot sell it to any except a native Araucanian, under penalty of death.

All these chiefs, or caciques, as they are often called, are considered to be equals in point of rank, and independent of each other, though one is chosen on account of his personal abilities to be the head chief of the district, but merely as *primus inter pares*. The office of chief is generally but not always hereditary. It mostly descends to the eldest son, but the actual holder of the office may bequeath it even to one who belongs to another family. Should a chief die without sons, brother, or a recognized successor, the people have the power of electing a chief for themselves, and it is on such occasions as these that the eloquent messengers lately described find their opportunity of being raised to the rank of cacique.

Up to this point the details of the government are simple enough. We now have to consider a most singular arrangement, unlike that of any other known nation. From the head chiefs of the various districts one is chosen as the Toqui, or head of the province, and these Toquis form the supreme council by whom the affairs of the nation are managed. From among them one is selected as president of the council, and is called by a title which signifies the Grand Toqui. He is the highest personage in the state. He can summon councils whenever he sees occasion, he watches over the welfare of the state, lays before his colleagues any information that he considers important, and on special occasions he can act on his own authority.

When Mr. E. R. Smith travelled in Araucania, the Grand Toqui was an old chief named Mañin, who seems to have been worthy of the position which he held. Mañin Hueno ("the Grass of Heaven"), as he was called by his compatriots, or Mañin Bueno ("Mañin the Good"), as the Chilenos termed him, was a very old man, his age being estimated as falling little short of a century, though his general bearing was such that he might have been taken for little more than sixty. His long black hair was but slightly sprinkled with silver, his eye retained its brightness, and his mien its uprightness; and though his many years had diminished his strength, they had not affected his intellect.

He was held in the very highest respect, as indeed was due to his acknowledged wisdom, by means of which war had many a time been averted. Yet he was not a rich man, and in point of wealth the greater

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number of the lesser chiefs were far richer than Mañin Hueno. His only marks of wealth were the solid silver horse accoutrements — but even these were not worth fifty pounds of our money; while his apparel was of the simplest kind, a red and yellow handkerchief tied round his head being the most costly article of his apparel.

When a council of Toquis is assembled, the members generally endeavor to outshine each other in the magnificence of their appointments; and after the day's labor is over, they join in a general debauch, which sometimes lasts for the whole of the next day, and prevents the councillors from resuming their business until they have become sufficiently sober.

Now comes the curious part of Arauca-

nian government. The Supreme Council treats only of the internal management of the nation, and is technically called the Council of Peace. As soon as war is declared, the Council of Peace falls into abeyance, and its place is taken by the Council of War. This is headed by the Toquil War, who, as long as the war lasts, has unlimited power, except over life. He appoints the officers, settles the number of warriors required, orders a conscription to be set in operation in each district, and lays upon each cacique the duty of levying a certain number of men, and raising a certain amount of supplies. As soon as peace is concluded, he and all his council retire from office, and the Council of Peace reassumes its sway.

CHAPTER CXXV.

THE ARAUCANIANS—Continued.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

LOVE OF THE HORSE—THE STIRRUP, BIT, AND SPUR OF THE ARAUCANIANS—MODE OF FASTENING THE SPUR ON THE HEEL—TRAINING OF THE HORSES—VALUE OF THE HORSE ACCOUTREMENTS—HATRED OF SHAMM—LOVE FOR SILVER AND CARELESSNESS OF GOLD—HOW THE ARAUCANIANS RIDE—THE BOLAS OR LAQUI, AND THE LASSO—MODE OF MAKING AND THROWING THE LASSO—CAPTURE OF A SAVAGE BULL—COURAGE OF THE ARAUCANIANS—THEIR SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY—CAUSE OF A YOUNG HERO—MARRIAGE AMONG THE ARAUCANIANS—ABDUCTION OF THE BRIDE—RECONCILIATION WITH THE PAIENTS—ARAUCIAN COOKERY—PREPARING NACHI, CHICA, AND MUDAI—THRASHING CORN.

WE now come to the ordinary life of the Araucanians.

Like the American tribes in general, they have become wonderful adepts in the use of the horse, the climate, the natives, and the horse seeming to agree with each other in a way which is really remarkable, considering that the animal is of comparatively late introduction into America. Unlike the Patagonians, they pride themselves on the massive solidity of the accoutrements with which they bedizen their horses; and, although they care little about the individual animals, and are rather hard masters to them, they bedeck the horses in the most lavish manner.

Their saddles are made very much after the fashion employed by the Patagonians, being little more than rude wooden frames. A few skins are laid on the back of the horse, the saddle is placed on them, a saddle cloth of thick leather is thrown over it, and the whole apparatus is complete. The bridle is made, like that of the Patagonians, of twisted hide, or sometimes of a number of strips of horse-skin plaited together, a few threads of silver being mingled with them. The bit is generally the ordinary Spanish bit, with its cruelly powerful arrangement of curb and ring.

The stirrups are generally nothing more than a piece of cane twisted into a triangular form, and hung to the saddle by leathern cords; but the wealthy Araucanians

pride themselves in having these articles of solid silver. The shape of these stirrups varies in some degree, the usual form resembling that of the English stirrup, but very much larger and heavier, the sides being from one to two inches wide, and pierced in ornamental patterns, while the cross-bar on which the foot rests is fully two inches in width.

The form of stirrup to which they are most partial resembles the other, as far as the side pieces are concerned; but the foot-bar is developed into a large plate of silver, which comes over the front of the stirrup, and protects the toes and instep from the thorns which are plentiful in the country. The back of this plate projects behind in a sharp point, which is used as a spur.

About the spurs themselves the Araucanian is very fastidious. They are of enormous size, and armed with rowels measuring from two to three inches in diameter, and sometimes even exceeding that measurement. It may be imagined that spurs of this size, which are exceedingly weighty, must be buckled on the feet very tightly, so as to keep them in their places.

This, however, is not the case. On the contrary, the strap by which they are fastened is quite loose, so that when the wearer walks the rowels trail on the ground, and when he is mounted they hang nearly perpendicularly from his heels. The Araucanian cares little for the impediment in walk-

ing, as he never walks twenty yards if he can help himself; while the position of the spurs when he is mounted is a real necessity. An illustration of stirrups and spurs is given on the 1175th page.

The horses are never more than half trained. They are taught to wheel within a very small circle, to stop suddenly and throw themselves on their haunches, and to dash off at full gallop; but that is the extent of their accomplishments. Many of them are young, spirited, and nervous steeds, and if, in the course of the struggles for victory which they occasionally attempt, the spurs were to come against their sides, they would be greatly alarmed, and their struggles would only be increased. But as the spurs hang down almost below the rider's feet, they swing clear of the horse's flanks, while at any time, if they are needed for use, the wearer has only to bend his feet, which brings them into position.

The Araucanians have a very wholesome contempt for shams, and will have nothing that has any pretence about it. The poorest peasant, who can only afford an iron spur, or possibly not even a spur of any kind, would scorn to wear either spur or stirrups of plated metal, or of any imitation of silver, however good.

They are so fastidious in this matter that they will not use articles that have been made abroad; and even if a spur is made of solid silver in imitation of their own patterns, they will be nearly certain to reject it, the workmanship being sure to betray itself to their experienced eyes. A high polish always excites their suspicions, inasmuch as the native artificers are incapable of imparting it. All these articles are made from the silver currency of the country, and the wealthy Araucanian always carries with him a pair of balances, and a number of dollars which serve as standard weights.

It may be imagined that the purchase of a pair of spurs or stirrups is a matter of importance with these people. The buyer sits in silence on the ground, takes the spurs, and examines every part with the minutest attention, scrutinizing every joint, smelling the metal, tasting it, and ringing it, in order to judge whether it has been debased by the mixture of any inferior material. Not only spurs and stirrups, but pendants for the bridle, and ornaments for the headstalls and saddles, are made of silver; so that the accoutrements of a wealthy Araucanian will sometimes be worth a hundred and fifty pounds, merely as silver, without regard to the value of the workmanship.

The men who make these highly prized ornaments use the very rudest tools, and their workshops are but rough hovels, quite out of keeping with the barbaric magnificence of their wares. Sometimes the artificer makes the ornaments for sale; but in the case of large articles, such as spurs or

stirrups, which weigh several pounds, and consume a great number of dollars, he prefers to wait for the order, and make the required article out of the bag of dollars with which it is accompanied.

It is remarkable that the Araucanians, fond as they are of silver, will have nothing to do with gold. Besides these horse accoutrements, they wear earrings, breast-pins, and other ornaments of silver, but none of gold. Some travellers think that their reason for the rejection of gold is their wish to conceal its presence in the country from the knowledge of the foreigner, remembering that it was the cause of the disastrous war with the Spanish invader. The real cause is, probably, that it cannot be procured in sufficient quantities without more labor than they choose to bestow, and that they have not learned to work gold as they do silver.

The Araucanians are admirable riders, though their seat would not please an European riding master. They depend entirely on balance for retaining their seat, and seem rather to hang on the horse's back than to hold by any grip of the knee. Indeed, a stranger to the country always thinks that an Araucanian rider is on the point of being thrown, so loose is his seat, whereas the very idea that he can by any possibility be thrown never enters his mind. He and his horse seem one being, actuated by one mind. A traveller once saw a horse take fright, and leap sideways from the object of terror. He thought that the rider must be flung by the suddenness of the movement; but, to all appearance, the man took fright and shied at the same moment with his horse.

The Araucanians use the bolas in common with their southern neighbors, the Patagonians, and are never seen without the "laqui," as they term the weapon, hanging at their waists. Some of them have a way of leaving one of the balls without its covering of leather, saying that the covered bolas is used when they fight with friends, but the bare bolas when they fight with an enemy.

They also use the lasso, that terrible weapon which extends over so vast a territory, and which supersedes the bolas as it proceeds northward.

This terrible weapon is simple enough in principle, being nothing more than a leather rope, forty feet in length, with a noose at the end. As, however, the construction is rather ingenious, I have given an illustration on the 1175th page, taken from specimens in my possession. Fig. 1 shows the lasso coiled through the strap by which it is attached to the saddle of the rider. It is made of a number of thongs of raw hide, plaited into a round rope, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter; so that, although it appears very slender, it really possesses enormous strength, and an elephant could

scarcely break it. This part of the rope is shown at fig. 5.

For the last ten feet of its length the rope is much thicker, is composed of more strips of hide, and is plaited into a square form. At the extreme end the various strands are plaited round an iron ring, as seen at fig. 4. Through this ring the lasso passes so as to form a running noose. The change from the round to the square plait is seen at fig. 3, and fig. 2 shows the peculiar knot which keeps the lasso from slipping from the saddle.

Fig. 6 shows the end of another sort of lasso, made of the silk-grass fibre, i. e. the long fibres from the leaves of a species of agave. These fibres are wonderfully strong, and the lasso is remarkable, not only for its strength, but its elasticity. Instead of an iron ring being placed at the end, the rope is brought round so as to form a loop, the interior of which is lined with stout leather, and the exterior adorned with colored wools.

When the lasso is to be used, the thrower takes the ring in his left hand, and the lasso in the right, and separates his arms so as to make a running noose nearly six feet in length. Grasping the ring and the cord with his left hand, he slips his right hand along the rope so as to double it, and there holds it. When he throws it, he whirls it round his head until the noose becomes quite circular, and then hurls it at the object, throwing after it the remainder of the rope, which has hung in coils on his left arm. As it passes through the air, the noose becomes gradually smaller, so that the thrower can always graduate the diameter of the noose to the object which it is intended to secure.

The skill with which they fling this noose is wonderful, as may be seen from Mr. Smith's account of a struggle with an infuriated bull:—

"The capture of a particular animal from a herd, within a range of pasture utterly unbounded except by mountains and rivers, is often difficult, and gives rise to many exciting cases and ludicrous scenes. Even when taken, the captives are not easy of management, their attachment for old associates manifesting itself in frequent attempts to return.

"One particular bull gave great trouble. He was a noble fellow, of spotless white.—such an one as bore the beautiful Europa through the waters of the Phœnician deep, or such an one as might be worshipped on the shores of the Ganges.

"After a long time he was lassoed, and the horseman, who had literally taken the bull by the horns, started off complacently to lead him to the place of gathering. But his bullship did not take the going as a matter of course; for, with a mad bellow, he charged upon his captor, who, seeing a very

formidable pair of horns dashing toward him, started at full gallop, still holding fast the lasso, which he in vain tried to keep taut. The horse was jaded, and old Whitey was fast gaining. Another Indian bounded forward, and, dexterously throwing his lasso, caught the unoccupied horn, bringing up the prisoner with a round turn.

"The bull was not yet conquered. After plunging, pawing, bellowing, and tossing for a while, he changed his tactics. Making a rush and a feint at one of his annoyers, he wheeled about suddenly, and nearly succeeded in catching the other on his horns. Things were becoming more complicated than ever, when, as the infuriated animal stood head down, with his tail stuck out at an angle of fifty-five degrees, a third horseman came to the attack, and, whirling his lasso with a jerk, caught the caudal extremity in a running knot.

"Thus the two men at the sides were safe, provided that the man behind kept his lasso strained. But a question in the rule of three now arose. If three men catch a bull, one by each horn, and one by the tail, and all pull in different directions, which way can the bull go?

"No one seemed able to work out the answer; but Katrilas was a man ready for all emergencies, and, dismounting, he started to the assistance of his companions, armed with a long lance and an old poncho. Running before the bull, he threw the poncho on the ground, a few paces in front, the man behind slackened a little, and the bellowing captive made a desperate plunge at the red cloth. A jerk on the tail stopped further progress, till Katrilas, picking up the poncho on the tip of the lance, tossed it several yards in advance. There was another slackening, another plunge, another jerk, and so on, until the 'critter' was brought to the desired spot.

"The next trouble was to loose the captive. Sundry scientific pulls brought him to the ground, and Katrilas, springing forward, stripped the lassos from his horns. But another remained on the tail. That no one would venture to untie, for the bull had risen, and stood glaring frantically around. An Indian, unsheathing his long knife, ran full tilt at the extended tail, and with one blow severed the greater part of that useful member from the body.

"The last was literally the 'unkindest cut of all.' The poor brute was fairly conquered. He stood with head hanging, eyes glaring, the tongue lolling from his frothing mouth, his once spotless coat defiled with foam and dirt, while the drip, drip, drip, of the warm blood upon his heels rendered the abjectness of his misery complete."

That the Araucanians are a courageous race is evident from their struggles with the Spaniards. Though vanquished again and again by the superior arms and disci-

pline of the Spaniards, they were never conquered, and when repulsed, only retired to gather fresh forces. Toqui after Toqui fell in the struggle, the most remarkable of these warriors being a mere youth named Lautaro, who was unanimously elected to the post in consequence of his conduct when the Araucanians attacked the Spaniards at Tucapel. He was a captive and a servant in the family of Valdivia, when the place was attacked. The Spanish musketry told so terribly upon the Araucanians, that they were on the point of retreating, when Lautaro dashed forward, rallied his countrymen, and led them to the attack with such spirit that the whole Spanish force was destroyed with the exception of two, who escaped to Concepcion with the news of the defeat. Valdivia himself was captured, and it is said that Lautaro desired to save the life of his former master, when an old chief seized an axe and dashed out the brains of the captive general.

Foreseeing that General F. de Villa Gran, who was at Concepcion, would march at once to avenge the destruction of Tucapel, Lautaro assembled the troops, pushed forward, and concealed half of them in the sides of a defile through which the road led, while the other half were also concealed at the summit of the mountain. The battle began in the defile, and, after causing great destruction among the enemy, the Araucanians had to retire.

Fancying that the enemy were beaten, the Spaniards pressed on, and arriving wearied at the summit, found a second and fresh army opposed to them. They fought with the utmost courage, and their artillery nearly turned the day in their favor, when Lautaro told off one of his bravest officers with orders to capture the cannon, while he attacked Villa Gran on the flank. So furiously was the charge made, that the guns were taken, and the Spaniards had to retreat, Villa Gran barely escaping with his life.

When they entered the pass through which they had come, they found the outlet blocked with fallen trees, and the sides filled with warriors, whom the far-seeing Lautaro had despatched for that purpose at the beginning of the conflict. The slaughter was terrific, and only a few of the Spaniards escaped, led by Villa Gran, who at last forced his way through the barriers.

Lautaro showed his splendid generalship, by pushing on at once to the headquarters at Concepcion, which he took, pillaged, and burned. Orders were received from Lima to rebuild Concepcion, and no sooner was it done than Lautaro captured and burned it again. He then conceived the bold project of attacking Santiago itself, and in a wonderfully short time appeared before the place.

Here he committed his only error in gen-

eralship. He had to pass through the territory of the Purumancians, who had become allies of the Spaniards, thinking them invincible. Lautaro should have remembered that the late defeats must have altered the opinions of the Purumancians, who could have been easily induced to act against their former allies. But his indignation at their treachery was so great, that he stopped to ravage their territory and destroy their crops.

Villa Gran, who was then the governor of Santiago, knew his enemy well, and employed the time in fortifying the city, which would have fallen at once had Lautaro pushed on without stopping to punish his traitorous countrymen. Three times Villa Gran sent a force against the Araucanians, the last being commanded by his own son, but all were routed and driven back.

At last Villa Gran, stung by these repeated defeats, determined himself to conduct an expedition against his foes, and with a mixed force of Spaniards and Purumancians came stealthily upon the Araucanian camp. Born general though he was, Lautaro did not know the use of outposts, and the consequence was, that Villa Gran surprised his camp, and as he rushed to the front to rally his followers, he was pierced by a dart flung by one of the Purumancians, and fell dead on the spot.

Thus fell Lautaro, a youth worthy to be named with the greatest heroes of antiquity. Chosen commander at the age of seventeen, he opposed for two years the best soldiers of Europe, armed with infinitely superior weapons, and accustomed to military discipline. Though a mere boy, he displayed a military skill and a fertility of resource worthy of the most accomplished generals, and by sheer force of intellect and courage won every battle except that in which he fell.

A nation which could produce men such as Lautaro, or the troops who fought and conquered under his command, is evidently capable of great things, and, at all events, worthy of the liberty which it won from the Spaniards, and which has never again been threatened.

MARRIAGE among the Araucanians is an odd mixture of ceremonies. Theoretically, the bridegroom is supposed to steal his wife against her own will and in opposition to the wishes of her parents; practically, he buys her from her parents, who have long looked upon their daughter as a valuable article, to be sold to the first purchaser who will give a sufficient price.

Sometimes the match is one of affection, the two young people understanding each other perfectly well. Music is the usual mode by which an Araucanian expresses his feelings, and the usual instrument is the jews-harp. The Mapuché lover is never

seen without his jawa-harp hanging from his neck, tied upon a little block of wood to prevent it from being injured, and decorated with strings of many-colored beads. Furnished with this indispensable instrument, the lover seats himself at a little distance from the object of his choice, and produces a series of most dolorous sounds, his glances and gestures denoting the individual for whom they are meant.

After a little while, the lover thinks that he had better proceed to the marriage. Should he be a wealthy man, he has no trouble in the matter; but if not, he goes among his friends and asks contributions from them. One gives an ox, another a horse, another a pair of silver spurs, and so on. It is a point of honor to make these contributions, and equally so to return them at some time or other, even if the intending bridegroom has to wait until in his turn he can sell his eldest girl.

The next process is, that the friends of the young man assemble, all mounted on their best horses, and proceed in a body to the house of the girl's father. Five or six of the best speakers dismount and ask permission for the marriage, extolling to the utmost the merits of the bridegroom, and expatiating on the happiness of his daughter in being married to such a man. The father, treating the matter as gravely as if he had not done exactly the same thing himself, makes a speech in his turn.

All this ceremony is intended to give time to the young man to hunt for his intended bride, and, until he has found her, they will go on with their speeches. As soon as the young man discovers the girl, he seizes her and drags her to the door, while on her part she screams and shrieks for protection. At the sound of her voice all the women turn out, armed with sticks, stones, and any other weapons which come to hand, and rush to her help. The friends of the bridegroom in their turn run to help their friend, and for some time there is a furious combat, none of the men escaping without some sharp bruises, and the girl screaming at the top of her voice.

At last the bridegroom dashes at the girl, seizes her as he can, by the hand, the hair, or the heels, as the case may be, drags her to his horse, leaps on its back, pulls her up after him, and dashes off at full speed, followed by his friends. The relatives of the girl go off in pursuit, but are constantly checked by the friends of the bridegroom, who keep them back until he has dashed into the forest with his bride. They halt at the skirts of the forest, wait until the sounds of the girl's screams and the galloping of the horse have died away, and then disperse. This Araucanian ceremony of marriage is represented on the following page.

The young couple are now left alone until they emerge from the wood on the second

day after the abduction, when they are supposed to be man and wife. That all the fighting and screaming are a mere farce is evident from the fact that, if a man should offer himself who is not acceptable to the parents of the girl, and should proceed to carry her off, one of her relatives blows the horn of alarm, as has already been mentioned, and all the male relations turn out and drive off the intruder. Sometimes, however, he succeeds in gaining the bush before he is caught, and in that case the marriage holds good.

Some few days after the marriage, the friends call on the newly-married couple, and bring the contributions which they had promised. The whole party then proceed to the house of the girl's father, and offer him these goods, which are taken as if they were merely offerings, and not the price for which the girl was sold. Being satisfied with the presents, he expresses himself pleased with the marriage, and congratulates the young couple and their friends.

But the mother is not so easily to be satisfied. With her it is a point of honor that she is *not* satisfied, but, on the contrary, is highly outraged at the abduction of her child. So she will neither speak to nor look at the bridegroom, but sits down with her back turned to him.

Now comes a difficult point. She is bound, in accordance with the laws of hospitality, to entertain the guests, and as the offending son-in-law is the most important person, he must be consulted first. So she addresses the bride, "My daughter, ask your husband if he is hungry." The conversation thus begun is carried on in a similar manner, and ends with an entertainment on which the mother of the bride exhausts all her culinary knowledge. Sometimes the husband never addresses his mother-in-law for years, except with her back turned to him, or with a fence intervening between them. The reader may remember that a similar custom is followed by the Kafir tribes of Southern Africa. See page 88.

The cookery of the Araucanians is at first anything but agreeable to European taste.

Mutton is largely consumed in the country, and is killed, dressed, and cooked in a speedy and simple manner. The sheep being hung by its hind legs to a tree, its throat is cut, and the blood is received into a bowl and mixed with salt, in which state it is thought to be a very great delicacy. The sheep is then opened, and the whole of the interior removed to be cleaned and cooked, this being held as the best part of the animal. The skin is then removed, the body is split along the spine from head to tail, and each half is transixed with a stick, and set over the fire.

The greatest delicacy, however, that can be placed before a guest is called "nachi."

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(1.) ARAUCANIAN MARRIAGE. (See page 1200.)



(2.) MAPUCHE FAMILY. (See page 1101.)

(1201)

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The mode of preparing this dish is a good example of the total disregard of inflicting pain which is common to all uncivilized people.

A sheep is hung up by the fore-legs, a quantity of cayenne pepper and salt is mixed in a bowl, and the throat of the sheep is cut so as to open the windpipe, down which the operator stuffs the salt and pepper as fast as he can. He then draws out the jugular vein, cuts it, and turns the end into the severed windpipe, down which the blood flows, so as to mix with the pepper and salt, and carry them into the lungs. The unfortunate sheep swells up and dies in horrible agony, which is totally disregarded by the spectators, not from intentional cruelty, but utter want of thought. The sheep is then opened, and the lungs are found distended with a mixture of salt, pepper, and blood. This is the *nachi*, which is served up by being cut in slices and handed to the guests while still warm.

There are two national drinks, namely, *chica* and *mudai*. The former is a sort of cider, and prepared as follows. A sheepskin is laid on the ground, with the woolly side downward, and a ponchoful of green apples is emptied on it. Two or three men sit round it armed with switches, with which they beat the apples, and in a short time convert them into a pulp. Water is next poured upon them, and the *chica* is ready for use. The men take up large handfuls of the pulp, and squeeze them into jars, this being all the preparation which the *chica* receives.

This drink is at first hated by foreigners, and afterward liked by them. See, for example, two extracts from the journal of the same traveller. "After riding for a long time in the hot sun without meeting any running stream, we spied a farmhouse in the distance, and, going to it asked for a glass of water.

"There is not a drop of water within a mile of the house," said an old woman who came to the door, "but we can give you some *chica de manzanos* (cider) that is very nice," producing at the word a huge glass of a green, muddy liquid. To call it vinegar would be too high a compliment, and to add that it was flavored with gall would convey no adequate idea of this abominable stuff, which had been made from the very greenest of green apples. One mouthful sufficed for me, and my first impressions of *chica de manzanos* were not favorable; but our guide tossed it off with infinite relish."

This description was written immediately after entering the country for the first time. Here is another description of the same liquid. After describing the mode of its manufacture, he proceeds to say: "Such cider is somewhat coffee colored, and rather sour, but I soon became fond of it, especially with the addition of a little toasted meal, which makes it much more palatable."

Mudai is a drink which resembles almost

exactly the *kava* of Polynesia, and is prepared in the same manner, meal being substituted for the *kava* root. A bushel or so of wheat is slowly boiled for several hours, after which the decoction is strained off and set to cool. In order to hasten fermentation, a quantity of meal is masticated and added to the liquid. The effect is very rapid, and when fermentation has fairly begun, the *mudai* is fit for use, and is strained off into jars. It has a muddy look, but possesses a pleasant and slightly acid flavor, which is very agreeable in a hot country if the mode of preparation be not known.

Wheat is prepared in a rather peculiar, not to say poetical and romantic, manner. The sickle is not employed, but the ears are plucked by hand. The wheat gatherers separate themselves into pairs, a young man and a girl taking a basket between them, and walking slowly through the cornfield. As they pass along, they gather the ears, rubbing them on the back of their companion's hand, so that the ripe grains fall into the basket. They accompany the light toil with songs, which mostly treat of love, and as the tendency of each pair is naturally to diverge from the others, it happens that in this way is originated many a love-match, which afterward finds its issue in the marriage ceremonies above described.

This plan is, however, only employed when corn has to be gathered and threshed on a small scale. When a large quantity is prepared the horse is brought into requisition, the ears being thrown into a circular shallow pit, round and round which six or seven horsemen urge their steeds, shouting and yelling as if mad. When they think that the grain is sufficiently released from the ears, they leap out of the ring, and a number of women and children enter, who sweep up the corn and chaff to the edge of the ring with bunches of twigs which serve as brooms.

This operation, however, is a very imperfect one, and before the corn can be taken to the mill a further husking has to be performed. This is done by placing the wheat in shallow wooden dishes, getting into them barefooted, and keeping up a sort of shuffling dance, throwing up the grain with each foot alternately, and rubbing it with the other.

The winnowing is simply accomplished by flinging the wheat into the air, so that the chaff is blown away by the wind. As to the grinding, it is exactly similar to that mode which is practised by the Kaffirs, the women placing the corn on the top of a flat, sloping stone, and rubbing it with another stone shaped like a rolling-pin. The mill being placed on a sheepskin, the meal falls upon the skin as it is ground. This is very hard work indeed, and even the skilled Araucanians are bathed in perspiration before they have ground enough corn for a meal.

CHAPTER CXXVI.

THE ARAUCANIANS—*Concluded.*

GAMES AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

THE GAME OF PELICAN, AND ITS CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO HOCKEY—AVAS, OR THE EIGHT BEANS GAME—MANUFACTURES—MAKING BROTHERHOOD, AND EXCHANGING NAMES—AN IRRUPTION OF NEW RELATIVES—STATE OF THE HEALING ART—THE MACHIS OR DOCTORS—THEIR MODE OF WORKING CURES—A WEIRD-LIKE SCENE—THE FEMALE DOCTOR AT HER INCANTATION—FEAR OF ALLOWING THE NAME TO BE KNOWN—BELIEF IN OMENS—THE LUCKY BIRDS—HUMAN SACRIFICE—FUNERAL OF A CHIEF.

THE games of the Araucanians are tolerably numerous, and one or two of them resemble some of our own games. There is one, for example, called Pelican, which is almost identical with the well-known game of hockey. An animated description of this game is given by Mr. E. R. Smith:—

"Early in the morning we saw a number of boys engaged upon the fine lawn in front of the house in planting out twigs at short intervals, thus forming an alley about forty feet wide, and some three hundred long. They were preparing for a game of Pelican. Others were blowing a long horn (formed by the insertion of a cow's horn in a hollow cane), to the tones of which came back answering notes, as though a rival band were approaching over the hills. The night before, we had heard the same challenge to the neighboring youths, and the same echoing reply, but more faint and distant. At last the enemy were seen emerging from the woods; a shout of welcome arose; there were many salutations, a 'big talk,' and all put themselves in readiness for the great trial of skill.

"The game of Pelican . . . is played with a small wooden ball, propelled along the ground by sticks curved at the lower end. The two sides have their bases at opposite extremities of the alley. The ball is placed in a hole half-way between the bases, and over it two boys are stationed, while the other players are scattered along the alley, each armed with a stick. When all is ready, the two boys strike their sticks together in the air, and commence a struggle for the ball,

each striving to knock it toward the opposite party.

"The object of every one is to drive the ball through his opponent's base, or, in defence of his own, to knock it sideways beyond the bordering line of twigs, in which case the trial is put down as drawn, and recommences. Each game is duly notched on a stick, and the party first tallying a certain number gains the victory.

"There was much shouting and shuffling, many a cracked shin and an occasional tumble; but the greatest goodwill reigned throughout. Some thirty players were engaged in the game, mostly naked, with the exception of a poncho about the loins. I was much disappointed with their physical development, which was not as I expected to see. They struck me as inferior to the laboring classes in Chili, both in muscle and symmetry, though possessing the same general features. Neither was their playing remarkable either for skill or activity; and if they were a fair sample, it would be an easy matter to select from many of our schools or colleges a party of young men more than a match for the same number of picked Araucanians, even at their own national game of Pelican.

When the sun is too high to allow this game to proceed, the players generally abandon it in favor of another game called Avas. This is purely a game of chance. It is played with eight beans, each having a mark on one side, and ten sticks, which are used in reckoning the game. Spreading a poncho on the ground, the players sit at

opposite sides, and each in turn takes the beans, shakes them in his hands, and flings them on the poncho. For each bean that falls with the marked side upward one point is scored, a hundred completing the game.

The interest displayed in this game is extraordinary. The players shout to the beans, talk to them, kiss them, press them to their breasts, and rub them on the ground, imploring them to send good luck to themselves, and evil fortune to their antagonists, and treating them exactly as if they were living creatures. At this game they stake all the property that they can muster, and ponchos, bolas, lassos, knives, ornaments, and dollars when they can be got, change hands with great rapidity amid the excited yells of the players and spectators. At this game the Araucanians frequently lose every article of property which they possess, and it is not at all uncommon to see a well-dressed and well-armed player go disconsolately home without his weapons, his ornaments, and his clothes, except a ragged cheripa.

The fate of prisoners of war often depends on the turn of a bean, and sometimes, when the national council have been unable to decide on a subject, they have settled the point by the result of a game at *avas*. Even the pelican game has sometimes been entrusted with the decision of a knotty point of policy.

The manufactures of the Araucanians are but few. The art of the silversmith has already been described, as has also that of the bolas maker, while the manufacture of the lasso will be described in another place. The native cloths are made of cotton or wool, and are woven in very rude looms. The principal dye employed by the Araucanians is indigo, and the bright scarlet patterns which are introduced into the best cloths are obtained by interweaving threads unravelled from European manufactures.

Among their social customs, the mode of making brotherhood ought to be mentioned, inasmuch as it resembles in some respects that which has already been described as practised in the Malay Archipelago and in Africa, and in others. The ceremony is called *lacu*, and is performed after the following manner.

One individual is selected from the family into which the honored guest is to be received, and to him a present is made. He then fetches a lamb, kills it, cuts it into two pieces, and boils one-half of the animal. The meat is then placed in a huge wooden bowl, and brought to the new brother in *lacu*, who is supposed to eat the whole of it, and if he should leave a single mouthful would grievously insult the family into which he was to be received.

Fortunately, he is allowed by the laws of etiquette to take advantage of the adage, *qui facit per alium facit per se*; and though he

cannot by any possibility consume half a lamb, he is allowed to eat as much as he can manage and to distribute the remainder among the family, who are only too happy to take their share in fulfilling the required conditions. From that time the two *lacus* exchange names.

Mr. E. R. Smith went through the ceremony of *lacu*, and became a member of the Mapuché tribe, under the name of *Namuculan*, an abbreviation of *Nameu-Lanquen*, i. e. Eaglet of the Sea. Sometime afterward he found that his relations were strangely numerous.

"After the usual meal, the usual distribution of presents was made, and as the family was small we were just congratulating ourselves on escaping cheaply, when in sauntered a neighbor, who was presented as my brother. He had hardly settled down to the enjoyment of his share of the booty, when in dropped a bleary-eyed old woman, who proved to be my aunt. Next followed a stately dowager, fair, fat, and forty, radiant with paint and silver ornaments, looking as innocent as though she had dropped in by the merest accident in the world. She was my sister, and so it went on until we began to think that our host's relations were innumerable."

THE Araucanians know a little about medicine, and much more about surgery, though the mixture of superstition with practice lessens the former, and the absence of a written language hinders the latter. Their medicines are almost entirely vegetable, the chief of which is the well-known *sarsaparilla* root. Bleeding is performed by means of sharp flakes of obsidian, which are sharper than any knife of native manufacture, and blisters are in great favor.

The Mapuché mode of blistering is the very simple one of the actual cautery, and is performed by means of a moxa made of dried pith. This material is rolled up in little balls and applied to the skin, where it is allowed to remain until entirely consumed, being pressed down so as to ensure its full effect. This is horribly painful, but in spite of that drawback—perhaps in consequence of it—is very much in favor with the people.

Beside these material medicines they have others of a different character, which are employed when the disease is beyond the reach of their simple medicines. The wise men who practise this advanced system of healing are but few in number, and are called by the title of *Machi*, their mode of practice receiving the name of *machilun*.

Going on the principle that a disease which cannot be expelled by medicine must be caused by an evil spirit, the *Machi* proceeds to drive it out after his own fashion. The hut is cleared of inhabitants, and the patient laid on his back in the middle of the floor. The *Machi*, having in the meanwhile re-

moved nearly the whole of his clothes, and made himself as horrible as he can by paint, enters the dwelling, taking with him his magic drum, i. e. a wooden bowl with a cover of sheepskin strained tightly over it. After examining the patient, the Machi begins a long-drawn monotonous incantation, accompanied by continual beating of the drum, until he has worked himself up to a pitch of frenzy, and falls backward on the ground, with breast jerking convulsively, eyes rolling, and mouth foaming.

As soon as he falls, a number of young men, who have been waiting close to the hut, leap on their horses, and dash at full speed round the house, yelling defiantly, waving lighted torches over their heads, and brandishing their long lances by way of frightening the evil spirit, and warning him not to come near the place again. Like the Machi, they are all nearly naked, and painted in the most hideous fashion, so as to strike terror, not only into the spirit that has possession of the man, but into those who are hovering round the house, and trying to gain admission. In the first engraving on the next page the artist has furnished a strange, weird scene, illustrating the Mapuché mode of healing the sick.

After a while the Machi recovers from his trance, and then announces the seat and immediate cause of the malady. For the latter he carefully searches the patient, and after a time produces it in the shape of a spider, a toad, a stone, an arrow head, or similar object. Were he to do more than this, no harm would accrue, and if the patient should recover no harm is done.

But, should he die, the Machi is forced by public opinion to declare that the evil spirit has been sent to the dead man by means of witchcraft.

The body is opened, the gall removed, and placed in the wooden bowl of the magic drum, where it undergoes a series of incantations. After they are over, it is put into a closely covered pot and placed on the fire until it is dried up. The sign of witchcraft is a stone found at the bottom of the pot, and it is needless to say that such a stone is never wanting. By means of this proof of witchcraft, the Machi again throws himself into a trance, in the course of which he designates the culprit who has caused the illness of the deceased.

No one ever disbelieves a Machi, and the relatives of the dead man seek out the accused and murder him. It naturally follows that the Machis are too prone to abuse this terrible power of their position by accusing persons against whom they have enmity, or whom they have been bribed to condemn. No counter proof is admitted in the face of a Machi's accusation; and if the alleged culprit should be in another district, the cacique is requested to deliver him up to justice. The unfortunate wretch is sure to suffer tor-

ture for the sake of extracting a confession of his guilt, and, whether he confess or not, he is sure to be killed; so that a wise man admits his guilt at once, and thereby escapes the tortures which he would otherwise have suffered.

Sometimes, though rarely, the Machi is a woman. In this case she assumes the male dress, mimics as far as she can the masculine tone of voice and mode of walking, and is always a very disagreeable individual, being mostly crabbed, ill-tempered, petulant, and irritable.

As the Machi always operate at night, the scene is most wild and picturesque, as may be seen from the account of Mr. E. R. Smith, who witnessed (at a distance) the operations of a female Machi.

"One of the neighbors was dangerously ill, and during the night there was a grand *machilun* performed by the grand exorcist, the medicine woman of Boroa herself. I wished to be present, but Sancho would not listen to the proposal, insisting that we might expose ourselves to violence by appearing to interfere with this witch, whose hatred of the whites and influence over the natives were alike unbounded.

"The night was black and threatening, well suited to her machinations. We could plainly hear the monotonous tap of the Indian drum, and the discordant song occasionally rising with the frenzy of the moment into a shrill scream, then sinking to a low, guttural cadence, while all else was hushed for very dread of the unhallowed rites. Suddenly the singing stopped, and there was a long silence, broken by the eruption of a troop of naked savages rushing round the house on horse and foot, brandishing fiercely lance, and sword, and burning fagot and blazing torch, and making night hideous with their demoniac cries. The frightened dogs howled in dismal concert, and again all was still. The evil spirit had been cast out and driven away. It only remained for the sick man to recover or die."

The witch who presided over this extraordinary scene was a *mestizo*, i. e. a half-breed between the negro and the native. She was a singularly unprepossessing personage, hideously ugly, and turning her ugliness of features to account by her shrewdness of intellect. Ugliness is not, however, a necessary accompaniment of this particular caste. There is now before me a photograph of a young *mestizo* woman, whose features, although they partake somewhat of the negro character, are good and intelligent, her color is comparatively pale, and her hair retains the length and thickness of the Araucanian, together with a crispness which has been inherited from the negro race.

Like many other uncivilized nations, the Araucanians have a great objection to allow



(1.) MAPUCHE MEDICINE. (See page 1206.)



(2.) MAPUCHE FUNERAL. (See page 1210.)

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a stranger to learn their names, thinking that by means of such knowledge the wizards may be able to practise upon them. When they are brought into contact with the white man, and are asked their names, the Araucanians flatly deny that they have any. They will take service under him, and allow him to call them by any name that he likes, but their own name they will never tell, nor do they like even to invent one on the spur of the moment. The reader will doubtless recall many similar instances that have been recorded in the course of this work. They have a similar objection to their portraits being taken, thinking that the possessor will be able to exercise magical influence upon them by means of the simulated features.

This terror has been increased by the use of books by the white travellers. Nothing is more inexplicable to an Araucanian than to see a white man, evidently ignorant of the language, refer to a book and then say the word which he wants. How such a mystery can be achieved is beyond his comprehension, and he regards the book and its owner as equally supernatural beings.

In one case, an Indian of more than usually inquisitive mind pointed to various objects, in order to see whether his white visitor could find out their names by looking at a book. Being convinced that the feat really was performed, he peered into the book, vainly trying to detect some resemblance between the word and the object which it signified. As he did not gain much information from his eyes, his white friend pointed out the word, on which he laid his hand as if to feel it. Just at that moment, a slight breeze ruffled the leaves of the book. The man drew back as if a snake had bitten him. The mysterious voice of the white man's oracle had spoken to him, and, what was worse, upon his left hand. He said nothing, but silently withdrew, and, wrapping his poncho round his head, sat for several hours without speaking a word.

In consequence of this superstition, a traveller dares not use his note book openly. He is obliged to write his remarks surreptitiously, and, so great is the fear inspired by the very fact of writing, that even if the traveller be out of sight for any lengthened time, the people are nervous and suspicious.

The Araucanians have a firm belief in omens, and will address prayers after their own fashion to any of the creatures that are supposed to have supernatural power. On one occasion, when Mr. E. R. Smith was travelling with his native friends, one of the mules fell and broke its back. This was a sinister omen, and the Araucanians were correspondingly depressed at it. Fortunately, an omen so good followed it that their fears were dispelled and confidence restored.

The reader may remember that Mr. Smith had just exchanged names with a Mapuche

lad, and was called Nameu-lanquen, i. e. Eagle of the Sea. Just after the unlucky mule had injured itself, a sea eagle rose suddenly from its perch, circled around the party, and sailed off southward. This was indeed a fortunate omen. In the first place, the bird was the emblem of the white man who had recently become a Mapuche, and in the next, the eagle was on the right hand of the travellers.

The native guide Trauque put spurs to his horse, dashed forward at full gallop, shouting and yelling with excitement at the piece of good fortune that had befallen them. Presently he halted, and addressed a prayer to the eagle: "O Nameu! Great being! Look not upon us with thy left but with thy right eye, for thou knowest that we are poor! Watch over our children and brothers; and grant us happiness, and allow us to return in safety from our journey."

Every circumstance combined to make the omen propitious. The Nameu is the being most venerated by the Araucanians, who think that it is a sort of heavenly messenger in direct communication with the Superior Being. The reader will doubtless be struck with the coincidence between the bird divinations of the Araucanians and those of the Dyaks of Borneo, as well as by their identity with the auguries of ancient Greece and Rome.

With the exception of the wise men above mentioned, the Araucanians have no priests, and as a necessary consequence they have no temples and no religious ceremonies. There is a general though vague belief in a good and evil principle, which may be manifested by a host of inferior deities or demons. They have not even an idol, nor is there any definite system of worship, the only prayers which a native makes being invocations such as that which has just been described as made to the eagle.

Sacrifices are made at their great national councils. An animal is killed, its blood is poured on the ground as a libation, and the heart, laid on a green branch, is borne round the assembly, accompanied with dances and songs. The flesh is then cooked and eaten, and the bones collected and thrown into the nearest river, so that they shall not be polluted by being eaten by the dogs.

Sometimes in war time, a prisoner is sacrificed. He is placed on a horse whose tail and ears have been cropped by way of deriding the rider, and is thus taken to the place of execution. Here he dismounts, and is forced to dig a hole, into which he throws a number of sticks, calling each after the name of some celebrated warrior of his tribe. He is then made to fill up the hole, thus symbolically burying the fame of his countrymen, and as soon as he has done so, his brains are dashed out with a club, care being taken to inflict as little damage as possible on the skull.

As soon as he falls, the heart is torn from

the breast and handed to the Toquil, who sucks a few drops of the blood, and passes it to his officers, who follow his example. The large bones of the arms and legs are made into flutes, the head is placed on a spear and carried round in triumph, and the skull is made into a drinking-cup to be used at the principal feasts. Such a sacrifice, however, is not to be considered as an act of worship, but merely as a mode of propitiating the manes of deceased warriors.

The similitude between the bird omens of the ancient Greeks and Romans and those of modern Araucanians has already been mentioned. There is another semi-religious practice which also recalls the customs of classic times, namely, the making of libations and offerings of food at every meal. When the Araucanian takes his broth or wine, he pours a few drops upon the ground as a thank offering to the higher powers, and with the same motive he scatters around a few morsels of food.

THE mode of burial differs slightly according to the locality and the tribe.

When a Mapuché chief dies, the body is exposed on an open bier for several days, during which time the friends and neighbors pay their respects and offer their condolence to the family. On the day of the funeral a procession is formed, led by a company of young men on horseback, who dash forward at full speed to the place of interment. After them the body, borne by the principal relatives, and behind them come the women, who wail aloud and fill the air with their cries of sorrow. Last of all comes a woman who scatters ashes on the ground, so that the deceased may not return by the path along which he was borne. The illustration No. 2, on page 1207, represents this part of a Mapuché funeral.

The body is then bound with the knees to the breast, and lowered into the grave, with the face toward the west, the direction of the Mapuché spirit-land. The saddle, bit, spurs, and stirrups of the deceased are laid by his side, together with some provisions for the journey, a few beads, and a piece of money, and the grave is then filled up. As, however, the horse accoutrements of a chief are of silver, and exceedingly valuable, they are represented by wooden copies, which are supposed to serve the purposes of the deceased as well as the more costly articles, which become the property of his successors.

At the head of the grave is planted the dead man's lance, the steel head of which is replaced by a wooden imitation. It is also necessary that a horse should be provided for the dead chief, and this is done by sacrificing his favorite steed, and hanging its skin over the grave by means of a pole placed across two forked props. Mr. E. R. Smith shrewdly remarks that in all probability the

deceased would be put off with a wooden horse to ride, were it not that the Mapuchés are exceedingly fond of horseflesh, and take the opportunity of holding a great banquet on the flesh of the slaughtered animal, the skin and spirit going to the share of the dead man.

Such ceremonies as these are only for a chief, a common man not being supposed to need a horse, and consequently being buried with slight and simple ceremonies. For the funerals of women the rites are of a similar character, the chief distinction being that, instead of the saddle and weapons, some cooking vessels, a distaff, and similar objects are laid in the grave.

Some travellers have asserted that when a powerful chief dies, his favorite wife is also killed and placed in the tomb with him. This statement is, however, very doubtful, and was flatly contradicted by every one of whom Mr. Smith inquired. The Mapuchés seem to have a vague notion that the dead are able to return to earth and watch over the living; and when the dark thunder-clouds lower over the distant Cordilleras, they imagine that the deceased warriors of their tribe are chasing away the invisible foes of their country, and utter loud shouts of encouragement to the supernatural warriors.

In some parts of the Mapuché territory the graves are surrounded with a rude fence of upright boards, from the midst of which rises the long quivering lance with its slight pennon fluttering in the wind. (See background of illustration).

The Huilichés, however, have a much more elaborate mode of decorating the graves of their chiefs, resembling in some degree that which is employed by the New Zealanders. Figures supposed to represent the deceased chief and his wives are set round the grave, just as the New Zealanders plant their "tikis" round the graves of their friends. (See page 861.)

One such memorial, seen by Mr. Smith, had a very singular, not to say ludicrous, appearance. Each figure was cut out of a huge log of wood, some ten or twelve feet in height. In the middle stood the chief himself, wearing no clothing, but having a hat on his head and a sword in his hand. Round him were stationed his wives, equally without clothing, the great object of the artist being to leave no doubt which is the chief and which are his wives, without troubling himself as to details of drapery. Rude as these figures are, only very few natives can carve them, and these sculptors make a large income by the exercise of their skill. Each figure is purchased with a fat ox, or even at a higher price, according to its size and the amount of labor bestowed upon it, and no grandoee can be considered as buried respectably unless the grave be decorated with a figure of the deceased.

CHAPTER CXXVII.

THE GRAN CHACO.

APPEARANCE—WEAPONS—CHARACTER.

THE GRAN CHACO AND ITS INHABITANTS—THEIR LOVE OF FREEDOM—CONTRAST OF THE TWO RACES IN SOUTH AMERICA—THE VARIOUS TRIBES IN THE COUNTRY—APPEARANCE OF THE INHABITANTS—ERADICATION OF THE EYEBROWS AND EYELASHES—HAIR DRESSING—COSTUME OF THE SEXES—EQUESTRIAN HABITS—THE NAKED MAN ON THE NAKED HORSE—WEAPONS—THE MACANA CLUB, AND MODE OF USING IT—THE LONG SPEAR—CURIOUS ARMOR—THE FOOT-BOW—ATTACKING A VILLAGE—HUTS OF THE GRAN CHACO INDIANS—CROSSING A RIVER—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

To the east of the Araucanian territory, and extending to the Paraguay and Pauama rivers, lies a tract of mountain country, of indeterminate northern and southern boundaries, called the Gran Chaco. This great district is inhabited by a series of tribes who deserve a short notice.

Not the least remarkable point in their history is the manner in which they have preserved the freedom of their own land, despite the attacks of various white nations. Both the Spaniards and the Portuguese have, at different times, seized on a few positions in the Gran Chaco, but have not been able to retain them except on the indefinite western frontier line. On the east, where the great Paraguay River forms the natural boundary, the native is left unmolested in his freedom.

In the eloquent words of Captain Mayne Reid: "On its eastern side, coinciding almost with a meridian of longitude, the Indian of the Gran Chaco does not roam; the well-settled provinces of Corrientes, and the dictatorial government of Paraguay, presenting a firmer front of resistance. But neither does the colonist of these countries think of crossing to the western bank of the boundary river to form an establishment there.

"He dares not even set his foot upon the Chaco. For a thousand miles, up and down, the two races, European and American, hold the opposite banks of this great stream. They gaze across at each other—the one

from the portico of his well-built mansion, or perhaps from the street of his town—the other standing by his humble 'toldo,' or mat-covered tent, more probably on the back of his half-wild horse, reined up for a moment on some projecting promontory that commands a view of the river. And thus have these two races gazed at each other for three centuries, with little other intercourse passing between them than that of a deadly hostility."

As the territory of the Gran Chaco is very extensive, being about three times as large as that of Great Britain, and extends north and south through eleven degrees of latitude, it naturally follows that the tribes which inhabit it differ from each other in many details, those of the warm north and cold south being in many points strongly contrasted with each other. Still, there are many points of similarity, and these we will select in the following brief account of the Gran Chaco tribe, omitting, from want of space, those wherein they differ from each other.

In the first place, the aborigines of the Gran Chaco are of a much paler complexion than those of the more northern tribes, known from their color by the name of Red Men, and more nearly resemble the rich olive of the inhabitants of Southern Europe. The nose is rather aquiline, the mouth well formed, the cheek-bones high, and the eyes and hair jetty black. The latter is singularly abundant, and though coarse and with-

out curl is smooth and glossy when properly dressed.

The men have but little beard, and the scanty hairs which grow upon the chin and face they completely eradicate, using for that purpose a pair of shells until they are rich enough to purchase iron tweezers. Even the eyebrows and lashes are pulled out, the natives saying that they only hinder the sight, and comparing those who wear them to the ostrich—i. e. the rheu, or American ostrich, which is plentiful in their country.

To an European, the loss of these appendages to the eyes has a very unsightly effect; but the native takes a very different view of the case, and looks upon a countenance wherein the eyebrows and lashes are permitted to grow much as a gentleman of George the Second's time would have regarded a head which was decorated by its own hair, and a face from which the beard and moustache had not been removed.

The masculine mode of dressing the hair has some resemblance to that which is practised by the warlike tribes of Northern America. The hair is shaved from the forehead, as well as from a band extending behind the head from one ear to the other. The remainder is allowed to grow to its full length, and carefully cherished and tended.

The Gran Chaco Indians only use paint upon great occasions, when they decorate themselves as fantastically as any savage tribe can do; but, as a rule, their faces and bodies are allowed to retain their normal olive hue. Neither do the men use the tattoo, this being restricted to the women, who mark themselves with a variety of patterns upon their arms, cheeks, and breasts, each having a line of blue dots extending from the corner of each eye to the ears, and a pattern of some kind upon her forehead.

The dress of these people is very simple. In warm and fine weather, it consists merely of a piece of cotton or woollen fabric, woven in the brightest hues of red, white, and blue. It is little more than a mere strip of cloth, and in this respect the dress of the women scarcely differs from that of the men. In cold and stormy weather, both sexes wear a warm cloak made of the skin of the jaguar, or, if so valuable a material cannot be obtained, of that of the nutria, or South American otter. Earrings are worn by both sexes; but the hideous ornaments which so many savage tribes wear in their lips and noses are utterly unknown to them.

The Gran Chaco Indian is essentially a horseman, and no inhabitants of America have made more use of the horse than he has. He differs, however, from those which have been already mentioned in one important particular. He utterly despises the costly spurs, stirrups, and headstalls which have been described in the account of the Araucanians, and, almost naked himself, he

rides upon an entirely naked horse. He uses no saddle, no stirrups, and no bit, guiding his steed by voice and touch, and not by the power of the iron curb. The only representative of a bridle is a slight rope of plaited hide passed round the lower jaw of the horse.

The weapons of the Gran Chaco Indian are very few. He carries the bolas and lasso, but cares little for them in war, preferring, as his most efficient weapon, his spear. This instrument is sometimes fifteen feet in length, and in the hands of a skillful rider, mounted upon a perfectly trained steed, is a most formidable instrument of war. The warrior uses his spear, not only for battle, but as a means for mounting his horse. He stands on the right hand of the animal, places the butt of the spear upon the ground, and, using the shaft as a leaping pole, swings himself upon the back of the horse with scarcely an effort.

A rather peculiar club is also used by these people. This weapon is called "macana," and exists throughout a very large portion of Southern America. It seldom exceeds two feet in length, and in form somewhat resembles a square dice box, being smaller in the middle, and increasing in diameter to each end. It is used both as a missile, and as a hand weapon, and when used is held by the middle. The young warriors pride themselves on the force and accuracy with which they hurl this instrument, and during their leisure time vie with each other in throwing it at a mark. The specimen which is shown in the illustration was presented to me by H. Bernau, Esq., together with several other weapons and implements of South America.



THE MACANA.

Sometimes the maceana is armed with a cylindrical piece of hard stone, which projects from one end like the blade of an axe. It is fastened into the wood by a very ingenious process. Having fixed upon a young branch which he thinks will make a good club, the Indian bores a hole in it, and hammers into the hole the stone cylinder which has been previously prepared. He then allows it to remain for two or three years, by which time the wood has grown over the stone, and become so firmly imbedded that it will break to pieces rather than be loosened by any amount of violence.

Another of these weapons in my collection is remarkable for the slight but elaborate carvings with which it is covered, leaving only a small space in the centre devoid of ornament. The patterns are scratched rather than cut, so that they cannot properly be seen unless the weapon is turned from side to side, so as to ensure the light falling properly upon it; but the extreme hardness of the wood makes them retain their integrity in spite of rough usage. The tree from which these clubs are made is one of those which are popularly called iron-wood, on account of the hardness and weight of the timber. It belongs to the gnacacums. The Spaniards call the tree by a name which signifies "axe-breaker."

The strangest part of war as waged by these natives is, that when they fight with each other they adopt an elaborate system of defensive armor, while they discard everything of the kind when they match themselves against the fire-arms of the whites, knowing that the shield and costume which will guard them against the club and the spear are useless against a bullet.

The armor is of a most cumbersome description, and looks nearly as awkward as that which is worn by the soldiers of Baghdad. (See page 638.)

First of all, the warrior puts on a coat made from the skin of the jaguar, dressed so as to remain soft even after being wetted. Over this dress he wears a complete suit of armor, made from the thick and hard hide of the tapir. Not only the body armor, but the helmet and shield are made of this material, which is capable of resisting the stroke of the lance or the point of the arrow. It interferes, however, with the right management of the horse, and it is very doubtful whether its defensive powers compensate for its exceeding clumsiness. Still, it may have a moral effect upon the enemy; and there is no denying that it gives the warrior a more formidable appearance than he would possess if he rode without armor. To add to the ferocity of his aspect, he employs paint on these occasions, and with scarlet and black pigment makes himself absolutely hideous.

When he goes to attack a village inhabited by white men, he does so in a very ingen-

ious manner. Usually he fights exclusively on horseback, being so admirable a rider that he can even stand on the withers of his horse when at full speed, and feeling himself out of his element when dismounted. But when he has to attack so formidable an enemy as the white man, he begins after a different fashion. He takes with him an enormous bow, far too strong to be drawn in the usual manner, and a number of long arrows. Dismounting at some distance from the village, he creeps to some spot within range of his arrows, and then prepares for action.

He begins by wrapping a quantity of cotton wool round the arrows just behind the head, and when he has treated them all in this way, he strikes a light and sets fire to the cotton wool on one of the arrows. Lying on his back, he holds the bow with the toes of both feet, and, laying the blazing arrow in its place, he is able to use both his hands to draw the powerful weapon. He shoots with a wonderfully good aim and great rapidity, so that when a number of Indians surround a village, and pour their fiery missiles into it from all directions, the houses are sure to take fire.

In the midst of the confusion caused by the flames that arise on all sides, the warriors leap on their horses, dash at the village, kill all whom they can reach, carry off as much plunder as possible, and then gallop back to their own districts, where no one dares to follow.

Retaliation is never feared, as the Gran Chaco Indians have no fixed habitation, and nothing that can be called even a village. The hut or rather tent of these people is a very simple affair. Two upright posts are driven firmly into the earth, and another is laid horizontally across them. Over the horizontal pole is hung a large mat, the ends of which are pegged to the ground, and the tent is then complete. The mat is made of the epidermis of young palm leaves. In order to prevent water from flooding the tent in rainy weather, a trench is dug around it. The only furniture is the hammock in which the inhabitant sleeps, and in fine weather, this is much more often slung between two palm trees than between the upright posts of the tent. In fact, the only use of the tent is as a shelter in rainy weather, the whole of the life being passed in the open air.

As may be imagined from this mode of life, the Gran Chaco Indian is essentially a rover, passing from one part of the country to another when game begins to be scarce in that district which he temporarily inhabits. Illustration No. 1, on the 1218th page shows the manner in which a community of these natives cross rivers. Swimming with perfect ease themselves, they merely with one hand guide their horses in the water without caring to get on their



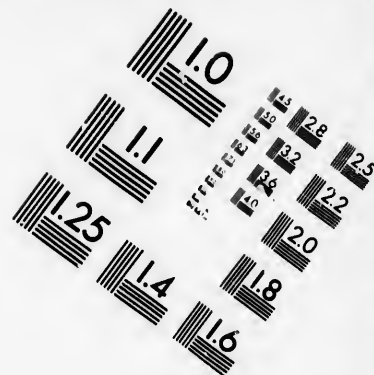
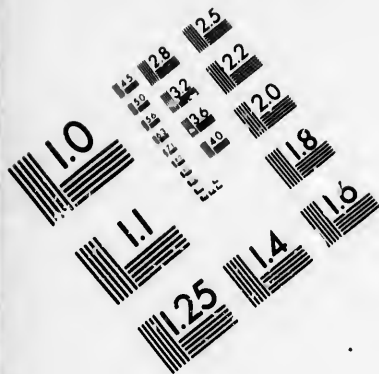
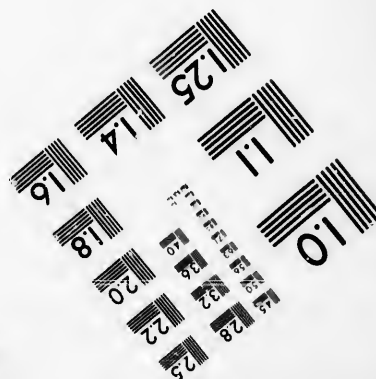
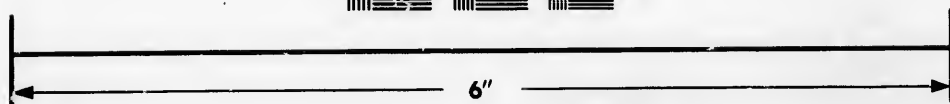
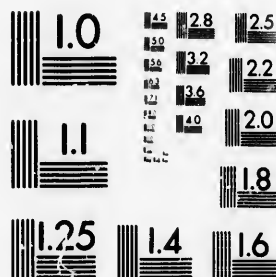


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)

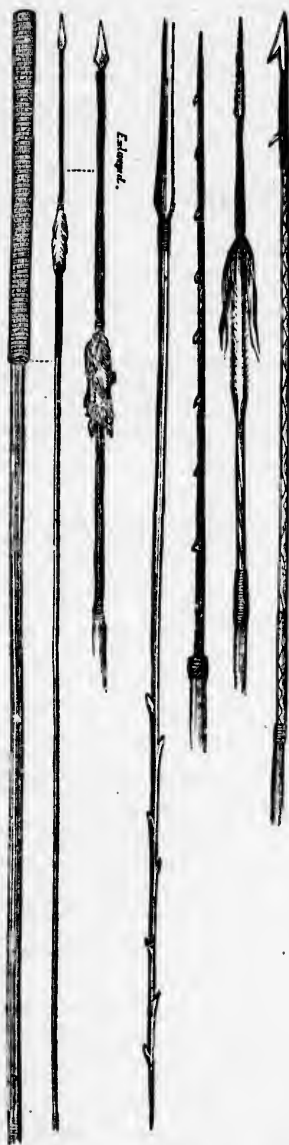


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ARROWS AND ARROW-CAP.
(See page 1229.)

backs, while with the other hand they paddle themselves across the stream, or hold the spear with its light burden of ornaments.

The children and household goods are conveyed easily enough. Square boats or tubs made of bull's hide are launched, and in them are placed the children, the puppies, of which there are always plenty, and the heavier goods, such as the kettles and cooking vessels. A rope is tied to the "pelota," as this primitive boat is called, and the cargo is towed across the stream either by being attached to the tail of a horse, or held in the mouth of a good swimmer. The lighter articles, such as dress and ornaments, are fastened to the head of the spear, which is held upright, so as to keep them out of the water.

The dogs which have just been mentioned are extremely useful to the Gran Chaco Indians, who employ them in the chase. They give but little trouble to their masters, living for the most part in holes which they scratch in the ground, and feeding contentedly on the offal and scraps of food, which in an uncivilized community are more than scanty. Without the dogs the hunter could scarcely bring to bay the jaguar, the peccary, and similar animals, which are so annoyed by the perpetual and noisy attacks of the little curs that they stop in their flight in order to revenge themselves, and so give the hunter time to come up with them.

Although so essentially a warrior, and living much upon the proceeds of his plunder, the Gran Chaco Indian is in one respect far superior to the North American tribes. He does not torture the prisoners whom he takes in war, and the women and children he treats kindly, and adopts into his own tribe.

CHAPTER CXXVIII.

THE MUNDURUCÚS.

MANUFACTURES — SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

POSITION AND NUMBER OF THE MUNDURUCÚ TRIBE — THEIR GENERAL APPEARANCE — MODE OF TATTOOING — SKILL IN FEATHER WORKING — FEATHER SCEPTRES AND APRONS — HEAD PRESERVING — THE TRIUMPHAL FEAST AND WARRIOR'S PRIDE — TRAINING OF THE WARRIOR — THE ORDEAL OF THE "GLOVES" — INTELLIGENCE OF THE MUNDURUCÚS — THE HEALING ART — ENCHANTED CIGARS — COLLECTING SARSAPARILLA — THE GUARANA TEA — THE FARICA SNUFF AND ITS OPERATION — THE SNUFF TUBE — COOKERY AMONG THE MUNDURUCÚS.

THE largest, most warlike, and most powerful of the Amazonian tribes is that which is known by the name of MUNDURUCÚ.

Formerly, they used to inhabit the country on the southern bank of the great Amazon River; but since their long and valiant struggle with the Portuguese, they have moved considerably southward, having conceded to their new allies the more northern portion of their territory. Since that time, they have been on very good terms with Europeans, and a white man of any nation is sure to find a welcome when he comes among the Mundurucús. This feeling does not extend to the negroes and mulattoes, the dark skin arousing the anger of the Mundurucú as a white skin excites his friendship.

The color of the Mundurucús is warm coppery brown; their hair is thick, black, and straight, and with the men is cut short, except a long fringe, which is allowed to hang over the forehead. Their features are good, the lips being thin, the forehead tolerably high and arched, and the general contour of the face oval. Unfortunately, they disfigure themselves by a tattoo which is just as elaborate as that of the Marquesans, but without its elegance.

The Mundurucú seems to have no idea of a curved or scroll-like pattern, and contents himself with tracing straight lines and angles. One favorite plan is, to cover the whole body with a sort of trellis-like pattern, the lines crossing each other diagonally in some, and at right angles in others. One man, seen by Mr. Bates, had a large black patch on the centre of his face, cover-

ing the bottom of the nose and mouth, while his body was decorated with a blue checkered pattern, and his arms and legs with stripes.

At first it seems strange how the people can draw the lines with such regularity. It is managed, however, easily enough by means of the peculiar form of the tattooing instrument. This, instead of being very small and made of bone, is of considerable size, and is in fact a comb made of the sharp thorns of the pupunha palm set side by side. With this instrument there is no difficulty in producing straight lines, as all that the operator has to do is to lay the points of the comb on the skin, tap it sharply until a row of little holes is made, and then rub into the wounds the charcoal pigment.

Besides the tattoo, they use paint in profusion, and adorn themselves with lovely ornaments made of the feathers of the macaw, the toucan, and other native birds. There are other tribes which use similar decorations, specimens of which we shall presently see. They are perhaps the best savage feather workers in the world, displaying an amount of artistic taste which is really astonishing. Their feather sceptres are beautiful specimens of native art. They are about three feet in length and three inches in diameter, and are made by fastening on a wooden rod the beautiful white and yellow feathers from the breast of the toucan. At the top, the sceptre expands into a wide plume, composed of the long tail-feathers of the trogons, macaws, and other birds. In order to preserve these sceptres in their full beauty, they are kept in cylindrical bamboo cases until they are wanted. These decora-

tions are only used on festival days, which are determined by the will of the Tushaia or chief of the tribe. On these occasions the women prepare great quantities of "tarobá," which is exactly the same as the mudal of the Araneaulians, and they go on drinking, singing, and dancing until all the liquor is exhausted.

The illustration No. 7 on page 1231, gives some idea of the mode of feather working, and the kind of pattern employed by the Amazonian aborigines, though the plain black and white can give no idea of the gorgeous coloring and artistic arrangement of the hues. For this reason, I have been obliged to limit the illustrations of the elaborate feather work of these natives, and only to give a few examples, where form, as well as color, is exemplified.

The body of this apron is made of cotton strings, plaited into a netting, so close that it resembles a woven fabric, while they are allowed at the upper part to be loose, and parallel to each other. Beginning at the bottom of the apron, we have first a row of jetty black feathers, upon which is a tolerably broad band of bright yellow. The ground-work of the rest of the apron as far as the base strings is made of scarlet feathers, crossed by two narrow yellow bands, and the curious double pattern in the middle is yellow above and blue below. The sides and top are edged by a belt of black monkey fur.

Among the upper edge of the base strings are a number of the elytra or wing cases of the gorgeous *Buprestis* beetle. They are loosely strung in a row by their bases, and not only look splendid when the light of the sun shines on them, but rattle at every movement, so as to keep time to the steps of the dancers, for whom such ornaments are chiefly made. These wing cases are used also for children's rattles.

Like many other warlike savages, the Mundurucús perpetuate the memory of valiant deeds by preserving a trophy of the slain enemy. Indeed, this is the only way in which it is possible to preserve the accounts of their valor, and the Mundurucús follow in this respect the example of the Dyaks, by cutting off and preserving the head of the dead man. When a Mundurucú has been fortunate enough to kill an enemy, he cuts off the head with his bamboo knife, removes the brain, soaks the whole head in a bitter vegetable oil, called "andiroba," and dries it over a fire or in the sun. When it is quite dry, he puts false eyes into the empty orbits, combs, parts, and plaits the hair, and decorates it with brilliant feathers, and lastly passes a string through the tongue, by means of which it can be suspended to the beams of the malocca or council-house, where it remains except on festival days. When, however, the chief gives

orders for a feast, the proud owner of the head arrys himself in his most magnificent suit of feathers, fetches his prize from the malocca, fixes it upon the point of his spear, and parades himself before his companions in all the glory of an acknowledged brave.

One of these preserved heads is shown on page 203, drawn from a specimen in the possession of A. Franks, Esq., of the British Museum. In order to show the ordinary kind of feather headdress which is worn by the Mundurucús, a portrait of a chief is also given on the same page, so that the contrast between the living and preserved head is well marked.

The value which a Mundurucú attaches to this trophy is simply inestimable. As none except acknowledged warriors are allowed to contend against the enemy, the fact of possessing a head proves that the owner has passed triumphantly through the dreadful ordeal of the gloves. It is very remarkable that we find two totally distinct races of men, the Malay and the Mongol, possessing exactly the same custom, and reckoning the possession of a head as the chief object in life.

It is quite impossible that the Dyak of Borneo and the Mundurucú of Central Southern America could have been geographically connected, and we must infer that the custom took its rise from the love of approbation inherent in human nature. In all countries, whether civilized or not, renown as a warrior is one of the chief objects of ambition. In civilized countries, where a literature exists, this renown is spread and conserved by means of the pen; but in uncivilized lands, some tangible proof of success in war must be required. In this head the necessary proof is obtained, for its existence shows that the owner has killed some man or other, and the form or absence of the tattoo is a proof that the slain man was an enemy and not a friend.

The successful warriors are so proud of their heads that they will often remove them temporarily from the malocca, and place them on the fence which surrounds their crops, so that the women, who are working in the field, may be cheered by the sight of their relative's trophies. Of late years, either this custom has fallen into abeyance, or the people are unwilling to exhibit their trophies to a white man, for Mr. Bates, who spent so much time with them, never even saw a preserved head, or could hear of one being used.

Like many other natives, the Mundurucús have to pass through a horribly painful ordeal before they can be admitted into the rank of men. There is a strange, weird-like character about the whole proceeding.

The reader must know that South America possesses a great number of ants, many of which sting most horribly. There is, for example, the muniri ant, a great black in-

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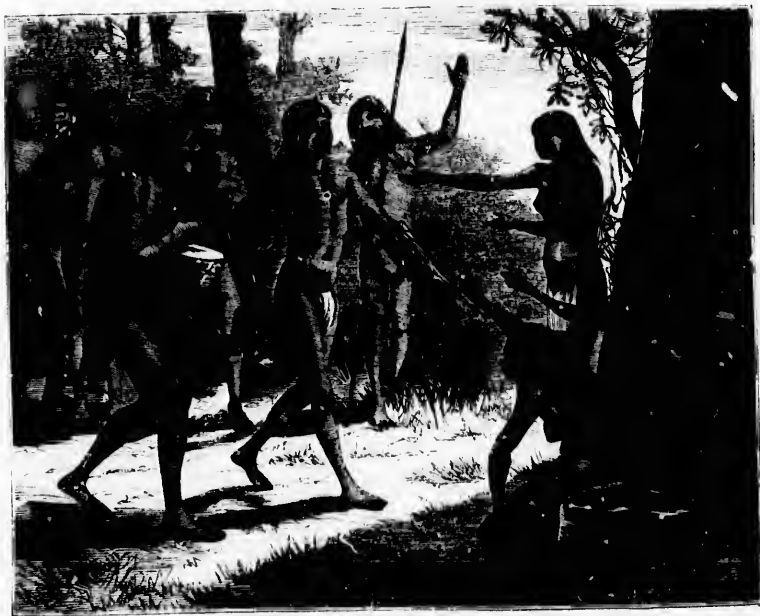
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(1.) GRAN CHACO INDIANS ON THE MOVE. (See page 1213.)



(2.) THE GLOVE DANCE OF THE MUNDURUCÚS. (See page 1219.)

sect, as large as a wasp and with as venomous a sting. Then there is the fire ant, whose bite is just like a red-hot needle piercing the flesh, together with many others. These ants are made the instruments by which the courage of the lad is tested.

On the appointed day, the candidate for manhood and the privilege of a warrior, goes to the council-house, accompanied by his friends, who sing and beat drums to encourage him. The old men then proceed to the test. They take two bamboo tubes, closed at one end and open at the other, and place in each tube or "glove" a number of the fiercest ants of the country. Into these tubes the wretched lad thrusts his arms, and has them tied, so that they cannot fall off. The drummers and singers then strike up, and the candidate joins in the song.

Accompanied by the band and his friends, he is taken round the village, and made to execute a dance and a song in front of every house, the least symptom of suffering being fatal to his admission among the men. In spite of the agony which he endures—an agony which increases continually as the venom from the stings circulates through his frame—the lad sings and dances as if he were doing so from sheer joy, and so makes the round of the village. At last he comes in front of the chief's tent, where he sings his song for the last time, and is admitted by acclamation to be a man. His friends crowd round to offer their congratulations, but he dashes through them all, tears off the gloves of torture, and plunges into the nearest stream, to cool his throbbing arms.

This fearful test of manhood, called "The glove dance," is represented on page 1218.

The Mundurucú seem to be an intelligent race of savages, as may be seen from Mr. Bates's account of the interest which they displayed in a book of illustrations.

"To amuse the Tushaúá, I fetched from the canoe the two volumes of Knight's 'Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature.' The engravings quite took his fancy, and he called his wives, of whom, as I afterward heard from Araúá, he had three or four, to look at them; one of them was a handsome girl, decorated with necklace and bracelets of blue beads. In a short time others left their work, and I then had a crowd of women and children around me, who all displayed unusual curiosity for Indians.

"It was no light task to go through the whole of the illustrations, but they would not allow me to miss a page, making me turn back when I tried to skip. The pictures of the elephants, camels, orang-outangs, and tigers seemed most to astonish them, but they were interested in almost everything, down even to the shells and insects. They recognized the portraits of the most striking birds and mammals which are found in their own country; the jaguar, howling monkey, parrots, trogons, and toucans.

"The elephant was settled to be a large kind of tapir; but they made but few remarks, and those in the Mundurucú language, of which I understood only two or three words. Their way of expressing surprise was a clicking sound made with the teeth, similar to the one we ourselves use, or a subdued exclamation, *Iim! Iim!*

"Before I finished, from fifty to sixty had assembled; there was no pushing, or rudeness, the grown-up women letting the young girls and children stand before them, and all behaved in the most quiet and orderly manner possible."

LIKE other savage tribes the Mundurucús place great faith in their medicine men, or "pajes," as they are termed. These men are supposed to exercise a power over evil spirits, especially those which cause sickness, and which take the visible form of a worm or some such creature.

When a Mundurucú is ill, he sends for the paje, who goes through the gesticulations common to all the tribe of medicine men, until he has fixed upon some spot wherein the evil spirit has located itself. He then makes a huge cigar, by wrapping tobacco in folds of *tanari*, i. e. the inner bark of a tree, which is separated into layers and then beaten out like the bark cloth of Polynesia. Several trees, especially the monkey-root tree (*Lecythis ollaria*), furnish the *tanari*, the best being able to furnish a hundred layers from one piece of bark.

The smoke from the cigar is blown for some time upon the seat of the malady, and after a while the paje applies his lips to the spot, and suucks violently, producing out of his mouth the worm which has done the mischief. On one occasion, when a paje had operated on a child for a headache, a white man contrived to get possession of the "worm," which turned out to be nothing but a long white air-root of some plant.

These people have, however, some genuine medicines. In the first place, they know the use of sarsaparilla root, and gather it in large quantities for the market. The root, or rather the rhizome, of a species of *Smilax* is the well-known sarsaparilla of commerce.

The natives collect it during the rainy season, when the roots can be easily torn out of the wet earth. After washing the roots carefully, the gatherers storo them under shelter until they are quite dry, and then make them up into bundles of uniform size, for the convenience of packing. These bundles are rather more than three feet in length, and about five inches in diameter. They are tied up very tightly with the sipo, a kind of creeper, and sold to the traders.

Another medicine known to them is the guarana. It is made from the seeds of a climbing plant belonging to the genus *Paulinia*. The seeds are roasted in their envelopes, and then taken out and pounded between two stones. The powder is mixed

with water so as to form a stiff paste, which is moulded into squares and left to dry. When used, the vegetable brick is scraped into water, about a teaspoonful going to the pint, and the medicine is complete. It has a stimulating effect on the system. Like strong tea, it repels sleep, but is so valuable in the intermittent fever of the country that in the Brazilian settlements it obtains a very high price.

There is another very remarkable medicine, which, though not used by the pure Mundurucú tribe, is in great favor with the Cuparis, a sub-tribe of the same nation. This is a sort of snuff, called *paricá*, which is prepared and used after the following manner. The seeds of a species of *Ingá* (a plant belonging to the Leguminous Order) are dried in the sun, pounded in wooden mortars, and the dust put into bamboo tubes.

When the people determine to have a bout of snuff taking, they assemble together and drink various fermented liquors until they are half intoxicated. They then separate into pairs, each having a hollow reed filled with the *paricá* snuff. After duncing about for some time, they blow the snuff into the nostrils of their partners so as to make it produce its full effect.

The action of the *paricá* is very singular. Sometimes it is so violent, that the taker drops on the ground as if shot, and lies insensible for some time. On those who are more used to it the effect is different. It causes for a time the highest excitement, driving off the heaviness of intoxication, and imparting a lightness and exhilaration of spirits, causing the taker to dance and slug as if mad, which indeed he is for a time. The effect soon subsides, and the men drink themselves anew into intoxication.

The Muras, a quarrelsome and savage tribe, with whom the Mundurucús are at perpetual feud, are the most confirmed *paricá* takers. The *Munhês*, a neighboring tribe, use it as a means of repelling ague in the months between the wet and dry seasons, when miasma always abounds.

They keep the powder in the state of dried paste, and when they wish to use it, scrape it into a flat shell, spreading it very carefully with a little brush made from the hair of the great ant-eater. They then produce the snuff-taking apparatus. This is made of two eagle quills tied side by side for part of their length, and diverging at one end to such a distance from each other that the extremities will go easily into the possessor's nostrils. The shape of the instrument is very much like that of the letter Y.

Inserting the diverging ends into his nostrils, the *Mauhê* places the other end on the powder, and draws it through the quills, the end travelling over the shell until every particle of the powder has been taken. Sometimes the snuff taker employs, instead of the quills, the bone of a plover's leg.

This instrument, however, is very rare, and cannot easily be procured, the possessor esteeming it to be a most valuable piece of property. It is remarkable that the *paricá*, under different names, is used in places a thousand miles apart.

The cookery of the Mundurucús is very simple. They make cassava bread and taploca, after a fashion which will be presently described, and feed on yams, plantains, and similar vegetables. Animal food is obtained by hunting, and chiefly consists of the monkeys with which the South American forests abound. When a monkey is to be eaten, it is cooked in one of two ways. Should there be time, a large fire is made and allowed to burn nearly down, so that there is little or no smoke. Over the red embers a number of green sticks are laid parallel to each other, just like the bars of a grilliron, and on these bars the monkey is placed just as it is killed, the skin never being removed, and the interior seldom cleaned.

There is even a simpler plan than this, which is employed when the Mundurucú has no time to build a large fire. He makes up as large a fire as he can manage, hurls the monkey on a stick sharpened at each end, and fixes the stick diagonally in the ground, so that the body of the monkey hangs over the fire, just as a soldier cooks or rather burns his rations by impaling the piece of meat on his runnel. Very little cooking is required by these people, who are content if the skin is well skinned and the flesh not quite raw.

The Mundurucú can also procure fruits that are capable of preservation, so that he need be in no fear as to suffering from lack of provisions. The chief fruits are the "nuts" of the *Lecythis* and the *Bertholetia*. The fruit of the former tree is popularly known as "monkey-cup," because the hard envelope which encloses the seeds has a movable lid, that falls off when the fruit is ripe, and enables the monkeys to draw the seeds out of their case.

The fruit of the *Bertholetia* is familiarly known as the Brazil nut. A number of these nuts are enclosed within a very thick and hard pericarp, which has no lid, though there is a little hole at the top through which the seeds can be seen. When the fruit is ripe, it falls to the ground with such force that if it were to strike a man on the head it would instantly kill him. One of these fruits in my collection measures exactly a foot in circumference, and, though very dry, weighs nine ounces. The reader may imagine the force with which such a fruit would fall from the height of a hundred feet or so.

To guard themselves against accidents, the Mundurucús always wear thick wooden caps when they go after the Brazil nuts, and are careful to walk very upright, so as not to be struck on the back or the nape of the neck.

CHAPTER CXXIX.

THE TRIBES OF GUIANA.

WEAPONS.

CHANGES OF LANGUAGE—INVERSION OF WORDS AND SENTENCES—THE TALKING PARROT—THE FIVE CHIEF TRIBES OF GUIANA—FERTILITY OF CLIMATE, AND CONSEQUENT EFFECT ON VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE—THE HAMMOCK OF GUIANA—THE WEAPONS PECULIAR TO THE COUNTRY—THE TWO KINDS OF BLOW GUN—THE ZARAHATANA, AND MODE OF CONSTRUCTION—WEIGHT OF THE WEAPON—THE PICUNA—ITS DOUBLE TUBE—THE QUIAH AND KAMOURAH—THE KUHUMANNI WAX—THE INGENUOUS FORE AND BACK SIGHTS—THE BLOW GUN ARROWS—THEIR CONSTRUCTION—MODE OF SHARPENING—THE PIKA FISH—INGENUOUS MODE OF PACKING THE ARROWS—MODE OF PROPELLING THE ARROWS—THE WINGED ARROW—THE QUIVER AND COTTON BARRET.

It is evident that the innumerable tribes which inhabit the neighborhood of the great Amazon River are members of the same family, differing more in language than in appearance or habits. It is natural that families when they become large should separate themselves, and so become founders of fresh tribes, which spread themselves over the country, settling down in those spots which suit them best. They retain the general character of their manners and customs, but, owing to the total want of a literature, their language is continually changing.

This alteration in their language is also due to the native fondness for inverting words and sentences during their conversation with each other, a custom which bears some resemblance to that of punning among ourselves. When these inverted words happen to please the people's fancy, they are retained in the language, so that in a few years after a family has separated itself from the parent tribe the two dialects will have receded so far from each other that the people can hardly understand each other.

To the philologist this fluctuation of language would be exceedingly interesting, but, as we are concerned with manners and customs rather than with language, we will pass northward and eastward to Guiana. Sir R. Schomburgk mentions a fact which is

a singular corroboration of the rapidity with which language changes among these tribes. There was a parrot living in 1800, which spoke well, but many of whose words could not be understood, because it spoke the language of the Atures, a tribe which had passed entirely out of recollection after it had been mastered by the warlike Caribs.

This comparatively small country is especially interesting to ethnologists, in consequence of the perfect manner in which the natives have guarded their individuality. Evidently spring from one source, they have settled down in different districts and, though alike in color and general conformation, are as widely different in language, and often in manners, as if they belonged to separate quarters of the world.

Five principal nations inhabit Guiana, and are subdivided into a vast number of small tribes. These are the Macoushies, the Arawaks, the Accawalos, the Caribs, and the Waraus. The two first of these will be taken as representatives of the tribes in Guiana, though the others will be mentioned in cases where they present any marks of difference.

Taking broadly the chief points of distinction between these tribes, we may simply define them as follows.

The Macoushies are the largest and most ingenious tribe. They excel in the manu-

facture of the terrible wourali poison, which they exchange for canoes and other necessities from other tribes. They also make the best blow guns. Their huts are closed, and conical like sugar loaves. Their number is somewhere about three thousand.

The Arawaks are rather taller than the Macoushies, being, on an average, five feet six inches in height. Their faces are marked with the tattoo, and, as they are much brought into contact with white men, they approach civilization nearer than do the other tribes.

The Accawalos and Caribs wear no clothing except on occasions of ceremony. The former are distinguished by a wooden ornament in the cartilage of the nose, and the latter by wearing ornaments in the under lip, and by a lamp of annatto fastened to the hair of the forehead. The Waraus are darker than the others, and are acknowledged to be the best canoe makers in Guiana. Some of their vessels will carry ninety or a hundred men, and they sell these canoes to the Macoushies for the excellent wourali poison for which that tribe is celebrated.

OWING to the peculiarities of the climate, all these tribes have many customs in common. The climate is a very remarkable one, being exceedingly hot and exceedingly wet. The heat is owing to the geographical position of Guiana, which is close to the equator, and the wet is due to the trade winds and the configuration of the country. Blowing across the Atlantic they absorb a vast quantity of moisture from the ocean, and discharge the greater portion of it before they can reach any distance inland, the moisture being condensed by the secondary mountain chains, which are from five to seven thousand feet in height.

In consequence of this perpetual heat acting on perpetual moisture, vegetation flourishes with a luxuriansness scarcely to be seen in any other part of the world; and so completely is the ground covered with tree and bush, that many trees are unable to find a habitation upon the ground, and are forced to live upon each other. Thus, upon a lofty mora tree a fig tree will grow, and upon the fig an enormous creeper will fasten itself, its long shoots dangling loosely from the enormous height at which they grow, or drooping in graceful and flower-clad festoons from one tree to another. Such a forest as this is often ankle-deep in water for miles together, and the vegetation is so thick that the only way of passing through the tangled mass of vegetation is to cut a path with the axe. And even then, after a week or two has elapsed, the path will have vanished, so rapid is the growth of vegetable life.

It follows from this description that the animals which inhabit Guiana must be chiefly of two kinds, those which inhabit the trees and those which live in the water.

Accordingly, we find that the country is tenanted by a great variety of the monkey tribe, that the arboreal puma and jaguar take the place of the terres lat lion and tiger, and that the aquatic capybara and tapir flourish where beasts of equal size would perish if they had to live on the land. Birds of the most lovely plumage abound in Guiana, which is also a very paradise of insects.

It is evident that any human beings that live in such a country as this must have many characteristics in common. They need no clothes, no houses, and the woods supply them with food without the trouble of cultivation, so that their chief incentives to labor are taken away. Consequently, they may be called an idle people, though the indolence is rather apparent than real. They will work as long as there is a necessity for it; but, as a man can support existence without doing a real day's work in his life, it is evident that the necessity for work does not often arise.

One habit which they have in common is that of sleeping in the hammock. This article is made by the natives from various vegetable fibres, and is woven in different ways, according to the character of the tribe which makes it. Some of these are made simply by laying a number of strings parallel to each other, and knotting others across at right angles; but the best have no knots at all, the strings interlacing with each other diagonally, so as to yield in every direction to the body of the occupier. When a native has made a particularly fine specimen, he adorns it with feathers, and other brilliantly colored objects.

These hammocks are of various sizes, some being small and used for children, and others large enough to contain an entire family. The specimen in my collection will hold two Guianan natives, but not two Englishmen. It is rather more than sixteen feet in length, and six feet in width.

The hammock is exactly adapted to the wants of the native. It is so light that he can roll it up and tie it round his body, so as to carry it on a journey; so slight in texture as to keep him cool when lying in it; and so yielding in its structure that the bare cords do not hurt his naked skin. On a journey he always carries his hammock with him, and if he wants to rest, he does not sit down, but slings the hammock between two trees and lies in it. Several purposes are fulfilled by this arrangement. In the first place, the ground is usually wet, so that the man is kept dry in the hammock; in the next place, he is safe from the snakes and other unpleasant reptiles that swarm in the forests; and lastly, he would always rather lie down than sit.

Another point which they have in common is the mode in which they destroy the animals on which they live. The reader will

remember that the density of the jungle is so great, that if an animal were able, after it was wounded, to run for a hundred yards or so, or a bird to fly the same distance, it would be lost in the bush without the chance of recovery. It is evident, therefore, that the successful hunter must possess some means of destroying motion, if not life, almost instantaneously, and this he finds in the terrible wound poison, which has the effect of causing instant stupor when it mixes with the blood. The mode of manufacturing this poison will presently be described, and at present it is sufficient to say that nearly all the missiles used by the Guianan aborigines, whether propelled by the bow or by the breath, are armed with this poison.

We will first take those missiles which are propelled by the breath, and examine the instrument through which they are sent. In principle this is exactly like the sumpitan of Borneo, described on page 1119, but the mode of construction is different, and in the best specimens the Guianan work is far superior to that of Borneo.

Of this singular weapon there are several varieties, the two principal of which are shown over the title "Blow guns" on the 1225th page, both being taken from specimens in my possession. On the right is the zarabatana. This is found throughout a very large tract of country southward of Guiana, when it takes a somewhat modified and improved form.

It is made of two separate pieces of wood, in each of which is cut a semicircular groove, so that when they are placed in contact with each other they form a long wooden rod, pierced with a circular bore. As the natives use nothing but the incisor teeth of rodent animals by way of tools, it may be seen that the labor of making one of these instruments is very great. The bore being carefully smoothed, the two halves are laid together, and bound by means of long flat strips of jacitara wood wound spirally round them.

To the lower end of the weapon is fastened a large mouthpiece, with a conical opening like the mouthpiece of a trumpet, so as to collect the breath for the propulsion of the arrow. A quantity of cement, composed of a black wax made by a wild bee mixed with a pitchy substance obtained from several trees, is then rubbed over the whole weapon, which is considered complete. The zarabatana is exceedingly heavy, and requires not only a strong but a practised arm to hold it steady. The specimen in my collection, which is several feet in length, weighs three pounds twelve ounces.

A far superior weapon, called the "pu-cuna," larger, lighter, and more easily handled, is made by the natives of many parts of Guiana, that used by the Macoushie tribe being the best. The specimen which is shown on the left of the zarabatana was

brought from Guiana by the late Mr. Waterton, who presented it to me shortly before the accident which caused his death.

The weapon in question (called puema) is double, being made of two portions, called ourah and samourah. The essential portion of the blow gun is the ourah. This is a singular reed (*Arundinaria Schomburgkii*), which, as far as is known, only grows on the sandstone ridge of the Upper Orinoco between the rivers Ventuari, Parana, and Mavaca. Like the bamboo, it grows in clusters, and, though not exceeding half an inch in diameter, the first fourteen or sixteen feet are without a knot. From this point spread the long, slender branches, measuring from thirty to forty feet in length, and waving in graceful curves when moved by the wind.

The portion used for the blowpipe is the first joint, which is uniform in diameter throughout, and is naturally polished within. But it is so thin, the walls being not twice the thickness of a playing card, that it would be too fragile to be used without some protection. Accordingly, the native has recourse to a sort of palm, called by him samourah, its scientific title being *Breartia setigera*.

This is chosen of a proper size, cut down, and steeped in water, for the purpose of extracting the pulp which fills the interior. When it is quite dry, the reed is inserted into this tube, the native gunmaker having a wonderful talent in getting the slender reed exactly in the centre of the palm-stem, and fixing it in its place with the black wax already mentioned. This wax is called kurumani by the Macoushies, and is used by them as freely as is the "black-boy" wax by the Australian aborigines. The samourah is then scraped down to the proper thickness, well polished, and the weapon is ready for the accessories which complete it.

One end is chosen to serve as a mouth-piece, and is bound with a string made of silk-grass and the other is tipped with the half of the acenero nut, which is very hard and prevents the end of the weapon from being injured by accidental blows against a tree or the ground. This acenero seed acts as a fore-sight, by which the native hunter can direct his weapon; but, in order to secure a more certain aim, he adds a singularly ingenious back-sight. Taking a lump of kurumani wax, he presses it on the blowpipe about eighteen inches from the mouthpiece, and by means of the wax fixes upon the tube the two lower incisor teeth of the acouchi, one of the caviés.

Figure 1 shows the weapon itself, and fig. 2 the front view of the tip, guarded with its ring of acenero seed, which forms the fore-sight. Fig. 3 gives an enlarged representation of the back-sight, made of the teeth of the acouchi (*Dasyprocta Acouchi*) fixed in their place by the black kurumani wax. Fig. 4 is a section taken through the middle of

the back-sight, so as to show the way in which the teeth project from the shaft. Fig. 5 is a front view of the butt, showing the way in which the ounah reed is enclosed within the samourah palm.

Such a weapon as this is exceedingly light and easy to handle, presenting a strong contrast to the heavy and cumbersome zarabatana. The weight of the one in my collection barely exceeds a pound and a half, although it is eleven feet in length. It is held in rather a curious manner. The left hand is turned with the palm upward, and the elbow against the hip. The hand then grasps the blow gun within a hands-breadth of the mouthpiece, and the right hand seizes it, palm downward, in the space left by the other hand. In fact, this mode of holding the weapon is exactly similar in principle to that which is employed by riflemen. The blowpipe is then raised, not by the arms, but by bending back the body; and it is astonishing to see how steady it can be held for a lengthened time—a steadiness which can never be gained if it be held by stretching out the right arm and grasping it at some distance from the mouth.

The natives are most careful respecting the straightness of their blow guns, and never allow them to lean against anything lest they should be warped. When they go hunting, they carry the blow gun upright, like a soldier, "shouldering arms," and when they return to their huts, they suspend the weapon by a loop to the top of the house. Mr. Waterton repeatedly draws attention to this point in his "Wanderings," and when he presented me with the pucuna which he brought from Guiana, the gift was accompanied by a condition that it should never be allowed to lean against a wall, but should be either laid on the ground or suspended by its loop.

WE now come to the arrows which are propelled through the pucuna. They very much resemble in shape and size those which are employed by the Dyaks, but, instead of being made to fit the bore of the pucuna by a piece of plith or soft wood at the butt, a small quantity of wild cotton, taken from the *Bombax ceiba*, is wound upon it, and fastened with a fibre of silk grass. Cultivated cotton is too heavy to serve the purpose, and nothing answers so well as the yellow, stout-fibred cotton of the *Bombax*. Very great art is required in putting on the cotton properly. It must exactly fit the bore, be perfectly regular, so as not to disturb the accuracy of the flight, and must taper gradually in front, so as to offer the least possible resistance to the air. See illustration No. 1, on the next page.

The shaft of the arrow is made of the leaf ribs of the coucourite palm, a species of *areca*. It is about ten inches in length, no thicker than a crow quill, and at one end is brought to a point as sharp as a needle by

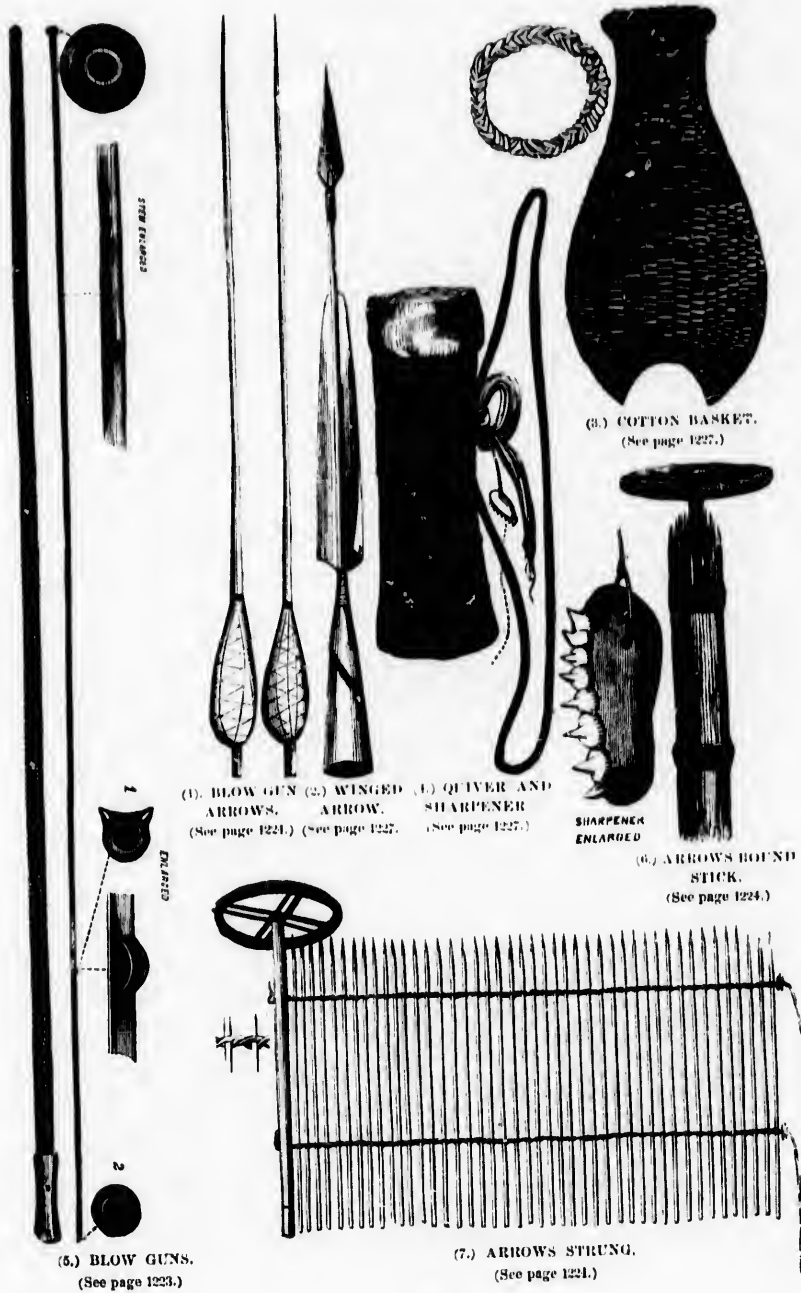
scrapping it between the teeth of the piral fish (*Serrasalmus piraya*). The teeth of this fish are flat, pointed, and double-edged, much like those of the shark—and, indeed, the piral is a veritable fresh-water shark, biting whole mouthfuls from the bodies of animals that enter the water, and even attacking the alligator itself—and when the arrow is drawn between them, delicate shavings are taken off, just as is the case with the double knife-sharpeners of the present day. One half of a piral jaw is always suspended to the quiver of a Maconshie.

Of the poison with which the arrow is armed we will presently treat: we are now only concerned with the manufacture of the weapon. In order to save space, the cotton is not put upon the arrows until just before they are wanted, six or seven finished arrows being left in the quiver for immediate use, and the rest tied in a bundle until needed. The formation of this bundle is singularly ingenious, the native being able to remove any of the arrows without untying it, and to add as many as he likes without disturbing those which already are tied together.

The native takes a rod of hard wood, a little longer than the arrows, and at one end he fixes a little wheel, rather more than two inches in diameter. At two inches from the wheel, and the same distance from the end of the rod, two holes are bored, through each of which are passed two strings made of cotton. When the man wishes to tie up a number of arrows, he lays them successively between the strings, which he twists between each arrow. When the last arrow is laid in its place, the whole are kept firm by a couple of sliding knots, which can be slipped along the strings.

Illustration No. 7 on the following page, will explain the method of stringing the arrows better than can be done by words alone. Two of the arrows are shown as prepared for use, the cotton being on their butts and the poison on their tips. A number more are shown as they appear on the double strings, poisoned, but without the cotton. A hunter will sometimes have as many as five hundred arrows at once upon a string.

In order to keep the weapons compact, so that they can be easily slipped into the quiver, they are rolled round the little rod, and bound firmly together in a cylindrical form, the poisoned points being directed to the wheel, of which the reader will now see the use. It serves as a sort of shield to the hand, so that when the hunter wishes to take the arrows out of the quiver, he can do so without the least danger; and when he desires to remove some arrows to be mounted with cotton, he can push them through the spokes of the wheel, and take them out without having to untie the bundle. See illustration No. 6.



(1.) BLOW GUN (2.) WINGED ARROWS. (3.) QUIVER AND ARROW. (4.) SHARPENER

(8.) COTTON BASKET.
(See page 1237.)

SHARPENER
ENLARGED

(6.) ARROWS BOUND
STICK.
(See page 1224.)

(5.) BLOW GUNS.
(See page 1223.)

(7.) ARROWS STRUNG.
(See page 1221.)

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When properly made and mounted, these arrows can be propelled with wonderful force. I have sent one for a distance of a hundred yards, and the natives can propel them to a still greater distance. There is a certain art in using the pucuna, the arrow not being urged by a lengthened breath, but by collecting all the air that the lungs will hold, and giving a short expiration, as if the object were to empty the lungs at one puff. The force comes entirely from the lungs, the cheeks having nothing to do with it. When an arrow is rightly propelled, it flies from the tube with a slight pop, like that which is produced by quickly drawing the cork of a small bottle. It is quite invisible for some little time, so rapid is the motion; and even when it is with white instead of yellow cotton the eye can scarcely follow its course.

Such an instrument as this is simply invaluable for the purposes to which it is devoted. It is intended to be used almost exclusively for killing birds and small monkeys, both of which creatures live on trees. Now, as the trees of Guiana run to an enormous height, some of them attaining at least a hundred feet before they throw out a branch, it will be seen that the birds are beyond the reach of shot-guns. The foliage is so thick that it does not permit more than one or two shots to reach the bird, and the height is so great that, even if they did strike, they would produce but little effect. But the pucuna can throw an arrow higher than a gun can propel a shot, and if the needle-like point enters any part of the bird the effect is fatal.

There is another advantage which the pucuna possesses over fire-arms. The report of the gun frightens away every bird within sound, whereas the pucuna is practically noiseless. The slight "pop" with which the arrow is expelled does not alarm the birds, and an expert hunter can kill twenty or thirty birds from one tree without alarming the others. The pucuna is particularly useful in the chase of the toucan. The feathers of this bird are much used in the manufacture of the beautiful gala dresses which the natives wear on grand occasions, and are much prized by them. Now, the toucan has a way of sitting on the topmost boughs of the tallest trees, and were it not for the deadly arrow of his pucuna, the native could seldom obtain a specimen.

Just before the arrow is put into the blow-gun, the hunter places it between two of the pirai-teeth already mentioned, and turns it round between his fingers. He thus cuts it through just above the poisoned portion, so as to leave a mere thread of wood attaching the head to the shaft. If, therefore, the bird or monkey, on feeling the smart, should seize the arrow and withdraw it, the poisoned head snaps off and is left in the wound.

In some parts of the country a very ingenious form of arrow is used. Instead of

being made to fit the bore by means of cotton tied on the butt, a flat piece of bark is twisted round the arrow so as to cause it to terminate in a hollow cone. A larger piece of the same material is fixed along the shaft of the arrow, and slightly twisted so as to cause it to revolve when projected through the air. The arrow is tipped with a slight iron blade, instead of being merely sharpened wood. (See illustration No. 2.) This form of hollow base is admirably adapted for its purpose, and has been copied by Messrs. Lang, the well-known gunmakers of Cockspur Street, in their blow gun darts for killing small birds and animals without noise.

Next comes the quiver in which the arrows are kept. This is shown in illustration No. 4, on page 1225. The framework of the quiver is made of the titiritti-wood, and the bottom is closed by a circular plate of wood. In order to keep the poisoned arrows from the damp, which would effectually spoil them, the whole of the quiver is covered with a thick coat of kurumanni wax, which is pressed firmly into the interstices of the wicker-work, and into the junction between the bottom and the sides of the quiver.

Lest the rough basketwork should injure the delicate arrows, the quiver is lined with beautifully made mat-work, of much finer material, and quite smooth to the hand. The cover is made of a piece of skin, sometimes of the tapir, but mostly of the peccary. While fresh and wet it is moulded over a wooden block of the proper size, just as hatters mould their felt into its form. The hairy side is kept inward, and when it is pressed on the top of the quiver, and twisted with a turn of the hand, it holds itself firmly in its place. When the cover is on the quiver, no water can enter, and even if the hunter were to drop it into the river, the arrows would be preserved quite dry in their floating receptacle.

Before the kurumanni wax which covers the quiver is quite dry, a flat plaited belt made of silk grass is secured to it by means of a long string, which encircles the quiver several times. In this cincture is also secured by strings a coil of silk grass, from which can be drawn the fibres by which the cotton is attached to the arrow, together with the half jaw-bone of the piral, with which the arrows are sharpened. In my specimen this jaw-bone is two inches in length.

The last article which completes the equipment of the bird hunter is the basket of wild cotton. This, as may be seen from illustration No. 3, has a narrow neck, and bulging body; so that the cotton does not fall out of the basket, though carried with the opening downward. The quantity which it will hold is astonishing. From one of them Mr. Waterton took handful after handful until a large heap was on the table, just as a conjuror takes vast quantities of feathers out of an apparently empty hat.

CHAPTER CXXX.

THE TRIBES OF GUIANA—*Continued.*

WEAPONS—*Concluded.*

EFFECT OF THE WOURALI—DEATH OF THE AI—THE LAUGHER ARROWS—TUFTED ARROWS—A SINGULAR QUIVER—ARRANGEMENT OF THE MOVABLE HEAD—QUIVER FOR THE HEADS—FATE OF THE WOUNDED INDIAN—HOW THE ARROWS ARE FEATHERED—THE NATIVE BOW—TURTLE ARROWS—MANUFACTURE OF THE WOURALI—THE QUAKE AND ITS USES—THE WOURALI VINE, AND OTHER VEGETABLE CONSTITUENTS—THE HYAKRI POISON, AND ITS USES—ANTS AND SNAKE FANGS—BOILING THE WOURALI—EFFECTS OF THE PROCESS ON THE MAKER—SELF-POISONED ARROWS—VARIOUS ARROW HEADS OF GUIANA—THE WHISTLING ARROW.

THE effect of the poison is instantaneous, provided that it be of good quality and kept dry. There are many varieties of the wourali, but the best, which is made by the Macoushies, is so powerful that one of the tiny arrows brought by Mr. Waterton from Guiana killed a hedgehog at once, though fifty years had elapsed since the poison was made. Death was not instantaneous, for the animal, which was very slightly wounded in the hind leg, breathed for some seconds; but the hedgehog was quite insensible, and, as soon as it had been pricked by the dart, it allowed me to lay it on its back, and place my finger on the ball of its eye, without shrinking.

Many experiments have been made in England with the wourali poison, most of which have tended to prove that its power has been exaggerated, and that a man could not be killed by the small quantity that could be conveyed into a wound on the point of an arrow. I feel certain, however, that in such cases either the poison has not been of good quality, or that it has been carelessly kept, and allowed to become damp, in which case it loses the greater part of its strength. It is very difficult to procure the strongest wourali poison from the natives, who are very unwilling to part with it, and will always try to substitute an inferior kind. The only mode of procuring the best wourali is to do as Mr. Waterton did, i. e. live among them, and induce them to part with the little wourali-pots from

which they have poisoned their own arrows. Moreover, he must imitate their example in keeping the poison in a perfectly dry place. The natives are so careful on this point that they frequently remove the covers of their poison pots and put them near the fire.

There is no mistake about the potency of such poison as this. Its effect upon a hedgehog has already been mentioned, but Mr. Waterton tried it on several animals. For example, he had an Ai sloth that he wanted to kill painlessly, and without damaging the skin. How he did it is best told in his own words:—

"Of all animals, not even the toad and the tortoise excepted, this poor animal is the most tenacious of life. It exists long after it has received wounds which would have destroyed any other animal, and it may be said, on seeing a mortally wounded sloth, that life disputes with death every inch of flesh in its body.

"The Ai was wounded in the leg, and put down upon the floor, almost two feet from the table. It contrived to reach the leg of the table, and fastened itself upon it as if wishful to ascend. But this was its last advancing step; life was ebbing fast, though imperceptibly; nor could this singular production of nature, which has been formed of a texture to resist death in a thousand shapes, make any stand against the wourali.

"First one fore-leg let go its hold, and dropped down motionless by its side; the other gradually did the same. The fore-

legs having now lost their strength, the sloth slowly doubled its body, and placed its head betwixt its hind-legs, which still adhered to the table; but when the poison had affected these also, it sank to the ground, but sank so gently that you could not distinguish the movement from an ordinary motion; and had you been ignorant that it was wounded with a poisoned arrow, you would never have suspected that it was dying. Its mouth was shut, nor had any froth or saliva collected there.

"There was no *subsultus tendinum*, nor any visible attention in its breathing. During the tenth minute from the time it was wounded it stirred, and that was all; and the minute after life's last spark went out. From the time the poison began to operate, you would have conjectured that sleep was overpowering it, and you would have exclaimed—

"Pressitque jucentem
Dulcis et alta quies, placidaque simillima morti."

The reader will see that this account agrees exactly with my own experiment. In neither case was death instantaneous, but in both cases the power or wish to move seemed to be immediately taken from the animal, though wounded in a limb and not in a mortal spot.

Of course the quantity of poison must be proportioned to the size of the animal. The tales that are told of a mere scratch producing death are manifest exaggerations. It has been mentioned that in Guiana no very large animals are found, the tapir and the jaguar being the largest of the mammalia. For the purpose of killing these, or going to battle where man is to be destroyed, the natives employ a very different weapon, and use a bow and arrow of rather peculiar construction.

They are extremely long, some of them being six feet in total length. The shaft is made of a cylindrical, hollow, and very strong reed (*Hyacinthus saccharinum*) which runs to some length without a knot or joint. In one end is fixed a long spike of a very hard and heavy wood, called letter wood, because it is covered with red marks like rude attempts at writing, very much like the scribbled marks on a yellow-hammer's egg. In order to guard it from splitting, the shaft of the arrow is bound for some inches with cotton thread. The commoner kinds of arrow are merely wrapped with this thread, but in the better sorts the thread is woven in patterns almost as neat as those employed by the Polynesian islanders. When the native wants to make a peculiarly beautiful arrow, he ornaments it in a most singular manner. Into the thread which wraps the shaft are inserted a quantity of brilliantly colored feathers, mostly those of the various parrots which are so plentiful in Southern America. Only the

smallest and softest feathers are used, and they are worked into the wrapping in a manner which produces the most artistic combinations of color.

The natives have a marvellous eye for color, most likely from having continually before their eyes the gorgeous insects and birds of their luxuriant country, and it is wonderful to see the boldness with which they achieve harmony from a number of hues that scarcely any one would dare to place in opposition with each other. Scarlet, yellow, pink, blue, green, and snowy white are all used in these arrows, and are arranged in a way that would do honor to the best European artist.

Sometimes a cap is made for the arrows, and decorated with feathers in the same brilliant style. Such arrows as these require much care on the part of the owner, who is not content with an ordinary quiver, wherein they might be jolted about and their lovely feathers spoiled, but constructs a special and peculiar quiver for their reception. He takes a number of bamboos, about the thickness of a man's finger, and cuts them into pieces some eighteen inches in length. These he lashes firmly together, and then ties over them a bark cover, neatly wrapped with cotton string.

Each of these tubes contains one arrow, which fits with moderate tightness, the downy feathers keeping it in its place. They are fixed so perfectly, that when the arrow is pushed into its tube the feathers are pressed tightly against the shaft, and when it is withdrawn, they spring out by their own elasticity, and form an elegant colored tuft. As the long arrow shafts are apt to vibrate by their own weight, and might damage the feather tufts in the tubes, a cap is usually slipped over them—in some cases plain, like the covering of the quiver, but in others gorgeously made of feathers. These arrows are tipped with the barbed tail-bone of the sting-ray or are pointed with iron, and not with bone. These arrows and one of the tubes are illustrated on p. 1214.

The heads of the arrows are made in various ways. Sometimes they are simply covered with a series of rather blunt barbs, but the generality of them are constructed after a very elaborate fashion.

The barb of one kind of arrow reminds the observer of the weapon of the Boesjeman, though the arrow is almost a spear in comparison with the tiny weapon of the African savage. The point is tipped with a piece of iron cut into a single barb, and projecting from it and pointing in the opposite direction a curved iron spike is slightly lashed to the shaft with cotton.

A thick layer of wourali poison is laid on the arrow for about three inches, adding to fasten the iron spike to the shaft. Now, the wourali poison mixes instantaneously with the blood, so that when the arrow penetrates

an animal, the poison dissolves, and allows the spike to escape into the wound, carrying with it a sufficient amount of the poison to cause death, even if in its struggles the animal should succeed in shaking out the arrow itself. If the reader will refer to illustration No. 4, on page 247, he will see in the illustration (fig. 4) the Bosjesman arrow, which is made on the same principle.

Some of these arrows appear to have been much prized by the owners who have covered them with an elaborate ornamentation of cotton thread for a considerable portion of their length—an example of which, drawn from one of my own specimens, may be seen in the illustration. Some of the arrows have long ends of cotton strings hanging from them in lieu of the feather tufts. These dangling cords are often used as ornaments by the natives, who decorate with them their clubs in such a manner that two or three blows must destroy the whole of the work. We shall presently see examples of these clubs.

The arrow head which is most in vogue among the Macoushies, whom we take as the typical tribe of this part of the world, is made in a different fashion. A square groove, about an inch in depth, is cut in the extremity of the letter wood spike which terminates the arrow, and a slight sliver of bamboo is lashed so as to press against the opening along the side. A barbed spike of coucoute wood is then cut. It is about three inches in length, flat toward the point, and squared at the base, so as to slip easily into the groove at the head of the arrow, where it is slightly held by means of the little bamboo spring. This spring enables the head to remain in its place while the archer is fitting the arrow to his bow and taking aim; but as soon as the missile has struck its object, and the animal bounds forward, the poisoned head remains in the wound, and the shaft falls on the ground.

There is considerable art in putting the wourali on this kind of arrow head. It is done in several layers, one being allowed to dry before the other is applied, and being managed so as to cause an edge of the pitch-like wourali to run along each side of the head. In consequence of the movability of the head the native archer does not trouble himself to carry more than one or two shafts, though he has by him a store of ready-poisoned heads. These are kept in a little quiver made of a joint of bamboo fitted with a cover, in order to keep the poison from moisture, and with a cotton belt by which it can be slung over the shoulders.

One of these quivers in my collection, (see illustration No. 6, page 1231,) brought from Guiana by Sir R. Schomburgk, is only seven inches long by an inch and a half wide, and is capable of containing twelve to fourteen poisoned heads. The native hunter does not require more than this number, as

he rarely shoots without hitting, and when he has struck one animal large enough to require this kind of arrow, he seldom wants more than one specimen. In the course of this account of the Guiana natives the reader will notice the many trouble saving expedients employed by them.

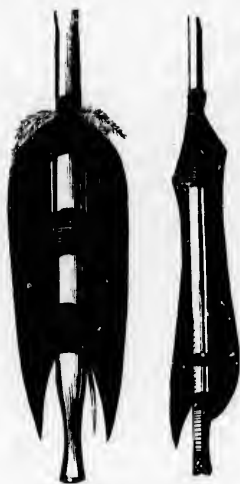
Owing to the generous nature of the country, which supplies food without requiring labor, and the warm, moist character of the climate, the natives are very apathetic, and have the strongest objection to carrying one ounce more weight, or doing one stroke more work, than is absolutely needful. So, instead of carrying a large bundle of arrows, the hunter has one, or at the most two arrows, and a quantity of small poisoned heads, the whole equipment being so light that a child just able to walk could carry the bow, arrows, and quiver without being much inconvenienced.

Knowing the power of this poison, the natives are exceedingly cautious in handling it, and never carry the arrow with its head bare. They always slip over the head a small tube of bamboo, just large enough to be held in its place by the cotton wrapping that passes round the junction of the head and the shaft. This is never removed except when the arrow is to be used, and it is scarcely possible to frighten a native more than by taking off the guard of an arrow and holding the point to him. It is of this kind of arrow that the following story is told in Mr. Waterton's "Wanderings."

"One day . . . an Arawak Indian told an affecting story of what happened to a comrade of his. He was present at his death. As it did not interest the Indian in any point to tell a falsehood, it is very probable that his account was a true one. If so, it appears that there is no certain antidote, or at least an antidote that could be resorted to in a case of urgent need; for the Indian gave up all thoughts of life as soon as he was wounded.

"The Arawak Indian said it was but four years ago that he and his companion were ranging in the forest in quest of game. His companion took a poisoned arrow, and sent it at a red monkey in a tree above him. It was nearly a perpendicular shot. The arrow missed the monkey, and in the descent struck him in the arm, a little above the elbow. He was convinced it was all over with him. 'I shall never,' said he to his companion, in a faltering voice, 'bend this bow again.' And having said that, he took off his little bamboo poison box which hung across his shoulder, and putting it, together with his bow and arrows, on the ground, he laid himself down close by them, bade his companion farewell, and never spoke more."

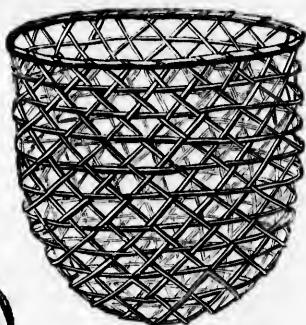
Mr. Waterton then proceeds to mention the different antidotes, in none of which does he place the least reliance, and in another place remarks that if the natives knew of



(1.) WINGED ARROWS.
(See page 1233.)



(2.) CASSAVA DISH. (See page 1248.)



(3.) QUAKE. (See page 1234.)



(4.) ARROW HEADS. (See page 1235.) (6.) QUIVER. (5.) TURTLE ARROW. (7.) FEATHER APRON.
From Christy Collection. From my Collection. (See p. 1230.) (See page 1233.) (See page 1216.)

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any remedy for the poison, they would never be without it.

Before passing to the manufacture of this dreaded poison, we will finish the description of the arrows.

The very long arrows, with their plumed shafts, need no feathers, their great length sufficing to keep them straight during their flight. Were the Guianan native to attempt a "long shot," he would fail. He is not used to long ranges, which for the most part are rendered needless by the conformation of the country and the density of the foliage. He does not expect to shoot at an object distant more than thirty or forty yards, and likes to get much closer if possible. At these short ranges, the great length of the arrow keeps it straight, and is effectual in enabling the hunter to strike an animal, such as a tapir, a capybara, or a monkey, through the masses of vegetation by which it is concealed from most eyes except those of a native.

Most of the arrows, however, are feathered, and there is such ingenuity in the way of putting on the feathers that it deserves mention. In the arrows to which we are accustomed there are three feathers, but in the Guianan arrow there are only two. These are taken from the corresponding feathers of the opposite wings of the bird, so that when they are fixed on the end of the shaft they curve in different directions, like two blades of a steamer's screw, and so communicate a revolving motion to the arrow as it flies through the air. So, if a native has two or three arrows before him to which he wishes to add the feathers, he procures a bird, and for the first arrow takes, we will say, the second primary feather from the right and left wings of the bird, cuts off a portion of the upper part, about three inches in length, strips away the inner half of the feather, and fastens the remainder on the weapon. The next arrow is feathered from the third primary of each wing, and so on. See illustration No. 1, page 1231.

The feathers are lashed to the arrow with cotton thread, and so rudely put on, that they would sadly cut an English archer's hand when the arrow was shot. In order to preserve the nock of the arrow from being split by the bow-string, it is not made in the reed shaft of the arrow itself, but in a piece of letter wood, which is lashed to the butt of the arrow.

The bow is often shorter than the arrows, and is of no great strength, a long range being, as has already been stated, not required. Many kinds of wood furnish the Guianan bow, but those weapons which are most in favor are made of a species of *Lecythis*. They are strung with the silk grass which has been already mentioned.

Besides the ordinary mode of using their bows and arrows, the Guianan natives have another, which exactly resembles that sport of the old English archers, when a garland

was laid on the ground, and the archers, standing in a circle round it, shot their arrows high into the air, so that they should fall into the garland. It sometimes happens that a turtle is lying in the water in such a manner that an arrow, shot at it in the usual manner, would only glance off its hard coat without doing any injury. The hunter, therefore, shoots upward, calculating the course of the descending missile so accurately that it falls upon the turtle's back, and penetrates the shell.

These arrows are heavier than the ordinary kinds, and are furnished with a sharp iron point, made in a very ingenious manner. As may be seen by reference to illustration No. 5, page 1231, the iron point is doubly barbed. Its neck, at first flat, is soon divided into two portions, which diverge from each other, and have their ends sharply pointed, so as to constitute a secondary pair of barbs. A stout double string of silk grass is then fixed to the neck, and cotton cord, strengthened with kurumanni wax, is coiled round the diverging points, so as to form a tube. The end of the piece of hard wood which terminates the arrow is scraped down to a conical point, so that it can easily be slipped into the tube. Lastly, the double cord fastened to the head is carried for a foot or so along the arrow, and made fast by a couple of belts of silk grass.

As soon as this arrow strikes the turtle, it dashes off, shaking the shaft out of the tube, and so preventing the arrow from being worked out of the wound by dragging the upright shaft through the water. Whenever the reptile comes near the surface, the light reed shaft of the arrow rises so as to indicate its presence, and, aided by this mark, the hunter is soon able to secure the reptile. The arrow, a part of which is shown in the illustration, is rather more than five feet in length. It is represented with the shaft separated from the tube. The iron point is thick and solid, and as the hardwood spike is fourteen inches in length, the front part of the missile is comparatively heavy, causing it to descend with great force.

WE now come to the manufacture of the dreaded poison which produces such fatal effects. The natives are very chary of giving information on the subject, and it is very difficult to learn the precise ingredients, the proportionate quantities, or the mode of preparing them. The following account is obtained partly from Mr. Waterton's book, partly from information given by himself, and partly from the words and works of other travellers in the country.

A good many articles are employed, or said to be employed, but I believe that only two are really needed. The native who is about to make wourali sets about his task in a very deliberate manner. He sets off into the woods alone, taking on his back a pecul-

iar kind of basket called a "quake" or "habbah." This is a very ingenious kind of basket, combining the two requisites of lightness and strength. It is generally used when the native wants to carry objects that are not very heavy, and are large enough not to slip through the interstices.

It is made from the ittitriti reed, split into slips about the third of an inch in width. As when filled it swells out toward the bottom and is narrow at the mouth, the objects that are placed in it have no tendency to fall out, which might easily be the case with an ordinary basket, as the bearer is obliged to clamber over fallen trees, to force his way through the dense underwood of a tropical forest, and to subject the quake to such rough treatment that its qualities of form and elasticity are continually brought into operation.

The quake will hold a wonderful amount of goods, being as dilatable as an English carpet-bag. My own specimen (see illustration No. 3, p. 1231,) measures twenty inches in width, and this is the usual average.

The first thing to be sought is the wourali vine (*strychnos toxifera*). It is closely allied to the tree which furnishes the well-known strychnine, in its coarser stages of preparation called *nux vomica*, or ratsbane. The upas tree, which furnishes the poison for the Dyak sumptan arrows, belongs to the same genus. The wourali (spelt sometimes "oorara" or "gurari"), though not very rare, is very local, and not easily discovered. It has a vine-like appearance, with a woody stem about three inches in diameter, covered with rough gray bark. The leaves are dark green, placed opposite each other, and of an oval form. The fruit is nearly as large as an apple, round, and smooth, with seeds imbedded in a bitter gummy pulp.

When the poison maker has found the wourali, he looks after two bulbous plants, containing a green and glutinous juice, and puts some of their stems into the quake. The third vegetable is a bitter root, which I believe to be the hyarri, a papilionaceous plant, which is largely used by the natives in poisoning the water when catching fish on a large scale. All parts of the hyarri are poisonous, but the root is the most powerful part of it. The natives take some of the root in their canoes, bale water over it, and pound it with their elubs. After allowing the water time to mix with the expressed juice, the fisherman throws it overboard, and in a few minutes every fish within a considerable distance comes floating to the surface perfectly helpless. One cubic foot of the hyarri will poison an acre of water, even among rapids, while a much less quantity is needed for creeks and still water. The poison has no effect on the flesh of the fish, which is perfectly wholesome.

The wourali and the hyarri are, in my opinion, the essential parts of the poison,

the bulbous plants probably supplying the glutinous mutton needed to make it adhere to the point of the weapon. But the poison maker is not content with vegetable substances, but presses the animal kingdom into his service.

He procures two kinds of ant, one the muniri (*Ponera grandis*), a huge, black creature, sometimes an inch in length, with a sting so venomous that it often produces a fever. One of these ants is in my collection, and its very look is venomous enough to warn any one against it. The other is the fire-ant (*Myrmica savissima*), a tiny red insect, whose sting is just like the thrust of a red-hot needle. Besides these he takes the poison fangs of the labarri and counacouchi snakes, two of the most venomous serpents of the country. These fangs are kept in store, as the native always kills these reptiles whenever he sees them, and extracts their poison fangs.

That these latter ingredients can have no effect in increasing the power of the poison I never doubted, and some years ago I expressed my opinion that they were not used at all, but merely collected as a blind, to prevent the secret of the poison being known. This opinion is corroborated by the researches of Dr. Herman Beigel, who analyzed some wourali poison taken from the same arrow with which the hedgehog was killed, and who ascertained that there was not a particle of bony or animal matter in the poison, but that it was wholly of a vegetable character. Moreover, there was no trace of red pepper, which is said to be one of the ingredients.

As far as the sense of taste goes, my own experience coincides with that of Dr. Beigel. I have tasted the poison, which is innocuous unless mixed directly with the blood, and found it to be intensely bitter, and rather aromatic. These two qualities are doubtless due to the strychnine of the wourali and to the hyarri. There was not the least flavor of red pepper.

All these ingredients being procured, the poison maker sets to work in a very systematic manner. He will not prepare the wourali in, or even near, his own house, but makes his preparations in the depth of the forest, where he builds a little hut especially for the purpose. His first care is to build a fire, and while it is burning up, he scrapes into a perfectly new pot a sufficient quantity of the wourali wood, adding to it the hyarri in proper proportion, and placing them in a sort of colander. Holding the colander and its contents over the pot, the Indian pours boiling water over them, and allows the decoction to drain into the vessel, when it looks something like coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been obtained, the bulbous roots are bruised and their juice squeezed into the pot, and, lastly, the snakes' fangs and ants are pounded and thrown into the pot.

The vessel is now placed on the fire, which is kept up very gently, so as to allow the contents to simmer, rather than boil, and more wourali juice is added to supply the waste by evaporation. A seum is thrown up during the process, and carefully skimmed with a leaf, the boiling being continued until the poison is reduced to a thick dark brown syrup, about the consistence of treacle. According to some accounts, the seeds of the red pepper are used, not as adding to the strength of the poison, but as a test of its preparation being complete. When the native thinks that the poison is nearly ready, he throws into it a single seed of red pepper, which immediately begins to revolve. He then allows the boiling to proceed a little longer, and throws in another seed, which perhaps revolves, but more slowly; and he repeats this experiment until the seed remains stationary, which is accepted as a proof that the preparation is complete.

The Indian then takes a few arrows, dips them in the poison, and tries their effect upon some animal or bird, and, if satisfied with the effect, pours the poison into a new earthenware pot, ties a couple of leaves over the mouth, and a piece of wet hide over the leaves, so as to exclude both air and moisture, especially the latter. The little pots which are used for holding the wourali are nearly spherical, and about as large as an ordinary orange.

The above account of preparing the wourali poison is that which is furnished by the natives, but, as they have a definite object in keeping the mode of preparation secret, it cannot be absolutely relied upon. That there is a secret connected with its manufacture is evident from the fact that the Macoushie poison is acknowledged to be better and stronger than that which is manufactured by any other tribe, and that all the Guianan tribes are glad to purchase wourali from the Macoushies.

It is not every native who knows how to make this wonderful poison. The knowledge is restricted to the conjurers, who keep it in their families and hand it down from father to son. They are so careful to preserve their secret, that not only do they make the wourali at a distance from their houses, but when they have completed the manufacture they burn down the huts, so as to obliterate every trace of the means which have been employed.

They have a sort of superstitious reverence for the wourali. The ostensible reason which is given for burning down the hut is, that it is polluted by the fumes of the poison, and may never again be inhabited, so that it is better to burn it down at once. They allege that during its preparation the Yababou, or evil spirit, is hovering over, ready to seize upon those who are uninitiated in the mysteries, and so by the aid of superstition

effectually prevent their proceedings from being watched.

In order to carry out this fear of the wourali to its full extent, the professors of poison-manufacture will refuse to make it except when they please, alleging any excuse that may suggest itself. Mr. Waterton narrates an instance where a man who had promised to make some wourali poison declined to do so at the last moment, on the ground that he expected an increase to his family. The maker is always pleased to consider himself ill after he has completed his work, which, in spite of the repeated washing of his face and hands, renders him sufficiently liable to the attacks of the invisible Yababou to cause indisposition. The manufacturer is not altogether an impostor in this case, but acts from a sort of belief in the mysterious gloom which always surrounds the wourali. Nothing, for example, would induce him to eat while the poison is being prepared, and, however hungry he may be, he will fast until the completed wourali has been poured into its receptacle.

Although the chief poison in Guiana, the wourali is not the only one, the natives having discovered a sort of wood which is sufficiently poisonous in itself to need no other appliance. The wood is that of some endogenous tree, of a pale yellow color. From this wood the natives cut long blade-shaped heads, much resembling those of the Kaffir assagais in form. The peculiar shape of the head may be seen in figures 4 and 5 of illustration No. 4, on page 1231, which represents two views of the same arrow head. Sometimes the head is left quite plain, but in some specimens a pattern is rudely scribbled on the outer surface of the blade. Anuato is the coloring matter used, leaving a dusky red dye behind it. I possess specimens of these arrows, both plain and colored.

These flat heads are lashed to the hardwood spike that terminates the arrow by a complicated arrangement of cotton threads, which, though they do not possess the artistic elegance of the Polynesian wrapping, yet are crossed and recrossed so as to produce a series of diamond shaped patterns. Mr. Waterton first called my attention to the venomous properties of this arrow head.

The young men practise diligently with these weapons. The largest, which are intended for the slaughter of tapirs, jaguars, and such like animals, are tested by being shot perpendicularly into the air, each archer trying to send his arrow above that of his competitor.

Mr. Brett, in his "Indian Tribes of Guiana," gives an interesting account of the skill of the natives as marksmen, and relates one little episode of the shooting, which shows that the "inevitable dog" accompanies sports in Guiana, just as he does in England.

"After several rounds from each man and

boy, the archery contest closed by a simultaneous discharge of arrows from every bow. More than two hundred shafts flying through the air together presented a novel spectacle, and in an instant demolished the target amid loud shouts from all. A dog which, unheeded, had wandered behind it, was surrounded by the crop of arrows which suddenly stuck in the sand, some even beneath him. He was a lucky dog, however, for with marvellous fortune he escaped unhurt, though bewildered by the adventure and the roar of applause which followed his somewhat hasty retirement, with deprecating look and drooping tail."

Spears are also used by some of the tribes. The same writer describes the mode in which a Warau had practised with the spear. His weapon was made of the same material as the arrow, but of greater size, the shaft being of reed, and the head of hard wood. The young spearman had fixed a mark on the soft stem of a plantain tree. As the missile struck the mark, the hard-wood head remained sticking in the tree, while the elastic shaft bounded back toward the thrower.

The lad said that this javelin was used for killing sundry large fishes, which are induced to rise to the surface of the water by means of scattering seeds and other food of which they are fond, and are then killed by means of this weapon.

Some of the arrows are unpoisoned, and, as an example of the great variety assumed, of the arrow heads of the different tribes three more specimens are given in the three left-hand figures of illustration No. 4, on page 1231, taken from the "Christy" collection. These heads are something of the same form as those which have just been described, but, instead of being flat, they are curved. The reader may remember that a similar form of arrow prevails in New Guinea. The reason is simple enough. The bamboo is covered with a coating of pure flint, which forms a natural edge so sharp, that when the bamboo is split, it can be used as a knife.

Indeed, until the introduction of iron, the bamboo furnished the knife in ordinary use throughout all Polynesia and many other countries where it grew. It is evident, therefore, that an arrow head merely made from a hollow bamboo stem, and retaining the hollow shape, must be a most formidable weapon, and inflict a very dangerous wound. It is brittle, fragile, and would shiver to pieces against a shield or defensive armor of even moderate strength, but against the naked bodies of the Indians it is a most effective weapon.

Great pains have been taken with these arrows, all of which have been ornamented in some peculiar manner. One of them is covered on the convex side with colored patterns, just as is the case with the poison-

wood arrow just described. Another is not only ornamented, but cut into barbs. The third, which is plain, is distinguished by a hollow ball, placed just below the head. The ball is pierced with a hole, so that when the arrow is sent from the bow a whistling sound will be produced. The Chinese use whistling arrows at the present time, and so did our archers in the days when the long-bow was the pride of England. In all these cases, the whistle could be used for amusement in time of peace, but for signals in time of war.

As the thoughtful reader might gather from the elaborate care exercised in ornamenting these weapons, the natives would rather exhibit than use them. It is almost invariably found to be the case, that really warlike people keep their weapons in the highest state of efficiency, but trouble themselves comparatively little about ornamenting them, whereas those who want a reputation for valor, without the trouble and danger of earning it, try to gain their end by having their weapons covered with ornament, and themselves assuming as martial an aspect as possible. If the reader will remember the various peoples that have been described in the course of this work, he will see how completely this rule holds good.

Take, by way of example, the Fijian and the Tongan. The one is celebrated throughout the world for the variety, the beauty, the finish, and the artistic ornamentation of his weapons. He always moves armed, feeling himself at a loss without his club on his shoulder; he bedizens himself in the most extravagant manner for the war dance, and before joining in actual battle he consumes a vast amount of time in boasting of his prowess, and of the use to which he will put the body of his foe.

But the Tongan, who never thinks of boasting before or after battle, whose weapons are simple and unadorned, is so completely the superior of the Fijian that he could, if he chose, make himself the master of the whole Fiji territory. We see the same characteristic in several Eastern lands, in which the men are walking arsenals of weapons inlaid with gold, silver, and precious stones, and yet will take the first opportunity of running away when there is a probability that their ornamental weapons will be used in earnest.

So the experienced anthropologist, as soon as he sees these beautifully carved arms, decorated with the most delicate plumage, and painted with all the colors which native art can supply, at once makes up his mind that such weapons are more for show than use, and that the makers would not have expended such time and trouble upon them, if they had intended them to undergo the rough usage of actual warfare.

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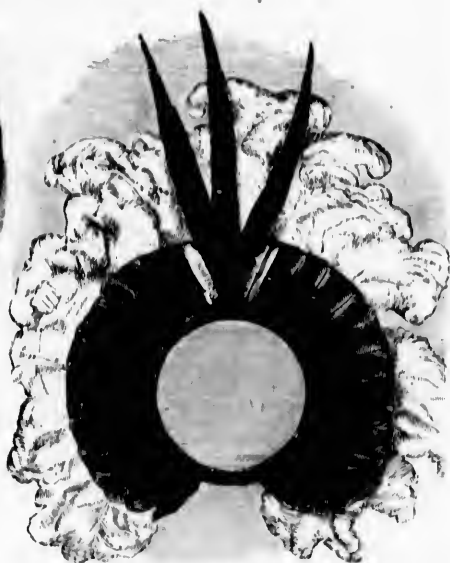
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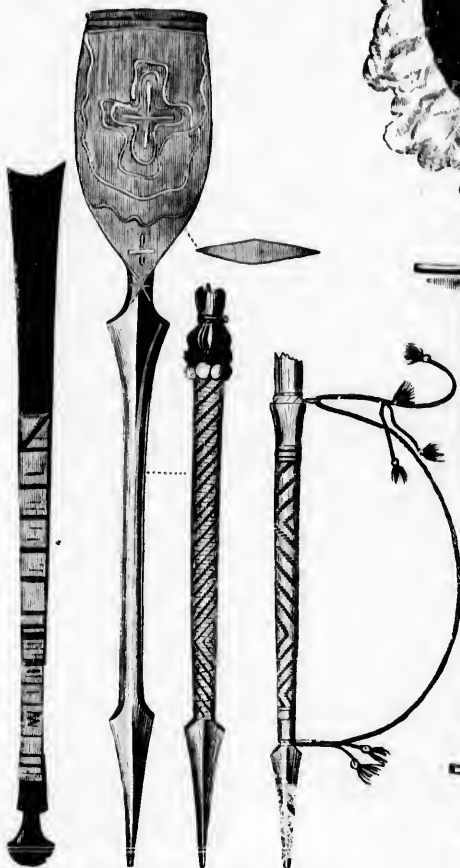
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(1.) HEADDRESS. (See page 1255.)



(2.) HEADDRESS. (See page 1255.)



(3.) GUIANAN CLUBS. (See page 1239.)



(4.) GUIANAN CRADLE. (See page 1247.)

CHAPTER CXXXI.

THE TRIBES OF GUIANA—*Continued.*

WAR—SUPERSTITION.

GUIANAN CLUBS—THE SAPAKANA AND POTU—WARFARE—CANNIBALISM—THE SHELL MOUND AND ITS CONTENTS—RISE AND FALL OF THE CARIB TRIBE—BLOOD FEUDS—THE KANAIMA AND ITS RESULTS—A STRANGE SUPERSTITION—THE GUIANAN VAMPIRE—WAR WITH THE ARAWAKS—INGENUOUS STRATEGY—THE AMBUSH—THE FORT AND THE BOOM—CAPTURE OF THE CHIEF AND END OF THE WAR.

WE will now pass to their clubs, in which, as well as in the arrows, can be read the characteristics of their makers: some of them are wonderful examples of savage art. The specimens which are shown in an illustration on the preceding page are all drawn from examples in the "Christy" collection.

Those on the right are examples of the kind of club which is called Sapakana. They are made of the heaviest and hardest wood which the native can find, and some of them are so large and heavy that they require a strong man to wield them. The blade is formed something like that of the New Zealand *merai*, being slightly convex in the middle, and coming to an edge on either side, so that it is as formidable a weapon as can well be imagined.

In order to give a firm grasp, the handle is covered with cotton string wound upon it very neatly, afterward being ornamented with feathers and similar decorations. As the heads of these clubs are very much alike, I have only given one entire, and the handles of two others. The central is the most highly ornamented, having tufts of brilliant green feathers just at the junction of the head and the handle, and below the feathers a series of white balls made of cotton-wool. The reader will doubtless admire the elaborate pattern in which the cotton string is wound upon the handle. One of these weapons in my own collection very much resembles that which has been already described, except that, instead of the feathers and cotton-wool balls, it is ornamented with a series of long trailing tufts made of cotton fibre.

At the present time the use of these beautiful clubs is practically abandoned, the musket having superseded the native weapons, so that the clubs, although they are still manufactured, are made for sale, and not for use.

Next comes a club which is used by the Caribs. It carries out fully the principle which has just been mentioned respecting the ratio between the ornament of the weapon and the warlike spirit of the user. This club is comparatively plain, being meant for use and not for show. The makers call it by the name of Potu, and it is evidently a modification of the "macana" club of the Gran Chaco Indians. To the eye it seems no very powerful weapon, but its weight, form, and balance render it capable of dashing out the brains of a man with a single blow. There is generally a wrapping of cotton string round the middle, so as to afford a firm grip, and a loop made of the same material, which passes over the wrist. A modification of the potu is shown in the left-hand specimen.

The very shape of the potu proves that they are meant to be used by a courageous and warlike people. As a rule the instinct of a really courageous people is to "get at" the adversary, while that of an unwarlike people is to keep the foe at a distance.

As to warfare and the mode of conducting it, there is considerable variation in the different tribes, some being peaceable and quiet, while others are just the reverse. The most warlike tribe among them is undoubtedly the Carib, of which Raleigh wrote that they were a naked people, but as valiant as any under the sky.

The Caribs were at that time the most important of the Guianan tribes, having earned their prominence by their weapons. If they quarrelled with another tribe, they were accustomed to make an expedition into the enemy's land by night, surround in succession their scattered villages, kill all the men, and take the women and children prisoners. Some of these captives were employed as slaves among themselves, and by degrees became incorporated with the tribe of their captors, while others were reserved for sale. They did not, however, restrict themselves to this kind of secret expedition, but openly made war with other tribes, and boasted that they would paddle their canoes against the stream, so that the enemy might hear them coming and not be taken by surprise.

There seems to be little doubt that the Caribs were at one time cannibals, though at the present day there is great difficulty in getting them to acknowledge the fact. The former cannibalism of these tribes was easily confirmed by some discoveries which were made in a large mound situated on a sand reef, some ten or twelve miles from the sea.

Thinking that this mound might be a kitchen midden similar to those which are found in many parts of the Old World, Mr. Brett instituted a search, and found that, like these mounds, the heap consisted chiefly of shells, mostly those of mussels and periwinkles, together with the claws and shells of crabs, and some bones of fishes and land vertebrates. At no very great depth from the surface, the excavators came upon a vast quantity of human bones, the skulls shattered to pieces, and the bones of the arms and legs split longitudinally.

To an experienced eye this state of the bones told its own story. The bones were not laid regularly, as they would have been if they had been the remains of bodies regularly interred, but were tossed about in confusion, the fragments of skulls, vertebrae, and limbs being scattered here and there without the least order. The story which these remains tell is simple enough. They are the bones of human beings who have been eaten by their fellow-men, which, after being cracked for the sake of the marrow, have been thrown aside, together with the shells of molluscs and other refuse. That this horrid custom was common to all the tribes at one time seems very probable, but the Caribs are the last to whom cannibalism has been attributed.

Like the Mundurucús, the Caribs had an ordeal consisting in enduring the bites of ants. They had no hereditary chief, though the son of a chief would succeed his father if he were considered to possess sufficient ability and courage. Even in such a case, the candidate for chieftainship had to prove his superiority over his fellows by his capability of bearing privations as well as tor-

ture. He was required to show that he was acquainted with all the stratagems of war, that he could endure long fasting, that he was of undiminished courage, and that he could resist even the terrible ordeal of the ants, and not until he had satisfactorily passed through all those trials did the tribe lay their weapons at his feet in token of their submission to him.

We may naturally feel some surprise that a people who exhibit such an indomitable spirit, and such a love of freedom, who have overrun vast tracts of territory and successfully resisted even the well-armed and disciplined troops of Europe, should not have advanced in the scale of civilization, but have remained as savage at the present day as we know them to have been three hundred years ago. Mr. Brett, whose personal knowledge of them enables him to speak with authority, gives his solution of the question as follows:—

"There arose among them no master spirit, who, combining the wisdom of the legislator with the bravery of the warrior, might have established humane and civilizing institutions among his people, and permanently united their scattered hordes. In great emergencies the necessity for united action led them accordingly to follow, and implicitly obey, some one of their chiefs, invested by themselves with superior authority, like a dictator of ancient Rome. But at other times each petty head of a clan or family moved and acted in a great measure as he pleased, there being no actual power nor hereditary authority sufficiently respected to command the obedience of all.

"Having thus no permanent band of cohesion, their wild hordes could only fight, overrun, oppress, and destroy, and in their highest prosperity were incapable of accomplishing any great and useful work which might have remained as their memorial to future ages."

In consequence of the want of leadership, the Carib tribe, once the greatest, and perhaps the origin of all the Guianan tribes, is steadily decreasing, and, valiant as they may be, they are no longer the terror of the other tribes, as they used to be. Indeed, during their feud with the Acauaios, in which they have been engaged for a long time, the Caribs have by no means been the winners. They have even been obliged to quit their own district, and settle themselves near the missionary stations for protection.

The same author who has just been quoted mentions several instances which show the falling power of the Caribs. On one occasion a Carib chief came to live at the mission station because he had found that a party of Acauaios, painted and equipped for war, were lurking near his home in the forest. Even in his place of refuge he was not safe from his enemies. One evening the village was disturbed by loud outcries,

and it was found that a son-in-law of the chief had been seriously hurt, and was lying in his hammock, writhing with the pain of a blow which he had received. He had wandered to some little distance from the house, when he caught sight of an Acawalo behind him. He turned round, sprang upon the enemy, and threw his arms round him; but the man was too strong, hurled him to the ground, and, as he fell, struck the blow which had caused him to take to his hammock.

The whole Carib party was in great confusion and terror for some time, but at last it turned out that the attack was in consequence of a personal feud with the wounded man. Two years before, his father had been assassinated by the Acawaiois, and he very naturally used his bow and arrows in a vain attempt to save his father's life. This act drew upon him the vengeance of the Acawaiois, who marked him for death whenever they could find an opportunity of killing him. He had fled from the Essequibo to Pomeroun, but uselessly, and was advised by the missionary to go to the coast and procure employment on one of the sugar estates, where his enemies would not be likely to follow.

Sometimes a blood feud is caused by a superstitious practice called Kanaima. A person dies, and the medicine man decides that the death has been caused by some one who has used sorcery for the purpose of taking away his life. The supposed wizard is then doomed to die, and a near relative of the deceased is set apart for the purpose of carrying out the sentence. He is supposed to be possessed by a wandering spirit called Kanaima, and is called by that name until the deed of vengeance is accomplished. During the time of possession, the Kanaima has to suffer many privations, so that the mere wish to be restored to his ordinary life acts as an incentive to the fulfilment of his office.

The mode of killing a victim according to the Kanaima superstition is a very cruel one. He is approached from behind (as was the case with the young Carib above-mentioned); and if the slayer can come within reach, the victim is struck down with a blow on the back of his neck. This blow is not meant to be fatal, and is only hard enough to cause insensibility for a time. The Kanaima then forces open his victim's mouth, and presses through his tongue the fangs of a venomous serpent. The tongue immediately swells to such an extent as to prevent the unfortunate wretch from speaking, and in the course of a day or two to end his life. Sometimes the Kanaima is said to substitute for the serpent's fangs a poisonous powder, made for the express purpose, and kept in a little tube made of the wing-bone of a bird. The preparation of this powder is a secret, handed down from father to son.

The task of the Kanaima is not yet ended. Three days after the burial of the victim, the murderer must visit the grave and go through some ceremony, before the Kanaima spirit departs and allows the man to return to his friends. The natives are very chary of their knowledge on this subject, but, as far as can be ascertained, the Kanaima presses a pointed stick through the body, tastes the blood, and by that act is relieved from the spirit of murder.

The friends of the victim, therefore, always endeavor to conceal the place of burial, and it is the duty of the murderer to hover about the place so that they shall not be able to enter the body without his knowledge. Should the friends be successful, the vengeance is reversed, for the unfortunate Kanaima is obliged to wander through the woods until he is afflicted with madness, or some other form of vengeance whereby the spirit of murder punishes those who have not carried out his wishes.

Mr. Brett witnessed several instances of this dreadful mode of punishment, and in one case had little doubt that he had come upon a Kanaima who had been unable to find the body of his victim. "An Indian, reduced almost to a skeleton, and in a dreadful state of exhaustion, was picked up in the forest by some Arawak, and brought to the Pomeroun mission. He had lost a portion of his scalp, and had his lower lip torn down at each corner. This he said had been done by a small 'tiger,' which had sprung on him while lying in the forest. . . .

"The Acawaiois at the mission, whose language he spoke, took much care of him at first, but afterward judged, from his refusing certain kinds of food and other signs, that he was a devotee and victim of unappeased Kanaima, and the murderer of a man killed some time before. From this and his savage, ungrateful demeanor (though Mr. McChintock aided by myself, cleansed and dressed his sores to encourage them), we had some difficulty in getting him nursed till his strength had returned, as they feared lest they should become his future victims."

If the friends of the murdered man fear that they will not be able to conceal the body effectually, they remove the liver, and put in its place a red-hot axe-head, under the belief that when the Kanaima tastes the blood of his victim, the heat which was in the axe-head will pass into his body and consume him.

Putting aside private feud, the Caribs have of late been beaten by the other tribes in open war. They had been partially successful against the Arawaks, who had been driven into the swampy district near the Waini. Here, however, the fugitives made a stand, and placed themselves under the supreme command of a well-known and tried warrior. Expecting that the Caribs would soon follow them into their place of refuge,

their leader placed his men in ambush among the islands, and awaited the coming of the enemy.

On came the Caribs in their great war canoes, following each other in single file through the narrow creeks which separate the "wet savannah" into islands. They were allowed to pass unhurt, until they rounded one of the islands, when a deadly shower of arrows from both banks disabled or killed every man on board. The second canoe pushed on, only to meet the same fate, while the others, not being able to see the carnage that was taking place, hurried onward toward the spot whence the cries proceeded, and were in their turn overwhelmed with the deadly shower. The victorious Arawáks then jumped into the water, seized the canoes, and killed every one of the warriors with the exception of two. These were sent home by the victors on the promise of a large ransom, to be paid in the cotton hammocks for the manufacture of which the Caribs are so famous; and an insulting message was also sent by them, requesting the Caribs to send another expedition.

On land the Caribs fared as badly against the same foes as they had done by sea. Being determined to resist the continual attacks of the Caribs, the Arawáks made up their minds to fly no more to the swamps for safety, but to boldly face their enemies. They therefore built a large house on the banks of a rivulet, surrounded it with trees laid with their branches outward—in fact, the *abattis* of modern engineering—and stored the house with as many arrows as they could make. Moreover, they made broad wooden shields, which were used on this occasion for the first and probably for the last time.

As had been anticipated, the Caribs were not very long in making their attack. Seeing a small party of men among the trees, they gave chase and pursued them as far as the house, which they immediately attacked. The defenders did not return the fire of the Caribs, but contented themselves with receiving on their shields the arrows of the enemy. When they judged that the arrows of the foe were nearly exhausted, they made use of their own stores, and poured volley after

volley on the invaders, being supplied by the women and boys with arrows as fast as they could shoot. The Caribs were unable to withstand such an attack, and were obliged to beat a retreat, during which they lost many more of their number by the pursuing Arawáks.

The two last decisive battles between these great tribes ended again in favor of the Arawáks. The latter established themselves on the banks of a branch of the river Moruca, a stream which is thickly wooded on both sides. The name of this branch is Haimara-Cabura. Across this stream the Arawáks sank a tree trunk at such a depth that it would allow small canoes to pass over it, while the large and heavily-laden war-canoes must inevitably strike upon it.

The invaders came, as had been expected, but found nothing except empty houses. They then descended the Moruca, looking about for their prey, and at last caught sight of several canoes and gave chase. The fugitive canoes, on reaching the mouth of the Haimara-Cabura, darted into it as if for shelter, and were followed by the invaders, yelling and shouting with excitement. Suddenly, their canoes struck violently against the sunken boom, jerked the paddles from their places, became entangled with each other, and caused inextricable confusion. In the midst of their perplexity, showers of arrows were hurled upon them, and very few of the invading force escaped.

Among them, however, was the Carib chief Manarrawa, who was incensed at the repulse with which he had met, returned to the Orinoco, organized another force, and again attacked the Arawáks. This time he was less fortunate, being wounded and taken prisoner. On being brought before the council of chiefs, Manarrawa promised that, if his life was spared, he would cause his people to cease from further attacks. The Arawáks, more lenient than the Caribs, granted his request, gave him a canoe, and sent him home. He, on his part, performed his promise, and from that time there has been no regular war between the Caribs and Arawáks, although there have been private blood feuds of the kind described.

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(1.) LAKE DWELLERS OF THE ORINOCO. (See page 1269.)



(2.) A WARAU HOUSE. (See pages 1215, 1251, 1268.)
(1244)

CHAPTER CXXXII.

THE TRIBES OF GUIANA — *Continued.*

ARCHITECTURE AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

ARCHITECTURE — THE ORDINARY GUIANAN HOUSE — THE MACOUSHIE AND INLAND HUTS — CHOICE OF THE SITE — MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENTS — POLYUAMY AND ITS RESULTS — A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE — JEALOUSY AND ITS RESULTS — FORBIDDEN DEGREES AMONG THE ARAWAKS — THE GUIANAN MOTHER AND CHILD — A SINGULAR CUSTOM — POLYANDRY — MAKING CASSAVA — THE MANIOO TREE AND ITS ALLIES — THE GRATER, THE BOWL, AND THE COLANDER — THE PRESS, OR TITIPI — USE MADE OF THE POISONOUS JUICE — MAKING SUGAR — PIWARRI DRINKING — THE MAQUARRI DANCE — CONSTRUCTION OF THE WHIPS — ENDURANCE OF PAIN.

WE will now examine the domestic life of the Guianan natives.

Their architecture differs considerably according to the district. As a rule, the climate is so warm that houses are but little needed, all that is required being a simple roof above the head. The ordinary kind of hut is nothing more than a mere shed, a sort of barn without the walls, supported on posts and thatched with leaves. From the posts and rafters are hung the personal goods of the natives, such as fans, paddles, clubs, blow guns, bows and arrows, and similar articles, while from one or two of the cross-beams is sure to be hanging the singular cassava press, which will be presently described. Such a house is represented on the preceding page.

Between the upright posts, and sometimes from the transverse beams, are suspended the hammocks, some of which are almost invariably occupied, as the master has a natural genius for lying in his hammock when he is not absolutely obliged to be on his feet. The number of hammocks under a single roof is almost incredible. They are hung in tiers, one above another, like the berths on board a passenger ship, and when thirty or forty of them are occupied at once, it seems rather wonderful that the building should be able to withstand such a strain.

As the inhabitants move about, or get into and out of their hammocks while replenishing the nightly fires, whose smoke is

the only defence against the mosquitoes and other winged pests, the whole building rocks, the joints creak, and the house seems on the point of coming down. But the junctions of the beams and posts are so firmly tied that they are far stronger than they look, and however fragile the shed may seem, it is quite equal to any strain they may have to endure.

In the interior, however, the huts are more of a complicated character, and have walls as well as a roof. Their form is invariably round, and their roofs pointed in the centre. Some are shaped almost exactly like single-poled tents, having a circular upright wall, some five or six feet in height, and from that wall a tolerably high conical roof ending in a sharp point. Their general shape much resembles that of the Makololo house, seen on page 329. The roof, however, is neater, and the central pole, by which it is supported, rises to some height above the top, looking like the ornamental spikes with which English builders are fond of decorating some of their villas.

Other houses, though built on the same principle, are not quite conical. They have no distinction between the wall and roof, and, instead of being circular, are octagonal. They may be very well imitated by cutting out eight isosceles triangles from cardboard, the larger sides being about four times the length of the shortest, and sewing them together. A knitting needle through the cen-

tre will act as a support, and look very much like the centre pole of the edifice.

These huts are used by the Macoushies, the makers of the very long blow guns which have already been described, and from projections in the upright poles the weapons are suspended when not in use. It need scarcely be said that the task of house building belongs to the women, inasmuch as it pertains to the category of heavy work, which is beneath the character of a man to undertake. Indeed, with these people, as with many other uncivilized nations, the rooted disinclination of the men to labor, and the consequent falling of all the work upon the women, is one of the most serious obstacles to their progress in civilization; and even polygamy is not so much a drawback as the inferior condition of the women.

Treating of the native houses, Mr. Brett remarks that the builders, simple as may be the house itself, carefully select a site which must combine several requirements. In the first place, it must be near a stream, so that the women may not have more trouble than needful in fetching water for the use of the household, and that the canoe may be within easy reach of the house when the owner wishes to set out upon one of the frequent migrations which take place among these tribes.

It must be a spot which is rather out of the way. The native Guianan likes peace and quietness, and has a strong objection to being disturbed, the apathy of his nature being supplemented by an inveterate shyness, which makes him keep aloof from strangers. It must also be a spot where the ground is light and sandy, and where the very slight cultivation needed in this land can be easily carried on.

The house being built, the next business is to prepare a field for the cultivation of yams and cassava, and this is the only hard work which the men will condescend to do. The ground is already occupied by trees, but this is of no consequence to the native agriculturist. Having selected a convenient spot, he cuts down the trees, ingeniously contriving that the fall of one shall bring down several others. This is done at the beginning of the hot season, i. e. somewhere in August. The tropical sun soon dries the fallen trees, and when they are sufficiently parched for the purpose, the Indian sets them on fire, a process which rapidly consumes all but the trunks and the largest branches. He has now done his share of the work, and leaves the rest to the women, who have to clear away the debris as far as they can, and to do all the digging, planting, and weeding that is needed.

Among these people polygamy, though not always the rule, is often the case, and a man's greatness is partly estimated by the number of his wives. It is not, however,

carried out to such an excess as is the case with many other peoples, inasmuch as one chief was looked upon with the greatest respect because he had the unusual number of nine wives. This chief, a Warau, was very jealous of his establishment, and was said to have shot one of his wives, and severely wounded another with his cutlass. As a rule, however, a man has one wife only, the exceptions being rarer in proportion to the number of wives.

The Caribs appear to carry out the principle of proprietorship in their women to the fullest degree, as is exemplified by an amusing anecdote related by Mr. Brett. It must be premised that, as is usual among nearly all uncivilized natives, the wife is purchased from her father or oldest male relative, who has absolute power over and can sell her as he would sell his bow, and with as much regard for the feelings of one article of property as the other.

"A high-spirited Carib girl, indignant at being given in marriage to an elderly man, who had already other wives (one being her own sister), ran away from him, and bestowed her hand on one of the Essequibo Caribs, a younger man whom she liked better. After a while, the old man visited that quarter—not, however, to exercise his undoubted right to bring her back and beat her, but to claim compensation for her services. It was willingly allowed, and for a gun, a barrel of salt, or some article of like value, the woman was left with the man of her choice, who perhaps thought himself secure, and the business ended.

"But the next year the old man, who well knew what he was doing, paid them another visit, still, as he said, in quest of compensation. On being reminded by the husband that he had already been paid for the woman, he replied, 'Yes—for the woman; but she has since borne you a child—you must now pay me for that.' The unwritten law of Carib usage was decidedly in the old man's favor, and he received compensation for that child. For each succeeding birth he could, if he chose, reappear, like an unquiet spirit, make a similar demand, and be supported therein by the custom of his nation."

Sometimes the second wife is purchased while still a child, and brought up together with the family of the first wife, and a prudent chief will thus provide himself with a succession of wives, each attaining marriageable years as her predecessors become too old to suit the taste of their proprietor. Now and then, the first wife successfully resists the introduction of a sharer of her household. In one such case, the first wife, after trying to commit suicide, and being prevented, took a more sensible course. She was an Arawak, one of three sisters, all living with their respective husbands at one settlement. One day, the husband of the

eldest sister, having been on a visit to some friends, brought home another wife, a full-grown young woman. The first wife, after her unavailing attempt at suicide, made an onslaught upon the intruder, aided by her two sisters, whose husbands stood quietly looking on. The end of the business was, that the woman was sent back to her friends, and the first wife was left in the undisturbed rule of her household.

The Arawáks have a curious and praiseworthy regulation concerning marriage. Their tribe is divided into a number of families, each descending in the female line, and being known by its own name. No one is allowed to marry into the family bearing the same name as himself or herself, and this principle is carried out in a rather curious manner.

As the succession falls in the woman's line, her sons and daughters, and the children of her daughters, bear the same name as herself, but not so the children of her sons, who will take the names of their respective mothers. The Arawáks are very tenacious of this rule, and think an infraction of it to be a great crime.

As is the case with most uncivilized nations, the Guianan mothers think but little of the event which lays a civilized European woman on the bed of sickness for weeks. Mr. Brett saw one Warau woman, only two hours after the birth of her child, tie up her hammock, and carry it, together with her newly born infant, from one house to another. When the child is very young, it is laid in a small hammock, but when it gains a little strength, a rather curious cradle is provided for it.

The body of the cradle is made of the ever-useful *itirriti* reed, which is split into slips about the tenth of an inch in width, and then woven so as to make a kind of basket, open at one end and down one side. The edges are strengthened by a rod of flexible wood lashed firmly to them, and the cradle is brought into shape by means of a framework consisting of tolerably strong sticks. The opening in front is much narrower than the body of the cradle, so that the child can be easily secured in it. The length of my specimen, drawn on page 1238, is exactly twenty inches, and width at the back thirteen inches, while that of the opening is only seven inches. This cradle is very strong, very elastic, and very light—three great requisites in such an article. When the mother wishes to carry her child, she only takes a broad plaited belt, the two ends of which are united, passes it over the crossbars at the top of the cradle, and then brings the belt across her forehead.

The parents are very kind to their children, and can seldom bring themselves to chastise them, except in a sudden fit of anger. The natural consequence of this

treatment is, that they have scarcely any control over the children, though, when they grow up, the respect shown by sons and daughters to their parents of either sex is worthy of all praise.

Connected with this subject, the Guianan natives have a very singular custom, which, according to our ideas at the present day, entirely reverses the order of things. With us, when a wife expects to be a mother, she often thinks it necessary to abstain from certain articles of food, and from too much exertion. With the Guianan Indians, the wife eats exactly what she chooses, and works as hard as ever, while the husband thinks himself bound to abstain and to rest. For example, the Acawaia and Caribs will not eat the flesh of the agouti, lest the future offspring should be thin and meagre; the haimara fish, lest it should be dim-sighted; or the maroudi, lest it should be still-born; the cry of this bird being held as an omen of death. The reader may remember that a Macoushie excused himself from making wourali by reference to this custom. This custom does not stop with the child's birth, but extends to several weeks afterward.

As soon as her child is born, the Indian wife washes the baby, rolls it in the cradle hammock, and goes about her business as usual. But the Indian husband is pleased to consider himself very ill, and straightway takes to his hammock, where he is waited upon by the women with the most solicitous attention. In some districts the sick husband has not a very pleasant part to play, being obliged to take nauseous drinks, and to go through a course of very unpleasant medicine. Generally, however, he does nothing but lie in his hammock for a week or two, during which time he is kept amply supplied with the daintiest food, and petted as if he were recovering from a dangerous sickness.

This custom has gradually expired in the vicinity of the mission stations, but it occasionally revives. Mr. Brett mentions an instance where a large influx of strangers reintroduced it into the station. It so happened that a young Christian Indian had become a father, and was violently importuned by his female relatives to take to his hammock according to ancient custom. He resisted for some time, but was so persecuted that he fairly ran away, and went to work at a distance for three weeks, at the expiration of which time he thought he might be considered as convalescent. Strange as this custom may seem to be, it is one which has prevailed through a very considerable portion of the globe, and even in Europe has not been extinct until comparatively late years.

Not only is polygamy practised among these tribes, but the strange custom of polyandry exists. On one occasion, when a missionary was arguing with a native against

the practice of polygamy, he used an *argumentum ad hominem*, and with the bad results that usually follow such an argument. Finding that he could not prove to his interlocutor that a man ought not to have two wives, the missionary asked how it would be liked by the men if one wife were to have two husbands. To his astonishment, the man replied that the plan answered very well, and that he knew a woman who at that time had three husbands.

It has been already mentioned that the natives of Guiana depend chiefly for their food upon the beasts, birds, and fishes which they capture. Vegetable food is not so important to them as it is generally to inhabitants of warmer climates, probably because the almost perpetual moisture of the country forces the inhabitants to partake of a comparatively generous diet.

The staple vegetable food is the cassava, which is prepared in rather a curious manner. Strange to say, it is obtained from a plant belonging to the natural order Euphorbiaceae, plants which are celebrated for containing most poisonous juices.

Some of them are trees of the largest size, while others are little herbs that only exist for a few weeks. All of them, however, secrete an acrid juice, more or less poisonous. A familiar example of these plants may be found in the common spurge, or wart-wort of our gardens (*Euphorbia helioscopia*), the white, acrid, milky juice of which is employed in destroying warts. Several of these Euphorbiaceae produce, beside the poisonous juice, a farinaceous substance, from which the poison can be separated, and which is then useful as human food.

The chief plant which produces the cassava is the *Jatropha manihot*, though there are others from which the farina can be obtained. The juice of this plant is so poisonous that a very small dose will produce death. Fortunately, the venomous principle is exceedingly volatile, and can be driven off by heat, so that the very substance which in its raw state is a deadly poison becomes, when cooked, a wholesome article of food.

The mode of preparing the cassava is as follows: Taking on her back the quaque, which has already been described, the Guianan woman digs up a quantity of the cassava root, puts it into the quaque, and brings it to her hut. She next peels it by tearing off the outer covering with her teeth, and then proceeds to scrape it into very fine shavings. This is done by means of the native grater, which, rude as it looks, is a very effective machine. It consists of a thick board about a yard in length and half as much in width. Into the upper surface of this board are driven in regular rows a number of fragments of sharp stones, which are further secured in their places by a sort

of vegetable glue obtained from the juice of a tree.

By being drawn over this surface, the cassava roots are soon reduced to thin shavings, much like those of the horse radish, which are collected into a basket. One of these baskets is shown in fig. 2, on page 1231. It is made much like the cradle already mentioned, but is of closer texture, and the strips of cane are wider. It is about two feet in diameter, and is capable of containing a considerable quantity of the grated root.

When the native cassava maker does not possess one of these graters, she uses as a substitute the acrid root of a species of *Ireartia* palm, which is covered with hard protuberances, and answers the purpose tolerably well, though it does not work so smoothly or neatly as the regular grater.

Sometimes a further process of grinding is employed, though not always. In such cases, the grated root is placed on a flat, sloping stone, and rubbed with another, just as is done by the Araucanians. See page 1203.

The next process is to rid it of its poisonous juices, and in this part of the operation there is also considerable variation. Among some tribes, the scraped cassava is taken out of the dish and pressed tightly into a sieve or colander. This instrument is very ingeniously made. It is of basket work, but instead of being made of flat strips of cane or reed, round twigs are used, about as thick as ordinary drawing pencils. The natives have an ingenious mode in which the shape of the vessel is preserved while the interstices are not allowed to diminish or increase in size. This is done by beginning with a comparatively few twigs at the apex of the colander, and inserting fresh twigs at regular intervals as the vessel increases in size.

Into this colander the cassava is pressed and kneaded with water, until a considerable amount of the juice is expressed. It is then left in the sieve to undergo a partial drying, and is soon ready for another process, that of the press; and it is remarkable that, though presses of various descriptions have been sent from Europe, none of them seem to answer so well as the native Guianan press called the "tipiti." This press is a long, cylindrical basket, from six to seven feet in length, and about four inches in diameter, made of the bark of the *Jacitara* palm, a species of *Desmoncus*. The lower part of the tipiti is closed, and brought nearly to a point, while the upper part is left open, each end terminating in a very strong loop. Owing to the mode in which the tipiti is made, the central portion is highly elastic, while the mouth and tip are comparatively stiff. One of these is represented on the following page.

Several of these tipities generally hang to the roof or the cross-beam of the hut, so as to be ready for use when wanted. One of them is then filled with grated cassava, which is thrust into the elastic tube as tightly as

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(2.) TWIN BOTTLE. (See page 1251.)



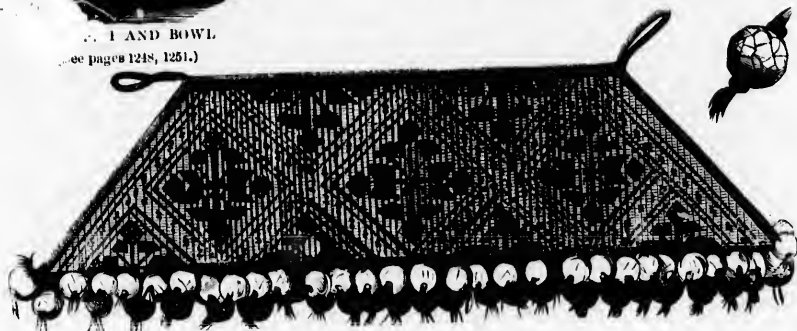
(3.) SPATHIE. (See page 1258.)



(1.) BOWL AND BOWL
(See pages 1248, 1251.)



(4.) FEATHER APRON. (See page 1253.)



BEAD APRON. (See page 1256.)

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possible, so as to cause it to become very much shorter, and very much thicker in the middle. Underneath the tipiti is placed an earthenware bowl to receive the juice. Vessels such as these are made by the natives, and although they are very fragile, as the clay is never thoroughly kneaded, and the baking is insufficient, they can endure the fire well enough for cooking purposes. The vessel which is represented in the illustration is of a deep brown color, striped and spotted with black.

Besides these soft and fragile bowls, the natives make bottles for the purpose of carrying water. Some of these clay bottles are really elegant in form, and show evidences of artistic feeling on the part of the potter. A figure of a double water bottle, with its earthenware stoppers, is given on page 1249.

A heavy weight is then fastened to the bottom of the tipiti, which is consequently elongated and narrowed, so as to compress the contents forcibly, and squeeze out the juice that remains in the cassava. After a while a still stronger pressure is obtained by means of the lever. A pole is passed through the loop at the bottom of the tipiti, and the shorter end of it is lashed to one of the upright posts of the house. The heavy weight—usually a large stone—is then hung to the longer end of the pole, so as to produce a powerful leverage on the tipiti, and compress the cassava still further.

When the process has arrived at this state, the cassava maker often adds her own weight to that of the stone, by sitting on the end of the lever, and with her baby slung in its cradle on her back, occupies herself in some of the lighter feminine occupations.

The cassava is now fit for baking, for which purpose it is placed on circular iron plates, which are laid over the fire like the "girdles" on which oat cakes are baked. Although little known in this country under its proper name, cassava is largely used under the name of *semolina*, which is nothing more than the cassava roughly ground to a coarse sort of grain.

Nothing of this useful plant is thrown away. We have seen that the farinaceous matter can be rendered wholesome by being deprived of its poisonous juice, and we shall now see that even this juice itself can be rendered useful. If man or beast were to drink it as it pours from between the interstices of the tipiti, they would swell, and die in great agony. But by means of boiling the poisonous principle is driven off and the juice changes to a deep brown liquid, which is well known under the name of *cassareep*, and extensively used as a sauce. It is the foundation of the "peppercot" of the West Indies, and when used by natives is so highly impregnated with red pepper, that when they hospitably serve a white stranger with cassava bread and cas-

sareep sauce, the mouth of the stranger is excoeriated by the quantity of capsicum.

If the reader will refer to the illustration representing a Warnu house, on page 1244, he will see the various processes of cassava-making. On the right hand is seen a woman kneeling before the grater, and scraping the cassava into the dish or basket. Hanging to the cross-beams of the hut are two of the tipiti presses, one filled ready for the weight and the lever, and the other stretched nearly to its full extent. A woman is sitting on the lever, and so expressing the last drops from the cassava into the bowl. The baking of the cassava cake is shown in the background on the right hand.

A few little episodes of Guianan life are shown in the same illustration. On the left hand is seen a man armed with his bow and long arrows, and having slung on his shoulders the little bag which serves as a pocket. Another man is lying asleep in his hammock, and nearly in the middle is shown a mother with her two children, one of them dragging a huge spider tied to a string. The spiders of this country are sometimes as large as a man's outspread hand, and, unpleasant playfellows as they appear to us, they are used in this light by the children, as was seen by Mr. Bates.

The natives can also make sugar, though of a rather coarse character. Some of the tribes employ a machine with small wooden rollers, for the purpose of crushing the sugar-cane and expressing the juice, but the plan followed by the Caribs is the most simple, and at the same time the most remarkable. They carve the upper part of a stout post into the rude semblance of a human bust, the post being as nearly as possible as large as a man. The part that answers to the collar-bone projects considerably, and a hole is bored through the middle of the neck under the chin.

When the Caribs wish to make their sugar, they put one end of a long and stout lever, into the hole in the neck, and lay the cane horizontally upon the collar-bones. One man then takes the end of the lever, and by pressing it down crushes the cane so that the juice flows down the breast of the image into the vessel, while another man shifts the cane so as to bring every portion successively under the lever.

As for drink, the Guianan natives have from time immemorial made an intoxicating liquor called *piwarri*, which is almost exactly like the *mudai* of the Araucanians. A number of cakes of cassava bread are toasted brown, thrown into a large vessel, and boiling water poured over them. The remainder of the cakes are masticated and mixed with the others in the vessel. Fermentation then takes place very rapidly, and in a short time the liquor is fit to drink. The natives are immoderately fond of this disgusting preparation, and often brew and

and drink great quantities at a time. A canoe is no uncommon vessel to be filled with piwarri, and every one who joins in the revel is presumed to become intoxicated as soon as possible. Mr. Brett mentions an amusing instance of native feeling on this subject.

The Arawaks of the Mahaiconi district having begged that a missionary might be sent to them, the bishop determined on visiting them personally. In honor of his arrival, the Arawaks had got up a great festival, including a canoe full of piwarri, and the curious Maquarri dance, of which we shall presently learn. Most of them were intoxicated, but they apologized to the bishop for their shortcomings in politeness, and said that if they had known sooner of his visit, they would have had two canoes full of piwarri instead of one.

Piwarri feasts vary in detail according to the tribe which holds them. They are, however, always accompanied by a dance, and by some ceremonies practised by the piaman or conjurer. An interesting account of a piwarri feast is given by Messrs. Spix and Martius, in their "Travels in Brazil:."

"By degrees, those residing at a greater distance arrived in single troops, each with his whole family, and with bag and baggage, as if they were going to migrate; the men who had not yet secreted their bows and arrows in the neighboring woods hid them here; the women put down their baskets, took the children on their shoulders, and looked for the drinking-cup (*cupa*). Without conversing with each other, each member of the family examined the surrounding company with an unsteady look; the men approached each other, and saluted their neighbors, at most, by pointing out their lips, and a scarcely audible nasal tone.

"In the middle of the assembly, and nearest to the pot, stood the chief, who, by his strength, cunning, and courage, had obtained some command over them, and had received the title of captain. In his right hand he held the maracá, the above-mentioned castanet, which they call *gringerina*, and rattled with it, beating time with his right foot. We did not find any traces among the Indians of the oracles of the maracá, mentioned in the accounts of earlier travellers. Rather walking than dancing, he advanced slowly, with his body bent forward, round the pot, toward which his eyes were constantly turned. The dance, the measure of which was in triple time, was accompanied by him with a low monotonous singing, which was more strongly marked when he stamped with his foot. The oftener the song was repeated, the more solemn and animated was the expression of his voice and features. All the rest stood motionless round the pot, stared at him without speaking, and only now and then, when the words of the dancer, which seemed to be extempore,

moved them, they broke out into immoderate cries.

"After this measured circular dance, by which, probably, it was intended to conjure and keep off evil spirits, the leader approached the pot, took from the hand of his neighbor the drinking-vessel which he held ready, gravely dipped it into the pot, and took a sip. The rattling of the gringerina and the monotonous music became general, and more and more noisy the longer the cup went round. We, too, had a full cup presented to us, and though filled with disgust, we were obliged to follow the advice of our guide to empty it, in order not to give the Indians any reasons for distrust.

"The beverage resembles in taste our malt liquor, and when taken in a large quantity is intoxicating, an effect which was but too manifest toward the end of the feast, by their lolling and noisy singing of, 'Hi! hal! hal!' Hopes had been given us that we should see on this occasion the dances of the Coroados; but toward evening, after their stomachs and heads were full, one party slipped away after the other, as if by previous agreement."

The same authors give an account of a melancholy sort of dance performed by another tribe of natives, the *Paris* :—

"When they had been made familiar, and treated with plentiful draughts of brandy, of which, like all Indians, they are passionately fond, they began their dance by night, on an open spot not far from the fazenda of Guilowald. If the compact low stature, the brown-red color, the jet-black hair hanging down in disorder, the disagreeable form of their broad angular countenances, the small, oblique, unsteady, blinking eyes, and, lastly, the tripping, short, light step of these savages had excited in us the most sorrowful feelings at the debasement of humanity in them, these were further increased by the melancholy expression of their festivity in the darkness of the night. The men placed themselves close together in a line, and behind them the women, also in a line. The men's children, sometimes two or three, took hold of each other and of the fathers round the waist, as the female children did their mothers. In this position they began their melancholy 'Háu—ja—há—ha—há.' It is remarkable that the melodies which Lery noted above two hundred years ago among the Indians in the neighborhood of Rio Janeiro very much resemble those observed by us.

"The song and the dance were repeated several times, and the two rows moved slowly forward in a measured triple time. In the first three steps they put the left foot forward, and bent the left side; at the first and third step they stamped with the left foot, and at the second with the right; in the following three steps they advanced the right foot at the first and last, bending on the right side.

In this manner they advanced a little alternately, in short steps. As soon as the song was concluded, they ran back in disorder, as if in flight—first the women with their daughters, and then the men with their sons. After this they placed themselves in the same order as before, and the scene was repeated. A negro, who had lived a long time among the Paris, explained to us the words sung to this dance as a lamentation, the subject of which was, that they had attempted to pluck a flower from a tree, but had fallen down. No interpretation of this melancholy scene could have appeared to us more appropriate than that of the loss of Paradise.⁵

The most curious of all the Guianan dances is that which is called the Maquarri dance, from the implement which forms its principal element. The Maquarri is a whip, and the object of the dance is giving and receiving blows from the maquarri. The form of this whip varies in different districts. The form usually employed, is made of silk grass fibre, bound together so as to form a stiff and elastic whip. The handle is strengthened by being bound strongly with a strip of dark cane wound spirally around it, and is ornamented by a tuft of fibres, which hang from the butt. Several tufts of white cotton wool adorn the transition between the handle and the lash, the latter of which tapers gradually to a point. The whole whip including the lash, is nearly five feet in length, and is a most formidable instrument of torture, capable of cutting into the bare skin like a knife, and causing the blood to spirt from the wound which it makes. The other form is scarcely so terrible a whip to the eye, though it may inflict quite as much pain when skillfully handled. It is entirely covered with cane, and, as it is swung about, it gives a crackling sound with every curve. The length of this whip is three feet four inches.

The maquarri dance is conducted in the following manner. The young men and boys, decorated with all the fantastic feather work which native art can supply, range themselves in two rows opposite each other, the dancers being all armed with their maquarri whips, which they wave in the air, uttering at the same time cries which are intended to imitate the notes of birds.

Presently two of the dancers from opposite sides challenge each other, leave the ranks, and dance opposite each other in the open space between the ranks. After dancing for a while, one of them stops, and stands firmly on one leg, thrusting the other forward, and remaining perfectly firm and steady. See illustration on page 1280.

His opponent, or partner, whichever he may be called, stoops down, takes deliberate aim at some part of the projecting leg, and then leaping into the air, in order to give force to his stroke, delivers a blow with all his strength. A practised maquarri dancer is

sure to cut deeply into the skin and to draw blood by the stroke; but the receiver does not shrink from the blow, gives no sign of pain, and only smiles contemptuously as he executes the dance. Presently his opponent holds out his leg in turn to be struck, and after a few lashes have been exchanged, they retire to the piwarri vessel, drink some of its contents, and return to their places in the ranks.

The greatest good humor prevails during this strange contest, though when a couple of powerful and experienced dancers have met, they have often scarcely been able to walk from the severity of the blows which they have received. Sometimes, after a hard day's dancing and drinking, when their legs are stiff and sore from the blows which they have received, and their heads are aching from the liquid they have drunk, they declare that they will abandon the dance for ever. But, as soon as their legs get well and their heads are clear again, they forget all their promises, and join in the next maquarri dance with unabated zest.

During one of these dances, which was performed in Mr. Brett's presence, a stout little Warau came to the encampment, when the dance was nearly over, evidently with the idea of getting some piwarri without undergoing the previous salutation of the maquarri whip. The young men at once divined his intention, and quietly passed the word among themselves to frustrate his design. Accordingly, he was challenged in rapid succession by the young men, and subjected to more than ordinary castigation before he obtained any piwarri. However, he bore his punishment manfully, and did his best to look pleasant, although he soon perceived the trap into which he had fallen.

On that occasion the dance was given in honor of a woman who had been buried in the house. A broad plank lay upon her grave, and on it, among other articles, was a bundle of silk grass being the remainder of the material from which the maquarri whips had been made, these articles having somewhat of the sacred character about them. After going through a few ceremonies, two or three men, armed with long knives, dashed in among the dancers, snatched the whips from them, cut off the lashes, and flung them into the grave. The owners of the whips pretended to be very savage at surrendering the whips, leaping, throwing somersaults, and going through all kinds of evolutions, so that it was great matter of surprise that any of them escaped injury.

On another occasion, when the maquarri dance had been got up in honor of the bishop, all the dancers, before they went into the large house, laid their whips on a board which had been placed there expressly for their reception.

With regard to this dance, Mr. Brett was

much struck with the apparent indifference to pain manifested by the natives, and asked them how they could endure such tortures without seeming to feel them. The Indians replied that their insensibility to pain was partly produced by the *piwarri*, and was partly owing to the presence of the women, who would scoff at any one who showed the least symptom of suffering.

Giving both these reasons their full value, there are two others of much greater importance. One is the natural apathy of the native, who requires a very strong stimulus for exertion. This apathy extends to the nerves of sensation as well as to those of volition, and the real fact is, that a blow which would cause the most horrible agony to a white man is scarcely felt by the native Guianan. The other is the effect of exposure and perfect health of body. All those who have gone into training for any athletic contest will remember how different is the pain-bearing capacity of the trained and untrained man, the former scarcely seeming to be aware of an injury which would have prostrated him for weeks had he been untrained. Now these natives are always in the state of body to which the civilized athlete occasionally brings himself, and the result is, that external injuries have but little effect on them.

Another and a rather picturesque dance is described by Mr. Brett. This is an Arawak dance, and is performed in the following manner:—Twelve young men step forward, and arrange themselves in parallel rows; but

instead of carrying *maquarri* whips, they bear slender rods, about twelve feet in length, decorated with strips of silk grass stained red, and having at the tips little gourds with stones in them. They dance backward and forward, striking the ends of their rods against the ground, and keeping time with the measure. From time to time the young women go up to the dancers, seize their arms, and dance with them, and then, as the men clash the rattling ornaments of beetles' wing cases with which their wrists and legs are decorated, the women loose their hold, and run back to their companions like frightened deer.

A Warau dance is described by the same missionary who witnessed the *maquarri* dance. "It was little more than a measured series of steps, accompanied with stamping, while the persons advanced or receded, sometimes in single rank, sometimes in two ranks facing each other, throwing their right arms over their right-hand neighbor's shoulders, and their left arms round their left-hand neighbor's waist, swaying their bodies to and fro. Occasionally the women would run, and, inserting themselves between the men, join in the dance.

"The effect was somewhat heightened by a monotonous chant sung in unison, and by the clatter of beads and anklets made of hard seeds and the wings of beetles. The dance was intended to represent the antics of a herd of *kairounies*, or bush hogs, and the chant was a succession of mocking or jeering expressions."

CHAPTER CXXXIII.

THE TRIBES OF GUIANA—*Continued.*

DRESS—AMUSEMENTS.

FEATHER HEADDRESSES AND THEIR STRUCTURE—THE FEATHER APRON—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—THE KIMISA AND QUEYU—MODE OF MANUFACTURE—HARMONY OF COLOR—MR. BAINES' THEORY—A SINGULAR PURCHASE—THE SAPURU OR GARTER OF THE CARIBS—PAINT AND TATTOO—THE SPATHE CAP AND APRON—PETS AMONG THE NATIVES—SKILL IN FISHING AND CAYMAN CATCHING—MR. WATERTON'S ADVENTURE—THE INGENIOUS HOOK—GAMES AND SPORTS—SHIELD WRESTLING—CANOE MAKING—NAVIGATING THE FALLS.

DURING their dances the natives display all their best feather ornaments. Two of their headdresses are shown on page 1238. The foundation of these is a circlet made of thin dark cane, cut into strips. One of them (fig. 2) is made of parrots' feathers, beautifully shaded from dark blue to brilliant green, and being topped with three long straight scarlet feathers from the tail of the macaw. The general effect of this beautiful headdress is heightened by a row of white downy feathers by which it is surrounded. This specimen was made by the Macoushie tribe.

The other headdress (fig. 1) is called Arok, and, though very handsome in point of color, does not possess the beauty of form which characterizes the other. The greater part of the headdress is bright yellow, but just on either side of the top are two broad bands of scarlet. The feathers in this specimen are arranged four deep.

The reader may remember that, in many portions of the uncivilized world, aprons are made of thongs depending from the waist. This principle is carried out by many of the African tribes, who use thongs or strips of leather, as well as in several of the islands of Polynesia, where vegetable materials are used. We have at fig. 4, on page 1240, an example of the same principle carried out in Tropical America, feathers being employed instead of skin, grass, or bark. The length of this apron is one foot nine inches, and its depth one foot three inches. It is made of feathers, blue at the base and tip, and scarlet in the middle. As may be seen by the

smaller figure at the side, the feathers are fastened on the string that binds the apron on the waist by doubling over the quill, and tying the doubled end over the string.

It is on such occasions as the Arawák and Warau dances, of which a description was given in the last chapter, that the women produce their best apparel. Generally, as long as none but their own people are in sight, they are not particular about wearing clothes of any kind, but since they have mixed with the white people they have learned to be more fastidious. When a white stranger comes to a native settlement, the men and women are mostly independent of clothing, but the latter, as soon as they distinguish the color of their visitor, run off to their homes to put on their dresses.

Those settlements that are tolerably near civilization usually employ the "kimisa," i.e. a sort of petticoat passing round the waist, and suspended by a string over one shoulder. These dresses are considered more a concession to the peculiar notions of the white man, and, though worn while he is present, are taken off as soon as he departs, and carefully put away until the next white visitor comes.

The native dress of ceremony is, however, the little apron called the queyu, or keu. At the present time it is made of beads, but before beads were procurable it was simply of cotton, decorated with shells, beetles' wings, and similar ornaments. Several of these odd little aprons are in my collection. The best and most elaborate of them is that which is represented at fig. 5, on

page 1249, and was presented to me by H. Bernau, Esq.

This beautiful specimen of native art is eight inches in length and four in depth, including the large beads that serve as a fringe. It is made entirely of "seed" beads, threaded on silk grass in such a manner that the thread is scarcely visible. The principle on which the maker has gone is, that she has woven a sort of framework of perpendicular threads or strings, set exactly wide enough apart to allow two beads to be placed between them. By this plan she has regulated the arrangement of the beads requisite to form the pattern, while the beads themselves are strung upon fine silk-grass threads that run at right angles to the others.

The colors are blue, yellow, green, and carmine, in transparent beads, and chalk-white and vermilion in opaque beads, not counting the larger beads used to form the fringe. The principle of the pattern is that of the square standing on an angle, or the "diamond," as it is more familiarly termed. First, three diamonds have been worked in yellow beads, a line of green beads running down the centre of the yellow, and a rather broad line of carmine beads passing along the inner and outer edge of each diamond.

The dark pattern in the centre of each diamond is made of blue beads, and the square patterns in each angle of the diamond are made of chalk-white beads with a centre of vermilion. The entire apron is edged with the chalk-white beads. The fringe at the bottom is made of a treble row of much larger beads, one of which is represented of the full size, and at either end of each bead is a small scarlet cylinder, like coral.

On looking at the form of the apron, the reader will notice that it is much wider at the bottom than at the top. This is intentional. The thick perpendicular strings only extend as far as the upper corners, the others being thin threads. The consequence of this structure is, that when the apron is held up by two loops, the middle of it is nearly flat, while the two ends fall into heavy folds.

There is a positively startling boldness about the coloring of this apron; such, for example, as the placing green beads next to the yellow. Still, the whole arrangement of the colors is so admirable, that in spite of the brilliant hues of the beads, which are of the brightest possible blue, yellow, carmine, and vermilion, they are so well harmonized, that in no case does one hue seem to predominate over another, or to interfere with another.

Some few years ago, I was discussing the coloring of this very apron with Mr. T. Baines, the celebrated traveller, and asking if he had any theory by which he could account for the artistic harmony of color which

is invariably displayed in the aprons. He said that he had long thought that the natives unconsciously imitated the coloring on the wings of the gorgeous butterflies which are so plentiful in that land, and, from specimens in his collection, showed that the very collocation of hues which produced harmony of coloring in the bead apron was also to be found in the wings of Guianan butterflies. Perhaps the splendid plumage of many Guianan birds may also afford hints for the native artist.

Another queyu in my collection is made of similar materials, and on the same principle, but is of a totally different pattern. In this case, the maker has evidently possessed a preponderance of the chalk-white beads, and comparatively few of the red, blue, and yellow beads. She has accordingly made the body of the apron of the white beads, and enlivened it by two patterns, of red, blue, and yellow, formed much like those which occupy the centre of the diamond in the apron which has been just described. In shape the two aprons are identical, but the latter is very much smaller in size, being only four inches in length and two in depth.

The third specimen of the queyu in my collection is much larger, being made of large beads, and really may take rank as an article of dress and not a mere ornament. It is thirteen inches in length by nine in depth, and, though not possessing the brilliant colors of the two queyus which have been described, is yet a handsome article of costume. The white beads of which the groundwork of this apron is made are as large as ordinary peas, so that the whole work is of a much coarser character than that which distinguishes the two other aprons. Those which form the pattern are deep garnet color, so dark that except in particular lights it looks black. The woman who made this apron has ingeniously selected the beads of such a size that two of the garnet beads occupy exactly the same space as one white bead, and exactly fill the interval between the perpendicular strings of the framework.

The most remarkable point in this apron is the pattern, which is exactly like that which is found on old patterns, and which has come into modern use under the name of the Greek fret. I have seen several queyus of different sizes and colors made with this pattern. The lower edge of the apron is made of six rows of topaz colored beads, as large as the white beads, and it is further decorated with a fringe made of tufts of cotton strings, one such tuft being fixed to every alternate bead.

As may be imagined from the description, the beads employed in making the apron are very heavy, the whole article weighing nearly a pound and a half, so that in this case the owner has good reason for not

wearing it except on occasions of ceremony. Owing to the material of which these aprons are made, none of them put forth their full beauties unless they are held between the spectator and the light.

One of these aprons was procured by a friend of mine in a manner which shows that they are considered rather as ornaments than dress. He happened to be in one of the civilized coast towns, and met a woman wearing a queyu of remarkable beauty. He stopped her and tried to induce her to sell the apron; but all his exertions were in vain, and for no amount of money could he purchase it. At last a brilliant thought struck him. He had in his pocket one of the common printed handkerchiefs containing the flags of all nations, and, as a last resource, he offered the kerchief in exchange for the queyu.

The woman could not withstand such a temptation. The gorgeous patterns on the handkerchief were far superior to the best examples of native art, and might afford new ideas for the future. Accordingly, she then and there took off the queyu, handed it to the purchaser, and received in exchange the kerchief, which she tied round her head, and then pursued her walk in all the dignity of the best-dressed woman in Guiana.

The strangest article of dress to be found in Guiana is undoubtedly the Carib sapuru, or garter, an ornament which can compete with the compressed foot of a Chinese belle, or the wasp-like waist of an European belle, both for inconvenience and ugliness. While the Carib girl is young a band of rattan is bound tightly under the knee and another above the ankle. To give them an ornamental appearance they are stained with a red dye, but in fact they are instruments of torture, which entirely alter the form of the human limb and convert it into a mere spindle thicker in the middle than at each end.

There are now before me a number of photographic portraits of Carib women, and it is scarcely possible to imagine anything more hideously ludicrous than the effect of the sapuru. Deprived of its natural powers of extension, the limb has to expand itself as it can, and the consequence is, that it is obliged to develop itself in the comparatively narrow space between the two bandages.

If the reader should wish to obtain an accurate idea of a Carib belle's leg from the ankle to the knee, he can easily do so. Let him take an ordinary broomstick, eighteen inches in length, and push it through the middle of a rather small Stilton cheese; then let him wrap the stick above and below the cheese with a red bandage, adorn the cheese with a number of blue spots, and he will have a very good idea of the extraordinary shape which is assumed by the leg of a Carib female.

The women are inordinately fond of the sapuru, and are as scornful respecting those of their own sex who do not wear it as are the Chinese women respecting those who do not wear the "golden lilies."

These women have a variety of ornaments, but little clothes. Necklaces of various kinds are highly esteemed among them, especially when they are made of the teeth of the jaguar and alligator, inasmuch as such ornaments indicate the prowess of their admirers. The appearance of a Carib woman in full dress is not very attractive. These people are short, thick necked, and awkward looking, and in those respects the women are much worse than the men. Of the ten portraits there is not one that can bear comparison with the female inhabitants of Southern Africa, such as have been figured in the first part of this work. Their short necks are cumbered with row upon row of necklaces, their only dress is a narrow strip of blue cloth, and they have done their best to make themselves entirely hideous by the abominable sapuru.

Then, by way of adding to their attractions, they perforate the under lip, and wear in it one or several pins, the heads being within the mouth and the points projecting outward. Some of the women smear their whole bodies and limbs with the annatto dye, which gives them the appearance as if blood were exuding from every pore; and the reader may well imagine the appearance of such women, with pins sticking through their lips, their bosoms covered with row upon row of necklaces, their reddened limbs variegated with blue spots, and their legs swollen and distorted by the effects of the sapuru.

The Carib men wear an article of dress which is almost exactly like that which is worn by the inhabitants of the Nicobar Islands. It is a narrow but very long scarf, woven from cotton fibre. After passing round the waist and between the legs, it is tucked into the girdle, and then is so long that it can be hung over the shoulder like a Highlander's plaid. The men are very proud of a good girdle, and adorn it plentifully with cotton tassels, beetles' wings, and similar ornaments.

Of all the Guianan tribes, the Waraus are least careful respecting dress. Even the women wear nothing but a triangular piece of bark, or a similarly shaped article of apparel formed from the spathe of the young palm leaf. This spathe is also used for a head dress by several tribes. In order to understand the structure of this article the reader must remember that the palm tree is an endogenous plant, and that all the leaves spring from a central shoot. From this same spot there also starts a conical shoot, which contains the flowers. In its earlier stages of development this shoot is covered with a membranous envelope, called a

spathe, which bursts in order to allow the enclosed flower-stalk to develop itself. Before it has attained its full development, the spathe is drawn off the flower-stalk and soaked in water for a time, until all the green substance becomes decomposed, and can be washed away from the fibrous framework. The well-known skeleton leaves are prepared in exactly the same manner.

When decomposition is complete, the spathe is carefully washed in running water, so that the whole of the green matter is removed and nothing is left but the tougher fibres. These are tangled together in a very remarkable manner, so as to be very elastic, and to allow the fabric to be stretched in different directions without causing any interstices to appear between them.

In this state the spathe is conical, of a yellow-brown color, and extraordinarily light. A specimen in my possession, though measuring twenty-seven inches in length, weighs barely half an ounce.

When the native wishes to convert the spathe into a cap, he doubles the open end twice, and then makes a deep fold within eight or nine inches of the tip, thus causing it to assume the shape which is seen in the illustration on page 1249. Slight as is the texture of this odd cap, it forms an excellent defence against the rays of the sun, which is the only object of the headdress in such a climate.

The reader will see that the shape, as well as the lightness of the spathe, conduces to its usefulness as an apron as well as a headdress. Such at all events is the only dress for which the Waraus care; and whether on account of the perpetual exposure of their skins, or whether from other causes, the short, stout, sturdy Waraus are much darker than the other tribes—so dark, indeed, that they have been said to approach the blackness of the negro. Mr. Brett thinks their want of cleanliness is one cause of this deeper hue. They are the best native laborers that can be found, and, when they can be induced to shake off their national apathy and fairly begin work, they will do more than any other tribe. Neither do they want so much wages as are required by the other natives, preferring liberal rations of rum to actual wages.

Living as do the Guianan natives in the forests, amid all the wealth of animal life which is found in them, and depending chiefly for their subsistence on their success in hunting, they attain an intimate knowledge of the habits of the various animals, and display considerable skill in taking them. They capture birds, monkeys, and other creatures, not for the sake of killing them, but of domesticating them as pets, and almost every hut has a parrot or two, a monkey, or some such pet attached to it.

The women are especially fond of the little monkeys, and generally carry them on

their heads, so that at a little distance they look as if they were wearing a red or a black headdress, according to the species and color of the monkey. They carry their fondness for their animals to such an extent that they treat them in every respect as if they were their children, even allowing them to suck at their breasts in turn with their own offspring.

Dreading the venomous snakes most thoroughly, they have no fear of the non-poisonous kinds, and capture them without difficulty. Mr. Brett saw one of them catch a young couacananara snake by dropping a noose over its head by means of a forked stick, and then hauling it out and allowing it to coil round his arm. Although a very young specimen, only five feet or so in length, the reptile was so strong that the man was soon obliged to ask some one to release his arm.

Sometimes this snake grows to a great length, and, as it is extremely thick-bodied, is a very dangerous reptile to deal with. Mr. Waterton succeeded in taking a couacananara fourteen feet long, after a fierce struggle, which is amusingly told in his "Wanderings." I have seen the skin of this snake in the collection which then adorned Walton Hall.

The skill of these natives is well shown by their success in capturing a cayman with a hook. Mr. Waterton had tried to catch the reptile with a shark hook, but his efforts were unavailing, the reptile declining to swallow the bait, and at last contriving to get it off the hook, though it was tied on with string. After more than one failure, he showed the hook to a native, who shook his head at it, and said that it would not answer the purpose, but that he would make a hook that would hold the cayman.

Accordingly, on the following day he returned with a very remarkable hook. It consisted of four pieces of hard wood about a foot in length, curved, and sharpened at the ends, which were slightly barbed. These barbs, if we may so call them, were tied back to back round the lower end of a rope, a knot in the rope preventing it from dropping through the barbs, which were forced to diverge from each other by four pegs driven between them and the rope. The so-called hook, indeed, was very like a four-pronged Fijian spear, supposing the shaft to be cut off below the prongs, a hole bored through the centre of the cut shaft, and a rope passed through the hole and knotted below the prongs. It is evident that if such an instrument as this were taken into a cayman's throat, the diverging prongs would prevent it from coming out again, and as long as they remained unbroken, so long would the cayman be held.

This curious hook was then taken to the river side, and baited with an agouti. The

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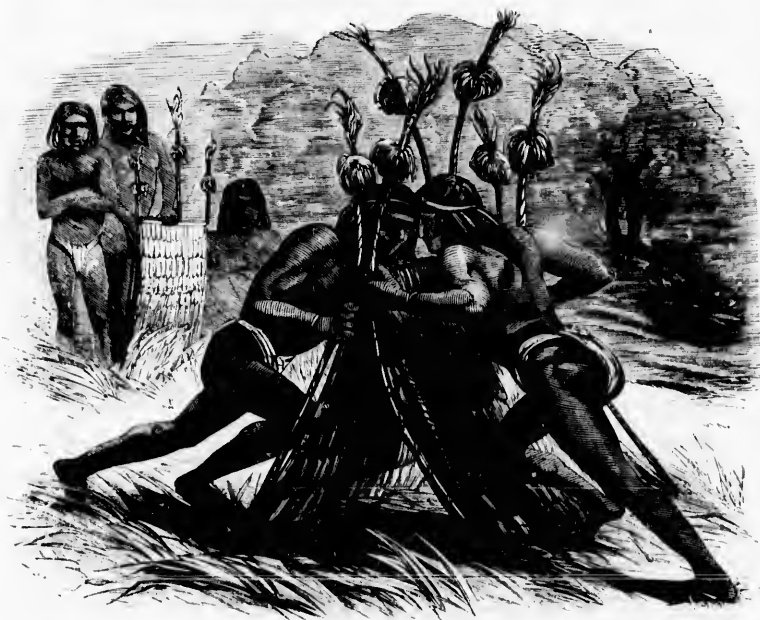
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(1.) THE MAQUARRI DANCE. (See page 1253.)



(2.) SHIELD WRESTLING OF THE WARAÚS. (See page 1261.)

end of the rope was made fast to a tree, and the barbed hook suspended about a foot from the water by means of a short stick driven into the bank. The native then took the empty shell of a tortoise, and struck it several blows with an axe, by way of telling the cayman that its meal was ready. The result of the operation justified the Indian's promise. The cayman could not get at the bait without lifting itself well out of the water, and securing it by a sudden snap; while the resistance offered by the stick caused the projecting barbs to be driven into the reptile's throat as it fell back into the water.

How the cayman was dragged out of the water, and how Mr. Waterton jumped upon its shoulders, and disabled it by seizing its fore-paws and twisting them on its back, is matter of history. The tale was generally disbelieved at the time, and gave rise to no small amount of banter; but it is a perfectly true one, and the objections to it have long died away. Indeed, one of Mr. Waterton's men, who was then little more than a mere lad, was, as an old man, in the service of one of my friends, and corroborated every word of the story.

As might be inferred from the natural apathy and indolence of the natives, they have but few games. They only work by fits and starts, and spend a very large proportion of their time in their hammocks, caring little for those contests of skill and strength which are so absorbingly interesting to the inhabitants of cooler and more bracing climates. There is, however, one such game which is played by the Waraus, who have already been mentioned as the stoutest and strongest of the tribes. This game is well described by Mr. Brett:—

"There is also a kind of wrestling, or trial of strength, practised by the Waraus at their drinking-bouts, in which each of the antagonists is furnished with a sort of shield, (see illustration on page 1260), made of the light branches of the itá, cut into equal lengths, and firmly lashed across a frame three or four feet in height, somewhat less in width, and slightly bending outward.

"The front of each shield is painted in various colors, and with some peculiar device, according to the fancy of the owner. From its upper edge arise elastic stems, generally three in number, adorned with colored tassels, and surmounted with streamers made of the same material as the marquetri whips, and not much unlike them. It has altogether a picturesque appearance.

"Each champion grasps the edges of his shield firmly with both hands, and, after various feints and grimaces to throw his opponent off his guard, a clash is heard, as one springs forward, and his shield strikes that

of his adversary. The contest is generally one of mere strength, the shield being pushed forward by the whole force of the body, and supported by one knee, while the other leg is extended behind. Sometimes one of the players is able to push the other off the ground, or, by a dexterous slip and thrust on the flank, to send him rolling on the ground. More frequently they remain pressing, panting, and struggling, till exhausted, when the contest ceases by mutual consent.

"It is then a point of Warau etiquette to shake the shields at each other in a jeering manner, with a tremulous motion of their elastic ornaments, and to utter a very peculiar and ridiculously defying sound, something like the whinnying of a young horse. This is generally followed by a hearty, good-humored laugh, in which the bystanders join. Another couple then step forward to engage."

The itá palm, of which the Warau shields are made, will be briefly described when we come to that singular branch of the Warau tribe which lives in dwellings raised above the surface of the water. It has already been mentioned that the Waraus are celebrated for the excellence of their canoes. They are universally recognized as the chief canoe builders of the whole country, and to them the other tribes resort from considerable distances. Some of these canoes are large enough to hold fifty men, so that very considerable skill is needed in building them without the instruments and measures by which our own boat builders ensure the regularity of their craft.

There are several forms of these canoes. The most important is that which has just been mentioned. It is hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and is forced into the proper shape partly by means of fire, and partly by wedges and cross planks. The largest of the canoes have the sides made higher by a narrow plank of soft wood, which is hecd upon the gunwale, and the seam well caulked. The canoe is alike at both ends, the stem and stern being pointed, curved, and rising well out of the water. There is no keel, and it draws but a few inches of water. This formation would be very awkward in our own rivers; but in those of Guiana, such as the Essequibo, there are so many falls and rapids, that the canoe must be especially adapted for them. This kind of canoe is called a curial, or curial.

The perils of the rapids have been well told by Mr. Brett:—"Advantage is taken of the eddies which are found at the base of the huge rocks that interrupt the stream. The Indians pass from rock to rock by wading, leaping, or swimming, and by means of a hawser haul the boat through the rushing water from one resting point to another, the steersman meantime keeping his seat, and sometimes lashed to it, striving with his

large paddle to guide in some degree her course. The waters dashing and foaming amidst the surrounding rocks render this operation as exciting as it is difficult. Still more exciting and dangerous is the task of *descending* these rapids. The safety of all then depends on the perfect steadiness of those in the canoe, and on the bowman and steersman acting in concert and with instant decision.

"The canoe is kept in the very centre of the current, one of her best hands kneeling, with quick eye and ready paddle, in the bow, and the rest of the men exerting their strength to give her headway. Darting swiftly along, she arrives at the edge of the fall, and, pointing downward, shoots into the surf below it, dashing it up on either side, and leaving her crew alone visible. If all be well, rising above the fall, she obeys the guiding paddles in stem and stern, and dances over the tumbling waves, while her excited crew with a triumphant cry exult at their success."

Sometimes even the skill of the natives fails to overcome all the difficulties, and the canoe is upset, the crew barely escaping with their lives. It was in descending one of these falls that Mr. Waterton's canoe was upset, and flung into the Essequibo the precious store of materials from which the *wourali* is made.

The simplest kind of boat, called by the colonists a "woodskin," is nothing more than the flexible bark of the purple-heart trees stripped off in one piece, forced open in the middle, tied together at the ends, and so left until dry. In order to prevent these bark canoes from taking in water at the ends, a large lump of clay is pressed firmly into the end, so as to make a barrier against the water. This mode of caulking is necessarily but temporary, and the "back-dam," as it is called by the colonists, is sure to be washed away sooner or later, according to the state of the river. The reader will remember that a similar appliance of clay is found among the Australian savages.

CHAPTER CXXXIV.

THE TRIBES OF GUIANA—*Concluded.*

RELIGION—BURIAL.

BELIEF IN ONE CHIEF DEITY AND MANY DEMI-GODS—THE SORCERER OR PIAI-MAN, AND HIS TRAINING—THE SACRED RATTLE—DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES OF THE PIAI-MAN—CURING DISEASE AND DRIVING OUT THE EVIL SPIRIT—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—THE WATER-MAMMA—THE ORIGIN OF THE CARIB RACE—A WILD LEGEND—DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD—THE LAKE-DWELLING WARAU—THE ITA PALM AND ITS USES—AN AERIAL HOUSE—THE LAKE-DWELLERS OF MARACAIBO.

WE will conclude this history of the Guianan tribes with a few remarks on their religion.

As far as is known of their religious ideas as they were before they became intermixed with those taught to them by the white man, the Guianan natives believe in one supreme Deity, and a vast number of inferior divinities, mostly of the evil kind. All pain is said to be caused by an evil spirit called Yauhahu, and is said to be the Yauhahu's arrow.

As it is necessary that these evil beings should be propitiated when any calamity is feared, a body of sorcerers, called piai men, are set apart in order to communicate between their fellow men and the unseen world. In order to qualify themselves for the task, the piai men are obliged to go through sundry strange ceremonies, under the charge of some venerable professor of the art. The neophyte is taken to a solitary hut, and there compelled to fast for several days before his spirit is fit to leave his body and receive the commands of the Yauhahu.

For this purpose a quantity of tobacco is boiled, and the infusion drunk by the aspirant to priestly honors. The natural effect of this dose is to exhaust the already weakened body, and to throw the recipient into a state of fainting, during which his spirit is supposed to leave his body, and receive a commission from the Yauhahu. Indeed, he undergoes a civil death, he is proclaimed as dead, and his corpse is exposed to public view.

He recovers very slowly from the terrible state of prostration into which he has been thrown, and when at last he leaves his hut, he is worn almost to a skeleton. As a mark of office, he is solemnly presented with the marakka, or sacred rattle. This is nothing more than a hollow calabash, some eight inches in diameter, having a stick run through it, and a few white stones within it, so as to make a rattling sound when shaken. The calabash is painted red, and a few feathers are generally hung to the sticks. It is two feet in length, and adorned with scarlet and blue feathers. These rattles are held in the greatest veneration by the uninitiated, who will not venture to touch them, and are chary even of entering a house in which a marakka is hung. In consequence of the value set upon these instruments, the natives can scarcely be induced to part with them, and the few which have been sent to England have in nearly every case been procured from sorcerers who have been converted to Christianity, and, as a proof of their sincerity, have given up the emblems of their order.

The piai man is called in on almost every occasion of life, so that his magic rattle has but little rest. He is present at every pi-warri feast, when he decorates himself with feather plumes, the skins of snakes, and similar ornaments, and shakes his rattle over the bowl before the contents are drunk.

Chiefly is he needed in times of sickness, when, by virtue of his rattle, he is supposed to be capable of driving away the evil spirit whose curse has caused the malady. When

a plai man is called to a case of sickness, he sends all the women away, and even keeps the men at a respectful distance. His exercises then begin, and are continued for hours, chants to the evil spirit being accompanied with sundry rattlings, until in the depth of night the Yauhahu manifests himself to the sorcerer, and tells him how to extract the "arrow" which he has aimed at the sick man. Of course it is incumbent on the sorcerer to produce the arrow in question, which is done by sucking the affected part, and producing from the mouth a little pebble, a bird's claw, a snake's fang, or something of the kind.

If the reader will refer to illustration No. 5, on page 1265, he will see a very complicated and rather elegantly formed rattle. The hollow gourd forms part of the rattle, but it is very small, and depends from a series of three hoops, which are strung with beetle wings. The noise which this simple instrument makes is really wonderful, and the slightest movement of the string by which it is held sets all the wings clattering against each other. This interesting object was brought from Guiana by H. Bernau, Esq.

Even accepting the maraka and the beetle wing rattle as musical instruments, we find that the Guiana natives have but little variety in music. The only instruments which are really worthy of the name are pipes or flutes made of different materials. One of these instruments is in my collection. It is made of the ever-useful bamboo, and includes one internode, i. e. the space between two knots.

The mouthpiece is narrow and oblong, and the maker has possessed sufficient knowledge of sound to cut out a large scooped piece from the middle of the instrument. The owner seems to have prized this flute exceedingly, as he has covered it with elaborate patterns. It is blown like our own flute, and the sound which it produces is loud, full, but, if musical, is melancholy also, and much resembles the wailing sound produced by blowing into the mouth of a soda-water bottle. The length of this flute is fourteen inches.

The natives also make a flute of the leg bone of the jaguar, which is very much prized, the spoils of the jaguar having a very high value among them. One of these is shown on the next page. The Caribs once used human bones for this purpose, but at the present time are content with jaguar bones, as equally indicative of courage and skill.

To return to the superstition of the Guianan natives. One of the beings which they most dread is the water mamma, or Orehu. This is an unfortunate being who inhabits the water, and occasionally shows herself, though in different forms, sometimes even assuming that of the horse, but often taking that of the manati. The Orehu is a female spirit, and is generally, though not

always, malicious, and, when she is in a bad temper, is apt to rise close to the canoes, and drag them and their crews under water.

The legends told by the various tribes respecting their origin are very curious, as showing a great similarity with those of other parts of the world with whom there could have been no geographical connexion. For example, the legend of the earth submerged under water, through the disobedience of some of its inhabitants, and repopled by a few who were placed in a safe spot until the waters subsided.

One of the strangest of their legends is told by Mr. Brett. It concerns the origin of the Warau and Carib tribes.

Originally the Waraus lived in a country above the sky, where they had all they could desire. One day a young hunter shot an arrow into the air, and when he came to search for it, found a deep hole through which it had fallen. Looking down through the aperture, he saw another world opened out beneath him, and was seized with curiosity to visit it. Accordingly, he made himself a sort of ladder of rattan, which grows abundantly in the upper world where he lived, and descended to the world below.

Here he remained for some time, reveling on the flesh of animals hitherto unknown to him. After a while, he climbed up the ladder with great trouble, and told his friends the wonders which he had seen. Struck with surprise at his narrative, and eager to partake of the luxuries which he described, the whole of his friends determined on paying a visit to these wondrous regions. Accordingly, they descended the ladder in safety, except the last of their number, a very fat man, who, in trying to squeeze himself through the aperture, became fixed in it, and could not escape, thus shutting off all communication between the two worlds.

Nothing was left for them but to make the best of a bad business, and first of all to beseech the Great Spirit to send them some water. He listened to their entreaties, created the Essequibo, the Demerara, and other rivers, and made for the special use of the Waraus a small lake of the purest water, of which they were to drink, but in which they were forbidden to bathe.

Now it happened that there was a Warau family of four brothers and two sisters, the latter beautiful, but wilful maidens. They rebelled against the prohibition, plunged into the lake, swam to a pole that was planted in its midst, and shook it. The presiding genius of the lake was a male spirit, who was kept prisoner as long as it was shaken the spell was broken, and the spirit of the lake pounced on the offending maiden and carried her off. After a while he allowed her to rejoin her friends, but the indignation of her brothers was very great when they found that their sister was about to become

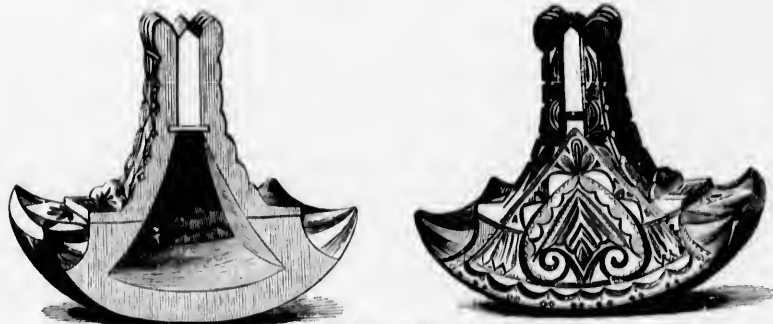
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(1.) MEXICAN STIRRUPS. (See page 1272.)



(3.) JAGUAR BONE FLUTE.
(See page 1261.)

(4.) SHIELD AND CLUBS.
(See page 1262.)

(5.) RATTLE.
(See page 1264.)

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a mother, and they determined to kill the child when it was born. However, it was exactly like any other Warau child, and so they allowed it to live.

Though living among her own friends, the girl could not forget her strange lover, and went off again to him. A second child was born, but this time the upper parts of the body were those of a child, and the lower parts were developed into a water snake. The mother, though terrified at the appearance of her offspring, carried it off into the woods and cherished it, but it was discovered by her brothers, who pierced it with their arrows, and left it for dead. Her attention, however, restored it to life, and it grew to a formidable size. The brothers held a consultation, and at last surrounded it, transfixed it with showers of arrows, and, to make sure of its death cut it to pieces.

"The unhappy Korobona carefully collected the remains into a heap, which she kept continually covered with fresh leaves, and guarded with tender assiduity. After long watching, her patience was rewarded. The vegetable covering began to heave and show signs of life. From it there slowly arose an Indian warrior of majestic and terrible appearance. His color was of a brilliant red, he held bow and arrows in his hand, and was otherwise equipped for instant battle.

"That warrior was the first CARIB, the great father of a powerful race. He forthwith commenced the task of revenge for the wrongs suffered in his former existence. Neither his uncles, nor the whole Warau race whom they summoned, could stand before him. He drove them hither and thither like deer, took possession of such of their women as pleased him, and by them became the father of brave and terrible warriors like himself. From their presence the unhappy Waraus retired, till they reached the swampy shores of the Atlantic, forsaking those pleasant hunting grounds which they had occupied on their first descent from heaven."

The Waraus are wonderfully inventive with regard to legends; and have one which is worthy of notice, if only for the fact that it attributes all the learning of the white men to a Warau origin. This is the legend of Aboré. "Once upon a time," there was a very ill-conditioned female spirit, named Wowtá, who usually preferred the form of a frog, but who changed herself into a woman for the purpose of stealing a very beautiful little boy called Aboré. In the form of a woman she obtained access to the house of Aboré's mother, whom she induced to leave the child under her care. No sooner was she alone with Aboré than she pulled and stretched him to such a degree that in a few hours he grew as much as he would have done in several years, so that his mother repudiated him on her return.

As he grew to manhood, Aboré became the slave of his captor, whom he thought to be his mother, until he was undeceived by a friendly spirit who met him in the forest. After trying several plans for escape, and failing in them all, he hit upon the design of making a canoe of wax. He was aided in this task by the fondness of Wowtá for honey, in search of which the unfortunate Aboré passed nearly the whole of his time. Wowtá received the combs with croaks of delight, and as she threw them away after eating the honey, Aboré laid the wax aside, until he had enough for a canoe.

As soon as he had collected a sufficiency of wax, Aboré called his mistress to look at a hollow tree filled with bee-comb. She crept into the tree to regale herself on the honey, and was imprisoned by the crafty Aboré, who fastened up the aperture so that the sorceress could not escape, loaded his canoe with provisions, and set off for a land of refuge. He sailed far away until he came to a strange country where the people were white, naked, uneducated, and utterly barbarous. He taught them the elements of civilization, showed them how to forge iron, and initiated them into the arts and sciences, for which the white man was now so distinguished.

In that far land he still lives, and, remembering the wants of his fellow countrymen, he continually sends them shiploads of the things which they most need. But in consequence of the bad faith of those to whom they are delivered, the poor Waraus are obliged to pay for everything that he sends. The moral which is derived from this legend is, that all the white men who visit the Waraus ought to make up for the dishonesty of their countrymen, and give them as many beads, knives, and guns as they can procure.

When Mr. Brett first heard this tale, he thought that it was simply an ingenious invention framed for the purpose of unlimited begging, especially as the narrator asked for a shirt as soon as he had finished the story, and then proceeded to request a whole series of other articles. He found, however, by questioning different natives, that the legend was really a national one, and not a mere invention of an ingenious native.

There is evidently a distinction to be drawn between the two portions of the legend. The first part, containing the adventures of Aboré, is evidently ancient, while the second part is as evidently modern, and has been introduced since the coming of white men into Guiana.

In the disposal of the dead there is some little variation. The mode which was most prevalent before the missionaries introduced Christian burial among them was as follows: The body was placed in a net and sunk in the river, where the whole of the flesh was quickly eaten from the bones by the pirai and other voracious fish. If the dead man

were a person of distinction, the skeleton was then removed from the water, dried, painted red, and suspended under the roof of the house.

In the fifth book of Herodotus, chap. xv., occurs the following passage, which was long thought to be a mere invention on the part of the historian. After enumeration of the various nations that Megabazus subdued, he mentions that the Persians monarch also endeavored to conquer "those who live upon the Lake Prasias in dwellings contrived after this manner.

"Planks fitted on lofty piles are placed in the middle of the lake, with a narrow entrance from the mainland by a single bridge. These piles that support the planks all the citizens anciently placed there at the common charge; but afterward they established a law to the following effect: 'Whenever a man marries, for each wife he sinks three piles, bringing wood from a mountain called Orbelus,' but every man has several wives.

"They live in the following manner. Every man has a hut on the planks, in which he dwells, with a trap-door closely fitted in the planks, and leading down to the lake. They tie the young children with a cord round the feet, fearing lest they should fall into the lake beneath. To their horses and beasts of burden they give fish for fodder, of which there is such abundance, that when a man has opened his trap-door, he lets down an empty basket by a cord into the lake, and, after waiting a short time, draws it up full of fish."

In these words the old historian describes with curious exactitude the mode of life adopted by some branches of the Waraus and Caribs. These have been described at some length by Humboldt, in his "Personal Narrative." The large tract of land which forms the delta of the Orinoco possesses some very remarkable characteristics. It is always wet, but during several months in the year it is completely inundated, the river rising to an astonishing height, and covering with water a tract nearly half as large as England. This seems to be as unpropitious a spot as could be adopted for human habitations, and yet the Waraus (or Guaranos, as Humboldt spells the word) have established themselves there, and prefer it to any other locality, probably because their strange mode of life enables them to pass an existence of freedom.

Varying much in the height to which it rises, in some places exceeding fifty feet, the Orinoco has the quality of rising year after year to the same height in the same place, so that when a mark is made to designate the height to which the water rose in one year, the same mark will answer year after year with scarcely the slightest deviation. It is evident that in such a spot, where the soil is in the dry season nothing but mud, and in

the wet season is forty or fifty feet under water, only a very peculiar vegetation can live. This is the *Itá* (pronounced *Eetah*) palm, belonging to the genus *Mauritia*, a plant which, like the mangrove of Africa, requires plenty of heat and moisture to enable it to develop itself fully. The native name for this tree is *Murichi*.

A brief description of the *itá* palm must be given before we proceed further, or the reader will not understand the peculiar conditions under which these water dwellers live. When full grown, it resembles a tall, cylindrical pillar, with a fan of ten or twelve vast leaves spreading from its extreme top. Each leaf is some ten feet in width, and is supported upon a huge stem about twelve feet in length, looking more like a branch than a leaf-stem. Indeed, a complete leaf is a heavy load for a man. At regular intervals the whole fan of leaves falls off, and is replaced by another, the tree adding to its height at every change of leaf, until the stem is nearly a hundred feet high, and fifteen in circumference.

Myriads upon myriads of these marvellous trees rise amid the waters of the Orinoco delta, sometimes clustered into solid masses of vegetation, sometimes scattered, and sometimes drawn up in devious avenues, according to the windings of the muddy channels that even in the dry seasons traverse the country. Whether grouped or scattered, the *itá* flourishes in this delta to such an extent that only the experienced canoe men of the place can navigate their barks among the tall stems, the narrow and winding channels which form the natural paths being completely obliterated by the waste of water. Any stranger who tried to thread this aquatic forest without the aid of a native guide would soon lose himself among the armies of *itá* palm, and perish miserably of hunger. Yet this very tree supplies to the Waraus of the Orinoco not only all the necessities, but the luxuries of life, and were the whole tribe to be cut off from the mainland, they could support themselves without the least difficulty, the *itá* palm supplying house, food, drink, clothing, and furniture.

First, as to the house. The Warau requires for a house nothing but a floor and a roof. In the example seen on page 1244, the floor is supplied by the earth, but it is evident that in a house built in a locality where the ground is for many months together thirty or forty feet beneath the surface of the water, an artificial flooring is needed. The Warau architect, therefore, proceeds to construct his house in the following manner.

Selecting four *itá* trees that grow near each other in the form of a square, and, cutting away any of the intervening trees, he makes use of these four as the corner posts of his house. He knows by marks left on the trunks the precise height to which the

water will rise, and some three feet or so above this mark he builds his floor, cutting deep notches in the trunk. In these notches are laid beams made from the stems of the felled itá palms, and lashed tightly in their places by ropes made of itá fibre.

On these beams are laid a number of cross-pieces, sometimes made from the split trunks, but usually being nothing more than the gigantic leaf-stems which have been already mentioned, and which are when dry very light, very tough, and very elastic. These cross-pieces are tied firmly together, and constitute the essential part of the floor. On them is placed a layer of palm leaves, and upon the leaves is a thick coating of mud, which soon dries under the tropical sun, and forms a smooth, hard, and firm flooring, which will bear a fire without risk of damage to the wooden structure below. Ten or twelve feet above the floor the Warau constructs a roof of palm leaves, the corners of which are supported by the same trees which uphold the house, and then the chief labors of the native architect are over. An illustration on page 1244 shows the scenery of the Orinoco delta and the architecture of these lake dwellers. So much for the house furnished by the itá palm.

Food is supplied by it in various forms. First, there is the fruit, which, when ripe, is as large as an ordinary apple, many hundreds of which are developed on the single branch produced by this tree. Next, there is the trunk of the tree and its contents. If it be split longitudinally at the time when the flower branch is just about to burst from the enveloping spathe, a large quantity of soft, pith-like substance is found within it. This is treated like the cassava, and furnishes a sort of bread called yuruma.

Drink is also obtained from the itá palm. From the trunk is drawn a sap, which, like that of the magney or great American aloe, can be fermented, and then it becomes intoxicating in quality. Another kind of drink is procured from the fruit of the itá, which is bruised, thrown into water, and allowed to ferment for a while. When fermentation has proceeded to a sufficient extent, the liquor is strained through a sieve made of itá fibre, and is thus ready for consumption.

The small amount of clothing required by the Warau is also obtained from the itá, the membrane of the young leaf being stripped off and woven into a simple fabric.

From the same tree the Warau obtains all his furniture. Bows, arrows, and spears are made from its leaf-stems, the canoe in which he goes fishing is made from a hollow itá trunk, and the lines and nets are both furnished from the same tree, as is also the string of which his hammock is made. That the one single tree should be able to supply all the wants of an entire population is the

more extraordinary, because in former days the Warau had no iron tools, and it is not easy to find a tree that will at the same time furnish all the necessities of his life, and be of such a character that it can be worked by the rude stone implements which the Warau had to use before he obtained iron from the white men.

It may readily be imagined that the Waraus who inhabit this strange region are lower in the scale of civilization than those who live on dry land, and, to use the words of Humboldt, "in the lowest grades of man's development we find the existence of an entire race dependent upon almost a single tree, like certain insects which are confined to particular portions of a flower."

THE Waraus are not the only lake dwellers of Southern America. At the extreme north of this half of the continent there is a province which derives its name from the mode of life adopted by the savage tribe which dwells upon the waters of a lake. On the north-western coast of Venezuela there is a large gulf, called the Gulf of Maracaibo, the name having been given to it by the Spanish discoverers in honor of a native chief whom they met on its shores. Close to the gulf, and only separated from it by a narrow, is a vast fresh-water lake, fed by the streams that pour from the mountains which surround it. The shape of this lake has been well compared to that of a jews-harp, with a rather elongated neck, and the depth of its water varies in a most remarkable manner.

From the sides the bottom of the lake shelves almost imperceptibly for a great distance, so that at a distance of two or three miles from the shore, a man would be able to walk with his head above the surface. Suddenly, and without the least warning, the bed of the lake dips into almost unfathomable depths, so that, though a man might be barely submerged above his waist, a single step will plunge him into water so deep that the tallest spire ever built would be plunged far below the surface.

Over the surface of this lake dwell numerous human beings, and, even at the present day, when the number of the inhabitants has been much decreased, upon its waters are no less than four large villages, beside numerous detached dwellings formed in the various bays which indent its shores.

The reason for thus abandoning the dry land and taking to the water is a very curious one, and may be summed up in a single word—mosquitoes. These tiny but most annoying insects are found in clouds around the edge of the lake, some species flying by night and others by day, so that at no hour is there the least respite from their attacks. Fortunately, they need the protection of the luxuriant vegetation that fringes the shore of the lake, and not being very enduring of

wing, are obliged to rest at intervals in their flight. They therefore keep to the shore, and do not venture to any great distance over the water. Knowing this characteristic of the insect, the natives manage to evade them by making their dwellings behind the range of the mosquito's flight.

In building these curious habitations, the lake dweller of Maracaibo is forced to employ a greater skill in architecture than is needed by the Waraus of the Orinoco delta. In that muddy delta, formed by the alluvium washed down by the river, the itá palm abounds, and forms natural pillars for the house; but the Lake Maracaibo furnishes no such assistance, and the native architect is therefore obliged to drive piles into the bed of the lake in order to raise his floor above the level of the water.

It is evidently needful that these piles should be made of wood which will not perish by the action of the water, and upon the shores of the lake grows a tree which supplies precisely the kind of timber that is required. It is one of the numerous iron-wood trees, and its scientific name is *Guaiacum arboreum*. It is a splendid tree, rising to the height of a hundred feet or so, and having wood so hard that it will turn the edge of an axe. The natives, however, manage to fell these trees, to cut them into proper lengths, and to drive them firmly into the bed of the lake, where they become even stronger by submersion, being covered in course of years with an incrustation of lime, which makes them look as if they had been actually converted into stone.

On these piles are laid cross-beams and planks of lighter wood, and when a strong roof and light walls have been added, the house is complete. All the parts of the

house are lashed together with green sipo, which contracts when dry, and binds the various portions as with bands of iron.

As has been already mentioned, numbers of these houses are gathered together into villages. When the Spaniards first entered the Gulf of Maracaibo, and came within view of the lake, they were struck with amazement, at these habitations, and called the place Venezuela — i. e. Little Venice — a name which has since been extended to the whole of the large province which is now known by that title.

It is on this lake that the gourd system of duck catching is carried to the greatest perfection. Great quantities of ducks frequent its waters, but they are shy of man, and will not allow him to come near them. The natives, however, manage to catch them by hand, without even employing a snare. They take a number of large gourds, scrape out the inside, and set them floating on the lake. At first the timid birds are afraid of the gourds and avoid them, but after a while they become accustomed to them, and allow them to float freely among their ranks.

The Indian then takes a similar gourd and puts it over his head, having previously cut a couple of holes through which he can see. He slips quietly into the water, and makes his way toward the duck, taking care to keep the whole of his body submerged. As soon as he gets among them, he grasps the nearest duck by the legs, jerks it under water, and ties it to his girdle, where it is soon drowned. He then makes his way to another duck, and, if an experienced hand, will capture as many as he can carry, and yet not alarm the survivors.

CHAPTER CXXXV.

MEXICO.

HISTORY — RELIGION — ART.

MEXICO AS IT IS, AND WAS BEFORE THE SPANISH CONQUEST — WHY THE EMPIRE FAILED — CONTRADICTORY ACCOUNTS OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS — THE RUINS OF THEIR BUILDINGS — HUMAN SACRIFICES — THE SACRIFICIAL KNIFE — MEXICAN ART — MOSAIC WORK AND FEATHER PICTURES — CAPABILITIES OF THE COUNTRY.

BEFORE passing to the North American tribes, a brief notice must be taken of MEXICO.

At the present day this land is possessed of a sort of civilization which presents no features of interest. It is inhabited chiefly by a mixed people, the descendants of the Spanish conquerors having contracted alliances with the natives, and so produced a hybrid race, which is continually retrograding from the white parentage, and assuming more of the aboriginal type.

The failure in establishing a Mexican empire was entirely due to the question of race. Those inhabitants who were either pure whites, or in whom the white blood predominated, were naturally desirous to have a ruler of their own kind, thinking that an empire was the only mode of civilizing the land, and of putting an end to the constant civil wars and repeated changes of dynasty which kept back their most prolific and fertile land from developing its full capabilities. But in the great bulk of the people the Indian blood predominated, and in consequence an empire founded on the principles of European civilization was as irreconcilable to them as would be the rule of an Indian cacique in Europe. Such an empire could only be held by force of arms, and as soon as the bayonet was withdrawn the empire fell. We must, however, confine ourselves to Mexico as it was before the Spaniard crushed out her civilization and destroyed her history.

The accounts of ancient Mexico are most perplexing. If the narratives of the Spanish conquerors could be implicitly trusted,

nothing would be simpler than to condense them into a consecutive history. But it is quite certain that these accounts were very much exaggerated, and that the reality fell very far short of the romantic tales of the Spanish conquerors.

The following is an abstract of the narratives put forth by the Spaniards. The capital was situated on an island in the midst of a large lake. It contained twenty thousand houses, which were of great magnificence. In the midst was the emperor's palace, built of marble and jasper, and of prodigious extent. It was adorned with fountains, baths, and statues, and the walls were covered with pictures made of feathers. Not only the palace, but the houses of the caciques, possessed menageries filled with all the animals of the country, together with museums of various natural curiosities.

One of the greatest beauties of Mexico was a large square, daily filled with merchants, who came to buy and sell the various works of art in gold, silver, and feathers for which the Mexicans were famous. Between the city and the borders of the lake a hundred thousand canoes were continually passing; besides which mode of transit three vast causeways were built on the lake. The capital was not the only city of the waters, for more than fifty large cities and a multitude of villages were built on the same lake.

The dress of the nobles was most gorgeous, and their persons were adorned with gold and jewels in profusion. Their treasures were filled with the precious metals, and gold was as plentiful in Mexico as copper in Europe.

That these statements were much exaggerated is not to be doubted, but they were not pure inventions, and had all some foundation in fact. For example, the architecture of the ancient Mexicans was of a Cyclopean vastness, as is proved by the ruins which are now almost the sole memorials of a vanished system of civilization. There is a strong resemblance between the architecture of Mexico and that of Egypt, not only in its massiveness, but in the frequent use of the pyramid.

One of these pyramids has the sides exactly twice as long as those of the large pyramid of Egypt. This is the great pyramid tower of Cholula, which had eight stories, each forming a platform on which rested the one above it, so that it closely resembled the Temple of Belus as described by Herodotus. The interior of these pyramidal structures was pierced with chambers, galleries, and flights of stairs, probably the habitations of the priests who served the temples and performed those terrible human sacrifices which formed an important part of their religious system. Viaducts which crossed deep valleys, bridges, and roads, remains of which are still in existence, testify to the vanished civilization of the Mexicans, or, as some ethnologists think, of a race that preceded them.

Specimens of the artistic skill of the ancient Mexicans may be seen in the magnificent Christy Collection. There is, for example, one of the sacrificial knives with which the priests laid open the breast of the human victim in order to tear out the heart and offer it to the blood-loving deity of the temple. The blade of this instrument is obsidian, and its handle is a marvellous piece of mosaic work, made of lapis lazuli, ruby, and other precious stones. Then there are masks made of similar materials, one being a most ghastly imitation of a human skull.

The skill in feather working still survives, and even at the present day pictures are made so exquisitely from humming-birds' feathers that they seem, at a little distance, to be admirable specimens of enamel.

The courage of the ancient Mexicans was very great. They opposed their naked breasts to the mail-clad invaders, and their comparatively feeble weapons to the dreaded fire-arms. Even the horse, which at first struck terror into them as a supernatural being, soon ceased to be an object of dread, and there is a story that they captured a horse in battle, stabled it in a temple, and treated it as a god, feeding it with daintily dressed chickens and similar dishes, until the poor beast was starved in the midst of plenty.

The conduct of the Aztecs in destroying their once venerated Emperor Mantezuma, because he yielded to the Spaniards, and the calm endurance of his warlike successor Guatemozin, when stretched on the fiery rack, are sufficient instances of the courage

possessed by the Mexicans when Cortez came into the country.

The real prosperity of Mexico is to come. There is every capability in the country, which is fertile in many valuable productions,—cattle and horses, for example, both of which, importations from Europe, have multiplied in an astonishing manner, and may at some time supply half Europe with cheap food, hides, and beasts of burden.

Insect life is almost as valuable as that of the higher and larger animals. The cochineal insect reproduces itself in vast numbers, and, large as is the trade in this valuable insect, it could be extended almost indefinitely. There is no trouble in breeding the insect, no risk, and scarcely any capital required. It feeds upon the prickly pear, a plant which springs up luxuriantly if but a leaf be stuck in the ground.

It is indeed so luxuriant, that riders are forced to employ a peculiar kind of stirrup, in order to prevent their feet from being riddled with the needle-like thorns with which the plant, the leaf, and fruit are covered. One of these curious stirrups is shown in illustration, No. 1, page 1265, drawn from my own specimens, which was brought from Mexico by Sir F. Wetherell.

It is cut from a solid block of wood, and is therefore exceedingly heavy. A hole is cut in the back of the stirrup, into which the foot can be thrust nearly half way. Owing to the size and weight of this curious implement, the prickly pears are pushed aside as the rider passes among them, and thus the foot and ankle are protected from the slender but formidable thorns with which they are armed. The stirrup is sometimes put to another use, and employed as a rough and ready drinking cup. The front of the implement is covered with bold and graceful patterns, the effect of which is often heightened by means of color. In my own specimen they are colored with blue, scarlet, and black.

As to the vegetable products of Mexico, they are too numerous to mention, but the principal are the indigo, the chocolate, and the vanilla.

Then it is as prolific in mineral as in animal wealth, and in the hands of an energetic and industrious people, the yield of copper, iron, gold, silver, and other metals might be almost indefinitely extended. In all these productions comparatively little labor is required. Nature gives almost gratuitously those privileges which in other lands cannot be obtained without the expenditure of time, labor, and money.

The past civilization of Mexico has vanished never to return. Its present is a comparative failure. The future is yet to be seen, but it may even eclipse the vanished glories of the past if guided by those who understand the epoch, the country, and the race.

CHAPTER CXXXVI.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

GOVERNMENT—CUSTOMS.

GENERAL NOTICE OF THE TRIBES—THEIR COLOR AND FEATURES—CATLIN'S DESCRIPTION OF A CROW CHIEF—LONG HAIR OF THE MEN—SILVER HAIR OF THE MANDAN TRIBE—GOVERNMENT OF THE TRIBES—THE HEREDITARY AND ELECTED CHIEFS—THEIR LIMITED POWERS—THEIR DISTINCTIVE DRESS—COSTUME THE RECORD OF DEEDS—THE SCALP-LOCKS, PAINTED ROBES, AND CLAW COLLAR—PRESERVATION OF SKINS—THE FEATHER PLUMES—THE HORNS, AND THEIR SIGNIFICATION—INDIAN DANDIES—ESTIMATION IN WHICH THEY ARE HELD—THE PORTRAIT PAINTER BAFLED—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—BISON SKIN ROBES—WAMPUM, AND ITS SIGNIFICATION.

It has already been mentioned that, with the exception of the shore districts, America is inhabited from the extreme south to extreme north by the same race.

The various tribes into which that race is divided are naturally varied according to the locality and climate of the spot which they inhabit. Those, for example, who live in the perpetual snow and ice of either the extreme north or south are naturally different in manners and customs from those who inhabit the tropical centre of America. Then, even in similar climate, there is very definite modification according to locality. The inhabitants of the mountains, for example, differ materially from the dwellers of the plain, while those tribes who live in the forests differ from both.

Yet they are all members of one and the same great race, and whether in the Esquimaux of the north, the Amazonian of the tropics, or the Patagonian of the extreme south, all display the same race characteristics.

The color of the skin is deep copper red, the cheek-bones are prominent, the nose mostly aquiline, the forehead rather receding, and the eyes apparently small, this latter characteristic being due to the continual exposure to the sun, and to the smoky atmosphere of the huts. The beard is very deficient, and even those few hairs that make their appearance are carefully eradicated with tweezers. Sometimes an old man

who is careless about his personal appearance allows his beard to grow, but in that case it is very scanty, thin, and never reaches any great length.

The hair of the head contrasts strongly with that of the face, being very long and fine, in some of the tribes attaining an almost incredible length. The Crow tribe are remarkable for the extraordinary development of their hair, which in some of the warriors actually trails on the ground as they walk. They pride themselves so much on this peculiarity, that in 1833 their chief received both his name of Longhair and his office from his wonderful tresses. The hair of this man was carefully measured by some white travellers, who had lived in his lodge for months together, and was found to be ten feet seven inches in length.

He did not allow it to hang at its full length except on occasions of ceremony, but kept it carefully wound with a broad leather strap, and made up into a bundle weighing several pounds. Usually this bundle was carried under his arm or in the bosom of his robe, but on great occasions the hair was let down to its full length, and carefully smoothed with bear's grease, and allowed to trail on the ground several feet behind the owner as he proudly stalked along.

Several other tribes, such as the Blackfeet (so called from the dark moosehairs which they wear), have very long hair, of which

they are exceedingly proud, and those individuals whose locks do not reach the standard of beauty are in the habit of splicing false hair to their own tresses.

The Mandans, of whom we shall hear much in the course of this narrative, the Sioux, and the Minatarees, are all distinguished by this peculiarity, though none of them possess it so abundantly as the Crows. When Mr. Catlin was staying among the Minatarees, a party of Crows came to visit them, and excited the admiration of their hosts by their magnificent hair. One of them possessed so picturesque an appearance that the artist traveller transferred him at once to canvas, and the engraver has reproduced the sketch for the reader on the 1284th page. The following is Mr. Catlin's account of this splendid specimen of the North American Indian:—

"I think I have said that no part of the human race could present a more picturesque and thrilling appearance on horseback than a party of Crows rigged out in all their plumes and trappings—galloping about and yelling in what they call a war parade, i. e. in a sort of tournament or sham fight, passing rapidly through the evolutions of battle, and vaunting forth the wonderful character of their military exploits. This is an amusement of which they are excessively fond; and great preparations are invariably made for these occasional shows.

"No tribe of Indians on the continent are better able to produce a pleasing and thrilling effect in these scenes, not any more vain, and consequently better prepared to draw pleasure and satisfaction from them, than the Crows. They may be justly said to be the most beautifully clad of all the Indians in these regions, and, bringing from the base of the Rocky Mountains a fine and spirited breed of the wild horses, have been able to create a great sensation among the Minatarees, who have been paying them all attention and all honors for some days past.

"From amongst these showy fellows who have been entertaining us, and plensing themselves with their extraordinary feats of horsemanship, I have selected one of the most conspicuous, and transferred him and his horse, with arms and trappings, as faithfully as I could to the canvas, for the information of the world, who will learn vastly more from lines and colors than they could from oral or written delineations.

"I have painted him as he sat for me, balanced on his leaping wild horse, with his shield and quiver slung on his back, and his long lance, decorated with the eagle's quills, trained in his right hand. His shirt and his leggings, and moccasins were of the mountain-goat skins, beautifully dressed; and their seams everywhere fringed with a profusion of scalp-locks taken from the heads of his enemies slain in battle. His long hair, which reached almost to the ground while

he was standing on his feet, was now lifted in the air, and floating in black waves over the hips of his leaping charger. On his head, and over his shining black locks, he wore a magnificent crest, or headdress, made of the quills of the war eagle and ermine skins, and on his horse's head was another of equal beauty, and precisely the same in pattern and material.

"Added to these ornaments there were yet many others which contributed to his picturesque appearance, and amongst them a beautiful netting of various colors, that completely covered and almost obscured the horse's head and neck, and extended over its back and its hips, terminating in a most extravagant and magnificent crupper, embossed and fringed with rows of beautiful shells and porcupine quills of various colors.

"With all these picturesque ornaments and trappings upon and about him, with a noble figure, and the bold stamp of a wild gentleman on his face, added to the rage and spirit of his wild horse, in time with whose leaps he issued his startling though smothered yelps, as he gracefully leaped to and fro, leaving his plume and his plumage, his long locks and his fringes, to float in the wind, he galloped about; and felt exceeding pleasure in displaying the extraordinary skill which a lifetime of practice and experiment had furnished him in the beautiful art of riding and managing his horse, as well as in displaying to advantage his weapons and ornaments of dress, by giving them the grace of motion, as they were brandished in the air and floating in the wind."

Although the hair is generally black, it sometimes takes various colors, the Mandan tribe being the most remarkable for this peculiarity. Some of them, even though quite young, have the hair of a bright silver gray, or even white. The men dislike this kind of hair in their own sex, and when it occurs try to disguise it by a plentiful use of red or black earth mixed with glue. The women, on the contrary, are very proud of such hair, and take every opportunity of displaying its beauties. Generally a woman wears the hair in two plaits, which are allowed to fall down the back over on each side of the head; but when they wish to appear to the best advantage, they rapidly unplait it, pass their fingers through it in the manner of a comb, and spread it as widely as possible over the shoulders. They always part it in the middle and fill the line of parting with red paint.

The silver gray hair is remarkable for its coarseness, in which respect it seems like a horse's mane, while the dark colored hair is quite soft. Among the Mandans almost every shade of hair is found between white, brown, and black, but there is never the least tinge of red in it.

The Mandan men have a curious habit of dividing their long hair into flat tresses, two

laches or so in width, and filling each tress at intervals of an inch with vermilion and glue, so as to keep them separate. These patches of glue and earth become very hard, and are never removed. The hair thus treated is drawn tightly over the top of the head, and allowed to fall down the back in parallel tresses, which mostly reach to the knee, and in some cases to the ground.

The government of these tribes is of a similar character throughout. Each tribe has at its head a chief, whose office is usually, but not always, hereditary. Provided the eldest son of a chief be tolerably well qualified for the post, he is suffered to assume the leadership when his father dies, or becomes too old for work. Should the tribe be dissatisfied with him, they elect a leader from among the sub-chiefs. There is often a double system of government, two chiefs of equal power being appointed, one of whom manages all matters of war, and the other effects the administration of domestic policy.

It often happens that, although the head chief of the tribe is nominally the ruler, and holds the first place, the real power lies in the second or third chief, who pays to his superior every deference which is due to his position, but is practically the leader and commander of the tribe. This was the case among the Mandans when Mr. Catlin visited them. The head chief, though a man of abilities and courage, and therefore respected and feared by the people, was by no means loved by them, on account of his haughty and overbearing demeanor. The real leader of the tribe was the second chief, named Mah-to-toh-pa, i. e. the Four Bears, a name which he got from an exclamation of the enemy, who said that he came at them "like four bears." Some of the adventures of this extraordinary man will be mentioned in the course of the following pages.

Great as is the power of the chief, it is much more limited than that which is enjoyed by the chiefs of the African tribes. The American chief has no control over life, or limb, or liberty. He takes the lead in council, and if an offender be cited before the councillors, his voice carries great weight with it, but nothing more. Should he be the war chief, he cannot compel a single man to follow him to battle, nor can he punish one of his followers for deserting him. Any of the warriors, even the very youngest, may follow or desert his chief as he pleases, the principal check against desertion being the contempt with which a warrior is sure to be regarded if he leaves a chief who is worthy of his office.

The chiefs have, as a rule, no advantage over the other members of the tribe in point of wealth. A chief would soon lose the popularity on which his influence depends if he were to amass wealth for himself. By

virtue of his office, he has a larger house or tent than the rest of the tribe, and he generally possesses a few more wives. But he is often actually poorer than most of the warriors, thinking himself bound in honor to distribute among the tribe the spoils that he takes in war. Many chiefs even dress worse than the warriors under their command, so as not to excite envy, and only assume their splendid dress of office on great occasions.

The question of dress is really an important one. Varying as it does among the different tribes, there is a general character which runs through the whole.

Every man without distinction wears a scanty dress much like the "cheripa" which has already been described, but is very much smaller. In battle or hunting, and in all cases in which exertion is required, he contents himself with this single garment; but when he is enjoying himself at home, he assumes his full costume. He wears a pair of leggings reaching to the hips, and falling as low as the ankles, sometimes spreading well over them. These leggings are mostly adorned with little bells, bits of fur, or similar decorations; and if the wearer be a successful warrior, he fringes them along the sides with tufts of hair taken from the head of a slain enemy.

He has also a loose coat descending to the knees, and ornamented in a similar manner with feathers or scalp-locks, and, when the owner has performed any conspicuous feat of valor, he makes a rude painting of this event. This answers the same purpose as the Victoria Cross among ourselves. Although it is conferred by the man himself, it is equally valuable. No man would dare to depict on his robe any deed of valor which he had not performed, as he would be challenged by the other warriors to prove his right to the decoration, and, if he failed to do so, would be utterly scorned by them. The chief Mah-to-toh-pa represented on his robe a series of events in which he had killed no less than fourteen of the enemy with his own hand. Sometimes, when the tribe uses skin hats or wigwags, the warriors also paint their adventures upon the walls of their dwellings.

From a similar spirit the scars and wounds received in war are kept covered with scarlet paint, and when a man has succeeded in killing a grizzly bear he is entitled to wear its skin, claws, and teeth. The usual mode of so doing is to string the claws into necklaces and bracelets, and to make the skin into robes. Sometimes they dress the skin without removing the claws, and wear it in such a fashion that the claws are conspicuously seen. Owing to the extreme ferocity, strength, and cunning of the bear, to kill one of these animals is considered equivalent to killing a warrior, and the claw necklace is as honorable an ornament as the much prized

scalp. Some of the most vallant hunters have killed several of these animals, and it is a point of honor with them to appear on great occasions with all their spoils, so that they have to exercise considerable ingenuity, and display some forty huge claws about their persons in a sufficiently conspicuous manner.

All the dress of a North American Indian is made of skin, mostly that of the deer, and in dressing it the natives are unrivalled, contriving to make a leather which is as soft as silk, is nearly white, and which may be wetted and dried any number of times without becoming harsh.

The skin is first washed in strong lye, made of wood-ashes and water, so as to loosen the hair, which is then scraped off. The hide is next stretched tightly upon the ground upon a frame, or by means of a number of wooden pegs driven firmly into the ground. In this position it remains for several days, the brains of the animal being spread thickly upon it, and rubbed into it. The next process is to scrape it carefully with a blunt knife made of the shoulder-blade of the bison, the native tanner pressing heavily upon it, and scraping every portion of the hide.

The process by which it is made capable of resisting the effects of water has yet to be undergone. A hole is made in the ground, and a quantity of rotten wood is piled in it, so that when lighted it will continue to smoulder for a long time, and produce smoke, but no flame. Around the hole are stuck a number of sticks, which are then tied together at the top, so as to make the framework of a sort of tent. The wood is then set on fire, the hides are placed within the tent, and over the sticks are wrapped other hides carefully fastened together, so as to prevent the smoke from escaping. For several days the hides are left in the smoke, and at the expiration of that time they have assumed the peculiar quality which has been described. The whole of the processes are conducted by women, manual labor being beneath the dignity of a man and a warrior.

The headdress of a North American Indian deserves some attention. Variable as are the modes of dressing the hair, no warrior ever wears his hair short. By so doing he would be taking an unfair advantage of an adversary. When a warrior is killed, or even totally disabled, the successful adversary has a right to take his scalp, in which he would be much impeded if the hair was short. Moreover, he would lose the honorable trophy with which he is entitled to fringe his garments. So for a warrior to wear his hair short would be a tacit acknowledgment that he was afraid of losing his scalp, and all the men therefore always leave at least one lock of hair attached to the crown of the head.

The process of scalping will be presently described, when we treat of war.

A great chief always wears, in addition to the ordinary headdress of the warrior, a plume of eagle feathers, by which he is made as conspicuous as possible, so that the enemy shall have no difficulty in recognising him. The form of plume varies according to the different tribes. That of the Crows may be seen in an illustration on page 1284. That of the Mandans is represented on the following page. It is made of a long strip of ermine, to which are fastened the quill feathers of the war eagle, so as to form a crest beginning at the back of the head and descending to the feet. These quills are so valuable that a perfect tail of the war eagle is considered to be worth a first-rate horse.

In the present instance two horns may be seen projecting from the headdress. This is a decoration very rarely seen, and only conferred by the chief and council upon the most distinguished warriors. Even the head chief will not be able to assume them unless by the general vote of the council, and in the case of the Mandans the second chief wore them, while the head chief was not privileged to do so.

Even a brave may wear them, though he be below the rank of chief.

They are made from the horns of the bison bull, divided longitudinally, scraped nearly as thin as paper, and highly polished. They are loosely attached at the base, so that they can be flung backward or forward by the movement of the head, and give a wonderful animation to the action of the wearer when he is speaking.

This elaborate headdress is very seldom worn, and is only assumed on occasions of special state, such as public festivals, war parades, or the visits of other chiefs. In battle the wearer always assumes the headdress by way of challenge to the enemy. There is good reason for not always wearing this dress. I have worn the dress formerly used by Mah-to-toh-pa, and found it to be hot, heavy, and inconvenient.

As a contrast to the dress of a noted warrior, we may take that of a mere dandy, a few of whom are sure to be found in every tribe. They are always remarkable for elegance of person and effeminacy of nature, having the greatest horror of exposing themselves to danger, and avoiding equally the bear, the bison, and the armed enemy. Consequently they may not deck themselves with the plumage of the war eagle, every feather of which signifies a warrior slain by the warrior's own hand. Neither may they adorn their necks with the claws of the grizzly bear, their robes with scalp-locks and paintings, nor their bodies with the scarlet streaks that tell of honorable wounds received in battle.

Such ornaments would at once be torn from them by the indignant warriors of the



THE MANDAN CHIEF MAIL-TO-TOH-PA AND WIFE.

(See pages 1276, 1286, 1287.)

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tribe, and they are forced to content themselves with mountain goat, doe, and ermine skins, swans' down, porcupine quills, and similar articles—all more beautiful than the sombre eagle quills, bears' claws, and scalp-locks that mark the brave.

They spend their whole lives in idleness, and do not even join the athletic games of which the Americans are exceedingly fond, but devote their whole energies to the adornment of their persons. They will occupy four or five hours in making their toilet, being fastidious as to the arrangement of every hair of their eyebrows, and trying by the mirror the effect of various expressions of countenance.

Having spent the whole morning in this occupation, they rally out on their horses, seated on white and soft saddles, beautifully ornamented with porcupine quills and ermine, and lounge about the village for an hour or two, displaying their handsome persons to the best advantage. They then saunter, still on horseback, to the place where the young warriors are practising athletic exercises, and watch them for an hour or two, plucking all the while their turkey-tail fans. Fatigued with the effort, they lounge home again, turn their horses loose, take some refreshment, smoke a pipe, and fan themselves to sleep.

These men are utterly despised by the warriors, as Mr. Catlin found. He was anxious to procure a portrait of one of these men:—

"Whilst I have been painting, day by day, there have been two or three of these fops continually strutting and taking their attitudes in front of my door, decked out in all their finery, without receiving other information than such as they could discover through the seams and cracks of my cabin. The chiefs, I observed, passed them without notice, and, of course, without inviting them in; and they seemed to figure about my door from day to day in their best dresses and best attitudes, as if in hopes that I would select them as models for my canvas. It was natural that I should do so, for their costume and personal appearance were entirely more beautiful than anything else to be seen in the village.

"My plans were laid, and one day, when I had got through with all of the head men who were willing to sit to be painted, and there were two or three of the chiefs lounging in my room, I stepped to the door, and tapped one of these fellows on the shoulder, who took the hint, evidently well pleased and delighted with the signal and honorable notice I had at length taken of him and his beautiful dress. Readers, you cannot imagine what was the expression of gratitude which beamed forth in this poor fellow's face, and how high his heart beat with joy and pride at the idea of my selecting him to be immortal alongside of the chiefs and

worthies whose portraits he saw ranged around the room; and by which honor he undoubtedly considered himself well paid for two or three weeks of regular painting, and greasing, and dressing, and standing alternately on one leg and the other at the door of my premises.

"Well, I placed him before me, and a canvas on my easel, and chalked him out at full length. He was truly a beautiful subject for the brush, and I was filled with enthusiasm.

"His dress from head to foot was made of the skins of the mountain goat, dressed so neatly that they were almost as soft and white as Canton crepe. Around the bottom and the sides it was trimmed with ermine, and porcupine quills of beautiful dyes garnished it in a hundred parts. His hair, which was long and spread over his back and shoulders, extending nearly to the ground, was all combed back, and parted on his forehead like that of a woman. He was a tall and fine figure, with ease and grace in his movements that were worthy of better caste. In his left hand he held a beautiful pipe, in his right hand he plied his fan, and on his wrist was attached his whip of elk-horn and his fly-brush, made of the buffalo's tail. There was nought about him of the terrible, and nought to shock the finest and chastest intellect."

Unfortunately, the portrait was never taken, for the chiefs were so exceedingly offended that so contemptible a being should be put on the same level as themselves by being painted, that they left the hut in angry silence, and sent a message to the effect that, if Mr. Catlin painted the portrait of so worthless a man, he must destroy all the portraits of the chiefs and warriors. The message was also given to the obnoxious individual, who at once yielded the point, walked consequently out of the hut, and took up his old station at the door as if nothing had happened to disturb his equanimity.

On their feet the American Indians wear moccasins, i. e. shoes made of soft leather, the sole of which is no thicker than the upper part. To an European walking in moccasins is at first very fatiguing, on account of the habit of turning out the toes. When, however, the white man learns to walk as the natives do, with his toes rather turned in, he soon finds that the moccasin is a better preservative of the feet than the European shoe, with its thick and almost inflexible sole.

The dress of the women is made of the same materials as that of the men, and differs chiefly in its greater length, reaching nearly to the ankle. It is generally embroidered in various patterns with colored porcupine quills, as are the leggings and moccasins. The women are fond of tattooing themselves, and produce blue and red patterns by the use of charcoal and vermil-

lon rubbed into the punctures. Both sexes are furnished with large robes made of bison skins, and the inner side of these robes is often painted in curious patterns. One of these robes in Mr. Catlin's collection, had a most elaborate figure of the sun in the centre, around which were figures of men and animals, showing the prowess of the owner both in war and hunting.

Beads and such like ornaments, obtained from the white men, are much in fashion; but, long before a glass or porcelain bead was introduced into America, the natives had an ornament of their own manufacture. This is the celebrated wampum, an article which is now almost extinct. It is made of fresh water shells, which are found on the borders of the lakes and streams. The thick part of the shell is cut into cylinders an inch or so in length, and then bored longitudinally, like the "bugles" that are worn by European ladies. Indeed, when the shell is, as is mostly the case, a white one, the piece of wampum looks almost exactly like a fragment of clay tobacco-pipe stem.

The wampum is either strung like beads

and worn round the neck, or is formed into war belts for the waist. It answers several purposes. In the first place, it acts, like the cowries of Africa, as a substitute for money, a certain number of hand breadths being the fixed value of a horse, a gun, or a robe. It is also the emblem of peace when presented by one chief to another, and, when war has ceased between two hostile tribes, a wampum belt is presented as a token that the two tribes are at peace.

There is no particular beauty about the wampum. If the reader will break a tobacco-pipe stem into pieces an inch in length and string them on a thread, he will produce a very good imitation of a wampum necklace. Its only value lies in the labor represented by it; and, as the white men have introduced tons of imitation wampum made of porcelain, which looks rather better than the real article, and is scarcely one-hundredth part of the value, the veritable wampum is so completely extinct among many of the tribes that, if one of the natives should wish to see a string of wampum, he must go to a museum for that purpose.

CHAPTER CXXXVII.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS — *Continued.*

WAR — WEAPONS.

MARTIAL CHARACTER OF THE TRIBES — THEIR MODE OF FIGHTING — DECLARATION OF WAR, AND APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTEERS — WEAPONS — THE PLAIN AND THE SPIKED CLUB — THE SHIELD, AND THE INGENIOUS MODE OF MAKING IT — THE LONG SPEAR — THE BOW AND ITS CONSTRUCTION — MODE OF SHOOTING — THE STONE AND IRON TOMAHAWKS — THE SCALPING-KNIFE — MODE OF SCALPING — USE MADE OF THE LOCKS — THE SCALP DANCE — THE EXPLOITS OF MAH-TO-TOW-PA — SHAM BATTLES OF THE BOYS — THE TORTURE OF PRISONERS — TWO WONDERFUL ESCAPES — HOW THE CAMANCHEES FIGHT — SMOKING HORSES.

THE North American Indians are essentially a warlike people, measuring their respect for a man almost entirely by his conduct in battle and the number of enemies which he has slain.

The very constitution of the tribes, which prevents any leader from enforcing obedience upon his followers, as is done with civilized armies, entirely precludes the possibility of such military manoeuvres as those which are employed in civilized countries, where bodies of men are wielded by the order of one individual. The leader can only give general orders, and leave his followers to carry them out in the way that best suits each individual. Consequently, war among these tribes is much of the guerilla kind, where each combatant fights almost independently of the other, and the moral effect of mutual defence and support is therefore wanting.

A few very simple manoeuvres are known to them, and practised by them from infancy, but they lead to nothing more than skirmishing, the chief being merely the leader of his men, and expected to be in the post of danger. The idea of a general directing the battle from a place of comparative safety is unknown to them.

Declaration of war is made in the full council of chiefs and doctors, the majority deciding the question. The chief who is to lead the expedition then asks for volunteers by sending his reddened war pipe through the tribe by means of his messengers, and

each warrior who draws a puff of smoke through its stem by that act enlists himself.

After the pipe has gone its round and a sufficient number of men have volunteered, a grand war dance is got up in front of the chief's house, where has been set up a post covered with red paint, the sign of war. The newly enlisted warriors make their appearance with all their weapons, and execute a solemn dance, each man in succession dancing up to the reddened post and striking his axe into it as a public ratification of his promise. As has been mentioned, the leader always wears every decoration to which he is entitled, so as to make himself as conspicuous a mark as possible, while the braves and warriors wear scarcely any clothing, and have their faces so disguised with black and red paint that even their most intimate friends can scarcely recognize them.

As among us, white and red are the signs of peace and war, and each leader carries with him two small flags, one of white bison's hide, and the other of reddened leather. These are kept rolled round the staff like a railway flag-signal, and only produced when required.

At the present day fire-arms have superseded the original weapons of the American Indians, and much changed the mode of warfare. We will, however, contemplate the warfare of these tribes as it was conducted before the introduction of these weapons, when the bow, the club, the axe,

the spear, and in some districts the lasso, were the only weapons employed.

In illustration No. 4, on page 1265, are seen examples of the clubs and shield, drawn from specimens in the Christy Collection. The clubs are short, seldom exceeding a yard in length, and mostly eight or nine inches shorter. They are almost invariably made upon one or other of two models, examples of which are seen in the illustration. The primitive idea of a club is evidently derived from a stick with a knob at the end, and that is the form which is most in vogue. In the common kind of club the whole of the weapon is quite plain, but in many specimens the native has imbedded a piece of bone or spike of iron in the ball or bulb at the end of the club, and has decorated the handle with feathers, bits of cloth, scalp, and similar ornaments.

The second kind of club is shaped something like the stock of a gun, and has always a spike projecting from the angle. In most cases this spike is nothing more than a pointed piece of iron or the head of a spear, but in some highly valued weapons a very broad steel blade is employed, its edges lying parallel with the length of the weapon. Such a club as this is often decorated with some hundreds of brass headed nails driven into it so as to form patterns, and is besides ornamented so profusely with strings and feathers, and long trailing seal-looks five or six feet in length, that the efficacy of the weapon must be seriously impeded by them.

I have handled both kinds of clubs, and found this latter weapon to be most awkward and unwieldy, its thick, squared, sloping handle giving scarcely any power to the grasp, while the abundant ornaments are liable to entanglement in the other weapons that are carried about the person.

The shield is made by a very ingenious process from the thick hide which covers the shoulders of the bull bison. Making a shield is a very serious, not to say solemn, business, and is conducted after the following manner.

The warrior selects a piece of hide at least twice as large as the intended shield, and from the hoof and joints of the bison prepares a strong glue. He then digs in the ground a hole the exact size of the shield, and almost two feet in diameter, and makes in it a smouldering fire of decayed wood. These arrangements being completed, his particular friends assemble for the purpose of dancing, singing, and smoking round the shield maker, and invoking the Great Spirit to render the weapon proof against spears and arrows.

The fire being lighted and the glue heated, the skin is stretched above the hole by means of numerous pegs round the edge, which keep it a few inches above the ground. As soon as the skin is thoroughly heated, the

glue is spread over it and rubbed carefully into the fibres. This operation causes the skin to contract forcibly, and at the same time to become thicker. As it contracts, the family of the shield maker busy themselves in loosening the pegs, and shifting them inward, so as to yield with the contraction of the skin, and at the same time to keep it on the full stretch. This goes on until the skin has absorbed all the glue which it is capable of receiving, and has contracted to the very utmost. By this time it is only half as wide, though twice as thick, as it was when first placed on the fire, and is allowed to cool slowly, after which it is carefully trimmed into shape, furnished with a strap, painted with the "totem" or symbol of the owner, and decorated with the usual ornaments.

The completed shield is rather flexible, but is so strong that it will resist the direct blow of a spear or arrow, and if turned a little obliquely will throw off even a pistol bullet. The specimen shown in the illustration is painted light green with a white pattern. Above it is a cover made of very thin and soft leather, which is thrown over it in case of rain. The long strap is for the purpose of throwing the shield when not in use over the shoulders, where it hangs, together with the bow and quiver.

The spear presents nothing especially worthy of remark, except that the blade is leaf-shaped, long, and narrow, and the shaft is often so covered with feathers and seal-looks that there is barely enough space for the hand of the wielder. It sometimes measures fourteen or fifteen feet in length.

Next come the bows and arrows. The bow is always a very short and apparently insignificant weapon, being mostly used on horseback. It scarcely ever exceeds three feet in length, and is mostly six inches shorter, so that it looks more like a child's toy than a weapon fit for a warrior's hand. Yet, with this apparently feeble bow, the American Indian can drive an arrow completely through a man, and some of their best hunters are known to have sent their arrows fairly through the body of a bison, so that the missile fell on the ground after passing through the huge animal.

These bows are made of wood, horn, or bone. Ash is considered the best wood for bows, and it is strengthened enormously by having the wet sinews of the bison or deer fastened along the back, and so worked and kneaded into it that they appear to be of one substance with the wood. Several layers of sinews are often used, so that, in spite of its small size, the bow is a very powerful one. Some of them are made of the horn of the mountain or big horn sheep, and a few which are the most valuable are made of bone, probably obtained on the Pacific coast from the spermæti whale, and sent inland by the traders. The owners of these bows do

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(1.) CROW CHIEF. (See page 1274.)



(2.) AMERICAN INDIANS SCALPING. (See page 1283.)

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not like to have the material questioned, and check the interrogation with a remark of "Hush! that is medicine." One of these bows is in the Christy Collection. I have tried several of the bows in Mr. Catlin's collection, and found them to be very elastic, and, in spite of their small size, very stiff.

The arrow is headed with flint or bone, and when used against the enemy is usually poisoned. The feathers are taken from the wing of the wild turkey. (See page 1290.) When a warrior is fully armed, he has a hundred or so of these arrows in a neat quiver made of deer or cougar skin, and tastefully decorated with patterns woven in stained porcupine quills.

In an illustration on page 1318, the reader may see the usual costume of the Indian when equipped for battle. The portrait is that of Ee-a-chin-che-a (the red thunder) son of Black Moccasin of the Minatarees. He was at this time one of the bravest and most desperate warriors of this tribe. He has on his war-dress, with quiver slung, and shield upon his arm. "In this plight," says Mr. Catlin, "sans head-dress, sans robe, and sans everything that might be a useless encumbrance,—with the body chiefly naked, and profusely bedaubed with red and black paint, so as to form an almost perfect disguise, the Indian warriors sally forth to war." The chief only plumes himself, and war, loaded with his ornaments and trophies renders himself a conspicuous target for the enemy.

The Indians are not celebrated for their skill in marksmanship, which indeed is scarcely required, as they never shoot at long ranges, like the old English bowmen. But they are wonderfully skilled in discharging a number of arrows in rapid succession, a practised archer being able to throw twenty or more in a minute while galloping at full speed.

There is a game much practised by the various tribes, by means of which this peculiar modification of skill in archery is kept at the highest pitch. The young men assemble with their bows and arrows, and each brings several articles of property which he is willing to stake on his skill, and throws one of them on the ground. When every one has thrown down his stake, the first archer advances with his bow and ten arrows clenched in his left hand. He then draws the arrows and shoots them upward as rapidly as he can, the object being to throw as many arrows as possible into the air before the first arrow has reached the ground. He who gets the greatest number simultaneously in the air wins the stakes. Some archers are so skilful that they will discharge the eighth arrow before the first has touched the ground.

We now come to the axe or tomahawk. The two figures in illustration No. 2, page 1265, afford excellent examples of the prin-

cipal forms of this weapon; namely, that which is made entirely by themselves, and that which is partly made in Europe and finished by themselves. The most primitive tomahawk is that which is made of a stone fixed to a wooden handle. Fig. 2, on the above mentioned page, shows how the head is fixed to the handle, exactly as a blacksmith fixes his punches. The stone axe-heads which are found so abundantly as relics of a bygone age, were fastened on their handles in precisely the same manner. This kind of weapon is now so rare that it is scarcely possible to procure a specimen.

The steel-headed tomahawk has in most tribes superseded that which is made of stone. Vast numbers of these steel axe-heads are made in Birmingham, and sold at a very high price to the Indians.

The form which is most valued is that which is shown in fig. 1, page 1265. It is a "pipe-tomahawk," the upper part of the head being formed into a pipe-bowl, and the smoke drawn through the handle, which is plentifully decorated with porcupine quills and feathers. This is specially valued by the American Indians, because it saves them the trouble of carrying a separate pipe, and the trouble of carrying a separate pipe, and is most formidable as a weapon, and in time of peace is an efficient axe for chopping fire-wood and similar purposes. The tomahawk is used both in close combat and as a missile, in which latter capacity it is hurled with wonderful force and accuracy of aim.

Beside these weapons, every warrior carries the scalping knife, which, with the poniard of early English times, is equally useful for war and domestic purposes. Almost without an exception every scalping knife used in North America is nothing more than a common butcher's knife, made in Sheffield for sixpence, and sold to the Indians at the price of a horse. After all, it is perhaps the very best instrument that they could use. One of my friends, an experienced hunter, said that he discarded all his elaborate and costly hunting knives, and preferred the Sheffield butcher's knife, which combines the advantages of strength, lightness, and the capability of taking an edge like a razor.

Every one has heard of the custom of scalping as practised by these tribes, a custom which takes the place of the preserved heads of the Dyak, and Mundurucú. When an American Indian slays an enemy, he removes the scalp as a proof of his victory. The scalp is a piece of skin, with the hair attached to it, taken from the very crown of the head, so as to exhibit that portion of the skin where the hair radiates from a centre. The size of the scalp is of no importance, provided that it only contain this indispensable mark.

Generally, the piece of skin secured is almost as large as the palm of the hand, and it is taken in the following manner. The

enemy being fallen, the victor sits behind him on the ground, seizes the scalp-lock with his left hand, and with the knife makes two semicircular incisions in the skin, cutting it completely down to the bone. He then twists the scalp-lock round both his hands, puts his feet on the victim's shoulders, and with a violent pull drags off the circular piece of skin with the hair adhering to it.

This whole scene (Illustrated on page 1284) is enacted in much less time than it has taken to write, the Indians being well practised in their sham fights before they come to taking scalps in actual battle. Brandishing the scalp in one hand and the knife in the other, the exultant conqueror utters the terrible "scalping yell," which even when given in a mock battle seems as if it were uttered by a demon rather than a man.

The scalped man is always supposed to be dead or dying, and, as the scalp is always accepted as a proof of death, the native warrior would never scalp a man whom he thought likely to recover. There have, however, been many instances, where in the heat of battle a man has been scalped while stunned, though without a mortal wound, and has afterward recovered and lived for many years.

When the battle is over and the warrior returns to his home, he dresses the scalp for preservation. This is usually done by stretching it in a sort of battledore, made by bending a flexible stick and lashing the ends together, and it is then solemnly "danced" before it takes its place with the other valuables of the owner. Some of the scalps are quite small, not larger than a penny, and are hung on the bridle of the horses, or the handles of clubs.

Generally, however, they are, when quite dry, palated on the inside so as to resemble a human face, and hung to the end of a long, slight pole. On a fine day, the head chief of an encampment mostly orders that the scalps should be hung out, and sets the example, by protruding from the top of his own hut the pole on which are hung the scalps which he has taken. All the warriors at once follow his example, so that by walking round the village and counting the scalps, a stranger can learn the standing of every warrior.

It has been mentioned that many of the scalps are very small. Their limited size is thus accounted for. If a warrior be hurried, as is mostly the case when scalping a fallen man in the heat of battle, he contents himself with the scalp alone. But, if he should have leisure, he removes the whole of the hair-bearing portion of the skin, and treats it as follows. He first cuts out a small circular piece containing the crown of the head, this being the actual scalp. The remainder of the hair he divides into little locks, and with them he fringes the seams

of his leggings, the arms and edges of his coat, the shaft of his spear, the handle of his club, etc., etc. The whole of Mah-toh-pa's dress was covered with fringes made from the hair of those whom he slew in battle.

A dress thus ornamented is valued beyond all price, and there is scarcely any price sufficiently high to tempt a warrior to part with these trophies of his valor.

The "scalp dance" is a ceremony quite in keeping with the custom of securing the trophy. A scalp dance of the Sioux is thus described by Mr. Catlin:—"Among this tribe, as I learned whilst residing with them, it is danced in the night by the light of their torches, just before going to bed. When a war party returns from a war excursion, bringing home with them the scalps of their enemies, they generally dance them for fifteen nights in succession, vaunting forth the most extravagant boasts of their wonderful prowess in war, whilst they brandish their war weapons in their hands.

"A number of young women are selected to aid (though they do not actually join in) the dance, by stepping into the centre of the ring and holding up the scalps that have been recently taken, while the warriors dance, or rather jump, around in a circle, brandishing their weapons, and barking and yelping in the most frightful manner, all jumping on both feet at a time, with a simultaneous stamp, and blow, and thrust of their weapons, with which it would seem as if they were actually cutting and carving each other to pieces. During these frantic leaps and yells, every man distorts his face to the utmost power of his muscles, darting about his glaring eyeballs, and snapping his teeth as if he were in the heat—and actually breathing through his nostrils the very hissing death—of battle.

"No description that can be written could ever convey more than a feeble outline of the frightful effects of these scenes enacted in the dead and darkness of night, under the glaring light of their blazing flambeaux; nor could all the years allotted to mortal man in the least obliterate or deface the vivid impression that one scene of this kind would leave upon his memory."

Mr. Catlin suggests, with much reason, that these dances are propitiatory of the spirits of the slain men, showing how highly their valor was prized by the conquerors, and the great respect and estimation in which they were held, though the fortune of war had gone against them.

A good example of the war career of an American Indian chief may be gained by the exploits of Mah-toh-pa, as displayed on his robe, and explained by him to Mr. Catlin. It was covered with twelve groups of figures, which will be briefly described.

His first exploit was killing a Sioux chief, who had already killed three Ricarees.

This feat entitled him to wear eagles' gulls on his lance, and in the second group he is shown as killing with this lance a Shienne chief, who challenged him to single combat. The third scene represents a combat in which Mah-to-toh-pa was forsaken by his party, and yet, though badly wounded, killed a Shienne warrior in the presence of some thirty of his fellows.

The fourth scene shows a great chief of the Shiennes killed by this warrior, whose splendid headdress was assumed by his slayer. The fifth picture represents a strange episode in a battle. Mah-to-toh-pa was travelling with a party of Ricarees, when they were fired upon by a war party of Sioux. The Ricarees fled, leaving Mah-to-toh-pa, who sprang from his horse, faced the Sioux on foot, killed one of them, and secured his scalp.

The sixth drawing illustrates a most remarkable piece of personal history. A Ricaree brave, named Won-ga-tap, shot the brother of Mah-to-toh-pa with an arrow, drove his well-known spear into the body of the fallen man, and left it there, as a challenge to the surviving brother. The challenge was accepted. Mah-to-toh-pa found the body, recognized the spear, and vowed that he would slay the murderer of his brother with the same weapon. Four years passed without an opportunity to fulfil the vow, when he could no longer brook delay, but dashed out of his house with the fatal spear in his hand, and a small wallet of parched corn at his belt. He told the Mandans to mention his name no more unless he returned victorious with the scalp of Won-ga-tap.

Amid the awe-struck silence of his people he left the village, and disappeared over the grassy bluffs. For two hundred miles he travelled alone and by night, always concealing himself by day, until he reached the Ricaree village, which he boldly entered, mixing with the inhabitants as if he were a friendly stranger. He knew the position of Won-ga-tap's hut, and after having seen that the intended victim and his wife had smoked the evening pipe and were in bed, he walked gently into the hut, sat down by the fire, took some meat out of the cooking-pot, and began to eat in order to strengthen himself for the fulfilment of his task. This was according to the hospitable custom of the American Indians. If a man be hungry, he need not ask for food, but has only to go to the nearest hut and help himself.

The repast being ended, Mah-to-toh-pa took the still warm pipe, filled it with tobacco, and began to smoke it, breathing, with every curl of smoke, a prayer for success in his undertaking. Once or twice the wife of Won-ga-tap asked her husband who was eating in their hut, but he replied that some one must be hungry, and was helping himself.

When the last smoke-wreath had as-

ended, Mah-to-toh-pa turned toward the bed, and with his foot pushed an ember on the fire, so as to make a blaze by which he might see the exact position of his victim. In an instant he leaped toward the bed, drove the spear through the heart of Won-ga-tap, tore off his scalp, snatched the spear from his heart, and darted out of the hut with the scalp of his victim in one hand, and in the other the fatal spear, with the blood of Won-ga-tap already drying over that of the man he had killed four years before. The whole village was in an uproar, but Mah-to-toh-pa succeeded in making his escape, and on the sixth day after leaving the Mandan village, he re-entered it with the scalp of his enemy. A portrait of this celebrated chief is given on the 1277th page.

Another of these pictures records a single combat fought with a Shienne chief in presence of both war parties. They fought on horseback, until Mah-to-toh-pa's powder-horn was shattered by a bullet. The Shienne chief flung away his gun, horn, and bullet pouch, and challenged the foe with bow and arrow. Both parties were wounded in the limbs, but kept their bodies covered with their shields.

Presently Mah-to-toh-pa's horse fell with an arrow in its heart. The Shienne chief immediately dismounted, and proceeded with the fight until he had exhausted his arrows, when he flung the empty quiver on the ground, challenging with his knife, the only weapon which he had left. The challenge was accepted, and they rushed on each other, but Mah-to-toh-pa had left his knife at home, and was unarmed. He closed with his antagonist, and a struggle ensued for the knife. Mah-to-toh-pa was dreadfully wounded in the hands, but at last wrested the knife from his adversary, drove it into his heart, and in silence claimed the scalp of his fallen foe.

On another occasion he alone faced sixty Assiniboins, drove them back, and killed one of them. It was in this battle that he earned the name of "Four Bears," by which must be understood the grizzly bear, the most terrible quadruped of North America. This is a sample of the mode in which warfare is conducted by the North American Indians—a strange mixture of lofty and chivalrous nobility with cunning and deceit. In fact, in contemplating these interesting tribes, we are thrown back to the time of Ulysses, whose great fame was equally derived from his prowess in battle and his skill in deceiving his foes, or, in other words, of being a most accomplished liar.

The men are taught the operations of war from a very early age. Every morning, all the lads who are above seven years old and upward, and have not been admitted among the men, are taken to some distance from the village, where they are divided into two opposing bodies, each under the command

of an experienced warrior. They are armed with little bows, arrows made of grass stems, and wooden knives stuck in their belts. In their heads they slightly weave a plaited tuft of grass to represent the scalp-lock.

The two parties then join in sham combat, which is made to resemble a real fight as much as possible. When any of the combatants is struck in a vital part, he is obliged to fall as if dead, when his antagonist goes through the operation of scalping with his wooden knife, places the scalp in his belt, utters the wild yell, and again joins in the battle. As no one may fight without a scalp-lock, the fallen adversary is obliged to withdraw from the fight. This goes on for an hour or so, when the mock fight is stopped, and the lads are praised or rebuked according to the skill and courage which they have shown, the number of scalps at the belt being the surest criterion of merit.

It is well known that after a battle the American Indians torture their prisoners, and that they display the most diabolical ingenuity in devising the most excruciating torments. Still, there has been much exaggeration in the accounts of this custom. They do not torture all their prisoners, selecting only a few for this purpose, the others being absorbed into the tribe by marriage with the widows whose husbands have been killed in battle, and enjoying equal rights with the original members of the tribe.

Neither is the torture practised with the idea of revenge, though it is likely that vengeful feelings will arise when the victim is bound to the stake. Superstition seems to be at the root of the torture, which is intended to propitiate the spirit of those members of their own tribe who have suffered the like treatment at the hands of their adversaries. The doomed warrior accepts his fate with the imperturbable demeanor which is an essential part of a North American Indian's character, and, for the honor of his tribe, matches his endurance against the pain which his enemies can inflict.

Tortures too terrible even to be mentioned are tried in succession; for when the victim is once bound to the stake, the Indian never has been known to relent in his purpose, which is to extort acknowledgments of suffering from the captured warrior, and thereby to disgrace not only himself but the tribe to which he belongs. He, in the meanwhile, prides himself on showing his enemies how a warrior can die. He chants the praises of his tribe and their deeds, boasts of all the harm that he has done to the tribe into whose power he has fallen, ridicules their best warriors, and endeavors to anger them to such an extent that they may dash out his brains, and so spare him further torture. He will even laugh at their attempts to extort cries of pain from a warrior, and tell them that they do not know how to torture.

One remarkable instance of endurance in a captured Creek warrior is told by Mr. Adair. The man had been captured by the Shawnees, and forced to run the gauntlet naked through all the tribe; he had been tied to the stake, and was horribly tortured with gun-barrels heated redhot. All the efforts of his enemies only drew from him taunts and jeers, to the effect that the Shawnees were so ignorant that they did not even know how to torture a bound prisoner. Great warrior though he was, he had fallen into their hands through some fault in addressing the Great Spirit, but that he had enough virtue left to show them the difference between a Creek and a Shawnee. Let them only unbind him, and allow him to take a redhot gun-barrel out of the fire, and he would show them a much better way of torturing than any which they knew.

His demeanor had excited the respect of the Shawnees, and they unbound him and took him to the fire, in which were lying the redhot tubes. Unhesitatingly, he picked up one of them with his bare hands, sprang at the surrounding crowd, striking right and left with this fearful weapon, cleared a passage through the astonished warriors, and leaped down a precipice into the river. He swam the river amid a shower of bullets, gained a little island in its midst, and, though instantly followed by numbers of his disconcerted enemies, actually succeeded in getting away. In spite of the injuries which he had suffered, and which would have killed an ordinary European, he recovered, and lived for many years, the implacable foe of the Shawnees.

A somewhat similar adventure occurred to a Kataliba warrior, who was pursued by a band of Senecas, and at last captured, though not until he had contrived to kill seven of them. A warrior of such prowess was guarded with double vigilance, and he was brought to the Seneca village for the torture, after having been beaten at every encampment through which the party had passed.

As the torturers were taking him to the stake, he, like the Creek warrior, burst from his captors, and flung himself into the river, swimming across in safety. He paused for a moment on the opposite bank to express emphatically his contempt for the pursuers who were crowding down the bank and into the river, and then dashed forward so fast that he gained nearly a day's journey upon the foremost of the pursuers.

Five of the enemy pressed upon him, and, though naked and unarmed, he deliberately waited for them. At night, when they were all asleep, not having thought a sentry needful, he crept up to the party, snatched one of their tomahawks, and killed them all before they could wake. He scalped them, clothed and armed himself, invigorated his wasted frame with food, and set off to the

spot where he had slain the seven foes as he was first pursued. They had been buried for the sake of preserving their scalps, but he found the place of burial, scalped them all, and not until then did he make for his home, which he reached in safety.

When the rest of the pursuers came to the place where the five had been killed, they held a council, and determined that a man who could do such deeds unarmed must be a wizard whom they could not hope to resist, and that the best course that they could pursue was to go home again.

The reader will not fail to notice the great stress that is here laid on the possession of the scalp. A war party of Indians care comparatively little for the loss of one of their number, provided that they conceal his body so that the enemy shall not take his scalp. Here we have an instance of a man pursued by numbers of infuriated and relentless foes deliberately going back to the spot where he thought his slain enemies might be buried, and a second time risking his life in order to secure the trophies of victory. He knew that his intention would be foreseen, and yet the value set upon the scalp was so incalculable that even the risk of undergoing the torture was as nothing in comparison.

On more than one occasion, a warrior who has been struck down, and felt himself unable to rise, has saved his life by feigning death, and permitting his victorious foe to tear off his scalp without giving the least sign of suffering. He must lose his scalp at any rate, and he might possibly contrive to save his life.

Several of the tribes are remarkable for the use which they make of the horse in war, and their marvellous skill in riding. The most celebrated tribe in this respect are the Camanches, the greater part of whose life is spent on horseback. As is often the case with those who spend much of their time on horseback, the Camanches are but poor walkers, and have a slouching and awkward gait. No sooner, however, is a Camanche on the back of a horse, than his whole demeanor alters, and he and the animal which he bestrides seem one and the same being, actuated with the same spirit. "A Camanche on his feet," writes Mr. Catlin, "is out of his element, and comparatively almost as awkward as a monkey on the ground without a limb or branch to cling to. But the moment he lays his hand upon his horse, his face becomes handsome, and he gracefully flies away like a different being."

There is one feat in which all the Camanche warriors are trained from their infancy. As the man is dashing along at full gallop, he will suddenly drop over the side of his horse, leaving no part of him visible except the sole of one foot, which is hitched over the horse's back as a purchase by which he can pull himself to an upright

position. In this attitude he can ride for any distance, and moreover can use with deadly effect either his bow or his fourteen-foot lance.

One of their favorite modes of attack is to gallop toward the enemy at full speed, and then, just before they come within range, they drop upon the opposite side of their horses, dash past the foe, and pour upon him a shower of arrows directed under their horses' necks, and sometimes even thrown under their bellies. All the time it is nearly useless for the enemy to return the shots, as the whole body of the Camanche is hidden behind the horse, and there is nothing to aim at save the foot just projecting over the animal's back.

To enable them to perform this curious manœuvre, (illustrated on the 1291st page) the Camanches plait a short and strong halter of horse hair. This halter is passed under the horse's neck, and the ends are firmly plaited into the mane, just above the withers, so as to leave a loop hanging under the animal's neck. Into this loop the warrior drops with accurate precision, sustaining the weight of his body on the upper part of the bent arm, and allowing the spear to fall into the bend of the elbow. Thus both his arms are at liberty to draw the bow or wield the spear; and as in such cases he always grasps a dozen arrows in his left hand, together with the bow, he can discharge them without having recourse to his quiver.

Sometimes the Camanches try to steal upon their enemies by leaving their lances behind them, slinging themselves along the sides of their steeds, and approaching carelessly, as though they were nothing but a troop of wild horses without riders. A very quick eye is needed to detect this guise, which is generally betrayed by the fact that the horses always keep the same side toward the spectator, which would very seldom be the case were they wild and unrestrained in their movements.

Every Camanche has one favorite horse, which he never mounts except for war or the chase, using an inferior animal on ordinary occasions. Swiftess is the chief quality for which the charger is selected, and for no price would the owner part with his steed. Like all uncivilized people, he treats his horse with a strange mixture of cruelty and kindness. While engaged in the chase, for example, he spurs and whips the animal most ruthlessly; but as soon as he returns, he carefully hands over his valued animal to his women, who are waiting to receive it, and who treat it as if it were a cherished member of the family.

It need scarcely be added that the Camanches are most accomplished horse stealers, and that they seize every opportunity of robbing other tribes of their animals. When a band of Camanches sets

out on a horse stealing expedition, the warriors who compose it are bound in honor not to return until they have achieved their object. Sometimes they are absent for more than two years before they can succeed in surprising the settlement which contains the horses on which they have set their hearts, and they will lie in ambush for months, awaiting a favorable opportunity.

The value set upon horses by the equestrian tribes cannot be better illustrated than by the singular custom of "smoking horses," which prevails in some parts of the country. The reader will find this illustrated on the following page.

When one of these tribes determine on making war, and find on mustering their forces that they have not sufficient horses, they send a messenger to a friendly tribe to say that on a certain day they will come to "smoke" a certain number of horses, and expect the animals to be ready for them. This is a challenge which is never refused, involving as it does the honor of the tribe.

On the appointed day, the young warriors who have no horses go to the friendly village, stripped and painted as if for war, and seat themselves in a circle, all facing inward. They light their pipes and smoke in silence, the people of the village forming a large circle around them, leaving a wide space between themselves and their visitors.

Presently in the distance there appears an equal number of young warriors on horseback, dashing along at full gallop, and in "Indian file," according to their custom. They gallop round the ring, and the foremost rider, selecting one of the seated young men, stoops from his saddle as he passes, and delivers a terrible blow at his naked shoulders with his cruel whip. Each of his followers does the same, and they gallop round and round the smokers, at each circuit repeating the blow until the shoulders of the men are covered with blood. It is incumbent upon the sufferers to smoke on in perfect calmness, and not to give the slightest intimation that they are aware of the blows which are inflicted on them. When the requisite number of circuits have been made, the leader springs off his horse, and places the bridle and whip in the hands of the young man whom he has selected, saying at the same time, "You are a beggar; I present you with a horse: but you will always carry my mark on your back." The rest follow his example.

Every one is pleased with this remarkable custom. The young men are pleased because they get a horse apiece; and as to the flogging, in the first place they really care very little for pain, and in the next place they have enjoyed an opportunity of showing publicly their capability of endurance.

Those who give the horses are pleased because they have been able to show their liberality, a trait which is held in great esti-

mation by these people, and they have also the peculiar satisfaction of flogging a warrior with impunity. Both tribes are also pleased, the one because they have gained the horses without which they could not have made up their forces, and the other because they have shown themselves possessed of superior wealth.



FLINT-HEADED ARROW.

(See page 1285.)

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(1.) CAMANCHEES RIDING. (See page 1289.)



(2.) SMOKING HORSES. (See page 1290.)

(1291)

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CHAPTER CXXXVII.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS—*Continued.*

HUNTING—AMUSEMENTS.

NORTH AMERICAN HUNTERS—BISON OR BUFFALO HUNTING—THE CHASE ON HORSEBACK—USE OF THE GUN—BISON DRIVING—THE SNOW SHOE, AND ITS USE IN BISON HUNTING—THE DISGUISE IN WOLF SKINS—HORSE CATCHING—MODES OF USING THE LASSO—HOW HORSES ARE TAMED—"CREASING" HORSES—THE BUFFALO DANCE—CREDIT OF THE BUFFALO DANCE RESTORED—A SINGULAR MASK—INVARIABLE SUCCESS OF THE DANCE—HOW THE DANCERS ARE RELIEVED—AN INGENIOUS DECEPTION.

As might be expected from a migratory people like the North American Indians, all the tribes excel in hunting, though some are notable above the others. Next to Africa, this country presents the finest hunting grounds in the world, the game varying according to the locality, and giving the hunter an almost unrivalled scope of action.

First and most important of the North American game is the bison, popularly but erroneously called the buffalo. This animal exists in countless myriads, and in spite of the continual persecutions to which it has been subjected, and the utterly reckless manner in which it has been destroyed, it still blackens the plains with its multitudes.

Before the horse came into use, the North American Indians were obliged to chase the bison on foot, and even at the present day there are many celebrated hunters who are able to run down a bison on foot and kill it with the lance. The mode, however, which is generally adopted is the chase by mounted hunters, a chase which offers the greatest results, and exhibits the wildest enthusiasm and excitement. Armed merely with his tiny bow and flint-headed arrows, the native hunter mounts his horse, and goes off in chase of the bison.

When he comes up with the animals, he selects one, usually a fat and well-conditioned cow, presses his horse to her and prepares his bow and arrow. The well-trained

horse needs no guiding, but keeps close to the right shoulder of the bison, and a little behind it, so that it may not run upon the horns of the animal if it should happen to stop suddenly and turn its head. This plan, moreover, just brings the rider into the proper position to deliver his arrow in the most deadly manner, *i. e.* directing it just behind the shoulder. When an arrow is discharged by a practised hand, the bison falls mortally wounded, and, tenacious of life as the animal is, soon breathes its last. Leaving the arrow in the wound in order to mark the owner of the dead animal, the successful archer dashes on in pursuit of another animal, and does not cease until he has expended all his store of arrows. An illustration on page 1299 shows a herd of bisons, and the Indians on horseback engaged in the exciting sport.

It is the pride of the native hunter to kill a bison with every arrow, and not to shoot twice at the same animal. The younger hunters are fierce and anxious rivals in this sport, knowing that the result of the day's hunt will be the talk of the whole village, and that on their success or failure will much depend the estimation in which they are held. So each successive hunt produces its eager competitors for honor, some being desirous of wiping off past disgrace by present success, and others equally anxious to maintain the reputation which they have gained on former occasions.

Even in those parts of the country where the bow has been almost entirely superseded by fire-arms, it is equally a point of honor to kill the bison with a single shot, and to claim a slain bison for every bullet. In such cases, the hunter takes little pains in loading his gun. He carries the powder loose in his pocket or bag, scoops hastily a random quantity into the gun, drops upon it, without any wadding, a bullet wetted in the mouth, and the loading is complete. The muzzle of the gun is kept uppermost until the moment for firing, when the gun is dropped, aimed, and fired simultaneously, without being brought to the shoulder.

The skill displayed in managing the horse is the more remarkable, as these Indians use no bit by which the animal can be guided. They have nothing but a slight hide halter tied round the lower jaw of the horse, the only use of which is to cause it to halt when required. This is popularly called the "lariat," a corruption from the French word, *l'arrêt*.

The excitement caused by this chase is indescribable, though Mr. Catlin gives a very graphic idea in a few words:—"I have always counted myself a prudent man, yet I have often waked, as it were, out of the delirium of the chase, into which I had fallen as into an agitated sleep, and through which I had passed as through a delightful dream—where to have died would have been to have remained, riding on, without a struggle or a pang."

Sometimes the bison is destroyed in a much less sporting manner, the precipice and the pound being the two modes which are usually followed. The reader may probably be aware that, in those parts of North America inhabited by the bison, the surface of the plain is frequently interrupted by ravines with precipitous sides and of tremendous depth. When a hunting party see a herd of bisons within several miles of one of these ravines, they quietly separate, and steal round the herd, so as to place the bisons between themselves and the ravine.

They then gently move forward, and the bisons, retreating from them, draw nearer and nearer to the ravine, at the same time becoming packed closer and closer together. Suddenly the hunters raise a shout, and dash forward at the bisons. The affrighted animals take to flight at their best speed, and run on until they reach the edge of the ravine. Here the foremost bisons try to check themselves, but to no avail, as they are pressed forward by their companions behind, and thus almost the whole of the herd are forced over the precipice, and killed by the fall. Even those in the rear, which at last see their danger, and try to escape, have to run the gauntlet of their enemies, who allow but very few of them to escape.

A somewhat similar plan is adopted with

the pound, into which the bisons are driven by the hunters. The pound is an enclosure made of felled trees and branches, with an opening which gradually widens. The bisons are driven toward the enclosure, a task which often occupies several weeks, and, when they arrive within the fatal arms of the entrance, are urged forward by means of little fires, which are lighted on either side. Instinct urges the animals to escape from an element which sweeps over vast districts of country, and kills every living thing in it, and in their haste they run toward the pound, in which they are at once shut up. It is fortunate for the hunters that the bisons do not know their own strength. They could easily break through the walls of the pound, but they mostly content themselves with turning round and round, and passively await the arrival of the destroyer. So foolish are they in this respect, and in such numbers are they killed, that pounds have been built of the bones of slaughtered bisons.

In the winter another plan of hunting the bison is followed. At this time of the year the fur or "pelt" of the bison is the thickest and warmest, and the skin is of the most value. It is from these skins that the "buffalo" rugs and robes are made, without which out-of-door life would be scarcely endurable in the more northern parts of this vast continent.

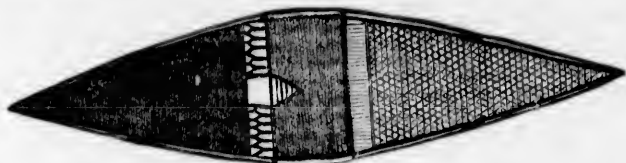
During the winter months the prairies assume a new aspect. They are not only covered with snow, so that the ordinary landmarks are obliterated, but the snow is blown by the wind into the most fantastic shapes, raised in some places into long and sharply scarped hills where no hills were, forming level plains where the ground is really cut up by hollows, and leaving only the tops of eminences bare, whence the snow is blown away by the tempestuous winds that sweep across the vast expanse. On these hills the bison congregate for the purpose of grazing, shovelling away with their broad noses the snow which still clings to the herbage.

The animals instinctively keep clear of the small but treacherous plains and valleys, knowing that the hidden crevices may at any time swallow them up. Into these valleys the hunters try to drive them, so that they may be helplessly entangled in the snow, and fall easy victims to the spear. Were it not for some invention whereby the hunters are enabled to skim over the surface of the snow, the bisons would be in perfect safety, but the snow shoe lays the poor animals at the mercy of their pursuers. It is necessary first to describe this ingenious implement.

The best form of snow shoe is seen on the next page. The shape is that of a fish, and its framework is made of ash-wood, kept in form by two cross-bars, one in front and one

behind. It is slightly turned up in front. The whole of the space within the framework is filled in with a close and strongly made netting of hide thongs, much like those of a racquet—indeed, the French Canadians use the word "*raquet*" to represent the snow shoe. As the snow shoe is about five feet in length and eighteen inches or more in breadth, it is evident that the weight of the wearer is distributed over a large surface, and that a heavy man wearing these shoes can pass with impunity over snow in which a child would sink if only supported on its feet.

The most ingenious part of the snow shoe is the mode by which it is fitted to the foot. It is evident that if it were fastened firmly to the foot, like the sole of a shoe, the wearer would be unable to stir a step. The movement of a snow-shoe wearer is somewhat analogous to that of a skater, the shoe being slid over the snow, and not raised and depressed like shoes in ordinary walking. If the reader will refer to the illustration, he will see that in the middle and toward the forepart of the shoe there is a square opening, edged by thongs, very much stronger than the others.



SNOW SHOE.

(From my collection.)

Just behind the opening is a triangular space crossed by parallel thongs. When the shoe is to be worn, the foot is placed on it so that the heel rests on the parallel thongs, and the centre of the foot is supported by the thick cross-thong, call the "*bimikibison*," the toes passing into the square opening, which is called the eye of the shoe. In order to keep the foot in its place, two leathern loops (not shown in the figure) are attached to the bimikibison, one of which passes over the instep and the other comes round the heel.

As, therefore, the wearer moves along, the feet play freely on the bimikibison, the heels coming down at each step on the parallel thongs, while the toes move up and down through the "eye" of the shoe, which is dragged over the snow by the instep thong, the heel strap being only useful in keeping the foot from slipping out backward.

After some practice, the wearer is able to skim over the snow with astonishing speed, but to a novice the first attempt is not only awkward, but causes excruciating pain. The unaccustomed movement of the foot, together with the pressure of the instep strap, produces a pain peculiar to the snow shoe, called by the Canadians "*mal du raquet*." Not only does blood stain the snow as the excoriated foot drags the heavy shoe over the surface, but a pain pervades the whole foot, as if all the little bones were dislocated, and rubbing against each other. Perseverance is the only cure for the "*mal du raquet*," and after a few days the wearer is able to proceed with perfect comfort.

It often happens that heavy snow storms fall before the people are able to replace the shoes, which are generally damaged in the course of the summer months, and in this case they are obliged to extemporize snow shoes out of flat boards. These are shorter and wider than the regular snow shoes, but are used in much the same manner, the "eye" being cut out of the board, and the necessary thongs being fixed across the opening. These simple instruments are called by a name which signifies "bear's-paw" shoes. Some of the prairie tribes use very long and comparatively narrow skates, turned up in front, and precisely resembling the "*skidor*" of Northern Europe.

Upborne on the snow shoe, the American Indian has the bison at his mercy. He drives the herd from the eminences into the valleys, and while the poor animals are floundering about in the deep snow, he deliberately selects those which have the largest and softest "robes," and kills them with his spears. Thousands are annually slain in this manner, their skin removed, and with the exception of the tongue and the hump, which are the best parts of the bison, the whole of the carcass is left to the prairie wolves and birds of prey.

On these shoes the native hunters capture the huge moose. They select a time when there has been a partial thaw followed by a frost, so as to leave a thin crust of ice upon a substratum of soft snow. As the moose plunges through the snow, it breaks through this icy crust at every step, cutting its legs frightfully with the broken edges, and so falls an easy victim.

Another mode of bison hunting presents a curious analogy with the ingenious method of ostrich hunting which is practised by the Bosjesmans of Southern Africa.

Upon the vast plains of North America the so-called wolves prowl in numbers. They will follow the hunter for weeks together for the sake of the oil of the beasts which he kills. They will not venture to harm him, but follow him by day at a distance of half a mile or so, and at night, when he lies down to sleep, they will couch also at a respectful distance.

Should he wound a bison and not be able to secure it, the wolves are sure to have that animal sooner or later, and if they manage to detach a single bison from the herd, they will fairly persecute the wretched animal to death. But they will never venture to attack a herd of bisons, and, being instinctively aware of the protection afforded by mutual support, the bisons allow the wolves to approach quite close to them, and, indeed, to wander freely among the herd. Of this fact the hunters take advantage in the following manner. They remove the skin of a large wolf, and put it upon themselves, so that when they go on all fours the head of the wolf projects just above their own head, and their arms and legs are partly covered by the skin belonging to the corresponding members of the wolf.

Thus disguised, they creep slowly and cautiously toward the herd, bearing their bow and arrows in their left hands. The bisons, whose eyes are none of the best, being overshadowed by the masses of black hair that overlap them, think nothing of the supposed wolves, and allow them to come quite close. Even if an animal more wary than his comrades does suspect the ruse, the disguised hunter has merely to turn in another direction, as if the creature he represents has no business with the herd. By degrees, he contrives to creep close to the bison which he prefers, and drives the flint-headed arrow to its heart. No report attending the discharge of the arrow, the wounded bison runs for a few paces, and sinks on the ground, mostly without alarming any of its companions. The hunter leaves his dying prey, goes off after another victim, and slays it in a similar fashion. Thus a skilful hunter will manage to exhaust the whole of his stock of arrows, killing a bison with each arrow, and yet not alarm the rest of the herd.

Both in hunting and in warfare the equestrian warriors always carry the lasso attached to the saddles of their horses. It is not, however, kept coiled, as is the case in Mexico, but is allowed to trail on the ground behind their horse. The object of this custom is easily understood. It often happens that, whether in the hunt or warfare, the rider is thrown from his horse. In such a case, as soon as he touches the ground, he seizes the

lasso, stops his well-trained horse with a jerk, leaps on its back, and is at once ready to renew the combat or the chase.

The mode in which the natives supply themselves with horses is worth a brief description. In various parts of the country the horses have completely acclimatized themselves, and have run free for many years, so that they have lost all traces of domestication, and have become as truly wild as the bison and the antelope, assembling in large herds, headed by the strongest and swiftest animals. It is from these herds that the natives supply themselves with the horses which of late years have become absolutely necessary to them; and in most cases the animals are captured in fair chase after the following manner:—

When an American Indian—say a Comanche—wishes to catch a fresh horse, he mounts his best steed, and goes in search of the nearest herd. When he has come as near as he can without being discovered, he dashes at the herd at full speed, and, singling out one of the horses, as it gallops along, hampered by the multitude of its companions, flings his lasso over its neck.

As soon as the noose has firmly settled, the hunter leaps off his own steed (which is trained to remain standing on the same spot until it is wanted), and allows himself to be dragged along by the affrighted animal, which soon falls, in consequence of being choked by the leathern cord.

When the horse has fallen, the hunter comes cautiously up, keeping the lasso tight enough to prevent the animal from fairly recovering its breath, and loose enough to guard against its entire strangulation, and at last is able to place one hand over its eyes and the other on its nostrils.

The animal is now at his mercy. He breathes strongly into its nostrils, and from that moment the hitherto wild horse is his slave. In order to impress upon the animal the fact of his servitude, he hobbles together its fore-feet for a time, and casts a noose over its lower jaw; but within a wonderfully short period he is able to remove the hobbles, and to ride the conquered animal into camp. During the time occupied in taming the horse, it plunges and struggles in the wildest manner; but after this one struggle it yields the point, and becomes the willing slave of its conqueror. Those who have seen the late Mr. Rarcy operate on a savage horse can easily imagine the scene that takes place on the prairie.

The rapidity with which this operation is completed is really wonderful. An experienced hunter is able to chase, capture, and break a wild horse within an hour, and to do his work so effectually that almost before its companions are out of sight the hitherto wild animal is being ridden as if it had been born in servitude.

The native hunter, cruel master though

he generally is, takes special care not to damp the spirit of his horse, and prides himself on the bounds and curvets which the creature makes when it receives its master upon its back.

There is only one drawback to this mode of hunting. It is impossible to capture with the lasso the best and swiftest specimens. These animals always take command of the herd, and place themselves at its head. They seem to assume the responsibility as well as the position of leaders, and, as soon as they fear danger, dart off at full speed, knowing that the herd will follow them. Consequently, they are often half a mile or more in advance of their followers, so that the hunter has no chance of overtaking them on a horse impeded by the weight of a rider.

A rather strange method of horse taking has been invented since the introduction of fire-arms. This is technically named "creasing," and is done in the following manner. Taking his rifle with him, the hunter creeps as near the herd as he can, and watches until he fixes on a horse that he thinks will suit him. Waiting till the animal is standing with its side toward him, he aims carefully at the top of the neck, and fires. If the aim be correct, the bullet just grazes the neck, and the horse falls as if dead, stunned for the moment by the shock. It recovers within a very short time; but before it has regained its feet the hunter is able to come up to the prostrate animal, place his hands over its eyes, breathe into its nostrils, and thus to subdue it.

This is a very effectual mode of horse catching; but it is not in favor with those who want horses for their own riding, because it always breaks the spirit of the animal, and deprives it of that fire and animation which the native warrior prizes so highly. Indeed, so careful is the Camanchee of his steed, that he will not mount his favorite war horse except in actual warfare, or in the hunt. When he is summoned by his chief, he attends muster, mounted on a second horse, or hack, and leading his war horse by the bridle.

The wild horses of North America are a small and neat-limbed, though powerful, breed of animal. Mr. Catlin says that their value has been much overrated, as even those which belong to the Camanchees, and are thought to be equal to the best Arab horses, are on the average worth some twenty pounds each. The chiefs have generally one or two horses of very superior quality; but as far as the average goes, the Camanchee horse is not worth more than the above mentioned sum.

The horses that are generally brought into the market are those that are obtained by "creasing." Experienced purchasers, however, do not care much about such animals. Creasing is, moreover, liable to two disadvantages. The hunter is equally in danger of missing his mark altogether, in

which case the whole herd dashes off, and gives no more chances to the hunter; or of striking too low, in which case the horse is killed on the spot.

In accordance with their usual custom, some of the tribes perform a sacred dance as a means of bringing the bison within their reach. The most characteristic of these performances is the Buffalo Dance as practised by the Mandans.

Sometimes it happens that the supplies of fresh meat fail. During the greater part of the year the bisons are scattered with tolerable evenness throughout the land, so that the hunters are able to find a sufficiency of game within a few miles of their village, to supply them with food. Indeed, large herds of bisons can often be seen from the village itself, their black masses being conspicuous against the verdure of the ground over which they range.

At certain seasons of the year, however, the animals are sure to withdraw themselves further and further from the villages, so that the hunters, in order to procure meat, are obliged to venture so far from their own ground that they are in danger of meeting with war parties of an inimical tribe. At last the hunters report to the council of chiefs and medicine men that they can no longer find game. A solemn conclave is at once held, and if, after a few days of patient waiting, during which every adult throughout the community is reduced to a state of semi-starvation, no bisons are found, the buffalo dance is ordered. This remarkable dance is a sort of homage to the Great Spirit, acknowledging that He can send the animals to them, and praying that He will do so; and, as we shall presently see, it is a remedy that never fails.

Among the Mandans every man is obliged by law to have a buffalo mask, i. e. the skin of the head, with the horns added to it. Usually to the head is added a strip of skin some four or five inches wide, extending along the whole length of the animal, and including the tail. When the wearer puts on his mask, the strip of skin extends down his back, and the tufted tail drags on the ground behind him.

I have worn one of these strange masks, and found it much less inconvenient than might have been supposed. It is not nearly so cumbersome as the chief's dress of state, described on page 1276. The buffalo mask is kept by each man at the head of his bed, a circumstance which gives a strange wildness to the interior of the hut, or lodge, as it is called, especially if several young warriors sleep in the same lodge.

As soon as the mandate for the buffalo dance is given, the men repair to their lodges and bring out their masks, together with the weapons which they are accustomed to use in the hunt. Ten or fifteen of them arrange themselves in a circle, while the

medicine men seat themselves on the ground, beating their sacred drums and shaking their rattles to a rhythmical sort of movement which guides the steps of the dancers.

These move continually in a circle, stamping, yelping, grunting, bellowing, and imitating in various ways the movements of the bison. The dance goes on day and night without cessation, and as it never ceases until bison are seen, the reader will understand that it is absolutely effective in bringing them. A spirited sketch of such a dance is given on the following page.

The mode in which it is kept up is rather amusing. The medicine men who beat the drums and encourage the dancers are relieved from time to time by their companions. But for the dancers there is supposed to be no relief but death. This difficulty, however, is surmounted by a sort of legal fiction. When one of the performers has yelped, stamped, bellowed, and leaped until he can dance no longer, he stoops down and places his hands on the ground. Another dancer, who is armed with a very weak bow and arrows with large blunt heads, fits an arrow to his bow, and shoots him. The wounded dancer falls to the ground, and is seized by the bystanders, who drag him out of the ring, go through the movements of skinning him and cutting him up, when he is allowed to retire and rest from his labors. As soon as he is dragged out of the ring, another dancer leaps into his place, and in this way the dance may go on for weeks without cessation.

Meanwhile scouts are posted on all the hills within range, and as soon as one of them sees the bison, he gives the signal by tossing his rope in the air in the direction of the game. Mr. Catlin relates a remarkable instance of the buffalo dance and its sequel.

Game had been scarce, the dance had been going on for days, and the village was in a state of increasing distress, when the welcome signal was seen from the hills. The dance ceased, the young men flew to their arms, sprang on their horses, and dashed off into the prairie toward the signal.

"In the village, where hunger reigned and starvation was almost ready to look them in the face, all was instantly turned to joy and gladness. The chief and doctors, who had been for seven days dealing out minimum rations to the community from the public crib, now spread before their subjects the contents of their own private *caches* (i. e.

hidden stores), and the last of everything that could be mustered, that they might eat a thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for His goodness in sending them a supply of buffalo meat.

"A general carouse of banqueting ensued, which occupied the greater part of the day, and their hidden stores, which might have fed them on an emergency for several weeks, were pretty nearly used up on the occasion. Bones were half plucked, dishes half emptied, and then handed to the dogs. I was not forgotten in the general surfeit. Several large and generous wooden bowls of pemmican and other palatable food were sent to my painting room, and I received them in this time of scarcity with great pleasure."

When the feast was over, songs and dances set in, and the whole village was filled with sounds of revelry. Suddenly, in the midst of their mirth, two or three of the hunters dashed in among the feasters, one having in his hands a still bleeding scalp, another sitting wounded on his horse, whose white coat was crimsoned with the fast-flowing blood of the rider, while another was, though unwounded, totally unarmed, having flung away his weapons in the hurry of flight.

Their fatal story was soon told. The bison, after whom the hunters had gone were nothing more than empty skins, within which a party of Sioux warriors had hidden themselves, and were imitating the action of the animals which they personated. Inveterate enemies of the Mandans, they had reconnoitred their village by night, and ascertained that they were executing the buffalo dance. Several of them procured bison skins, and enacted the part of the animals, while their comrades were concealed behind the bluffs.

Fortunately for the Mandans, their leader became suspicious of the supposed bison, and halted his troop before they had quite fallen into the trap, and when some eighty or ninety mounted Sioux dashed at them from behind the bluff, they were just starting homeward. As it was, however, eight of them fell, a loss which was but ill compensated by one or two Sioux scalps secured by the Mandans in the hurry of flight. Even under such untoward circumstances, the buffalo dance did not lose its reputation, for within two days a large herd of bison passed near the village, and afforded an abundant supply of meat.

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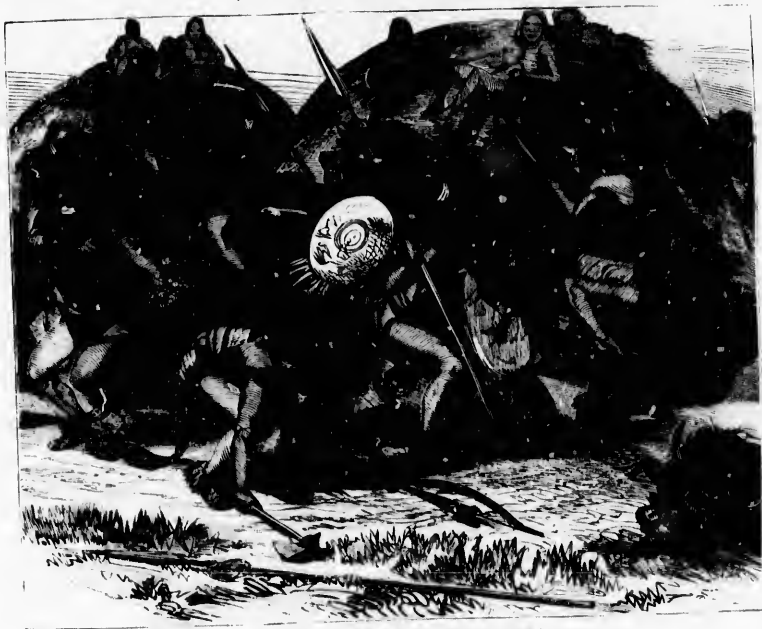
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(1.) BISON HUNTING. (See page 1293.)



(2.) BUFFALO DANCE. (See page 1298.)

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CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS—*Continued.*

RELIGION—SUPERSTITION.

THE TERRIBLE ORDEAL OF THE MANDANS—LEGEND OF THE FLOOD—APPROACH OF THE FIRST MAN—THE GREAT MEDICINE LODGE, AND ITS CONTENTS—APPROACH OF THE CANDIDATES, AND DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST MAN—BUFFALO DANCE, AND THE BIG CANOE—APPROACH OF THE EVIL SPIRIT—POWER OF THE MEDICINE PIPE—COMMENCEMENT OF INITIATION—TRIAL BY SUSTENSION—SWOON AND RECOVERY—THE LAST RACE—TWO COURAGEOUS INITIATES—LOOKING AT THE SUN—RAIN MAKING—THE WHITE BUFFALO HAIR, AND HIS PROWESS—THE MEDICINE BAGS AND THE TOTEMS—THE MEDICINE MAN AT WORK—THE WOUNDED MAN AND SICK GIRL—INITIATION OF THE MIDE ORDER—THE PIPES OF PEACE AND WAR—SACRIFICES.

WE now come to the religious ceremonies of these remarkable tribes, and will begin with the terrible ordeal through which the youths have to pass before they can be acknowledged as men. Among the Mandans, this ordeal, for length and for severity, throws into the shade all the various ordeals of which we have read. Even the terrible gloves of the Mandurée are mild when compared with the horrors of the Mandan initiation.

Until late years this ceremony was quite unknown. Every one who knew the people was aware that the Mandan youths had to pass through some terrible scenes of torture before they could take their place among the warriors, but the details of the whole ceremony were kept a profound secret, and were never betrayed until Mr. Catlin, in his character of medicine man (which he had gained by his skill in painting), was permitted to be present. It is most fortunate that he did so, for the Mandan tribe has utterly perished, and thus the records of a most extraordinary superstition would have vanished. The ceremony is a very long and complicated one, and the following is a condensed account of it.

The ceremony has a religious aspect, and is, in fact, performed for the sake of propitiating the Great Spirit in favor of the young men who undergo it, so that he may make them valiant warriors and successful hunters. It has also another important object. Be-

ing conducted in the presence of the great chief and medicine man, it enables the leader of the tribe to watch the behavior of the young men who pass through the ordeal, and to decide upon their ability to sustain the various privations of Indian warfare.

The reader must first be told that among the Mandans there survived the legend of a flood which covered the earth, and from which only one man escaped in a large canoe. In the centre of the village there is a large open space, in which is a conventional representation of the "big canoe," in which the First or Only Man escaped. It is not the least like a canoe, and in fact is nothing more than a sort of tub standing on one end. It is bound with wooden hoops, and is religiously preserved from injury, not the least scratch being allowed to defile its smooth surface.

The ceremony only takes place once in the year, the time being designated by the full expansion of the willow leaves under the banks of the river. The Mandans possess the legend of the bird flying to the big canoe with a leaf in its mouth, only with them the leaf is that of the willow, and not of the olive. The bird itself is held sacred, and, as it may not be injured, it may often be seen feeding on the tops of the Mandan huts.

Early on the morning of the appointed day, a figure is seen on a distant bluff, approaching with slow and stately steps. As

soon as he is seen, the whole village becomes a scene of confusion, as if the enemy were attacking it. The dogs are caught and muzzled, the horses that are feeding on the surrounding pastures are driven into the village, the warriors paint their faces for battle, seize their spears, string their bows, and prepare their arrows.

In the midst of the confusion the First Man, or Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah, as he is called in the Mandan tongue, stalks into the central space, where the chief and principal warriors receive him and shake hands. He is a strange object to the eye. His nearly naked body is painted white, a white wolf-skin mantle is thrown over his shoulders, his head is decorated with plumes of ravens feathers, and in his left hand he bears his mystery pipe, which he treats with the greatest veneration.

After greeting the chief, he proceeds to the great medicine lodge, which is kept closed during the year, and has it swept and the floor strewn with fresh green boughs and aromatic herbs. Several skulls of men and bisons are laid on the floor, a number of new ropes are thrown over the beams, a quantity of strong wooden skewers are placed under them, and in the centre is built a slight platform, on the top of which is laid the chief medicine or mystery of the tribe. This is so sacred that no one is allowed to approach it except the conductor of the ceremony, and none but he ever knows what it is.

He next goes to every hut in succession, stands before the gate, and weeps loudly. When the owner comes out, the First Man narrates the circumstances of the flood and of his own escape, and demands an axe or a knife as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Every hut furnishes an edged tool of some kind; and when the tale is completed, they are carried into the medicine lodge. There they rest until the last day of the ceremonies when they are thrown into a deep pool in the river. No one is allowed to touch them, and there they lie until at some future day they will be discovered, to the great bewilderment of antiquarians.

From the moment that the First Man enters the village a dead silence reigns, a circumstance quite in opposition to the usual noisy habits of a native village. Where he sleeps no one knows, but at dawn of the following morning he again enters the village, as he had done before, and walks to the medicine lodge, whither he is followed by the candidates for initiation walking in Indian file, and each painted fantastically, and carrying his bow and arrows, his shield, and "medicine bag." Of this article we shall learn more in a future page. In silence they seat themselves round the lodge, each having his weapons hung over his head.

Here they have to sit for four days, during which time they may not communicate

with those on the outside of the hut, and are not allowed to eat, drink, or sleep. When they have taken their places, the First Man lights his pipe from the fire that is kept burning in the centre of the lodge, and makes an oration to the candidates, exhorting them to be courageous and enduring, and praying that the Great Spirit may give them strength to pass satisfactorily through the ordeal.

He then calls to him an old medicine man, and appoints him to be master of the ceremonies, handing him the mystery pipe as a symbol of office. Addressing the assembled company, he takes leave of the chiefs, saying that he will return in another year to re-open the lodge, and stalks slowly out of the village, disappearing over the bluffs whence he came. The master of the ceremonies then takes his place in the centre of the lodge, and relights the pipe, uttering with every whiff of smoke a petition to the Great Spirit in behalf of the candidates. For three full days they sit silently round the lodge, but outside it a strange series of ceremonies takes place.

Chief among them is the buffalo dance, in which the eight actors wear the entire skins of bisons, and carry on their backs a large bundle of slight twigs. They also carry a mystery rattle in one hand, and a slender staff in the other. They arrange themselves in four pairs round the Big Canoe, each pair corresponding with one of the cardinal points of the compass. Between each group dances a young man, two of them painted black and covered with white stars, so as to represent the night, and the other two painted red, to represent the day.

Beside the Big Canoe sit two medicine men, wearing the skins of grizzly bears, and threatening to devour the whole village. In order to appease their hunger, the women bring continual relays of meat in dishes, which are at once carried off to the prairie by men painted entirely black, except their heads, which are white. They are thus colored in imitation of the bald-headed eagle. As they run to the prairie they are pursued by a host of little boys painted yellow, with white heads, and called antelopes. After a severe chase they catch the eagle-men, seize the food, and devour it.

These dances occur several times daily, the performers being summoned by the master of the ceremonies, who comes out of the medicine lodge, followed by his immediate assistants, and proceeds to the Big Canoe, against which he leans, and weeps aloud as if in dire distress. The dance takes place four times on the first day, eight times on the second, twelve times on the third, and sixteen times on the fourth; the sound of the old man's wailing cry being the signal for the dancers to issue from the hut in which they dress.

During each performance, the old medi-

clinc men who are beating their drums address the bystanders, telling them that the Great Spirit is pleased with their invocations, and that he has given them peace; that even their women and children can hold the mouths of grizzly bears; and that the evil spirit who is challenged by these rites has not dared to make his appearance. Thirty-two times during the four days this vaunt is made, and no evil spirit appears; but after the last day he comes, and a horrible-looking object he is.

On a distant bluff the evil spirit makes his appearance, rushing toward the village in a wild and devious course. Presently he enters the circle, perfectly naked, with his body painted black and covered with white rings, his mouth decorated with white indentations like great teeth, and holding in his hand a long magic staff tipped with a red ball. As he runs along, he slides this ball before him on the ground, and suddenly makes a rush at the groups of women who are witnessing the ceremony.

They fall back on each other in terror, and shriek for aid, which is given by the master of the ceremonies. As soon as he hears their cries, he runs from the Big Canoe, where he has been weeping, and holds his magic pipe in front of the intruder. The demon is instantly checked by its wondrous influence, and he stands as if petrified, each limb remaining in the attitude which it had taken when the pipe was held before him.

"This cheek gave the females an opportunity to get out of reach, and when they were free from their danger, though all hearts beat yet with the intensest excitement, their alarm was cooled down into the most exorbitant laughter and shouts of applause at his sudden defeat, and the awkward and ridiculous posture in which he was stopped and held. The old man was braced stiff by his side, with his eyeballs glaring him in the face, whilst the medicine pipe held in its mystic chain his satanic majesty, annulling all the powers of his magical wand, and also depriving him of the power of locomotion.

"Surely, no two human beings ever presented a more striking group than these two individuals did for a few moments, with their eyeballs set in direct mutual hatred upon each other; both struggling for the supremacy, relying on the potency of their medicine or mystery; the one held in cheek, with his body painted black, representing, or rather assuming to be, O-kee-hee-de (the Evil Spirit), frowning everlasting vengeance on the other, who sternly gazed him back with a look of exultation and contempt, as he held him in cheek and disarmed under the charm of his sacred mystery-pipe."

This scene is repeatedly enacted, until the powers of the magic pipe are proved against the assaults of the evil one, and the people have gained confidence in its protection.

The women then begin in their turn to assail their persecutor with jeers and laughter, until at last one of them snatches up a handful of mud and dashes it in his face. He is at once vanquished by this attack, and begins to weep piteously. Emboldened by this confession of weakness, another woman snatches away his magic staff, and breaks it across her knee. The fragments are seized by the surrounding women, who break them to pieces and fling them at the head of the demon. Being now deprived of all his power, he runs off across the prairie, followed for half a mile or so by the women, who pelt him with sticks, stones, and mud, until at last he effects his escape, and the village is rid of the evil spirit for another year.

Now the remainder of the initiation may proceed.

The little scaffold with its mystic burden is removed from the centre of the great medicine lodge, the hide ropes are passed through apertures in the roof to men who stand outside, and the master of the ceremonies, and his assistants, together with the chiefs and braves of the tribe, re-enter the lodge, and take up their positions.

The first candidate is now called, and, wasted by four days of abstinence from food, drink, or sleep, places himself in front of two of the operators. One of these, who is armed with a double edged knife, purposely blunted and notched, pinches up an inch or so of flesh of the shoulder or breast, and pushes the knife through it, between his finger and thumb and the body of the candidate. The knife is then withdrawn, and one of the wooden skewers forced through the aperture. This operation is repeated on the other shoulder or breast, on each arm just below the shoulder and below the elbow, upon each thigh, and upon each leg just below the knee.

While this operation is being performed, the candidates do not allow the slightest symptom of pain to escape them, and they even invite the spectators to watch their countenances, so as to ascertain that they betray no signs of suffering. They may well do so, for upon the verdict of these chiefs depends the consideration in which they will be held in after life, and no man has a chance of being appointed the leader of a war party if he has been seen to flinch during the ordeal.

As soon as these preparations are completed, two of the hide ropes are lowered from the roof, and hitched round the skewers on the breast or shoulders. To the others are hung the weapons of the candidate, while to those of the lower arm and leg are suspended the skulls of bisons. A signal is then given, and the poor wretch is hauled up into the air, when he swings suspended only by the two skewers, and sustaining not only his own weight but that of the heavy skulls, his feet being some six or eight feet

from the ground. In this terrible position he has to remain until nature finally gives way, and he faints. The artist has represented this stage of the fearful ordeal on the following page.

"Surrounded," writes Mr. Catlin, "by imps and demons, as they appear, a dozen or more, who seem to be concocting and devising means for his exquisite agony, gather around him, when one of the number advances toward him in a sneering manner, and commences turning him round with a pole which he brings in his hand for that purpose. This is done in a gentle manner at first, but gradually increased, until the poor fellow, whose proud spirit can control its agony no longer, bursts out in the most lamentable and heart-rending cries that the human voice is capable of producing, crying forth a prayer to the Great Spirit to support and protect him in this dreadful trial, and continually repeating his confidence in his protection.

"In this condition he is continued to be turned faster and faster, and there is no hope of escape for him, nor the chance for the slightest relief, until, by fainting, his voice falters, and his strugglings cease, and he hangs a still and apparently lifeless corpse. When he is by turning gradually brought to this condition, which is generally done within ten or fifteen minutes, there is a close scrutiny passed upon him among his tormentors, who are checking and holding each other back as long as the least struggling or tremor can be discovered; lest he should be removed before he is, as they term it, entirely dead."

When they are satisfied, a signal is given to the rope-holders, and the senseless man is lowered to the ground, the skewers which passed through his breast are removed, and the ropes attached to another candidate. Just as he falls, he is allowed to lie, no one daring to touch him, for he has put himself under the protection of the Great Spirit, and to help him would be a sacrilege.

When he recovers a little strength, he crawls to another part of the lodge, where sits a medicine man with a bison skull before him, and an axe in his hand. Holding up the little finger of his left hand as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, the initiate lays it upon the skull, when it is severed by a blow from the axe. Sometimes the fore-finger of the same hand is also offered, so that there are only left the thumb and the two middle fingers, which are all that are needed to hold the bow.

It is a point of honor with the initiates to recover as quickly as possible from their swoon, and the chief warriors all watch them narrowly on this point, inasmuch as rapidity of recovery is a proof that the individual is strong, and capable of enduring the hardships which every war party is nearly certain to undergo before their return.

The final scene of the initiation is called the Last Race, and is, if possible, even a more dreadful trial than any which the candidates have yet undergone. An illustration of it is also given the reader on the next page.

The reader will remember that, although the skewers by which the young men were suspended are removed as soon as they are lowered to the ground, there yet remain eight more, two in each arm, and two in each leg. To each of these is attached a heavy weight, such as the bison skull, and none of them may be drawn out. They must absolutely be torn out through the flesh by main force, and that this object may be accomplished the Last Race is run. Hitherto the ordeal has been confined to the interior of the medicine lodge, but the Last Race is run in the open air, and the whole of the inhabitants are spectators.

The master of the ceremonies leaves the medicine lodge, goes to the Big Canoe, leans his head against it, and sets up his wailing cry. At the sound of his voice twenty young men issue from the dressing hut, all of the same height, and all wearing beautiful war dresses of eagle quills. Each carries in one hand a wreath of willow boughs, and on reaching the Big Canoe they arrange themselves round it in a circle, holding the wreaths as connecting links. They then run round the canoe, from left to right, screaming and yelping at the top of their voices, and going as fast as their legs can carry them.

The candidates are now brought out of the medicine lodge, each trailing the heavy weights attached to his limbs, and are placed at equal intervals outside the ring of runners. As each takes his place, he is given into the charge of two powerful young men, who pass round each of his wrists a broad leathern strap, which they grasp firmly without tying.

As soon as all are ready, a signal is given, and the candidates are set running round the Big Canoe, outside the inner circle, each man being dragged along by his supporters, until the skulls and other weights tear out the skewers to which they are fastened. The bystanders yell and applaud at the tops of their voices, so as to drown the groans of the sufferers, should the force of nature extract a sound from them, and to encourage them to endure this last trial. It often happens that the flesh is so tough that the skewers cannot be dragged out, and in such cases the friends of the sufferers jump on the skulls as they trail along the ground so as to add their weight to them.

The candidates mostly faint before they have run very far, but they are still dragged round the circle, and not released until the last weight has been torn away. As soon as this occurs, the two men who have dragged their senseless charge loosen their

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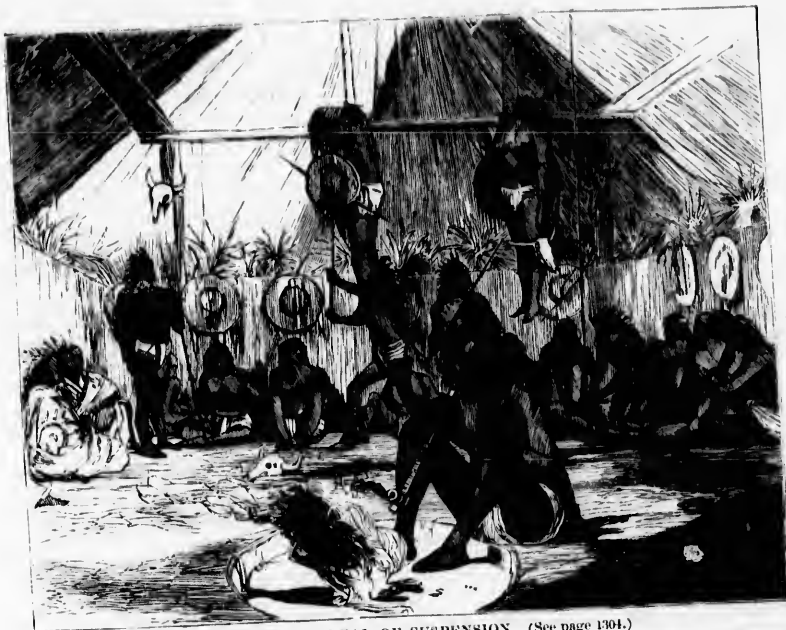
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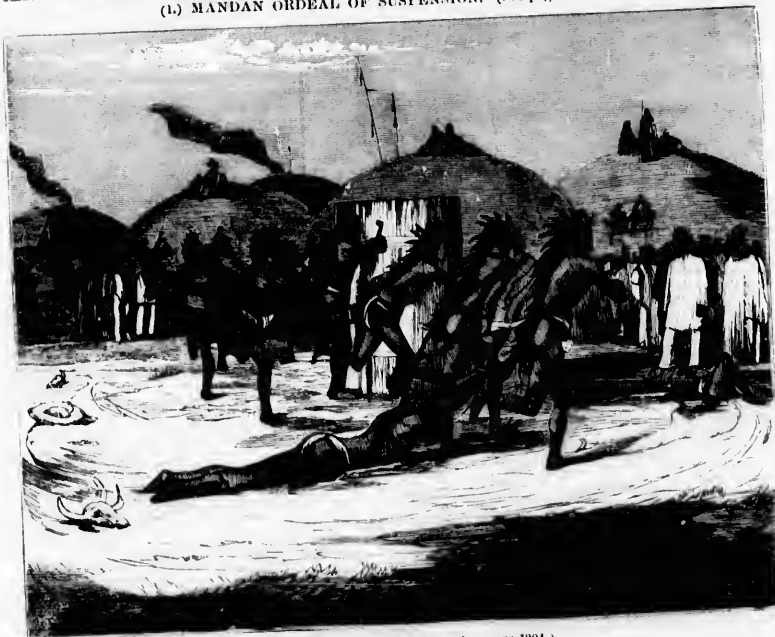
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(1.) MANDAN ORDEAL OF SUSPENSION. (See page 1304.)



(2.) THE LAST RACE. (See page 1304.)

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holds, and run away as fast as they can, leaving the body lying on the ground. No one may touch the poor wretch; and there he lies, a second time in the keeping of the Great Spirit. After a few minutes he recovers his senses, rises, and sadders through the crowd to his own hut, where his friends meet him, and do the best to succor him.

The rule is absolute that the man may not be released until the skewers have been fairly torn through the flesh. Mr. Catlin relates two remarkable anecdotes illustrative of this fact. In the one case the skewer had been unfortunately passed under snow. The poor lad was in vain dragged round the ring, and in vain did his friends throw themselves on the elk skull that was hung to him. At last the spectators set up a cry of distress, and the master of the ceremonies stopped the runners, leaving the senseless body lying on the ground. Presently the lad recovered himself, looked at the cause of his torment, and with a pleasant smile crawled on his hands and knees to the prairie, where he remained for three days longer without food or drink, until suppuration took place, and enabled him to release himself from his encumbrance. He crawled on his hands and knees to his home, and, in spite of his sufferings, recovered in a few days.

In the other case, two of the weights attached to the arms could not be removed. The unfortunate wretch crawled to the precipitous bank of the river, and drove a stake into the ground. To this stake he fastened the weights by two ropes, and let himself down half-way to the water. In this terrible position he hung for more than two days, until the too stubborn flesh at last gave way, and let him fall into the water. He swam to the side, made his way up the steep bank, and recovered.

Such instances as these, terrible as they are at the time, are never regretted by those to whom they occur, as they offer means of proving their valor and endurance, and any one who has overcome them is held in much consideration by the rest of the tribe.

Dreadful as is the whole scene of suffering, and sufficient to kill an ordinary white man, several of the warriors have undergone it more than once, and Mr. Catlin saw by the scars left on the body and limbs that some of the chief Mandan braves had submitted to the torture no less than five times. Some part of the estimation in which such men are held is owing to the belief of the Mandans that the annual supply of bisons depends on the proper fulfilling of these ceremonies, and that the Great Spirit is gratified in proportion to the number of times that the rites are performed. Thus those who have undergone them repeatedly are benefactors to the tribe in general, and as such receive their gratitude.

A somewhat similar system prevails among the Dacotah or Sioux Indians, as they are generally called. This, however, is a voluntary proceeding very rarely seen, and one which is intended simply to raise the candidate to the rank of medicine man. A tall and slender pole is set firmly in the ground, and to the top of it is fastened one end of a rope, the other being made into a loop. The candidate for mystic honors takes his place at the pole before dawn, painted gaily, and holding his medicine bag in his hand. Just before the sun rises, two skewers are passed through his breast, as is done by the Mandans, and the loop of the rope is passed over them.

The man now stands opposite the spot where the sun will rise, fixes his eyes upon it, and leans backward so as to throw the whole weight of his body on the rope, his feet serving more to balance than sustain him. As the sun passes over the heavens, he moves gradually round, never speaking nor taking his eyes from it; and if he can endure this torture from sunrise to sunset without fainting, he earns the rank to which he aspires, together with all the valuable presents which are laid at the foot of the pole by his admirers.

There is great risk attending this practice. Should the man faint in spite of the shouts and cheering cries of his friends, and the prayers and songs of the medicine men who sit around the pole, chanting and beating their magic drums, his reputation is lost, and he will ever afterward be held up to ridicule as one who had the presumption to set up for a medicine man, and had no power to sustain the character.

The Mandans have a curious mode of obtaining the rank of medicine man, resembling in many points the rain making ceremonies of Africa. As they depend much for their subsistence on the maize which they grow, a drought is always a great calamity, and must be averted if possible. When such an event occurs, the women, whose business it is to till the ground, come to the chiefs and doctors, and beg them to make rain, lest the corn should die. A council is then held, and the medicine men assemble in the council-house, and go through their preliminary ceremonies. No one is allowed to enter the house except the medicine men and those candidates who aspire to that rank.

There are generally ten or fifteen young men who prize that rank so highly that they are willing to run the risk of failure, and to lose all reputation in their tribe if they fail in drawing down the rain from the sky. They are called one by one out of the lodge, and take their position on the roof, when they go through the ceremonies which they think will produce the desired rain. They stand there from sunrise to sunset, and if no rain falls, they go to their houses dis-



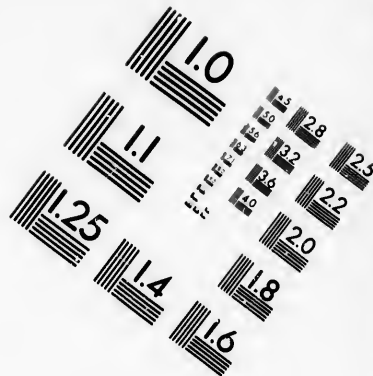
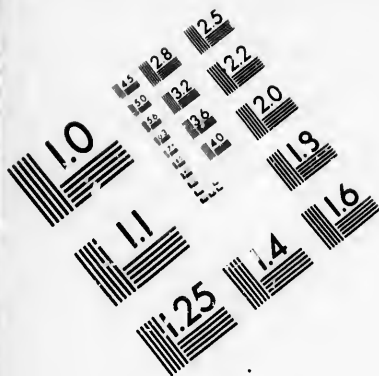
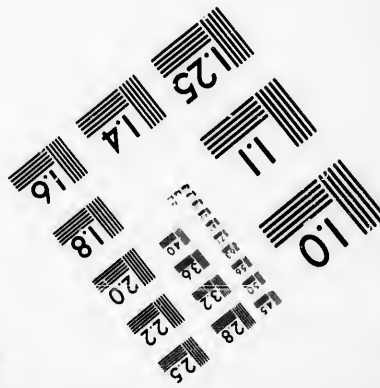
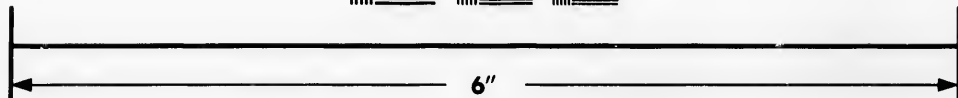
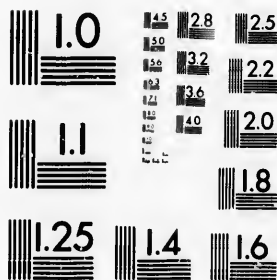


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graced, and debarred from all hope of being admitted into the Council of the tribe. Should, however, the rain descend, the reputation of the rain maker is assured, and he is at once admitted into the council among the chiefs and greatest braves.

Mr. Catlin relates a curious account of rain making of which he was a witness. There had been a drought for some time in the land, and the rain makers had been at work for three days. On the first day a man named Wah-kee, or the Shield, essayed his fortune, and failed. The same fate befell Om-pah, or the Elk, in spite of his head-dress made of the skin of the raven, the bird that soars amid the storm. Wa-rah-pa, or the Beaver, also tried and failed; and on the fourth day Wak-a-dah-ha-hee, the White Buffalo Hair, took his stand on the lodge. He placed his chief reliance on the red lightnings with which he had painted his shield, and the single arrow which he carried in his hand.

He made an oration to the people, saying that he was willing to sacrifice himself for the good of the tribe, and either to bring rain or live with the dogs and old women all his life. He explained that one candidate had failed because the shield warded off the rain clouds; that the second failed because the raven was a bird that soared above the storm, and so did not care whether it rained or not; and the third failed because the beaver was always wet, and did not require rain. But as for himself, the red lightnings on his shield should bring the black thunder-cloud, and his arrow should pierce the cloud and pour the water on the fields.

Now it happened that just at that time a steamboat the first that had ever been up the Missouri fired a salute from a twelve-pounder gun, as she came in sight of the Mandan village. The sound of the gun was naturally taken for thunder, and the village was filled with joy. Valuable gifts were presented on all sides to the successful candidate, mothers were bringing their daughters to offer them as his wives, and the medicine men were issuing from their lodge in order to admit him formally among themselves.

Suddenly, from his elevated post, Wak-a-dah-ha-hee saw the steamboat ploughing her way up the river, and emitting the thunder from her sides. He turned to the chiefs and the assembled multitude, and told them that, though the sounds were not those of thunder, his medicine was strong, and had brought a thunder-boat to the village. The whole population thronged to the bank in silent wonder, and in the excitement of the time even the rain maker was forgotten. The passengers landed among the Mandans, and for the rest of the day all was turmoil and confusion. Just before sunset the White Buffalo Hair spied a black cloud creeping up from the horizon,

unnoticed by the excited crowd. In a moment he was on the roof of the council-house again, his bow strung and the arrow brandished in his hand. He renewed his boastings and adjurations, and as the cloud came over the village, he bent his bow and shot his arrow into the sky. Down came the rain in torrents, drenching the fortunate rain maker as he stood on the roof, still brandishing his thunder shield and vaunting its power.

The storm continued during the night, but unfortunately a flash of lightning entered a lodge, and killed a young girl. Consternation reigned throughout the village, and no one was more frightened than the newly-made medicine man, who feared that the Council would hold him responsible for the girl's fate, and condemn him to a cruel death. Moreover, he really considered that he was in some way responsible, as he had left the top of the council-house before he had brought rain.

So, early in the morning, he sent his friends to bring him his three horses, and, as the sun rose, he again mounted the lodge and addressed the people. His medicine was too strong, he said. "I am young, and I was too fast. I knew not where to stop. The wigwag of Mah-sish is laid low, and many are the eyes that weep for Ko-ku (the Antelope). Wak-a-dah-ha-hee gives three horses to gladden the hearts of those that weep for Ko-ka. His medicine is great. His arrow pierced the black cloud, and the lightning came, and the thunder boat also. Why says that the medicine of Wak-a-dah-ha-hee is not strong?" This ingenious address was received with shouts of applause, and from that time to his death Wak-a-dah-ha-hee was known by the honorable title of the "Big Double Medicine."

We will now glance at the medicine bag, which plays so important a part among all the tribes of North America.

When a boy is fourteen or fifteen years old, he is sent into the woods to find his medicine. He makes a couch of boughs, and then lies without food or drink for several days, the power of his medicine being in proportion to the length of his fast. So severe is this discipline that instances have been known when the lad has died from the long abstinence to which he subjected himself. When he has endured to the utmost, he yields himself to sleep, and the first beast, bird, or reptile of which he dreams becomes his "medicine."

He then returns home, and as soon as he has recovered a little strength, he goes out in search of his medicine, and, having killed it, preserves the skin in any shape which his fancy may dictate. It is mostly sewed up in the form of a bag, and contains one or two other charms. The reader will see that the size of the medicine bag is exceedingly variable, according to the death of the creature

from whose skin it is formed. Sometimes it is three feet or more in length, and often it is so small that it can be concealed under the garments of the owner.

From the medicine bag the Indian never parts. He considers its presence absolutely indispensable to ensure success in any undertaking, and even carries it into battle, where he trusts to it for protection. Should he lose it in battle, he is utterly disgraced, and there is only one way of restoring himself to reputation. An Indian can only "make his medicine" once, so that he may not restore it by another probation of fasting and dreaming. But if he can slay an enemy in open battle, and take his medicine bag, his status in the tribe is restored, and he thenceforth assumes the medicine of the slain man in exchange for his own. If a man who has not lost his own medicine succeeds in capturing one from an enemy in fair battle, he is entitled to assume a "double-medicine," and never loses an opportunity of displaying both the medicine bags as trophies of his prowess. Taking a medicine bag is as honorable as taking a scalp, and the successful warrior has the further advantage of being doubly protected by the two charms.

Very few instances have been known where an Indian has voluntarily parted with his medicine bag, and in such cases scarcely any display of valor will reinstate him in the opinion of his tribe. Sometimes he can be induced by the solicitation of white men to bury it, but he treats the grave as if it were that of a revered relation, hovering about it as much as possible, lying over the sacred spot, and talking to the bag as if it were alive. Sometimes he offers sacrifices to it; and, if he be a wealthy man, he will offer a horse.

Such a sacrifice as this takes rank as a public ceremony. A long procession goes to the prairie, the lead being taken by the owner of the medicine bag, driving before him the horse, which must always be the best he possesses. The animal is curiously painted and branded, and is held by a long lasso. When the procession arrives at the appointed spot, the sacrificer makes a long prayer to the Great Spirit, and then slips the lasso from the animal, which from that time takes its place among the wild horses of the prairie, and if at any time caught by the lasso, is at once recognized by the brand, and set free again. Such a sacrifice as this is appreciated very highly by the tribe, and gives the man the privilege of recording the circumstance on his mantle and tent. One Mandan chief sacrificed in this way no less than seventeen horses.

In connection with the medicine bag may be mentioned the "totem," or mark by which each family is known. This is mostly an animal, such as a wolf, a bear, a dog, a tortoise, &c. If a chief wishes to show that he

and his party have passed a given spot, he strikes with his axe a chip off a tree and draws on the white surface his totem. Or, if he sends an order to a distance, he draws his totem on a piece of bark, and gives it to his messenger as a token.

To return to the medicine man. He is best seen to advantage when exercising his art upon a sick person. He wears for this purpose one of the most extraordinary dresses which the mind of man ever conceived. No two medicine men wear a similar costume, but in all it is absolutely essential that every article shall be abnormal. Mr. Catlin saw one of these men called in to practise on a Blackfoot Indian, who had been shot through the body with two bullets. There was not the least chance of his recovery, but still the medicine man must be summoned. His strange, grotesque appearance, and the wild ceremony over the sick man are vividly represented on page 1311.

A ring was formed round the dying man, and a lane was preserved through them, by which the mystery man would make his appearance. In a few minutes a general hush-hush ran through the assembly as the tinkling and rattling of his ornaments heralded the approach of the wise man. As he entered the ring, nothing could surpass the wild grotesqueness of his costume. By way of a coat, he wore the skin of a yellow bear—an article exceedingly rare in North America, and therefore in itself a powerful medicine. The skin of the head was formed into a mask, which entirely hid the features of the enchanter. The skins of various animals dangled from his dress, and in one hand he held his magic wand, and in the other the mystery drum, which contained the arcana of his order.

His actions were worthy of his appearance. He came in with a series of wild jumps and yells, accompanied with the rattling and beating of his magic drum as he approached the dying man. Having reached his patient, he began to dance round him to the accompaniment of his drum, to leap over him, to roll him from side to side, and in every imaginable way to render his last hours unendurable. In fact, the man might well die, if only to be rid of his physician. In a short time he did die; but the man, not in the least disconcerted at the failure of his efforts, danced out of the circle as he had entered it, and went off to his lodge to take off and pack up his official dress.

A somewhat similar scene was witnessed by Mr. P. Kaue, in which the mode of manipulation was almost identical, though the medicine man, instead of disguising himself in a strange dress, went just to the opposite extreme. The story is narrated in Mr. Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist," being as follows:—

"About ten o'clock at night I strolled into

the village, and on hearing a great noise in one of the lodges, I entered it, and found an old woman supporting one of the handsomest Indian girls I had ever seen. She was in a state of nudity. Cross-legged and naked, in the middle of the room, sat the medicine man, with a wooden dish of water before him; twelve or fifteen other men were sitting round the lodge. The object in view was to cure the girl of a disease affecting her side. As soon as my presence was noticed, a space was cleared for me to sit down.

"The officiating medicine man appeared in a state of profuse perspiration, from the exertions he had used, and soon took his seat among the rest, as if quite exhausted; a younger medicine man then took his place in front of the bowl, and close beside the patient. Throwing off his blanket, he commenced singing and gesticulating in the most violent manner, whilst the others kept time by beating with little sticks on hollow wooden bowls and drums, singing continually. After exercising himself in this manner for about half an hour, until the perspiration ran down his body, he darted suddenly upon the young woman, catching hold of her side with his teeth, and shaking her for a few minutes, while the patient seemed to suffer great agony. He then relinquished his hold, and cried out he had got it, at the same time holding his hands to his mouth; after which he plunged them in the water, and pretended to hold down with great difficulty the disease which he had extracted, lest it might spring out and return to its victim.

"At length, having obtained the mastery over it, he turned round to me in an exulting manner, and held something up between the finger and thumb of each hand, which had the appearance of a piece of cartilage; whereupon one of the Indians sharpened his knife, and divided it in two, leaving one in each hand. One of the pieces he threw into the water and the other into the fire, accompanying the action with a diabolical noise, which none but a medicine man can make. After which he got up perfectly satisfied with himself, although the poor patient seemed to me anything but relieved by the violent treatment she had undergone."

Mr. Mulhausen relates an amusing anecdote of a native doctor's practice upon himself. He had suffered so much in a long march that he was at last compelled to ask for a day's rest. One of his companions, a medicine man, immediately tried the effect of his art. First he kneaded the body, and especially the stomach, of the prostrated traveller with all his force. This was to drive out the evil spirit; and, in order to effectually exorcise him, he procured his drum, and seated himself on the ground.

Placing the drum close to the ear of his patient, he kept up a continual rub-a-dub for

two whole hours, singing the magic chant the while, until, in spite of his wounded feet, Mr. Mulhausen crawled out of the tent in sheer despair. The triumphant doctor wiped his streaming brows, and declaring that no evil spirit could withstand such a medicine as that, gave the signal for resuming the march.

Among the Ojibbeways there is a remarkable ceremony by which an infant is received into the order of the Midés, a society in some degree resembling the Freemasons, the members of which consider themselves as related to each other, and addressing each other by the names of uncle, aunt, brother, sister, cousin, &c.

A temple, forty feet in length, was constructed for the express purpose, and built of boughs, like the bowers of the Feast of Tabernacles. It was built east and west, and had the entrance door at the eastern end, and the exit door at the western. In the middle sit the great Midés, each with his mystery bag, and opposite them sits the father of the child, dressed in his full paraphernalia of feathers, furs, and scalp-locks, and holding in his arms the child, lying tied on its board after the manner of Indian babies. On either side of him are the witnesses of the reception, and eastward of the chief Midés lies a large rough stone, which prevents the evil spirit.

The ceremony begins with an address of the principal Midé, and then the chiefs rise, and after walking in procession, each of them runs at one of the guests, presenting his medicine bag at him, and yelling in quickening accents, "Ho! ho! hohohoho! O! O! O! O! O!" As he presents the bag, the breath proceeding from it is supposed to overcome the person to whom it is presented, who falls down and lies there motionless. Having struck one person down, the Midé runs round the temple, to allow the medicine bag to recover its strength, and then presents it to another victim. This process is repeated until all the inmates of the hut, with the exception of the officiating Midés, are lying prostrate on the ground, where they lie until a touch from the same bag restores them to life and activity. This ceremony is repeated several times during the day, and is intended to show the virtue of the medicine bag.

The father then presents his child to the Midés, after which there is another speech from the chief Midé, and then follows a curious dance, consisting of two leaps to the right and two to the left alternately. After this, every one produces his medicine bag, and tries to blow down everybody else. And, as the bags are covered with tinkling bells, bits of metal, and shells, and the principal Midés are beating their drums and shaking their rattles with all their might, it may be imagined that the noise is deafening.

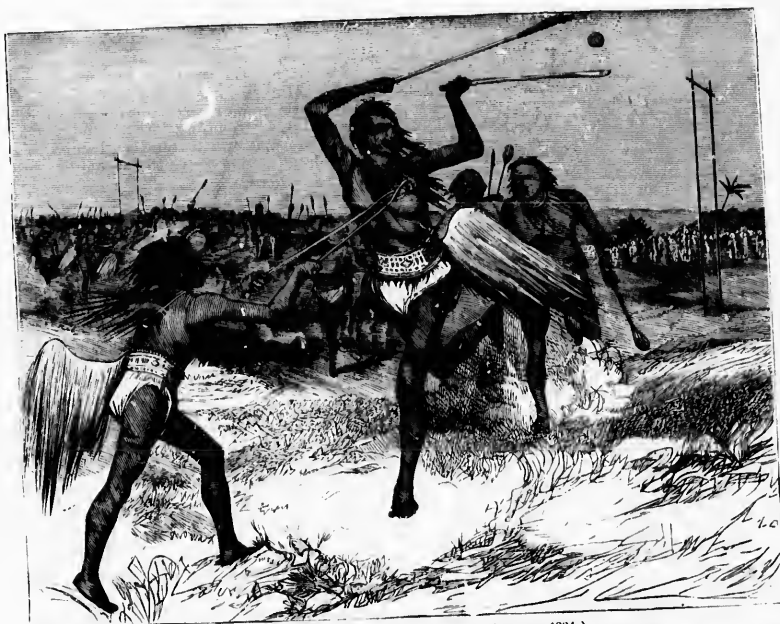
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(1.) THE INDIAN BALL PLAY. (See page 1324.)



(2.) THE MEDICINE MAN AT WORK. (See page 1309.)

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This completed the first part of the ceremony. In the next act, a pile of boughs covered with a cloth lay in front of the evil stone, and the chief Midé summoned all the initiated. They formed a procession of men, women, and children, and walked round the lodge, each stooping over the cloth as he passed, and looking at it. The second time they stooped closer, and the third time they were seized with convulsive movements as they approached the cloth, and each ejected from the mouth a little yellow shell upon the cloth. By the ejection of the shell (which typifies the sinful nature of man) the convulsions are healed, and, after going once more round the lodge, each performer takes one of the shells and places it in the medicine bag.

The last scene was a general feast, and gifts of amulets and charms presented by the chief Midé to the child.

One of the most pleasing traits in the character of these tribes is the strong religious feeling which pervades the general tenor of their lives, and which has raised them above the rank of mere savages. However imperfect may be their ideas on this subject, they are not idolaters, and give all their worship, either directly or indirectly, to one Great Spirit, whose aid and protection they continually invoke.

They believe in future existence and a future recompense according to their character in this life. Whatever their superstitions and ignorance, the mysteries enveloping their belief, there is running clearly through them all, these great doctrines accepted by the civilized Christian races.

To the Great Spirit they ascribe the possession of all the necessities and pleasures of life, and to him they offer their prayers and return their thanks on almost every occasion. For example, the bison, on which many of the tribes depend for food, clothing, and lodging, are held to be direct gifts of the Great Spirit to the red men, and asked for accordingly. The same is the case with the maize, or Indian corn, and religious ceremonies are held both at the planting and at the harvest time.

Tobacco is placed in the same category, and the smoke of the plant is considered to be a sort of incense, which is offered to the Great Spirit whenever a pipe is lighted, one wreath of smoke being blown silently to each quarter of the heavens, and to the sun, as an acknowledgment that the tobacco is a gift of the Great Spirit. Indeed, to the Indian mind there is something peculiarly sacred about tobacco smoke, probably on account of the soothing, and at the same time exhilarating, properties which have caused its use to extend to every portion of the globe.

Every religious ceremony is begun and ended with the pipe; war is declared, volunteers enlisted, negotiations conducted, and peace concluded, by its means. The char-

acter of the pipe varies with the occasion, the most valued being the sacred calumet, or medicine pipe, by which are settled the great questions of war and peace.

Among the Cree Indians the calumet is borne by a man who is solemnly elected to the office, and who has to pay rather dearly for the honor, from fifteen to twenty horses being the usual fee which each pipe bearer presents to his predecessor on receiving the insignia of office. These, however, are of considerable intrinsic value. They include a bear skin, on which he lays the pipe-stem when uncovered, a beautifully painted skin tent, in which he is expected to reside, a medicine rattle of singular virtue, a food bowl, and other articles so numerous that two horses are needed to carry them.

During his term of office, the pipe bearer is as sacred as the calumet itself. He always sits on the right side of the lodge, and no one may pass between him and the fire. He is not even allowed to eat his own food, but this is done by his wives, and the food placed in the official bowl which has just been mentioned. The pipe, with its innumerable wrappers, hangs outside the lodge, and is finally enclosed in a large bag, embroidered with the most brilliant colors which native art can furnish.

When it is uncovered, great ceremony is shown. No matter how severe may be the weather,—sometimes far below zero,—the bearer begins his operations by removing all his garments with the exception of his cloth, and then pours upon a burning coal some fragrant gum, which fills the place with smoke. He then carefully removes the different wrappers, fills the bowl with tobacco, and blows the smoke to the four points of the compass, to the sky, and to the earth, at each puff uttering a prayer to the Great Spirit for assistance in war against all enemies, and for bison and corn from all quarters. The pipe is replaced with similar ceremonies. No woman is allowed to see it, and if during the beginning of the ceremony a single word is spoken, it is looked upon as a bad omen, and all the ceremony has to be begun again.

The bowl of the calumet is made of a peculiar stone, found, I believe, only in one place in the world, namely, in the Great Pipe-stone Quarry. This is situated in the Côteau des Prairies, about three hundred miles west of the Falls of St. Anthony, on the southern summit of the dividing ridge between the Minnesota and Missouri rivers, in the very middle of the Sioux territory. On this sacred spot the Great Spirit is said to have stood in the ancient times, and to have called together all the Indian nations. He broke from the rock a piece of stone, moulded it in his hands into a huge pipe bowl, and smoked it toward the four quarters of the compass. Then he told them that the ground was sacred, and that

no weapon of war should be raised in it, for the red stone was their flesh, and belonged equally to them all. At the last whiff of the pipe the Great Spirit disappeared in the cloud, and the whole ground was melted, and became polished as at the present time.

In consequence of this legend, the Indians have the greatest reverence for this place. They will not allow any white man to touch the stone, or even to approach the place, if they can keep him away, saying that the stone is their flesh, and that if a white man takes the red men's flesh, "a hole will be made in their flesh, and the blood will never stop running."

Even the natives themselves never take a piece without asking permission of the Great Spirit, depositing tobacco in the hole whence they dug it, and promising that it shall be made into a pipe. When Mr. Catlin succeeded in reaching this sacred spot, one of the chief obstacles lay in the fact that a native had once given a piece of the red stone to a white man in order to be made into a pipe, and he had made it into a dish, thereby offending the Great Spirit, and "making the heart of the Indians sick."

Mr. Catlin's opinion is, that the red pipes, found among almost every tribe of Indians on the continent, were obtained at this place. His reasons are that every tribe he visited alleged this as their source; and furthermore, the stone from which they are made is different from any mineral yet discovered in America or Europe. He expresses the conviction substantiated by striking proof that the various tribes had for centuries visited this quarry, laying aside the war club and scalping knife, and smoking together in amity upon this neutral ground by command, as they thought, of the Great Spirit.

This stone is of a soft, creamy red color, rather variable in point of tint, and taking a peculiar polish. It has been analyzed, and is said to be a kind of steatite. It is cut into various fanciful shapes, those shown in the illustration on the next page being ordinary examples, though in some cases the bowls are adorned with figures of men and various animals. Some of these pipe heads have two bowls, one in front of the other.

These bowls are fitted with stems worthy of their sacred character. They are generally made of the stalk of the young ash, and are often adorned in the most elaborate manner. They are mostly flat, and sometimes are twisted spirally and perforated with open patterns in such a way that the observer cannot but marvel how the aperture for the smoke is made. After all, the mode of boring is simple enough. As every one knows who has cut a young ash sapling, the centre is occupied with pith. This is easily burned out with a hot wire, or bored out with a piece of hard wood, and the aperture is completed.

Afterward the wood is cut away on two sides, so as to leave only a stiff stem, with the bore occupying the centre. The perforated patterns are next cut at either side of the bore, being carefully kept clear of it; and if the stem be then softened in boiling water, it can be made to assume almost any shape. One valued but rather rare form is a screw, or spiral and several of the pipes in Mr. Catlin's collection have this form.

The stems are very seldom left bare, but are almost invariably decorated with colored porcupine quills, woven into various patterns, sometimes representing the forms of men and animals. The calumet is always decorated with a row of eagle feathers, sometimes stained scarlet, and being tufted at their ends with slight plumes of hair. Indeed, this portion of the calumet is formed on exactly the same principle as the head-dress of the chief, of which a drawing is given on page 1277. An example of this kind of pipe is shown in the upper figure, on page 1315. Many pipes, instead of feathers, have long tufts of hair dyed scarlet. This hair is taken either from the tail of a white horse or that of a white bison, as in the lower figure of the same illustration. The woodpecker furnishes many ornaments for these pipes, and sometimes the stem passes through the preserved skin of a bird, or through that of a particularly beautiful ermine. But whatever may be the ornament of a medicine pipe, it is always the very best and most valuable that can be procured. The stem of the pipe varies from two to four feet.

The natives do not restrict themselves to tobacco, but smoke many narcotic vegetables, whether leaves, roots, or bark. These are generally mixed with tobacco, and go by the general name of *Kneck-k'neck*.

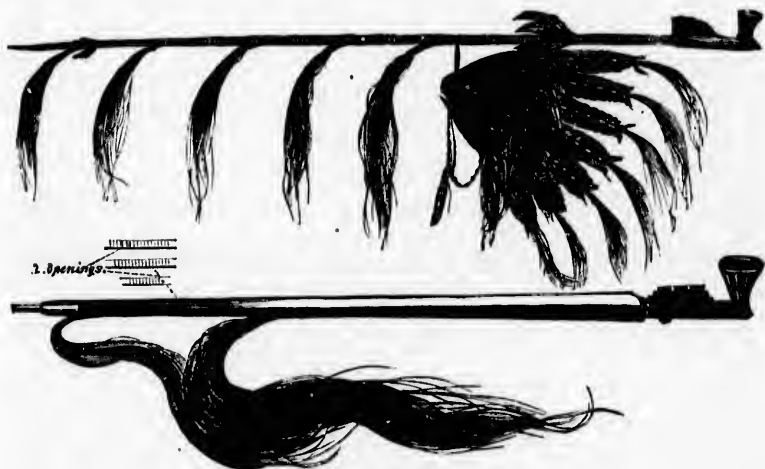
The custom of sacrifice obtains among all Indian tribes and is performed in various ways and upon many occasions. Cruel as the Indian is reputed to be, none of the tribes, except the Pawnees, have ever made human sacrifices; and these many years since abandoned the inhuman custom.

Their offerings to the Great Spirit must consist of the best of their possessions: the choicest piece of buffalo meat, the finest arrow, the most costly piece of cloth, the favorite horse or dog, and sometimes their own fingers. Such offerings are erected over the great medicine lodge in the centre of the village. When Mr. Catlin was among the Mandans there was placed there beside other gifts a beautiful skin of a buffalo, the history of which he gives as follows:—"A few weeks since a party of Mandans returned from the mouth of the Yellow Stone with information that a party of Blackfeet were there on business with the American Fur Company, and that they had with them a white buffalo robe. Such a robe is a great curiosity, even in the coun-

try of buffaloes, and will always command an incredible price. Being the most costly article in the region it is usually converted into a sacrifice, being offered to the Great Spirit as the rarest and most acceptable gift that can be procured. Among the vast herds of buffaloes there is not one in a hundred thousand, perhaps, that is white; and when such is obtained it is considered a great medicine or mystery.

"Receiving the intelligence above mentioned the chiefs convened in council and deliberated on the propriety of procuring this valuable robe. At the close of their deliberation eight men were fitted out on eight of their best horses, who took from the Fur Company's store, on the credit of

the chief, goods exceeding the value of the horses. They arrived in due time, made the purchase, and leaving their horses and all the goods carried, returned on foot, bringing the coveted robe, which was regarded as vastly curious and containing (as they express it) something of the Great Spirit. This wonderful anomaly lay several days in the chief's lodge, till public curiosity was gratified; then it was taken by the high priests, and with a great deal of ceremony consecrated and raised on the top of a long pole over the medicine lodge, where it stands and will stand as an offering to the Great Spirit, until it decays and falls to the ground."



INDIAN PIPES. (From my collection.)

(See pages 1313, 1314.)

CHAPTER CXXXIX.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS—*Continued.*

SOCIAL LIFE.

MARRIAGE—AN ENTERPRISING BRIDEGROOM, AND HIS SUDDEN ELEVATION TO RANK—TREATMENT OF WOMEN—TREATMENT OF CHILDREN—PORTRAIT OF PSHAN-SHAW—OF INDIAN BOY—THE CRADLE—THE FLAT-HEADED TRIBES—AFFECTION OF THE MOTHERS—THE COUCH OF MOURNING—ABANDONING THE SICK AND OLD—DANCES OF THE TRIBES—GAMES—THE SPEAR AND RING GAME—PAGESSAN, OR THE BOWL GAME—THE BALL PLAY—THE BALL DANCE—STARTING THE GAME, AND EXCITING SCENES—THE WOMEN'S BALL PLAY—HORSE-RACING—CANOE-MAKING—THE CANOE RACE—PRIMITIVE SAILS—SWIMMING—THE LEAPING ROCK—QUILL ORNAMENTS—BARK-DIVING—WIGWAMS—MUSIC—PLEDGE OF FIDELITY—DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD—BURIAL OF BLACKBIRD—REFLECTIONS UPON CHARACTER AND DESTINY OF THE INDIANS.

THE ordinary social life of these interesting tribes now comes before us. As to marriage, there is little to distinguish it from the same ceremony among other uncivilized tribes, the girl being in fact purchased from her father, and her affections not necessarily, though generally, considered. A man may have as many wives as he can afford to keep, and when he can purchase four or five, their labor in the field is worth even more to the household than his exertions in the hunting field.

Mr. Catlin relates one rather amusing wedding.

There was a young lad, the son of a chief, whom his father started in life with a handsome wigwam, or tent, nine horses, and many other valuable presents. On receiving these presents, the young man immediately conceived a plan by which he could perform an act which would be unique. He went to one of the chiefs, and asked for the hand of his daughter, promising in return two horses, a gun, and several pounds of tobacco. The marriage was fixed for a certain day, but the transaction was to be kept a profound secret until the proper time. Having settled the business, he went to three other chiefs, and made exactly the same bargain with each of them, and imposed silence equally upon all.

On the appointed day, he announced to the tribe that he was to be married at a certain hour. The people assembled, but no

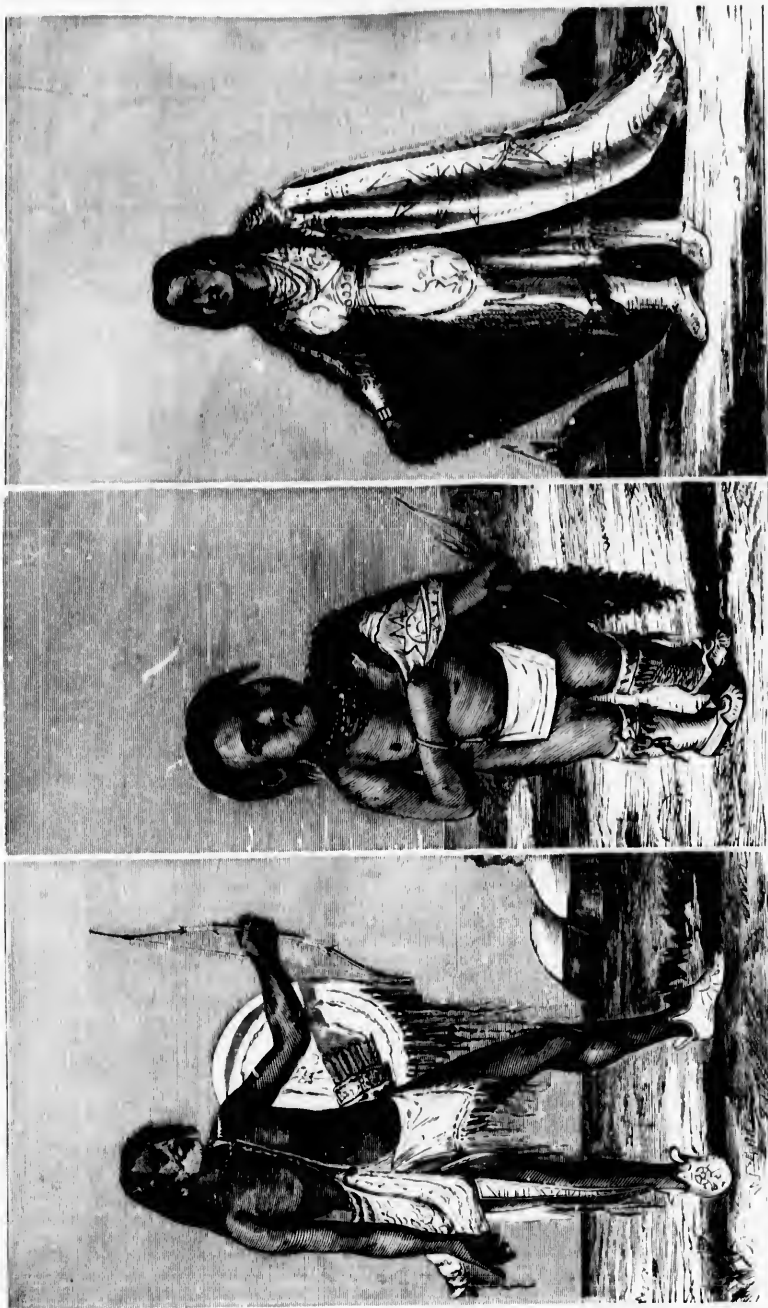
one knew who was to be the bride, while each of the four fathers stood proudly by his daughter, inwardly exulting that he alone was in the secret. Presently the young bridegroom advanced to the chief to whom he had made the first offer, and gave him, according to his promise, the two horses, the gun, and the tobacco. The other three fathers immediately sprang forward, each denouncing the whole affair, and saying that the offer was made to his daughter, and to his alone. In the midst of great confusion, which was partially quelled by the chiefs and doctors, the young bridegroom addressed the assembly, saying that he had promised each of the claimants two horses, a gun, and a certain amount of tobacco in exchange for his daughter, and that he expected them to fulfil their part of the contract. There was no gainsaying the argument, and in the sight of the admiring spectators, he delivered the stipulated price into the hands of the parents, and led off his four brides, two in each hand, to his wigwam.

The action was so bold, and so perfectly unique, that the doctors immediately determined that a lad of nineteen who could act in this manner must have a very strong medicine, and was worthy to be ranked among themselves. So they at once installed him a member of their mystery, thereby placing him on a level with the greatest of the tribe, and by that bold coup the lad raised himself from a mere untried

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(1.) EE-A-CHIN-CHIE-A. (See page 1285.)

(2.) A BLACKFOOT BOY. (See page 1319.)

(3.) PSHAN-SHAW. (See page 1319.)

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warrior to the height of native ambition, naively, a seat in the Council, and a voice in the policy of the tribe.

The Indian women are the slaves of their husbands. They have to perform all the domestic duties and drudgeries of the tribe, and are never allowed to unite in their religious ceremonies or amusements.

That the reader may form a better idea of the appearance and dress of the women, I have given on the preceding page the portrait of a beautiful girl of the Kleearees (a part of the Pawnee tribe), whose name is Pshan-shaw (the Sweet-scented Grass). "The inner garment, which is like a frock, is entire in one piece, and tastefully ornamented with embroidery and beads. A row of elk's teeth passes across the breast, and a robe of young buffalo's skin, elaborately embroidered, is gracefully thrown over her shoulders, and hangs down to the ground behind her."

On the same page the reader may find, as illustrative of Indian childhood, a portrait of the grandson of a chief of the Blackfeet, a boy of six years of age. He is represented at full length, with bow and quiver slung, and his robe of raccoon skin thrown over his shoulder. This young chief, his father dying, was twice stolen by the Crows, and twice recaptured by the Blackfeet, and then placed in the care of a Mr. McKenzie until he should be old enough to assume the chieftainship of his tribe, or be able to defend himself against his foes.

The Indian mothers do not have many children, possibly owing to the early age at which they marry. For example, the ages of the four brides just mentioned ranged from twelve to fifteen. Two or three is the average, and a family of five is considered quite a large one.

The children are carried about much in the same way as those of the Arameanians. A sort of cradle is made by bandaging the infant to a flat board, the feet resting on a broad hoop that passes over the end of the cradle. Another hoop passes over the face of the child, and to it are hung sundry little toys and charms; the one for the amusement of the infant, and the other for its preservation through the many perils of infantile life. When the mother carries the child, she hangs the cradle on her back by means of a broad strap that passes over her forehead. Both the cradle and band are ornamented with the most brilliant colors which native art can furnish, and are embroidered in various patterns with dyed porcupine quills.

Among the tribes which inhabit the banks of the Columbia River, and a considerable tract that lies contiguous to it, the cradle is put to a singular use, which has earned for the tribes the general title of Flat-heads. To the upper part of the cradle is fastened a piece of board, which lies on the child's

forehead. To the other end of the board are fastened two strings, which pass round the foot or sides of the cradle. As soon as the infant is laid on its back, the upper board is brought over its forehead, and fastened down by the strings. Every day the pressure is increased, until at last the head is so flattened that a straight line can be drawn from the crown of the head to the nose. One of these cradles with a child undergoing this process of head flattening, is illustrated below. The mother's head is a type of its permanent effect.



THE FLAT-HEADED WOMAN.

This is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the fashionable distortions of the human body, and the wasp waist of an European belle, the distorted leg of the female Carib, and even the cramped foot of the Chinese beauty, appear insignificant when compared with the flattened head of a Chinook or Klick-a-tack Indian. Mr. Catlin states that this custom was one far more extended than is the case at present, and that even the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes of Mississippi and Alabama were accustomed to flatten their heads, their burial-places affording incontrovertible evidence that such must have been the case, and at no very distant date.

The reader, especially if he dabble in phrenology, might well imagine that such a practice must act injuriously upon the mental capacities of those who are subjected to it. Let us, for example, fancy a skull which has been so ruthlessly compressed that it only measures an inch and a half, or at the most two inches, in depth, at the back; that it is in consequence much elongated, and forced outward at the sides, so that it is

nearly half as wide again as it would have been if it had been permitted to assume its normal form. The hair, combed down in one place, and expanding in others, would seem to have its natural capabilities much altered, even if not in many cases destroyed. Yet those who have mixed with the Flat-headed tribes say that the intellect is in no way disturbed, much less injured, and that those members of the tribe who have escaped the flattening process are in no way intellectually superior to those who have undergone it. Indeed, as Mr. P. Kane observes, in his "Wanderings of an Artist," the Chinooks despise those who retain the original shape of their heads. They always select their slaves from the round-headed tribes, the flattened head being the sign of freedom.

There is another point about the head flattening which deserves attention. Seeing that it is begun almost in the same hour that the infant is born, and is continued for eight months to a year or more, it might naturally be imagined that it would cause considerable pain to the child, and in many cases be dangerous to life. This, however, is not the case; and that it should not be so is one of the many proofs of the extent to which the human frame may be distorted without permanent injury. Mr. Kane's remarks are as follows:—

"It might be supposed, from the extent to which this is carried, that the operation would be attended with great suffering to the infant, but I have never heard the infants crying or moaning, although I have seen the eyes seemingly starting out of the sockets from the great pressure. But on the contrary, when the lashings were removed, I have noticed them cry until they were replaced. From the apparent dulness of the children while under pressure, I should imagine that a state of torpor or insensibility is induced, and that the return to consciousness occasioned by its removal must be naturally followed by the sense of pain."

Should a child die before it is old enough to be released from the cradle, the mother is not released from her maternal duties, but, on the contrary, continues to perform them as assiduously as if the little creature were living.

After the child is buried, she makes a "mourning-cradle," i. e. in the place which the child had formerly occupied she places a large bundle of black feathers, by way of representative of the deceased infant, and treats it in all respects as if the little one still occupied the cradle. She carries it on her back wherever she goes, and when she rests, stands it upright against a tree or the side of the hut, and talks to it as if to a living child. This custom is continued for at least a year, and in many cases is extended even beyond that period. And, though a bereaved mother may be so poor as scarcely

to have sufficient clothing for herself, she will contrive to decorate the cradle of her lost child with the appropriate ornaments.

As a rule, the North American Indians are affectionate parents. Mr. Catlin mentions an instance where he had painted a portrait of a married woman, the daughter of a chief. Some time afterward she died, and the father, happening to see and recognize the portrait of his lost daughter, offered ten horses—an enormous price for an American Indian to pay. Of course the portrait was presented to him at once.

Parental affection is fully reciprocated by the children, and the greatest respect paid by the younger to the elder men. Yet we find even among them, as among so many tribes which lead a semi-nomad existence, the custom of abandoning the sick and aged when they are obliged to make a forced march of any distance.

This is generally done at the instance of the victims themselves, who say that they are old and useless, and can be only an encumbrance to the rest of the tribe. Accordingly, a rude shelter is formed of a bison hide stretched over four upright rods, under which the sick man is laid; a basin of water and some food are placed by his side; and he is left to perish, if not by privation or disease, by the ranging flocks of wolves that roam the prairies.

WE will now pass to a more agreeable phase in the life of these tribes, and take a glance at their dances and games.

It has been the prevalent impression that the Indian is taciturn, unsocial, and morose. Mr. Catlin, whose testimony cannot be impeached, takes considerable pains to correct this opinion; and states as the result of his travels among the Indian tribes, that "they are a far more talkative and conversational race than can easily be seen in the civilized world. No one can look into the wigwams of these people, or into any little momentary group of them, without being at once struck with the conviction that small talk, garrulity, story-telling and amusements, are leading passions with them." To watch their games, and hear their shouts of exultation, in any of their villages, to sit down in their lodges and listen to their jokes, repartee, anecdote and laughter, would effectually banish this erroneous opinion so generally held in regard to the Red Men. With no anxieties for the future—no necessities goading them, it is natural that they should be a merry people, and most of their life be spent in sports and games.

The Indian fondness for amusement is shown in the great variety of their dances, most of which are very fanciful and picturesque, though some of them have a religious significance. There are the ball-play dance, pipe dance, buffalo and scalp dances (already described), beggar's bear, and dog

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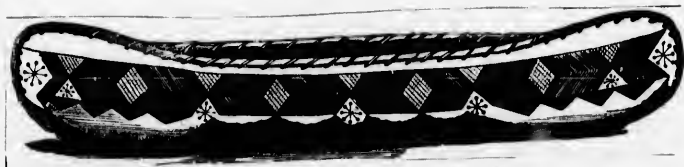
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(1.) BIRCH BARK CANOE. (See page 1326.)



(2.) DANCE TO THE MEDICINE OF THE BRAVE. (See page 1321.)



(3.) THE SNOW SHOE DANCE. (See page 1323.)

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dances. But the most pleasing of all are the eagle dance, dance of the braves which is peculiarly attractive, and the green corn and snow-shoe dances. The latter is exceedingly picturesque, and the artist has represented it on the preceding page.

Before the first snow shoe hunt, the Indians always perform a dance by way of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for sending the snow which will enable them to live in plenty so long as it lasts. Several spears are stuck upright in the snow covered ground, on one of which are tied a pair of snow shoes, and on the others sundry sacred feathers and similar objects. The dancers, clad in hunting dress, and wearing snow shoes, go round and round the spears, imitating the while all the movements of the chase, and singing a song of thanksgiving.

Nearly all the tribes, however remote from each other, have a season of festivity annually, when the ears of corn are large enough for eating. Green corn is regarded a great luxury, and is dealt out with most improvident profusion — the festivities lasting eight or ten days. The whole tribe feast and surfeit upon it so long as it lasts, making sacrifices, singing songs of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit, and celebrating the green corn dance. Every occupation is suspended during these festivities, and all unite in the carnival of gluttony and merriment. Mr. Catlin thus describes this dance: — "At the time when the corn is thought to be nearly ready for use, several of the old women, who have fields or patches of corn (the men disdain such degrading occupations as cultivating the field or garden), are appointed by the medicine men to examine the cornfields at sunrise every day, and bring to the council house several ears of corn, which they must on no account break open or look into. When the doctors, from their examination, decide that the corn is suitable, they send criers to proclaim to every part of the village or tribe that the Great Spirit has been kind, and they must meet next day to return thanks to Him. In the midst of the assembled tribe, a kettle filled with corn is hung over a fire. While this corn is being boiled, four medicine men, each with a stalk of corn in one hand and a rattle in the other, their bodies painted with white clay, dance around it chanting a thanksgiving to the Great Spirit, to whom the corn is to be offered. In a more extended circle around them, a number of warriors dance, joining in the same song. During this scene, wooden bowls are laid upon the ground, in which the feast is to be dealt out."

When the doctors decide that the corn is sufficiently boiled, the dance assumes a different form, and a new song is sung, the doctors in the meantime placing the corn on a scaffold of sticks built over the fire, where it is consumed. This fire is then removed, the ashes are all buried, and a new

fire is originated on the same spot, and in the same way as by the Hottentots, described on page 100. Then corn is boiled for the feast, at which the doctors and warriors are seated. An unlimited license is given to the whole tribe, who mingle excess and amusement until the fields of corn are stripped, or it has become too hard for eating.

The dance of the braves is beautiful and exciting in the highest degree: — "At intervals the dancers stop, and one of them steps into the ring and vociferates as loudly as possible the feats of bravery which he has performed during his life. . . . He boasts of the scalps he has taken, and reproduces the motions and actions of the scenes in which his exploits were performed. When his boasting is concluded, all assent to the truth of his story, and express their approval by the guttural 'waugh!' Then the dance commences again. At the next interval another makes his boast, and so another and another, till all have given a narrative of their heroic deeds, and proved their right to be associated with the braves of the nation."

The dog dance, though a favorite with the Sioux, is not an attractive one.

The hearts and livers of two or more slain dogs are placed entire and uncooked upon two crotches, about as high as a man's head, and are cut into strips so as to hang down. The dance then commences, which consists in each one proclaiming his exploits in loud, almost deafening gutturals and yells. At the same time the dancers, two at a time, move up to the stake, and bite off a piece of the heart and swallow it. All this is done without losing step or interrupting the harmony of their voices. The significance of the dance is that none can share in it but the braves who can boast that they have killed their foe in battle and swallowed a piece of his heart.

Among the Sacs and Foxes there are several singular dances, besides some already mentioned, viz: the slave dance (a very curious one), dance to the Berdashe, which is an amusing scene, and dance to the medicine of the brave. There is a tender and beautiful lesson conveyed in this latter dance. In the illustration of it on page 1322, a party of Sac warriors are represented as returned victorious from battle, with the scalps they have taken as trophies. Having lost one of their party, they appear and dance in front of his wigwam fifteen days in succession, about an hour each day, the widow having hung his medicine bag on a green bush, which she erects before her door, and under which she sits and cries whilst the warriors dance and brandish the scalps they have taken. At the same time they recount the heroic exploits of their fallen comrade, to solace the grief of his widow, and they throw her presents as they dance before her, that she may be kept from poverty and suffering.

There is little in these dances that resembles the "light fantastic toe" and giddy maze of the dance among the civilized. The former consist very much of jumps and starts—oftentimes the most grotesque, and even violent exertions—united with songs and yells, sometimes deafening by their sound or fearful by the wildness and intense excitement that are manifested.

To a looker on not familiar with the peculiar significance of these displays, they seem only a series of uncouth and meaningless motions and distortions, accompanied with harsh sounds, all forming a strange, almost frightful medley. Yet Mr. Catlin says "every dance has its peculiar step and every step has its meaning. Every dance has also its peculiar song, which is so intricate and mysterious oftentimes, that not one in ten of the young men who are singing know the meaning of the songs. None but medicine men are allowed to understand them." There are dances and songs, however, not so intricate, which are understood and participated in by all the tribe.

The beating of drums, the yells, stamping, and bellowing, the noisy demonstrations forming so great a part of Indian amusements, will remind the reader of similar manifestations among some of the African tribes, recorded in the first part of this work.

The game which is perhaps the most popular and widely spread is almost unintelligible to an uninstructed bystander. Its title is *Tehung-chee*, that being the name of the spear which will be presently described. It is played with a ring about three inches in diameter, made of bone or wood wrapped with cord, and a slight spear, on which are several little projections of leather. The players roll the ring along the ground, and as it is about to fall, project the spear so that, as the ring falls, it may receive within it one of the pieces of leather. If it does so, the player scores one or more points, according to the particular projection which is caught in the ring, and the mode in which it flies.

Another variation of this game, called *Al-kol-lock*, has the spear without the leather projections, but in their stead six colored beads are fixed inside the ring. At each end of the smooth clay course, which is about fifty feet in length, a slight barrier is erected. The players bowl the ring from one end of the course, run after it, and as it falls after striking the barrier, throw their spears as described above, the points being reckoned according to the color of the bead which lies on them.

The absorption of the players in this game is beyond description. They will play at it all day, gamble away their horses, their tents, their clothes, and, when they have lost all their property, will stake themselves, the loser becoming the slave of the winner.

Another game, called *Pagessau*, or the bowl game, is very popular, though it is a sedentary one, and lacks the graceful action that gives so great a charm to the preceding game. It is played with a wooden bowl, containing a number of pieces of wood carved into various forms; some, which we may call the pieces, having round pedestals on which to stand, and others, which we will term the pawns, being round, and painted on one side and plain on the other. The players take the bowl alternately, give it a shake, and set it in a hole in the ground. The contents are then examined, and the points are scored according to the number of pieces which stand on their pedestals. If the pawn has its colored side upward, the player scores one point; if it has the plain side uppermost, he deducts a point from his score. The position of the pawns is entirely a question of chance, but considerable skill is exerted in getting the pieces to stand on their pedestals.

The game which is most characteristic of the American Indians is the celebrated ball game, a modification of which has been introduced into England under the name of *La Crosse*. The principle on which it is played is exactly that of foot-ball and hockey, namely, the driving of a ball through a goal defended by the opposite party. We will first take the game as it is played by the Choctaws. The reader will find it illustrated on page 1311.

A ball is carefully made of white willow wood, and ornamented with curious designs drawn upon it with a hot iron. The ball-sticks, or racquets, are much like our own racquets, but with larger and more slender handles, and with a very much smaller hoop. Each player carries two of these sticks, one in each hand. The dress of the players is very simple, being reduced to the waist-cloth, a tail made of white horsehair or quills, and a mane of dyed horsehair round the neck. The belt by which the tail is sustained may be as highly ornamented as possible, and the player may paint himself as brilliantly as he likes, but no other article of clothing is allowed, not even moccasins on the feet.

On the evening of the appointed day, the two parties repair to the ground where the goals have been already set up, some two hundred yards apart, and there perform the ball-play dance by torchlight. Exactly in the middle between the goals, where the ball is to be started, sit four old medicine men, singing and beating their drums, while the players are clustered round their respective goals, singing at the top of their voices, and rattling their ball-sticks together. This dance goes on during the whole of the night, so that the players are totally deprived of rest—a very bad preparation, as one would think, for the severe exertion of the ensuing day. All the bets

are made on this night, the article staked, such as knives, blankets, guns, cooking utensils, tobacco, and even horses and dogs, being placed in the custody of the stakeholders, who sit by them and watch them all night.

About nine o'clock on the next morning the play begins. The four medicine men, with the ball in their custody, seat themselves as before, midway between the goals, while the players arrange themselves for the attack and defence. At a given signal, the ball is flung high in the air, and as it falls, the two opposing sets of players converge upon it. As there are often several hundred players on each side, it may be imagined that the scene is a most animated one.

"In these desperate struggles for the ball," writes Mr. Catlin "where hundreds are running together, and leaping actually over each other's heads, and darting between their adversaries' legs, tripping, and throwing, and foiling each other in every possible manner, and every voice raised to its highest key, in shrill yelps and barks, there are rapid successions of feats and incidents that astonish and amuse far beyond the conception of any one who has not had the singular good luck to witness them.

"In these struggles, every mode is used that can be devised to oppose the progress of the foremost, who is likely to get the ball; and these obstructions often meet desperate individual resistance, which terminates in a violent scuffle, and sometimes in fist-cuffs. Then their sticks are dropped, and the parties are unmolested, whilst they are settling it between themselves, except by a general *stampede*, to which those are subject who are down, if the ball happen to pass in their direction. Every weapon, by a rule of all ball players, is laid by in the respective encampments, and no man is allowed to go for one; so that the sudden broils that take place on the ground are presumed to be as suddenly settled without any probability of much personal injury, and no one is allowed to interfere in any way with the contentious individuals.

"There are times when the ball gets to the ground, and such a confused mass is rushing together around it, and knocking their sticks together, without a possibility of any one getting or seeing it for the dust that they raise, that the spectator loses his strength, and everything but his senses; when the condensed mass of ball sticks and shins and bloody noses is carried around the different parts of the ground, for a quarter of an hour at a time, without any one of the masses being able to see the ball, which they are often scuffling for several minutes after it has been thrown off and played over another part of the ground.

"For each time that the ball is passed between the goals of either party, one was counted for their game, and they halted for

about one minute; when the ball was again started by the judges of the play, and a similar struggle ensued; and so on until the successful party arrived at 100, which was the limit of the play, and accomplished at an hour's sun, when they took the stakes."

In this game the players are not allowed to strike the ball with their sticks, or catch it in their hands; though to do so between the netted ends of the sticks, and then to run away with it, is a feat which each player tries his best to accomplish. Ball-play among the Sioux is exactly the same in principle as that of the Choctaws, but the players only carry one stick, which is wielded with both hands.

Sometimes the men are kind enough to indulge the women with a ball-play, and to present a quantity of goods as prizes, hanging them across a horizontal pole, in order to stimulate the players by the sight. Such inferior beings as women are not, however, allowed to use the ball and racket of their superiors, the men, but play with a couple of small bags filled with sand, and attached to each other by means of a string about eighteen inches in length. Each of the players is furnished with two slight sticks, about two feet in length, and with these sticks they dexterously catch the sand bags, and fling them toward the goals. The women play with quite as much enthusiasm as the men, and the game often assumes the appearance of a general battle rather than of a pastime.

Since the introduction of horses, the American Indians have become very fond of horse racing, and bet so recklessly on the speed of their animals that they often lose everything which they possess. In these races neither the horse nor the rider are allowed to be costumed in any way, not even a saddle or a girth being allowed. They also have boat races, in which the spectators take as much interest as those who witness the Oxford and Cambridge races. The canoes are mostly propelled by one man only.

The canoes are of various forms and materials, according to the tribe to which they belong. For example, the Mandans have an odd, circular vessel, made from a bison hide, stretched over a wooden framework. This is called a "bull boat," and is propelled in a very singular manner. A woman is the usual paddler, and she stands or kneels with her face toward the direction in which she intends to proceed, and, thrusting the paddle into the water as far forward as she can reach, draws it smartly toward her, and thus propels the boat with considerable speed.

On one occasion, Mr. Catlin and two companions were desirous of crossing the river, and were packed into one of these bull boats by the wife of a chief. She then went into

the water, and swam across the river, towing the boat after her. As, however, she neared the opposite bank, a number of young girls surrounded the canoe, took it into their own management, and kept it in mid-stream, until the passengers, utterly powerless in such a craft, ransomed themselves with bead necklaces and other decorations. Then there is another kind of canoe, which is simply a hollowed tree-trunk, and which is graphically called a "dug-out." No very particular care is taken about the shaping of this simple boat, which is more like a punt than a canoe.

The best and most characteristic form of native canoe is that which is made of the bark of the birch tree. The mode of making these canoes is briefly as follows. Canoe building is a work in which both sexes take a part. The men first select the largest and finest birch trees, with the smoothest skins, and strip off large pieces of the bark. The women then take charge of the bark, and, while it is still fresh and moist, clean and scrape it as if it were leather, and then sew the pieces together, so as to make the "cloak" of the future canoe.

While the women are at this work, the men are busily preparing the skeleton of the canoe. This is made of the white cedar, the ribs being cut and scraped until they are quite thin and light, and held in their places by smaller cross-pieces, and a long thin piece of wood, which runs round the entire edge of the boat, and is, in fact, the chief support of the canoe. This is technically called the "maitre." No nails are used, the whole of the junctions being effected by means of thongs of bass, obtained from the inner bark of the white cedar.

The skeleton being completed, it is laid upon the cloak, which is brought over the ribs, firmly lashed to the "maitre," and then by degrees brought into its proper shape. A strengthening piece, called the "faux maitre," is next tied along the whole of the gunwale in order to protect it from injury, and the interior is lined with cedar boards, scarcely thicker than pasteboard. When the canoe is finished and dry, the holes through which the lashings have passed, as well as all the junctions of the bark, are carefully stopped with pitch obtained from the pine or fir-tree, and the weaker parts of the bark are also strengthened with a coat of pitch.

The bark canoe of the Chippeways is, unquestionably, the most beautiful model of all the water crafts ever invented. It is usually made complete, from the rind of one birch tree, and so ingeniously formed and put together, that it is water-tight, and will ride upon the water with singular grace and swiftness.

These canoes are wonderfully light, as indeed is necessary for the navigation of the rivers. The many rapids would effectually

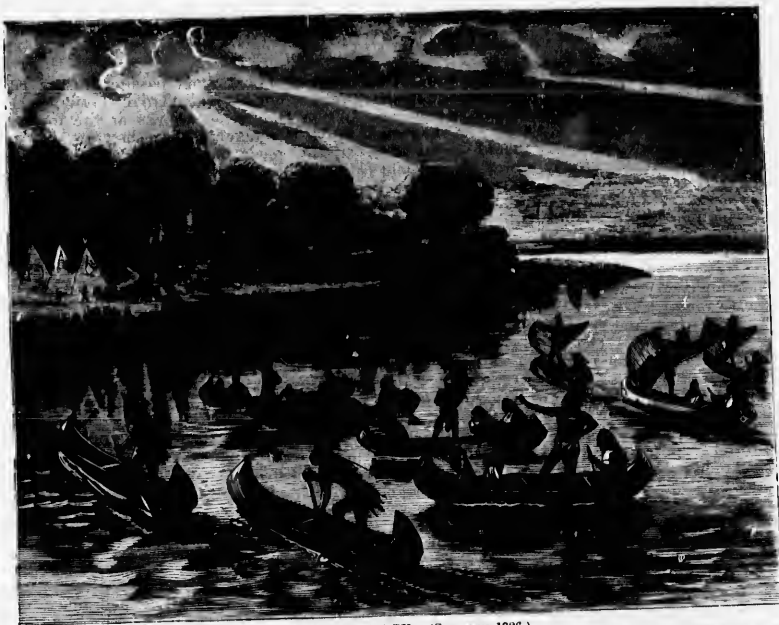
prevent a boat from passing up the river, were it not for the plan called "portage." When the canoe arrives at the foot of a rapid, it is taken ashore, the crew land, take all the goods out of the canoe, and carry them to the opposite side of the rapid. They then go back for the canoe itself, launch it in the smooth water above the rapid, and load it, and proceed on their journey. The figure at the head of page 1322 will give the reader a good idea of the form of the birch bark canoe.

These vessels can be propelled with wonderful speed, as they sit on the surface like ducks, and, when empty, scarcely draw two inches of water. The number of paddlers varies according to the size of the boat, but the course is regulated by the two who sit respectively in the bow and stern, whom we may for convenience call the "bow" and "stroke." It is the duty of the "bow" to look carefully ahead for any rocks or any other obstacles, and, by movements well understood, to indicate their presence to the "stroke," who, with a sweep of the paddle, brings the canoe round in the direction indicated by the "bow."

The canoes which are used in races are made of birch bark, and are almost always of small size — so small, indeed, that a man can easily carry his canoe on his head from his house to the water's edge, and then launch it without assistance. Mr. Catlin gives a very animated description of a canoe race, the competitors being accompanied by large canoes, full of their respective friends, who yell encouragements to the antagonists, fire guns in the air, and render the scene a singularly exciting one, even to a stranger.

Toward the right hand of the illustration which depicts the canoe race, on the following page, the reader may see a curious mode of propelling canoes, which is often adopted when there is no necessity for speed and the wind is favorable. The man who acts as "bow" stands up in the front of the canoe, extends a robe or a blanket in his two hands, and then he presses the two other corners at the bottom of the boat with his feet. The robe thus becomes an extemporized sail, of which the man is the mast. In this manner a canoe is often carried for a considerable distance, to the great relief of the paddlers.

An European would instantly upset the fragile canoe if he tried to stand erect in it; but the natives are absolutely perfect masters of their little vessels, and seem to move about in them as easily and firmly as if on dry land. They will load a canoe within an inch and a half of the water's edge, and paddle it for a whole day, without dreaming of danger. And an accomplished canoe man will take a fish spear in his hand, place a foot on each gunwale of the boat, and, propelled by a friend in the stern of the boat, dart down rapids, spearing fish as he shoots



(1.) CANOE RACE. (See page 1326.)



(2.) ESQUIMAUX DWELLINGS. (See page 1335.)

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along, hauling the struggling fish out of the water, and shaking them into the boat behind him.

Among most Indian tribes, when mourning for the death of relatives, the women are required to cut their hair entirely off, and the period of mourning is until it has grown to its former length. As long tresses are so highly valued by most of the tribes this is no small sacrifice. But long hair being of much more importance to the men they cut off only a lock or two, to indicate grief or affliction for their departed kindred.

There is a game which has in it somewhat of a religious aspect. On the border of the Great Pipe-stone Quarry a solitary rock rises from the plain. It resembles a large pillar, being only a few feet in diameter, though more than thirty feet in height. It is situated within a short distance from the edge of the precipice, and the Indians who come to procure red stone for their pipes often try to leap upon it and back again. The mere leap to the rock is comparatively easy, but there are two terrible dangers which threaten the leaper. In the first place, the small, flat surface of the rock is so polished and smooth, that if the leaper should exert too much power, he must slip off, and be killed on the sharp rocks below. Should he retain his foothold he has still a difficult task in regaining the spot whence he sprang, as he can take no run, and the slippery surface of the rock affords but a slight fulcrum from which he can take his spring.

Before an Indian essays this terrible leap, he offers up many prayers to the Great Spirit for help and protection, and he has at all events the satisfaction of knowing that, if he should fall, his body will be buried in the sacred ground of the nation. Those who succeed leave an arrow sticking in the rock, and have a right to boast of it at every public meeting when they are called upon to speak. No man would dare to boast of this feat without having performed it, as he would at once be challenged to visit the Leaping Rock and to point out his arrow.

If the reader will refer to the figure of the canoe on page 1322, he will see that its sides are decorated with a pattern. This is made by fastening dyed porcupine quills to the sides of the little vessel. Porcupine quills are used very largely for ornaments, and, even though they have been partly superseded by beads, are still in use for decorating the dresses and utensils of the natives.

These quills are never so long or thick as those of the porcupine of the Old World, and are naturally white or gray, so that they can easily take any desired dye. They are first sorted very carefully into their different sizes, the largest rarely exceeding three inches in length, while the smaller are quite thread-like, and can be passed through the eye of an

ordinary needle. Both ends are sharp. When the native artist desires to produce a pattern, the design is first drawn on the right side of the bark or leather; the two ends of the quill are then pushed through the fabric, and fastened on the wrong side, the quill acting both as needle and thread.

Perhaps the most ingenious mode of making ornaments is that which is practised by the Ojibbeway women, and called Bark-biting. The following description of this curious art is given by Mr. Kohl in his "Kitchi-Gami":—

"This is an art which the squaws chiefly practise in spring, in their sugar plantations. Still, they do not all understand it, and only a few are really talented. I heard that a very celebrated bark-biter resided at the other side of St. Mary's River, in Canada, and that another, of the name of Angélique Marte, lived in our catnaet village. Naturally, I set out at once to visit the latter.

"Extraordinary geniuses must usually be sought here, as in Paris, on the fifth floor, or in some remote faubourg. Our road to Angélique Marte led us past the little cluster of houses representing our village far into the desert. We came to morasses, and had to leap from stone to stone. Between large masses of scattered granite block, the remains of the missiles which the Indians say Menahjoh and his father hurled at each other in the battle they fought here, we at length found the half-decayed birch-bunt of our pagan artiste, who herself was living in it like a hermit.

"The surrounding landscape seemed better adapted for a *reversé* than for an *atelier*. When we preferred our request for some specimen of her tooth carving, she told us that all her hopes as regarded her art were concentrated in one tooth. At least she had only one in her upper jaw properly useful for this operation. She began, however, immediately selecting proper pieces of bark, peeling off the thin skin, and doubling up the pieces, which she thrust between her teeth.

"As she took up one piece after the other, and went through the operation very rapidly, one artistic production after the other fell from her lips. We unfolded the bark, and found on one the figure of a young girl, on another a bouquet of flowers, on a third a tomahawk, with all its accessories, very correctly designed, as well as several other objects. The bark is not bitten into holes, but only pressed with the teeth, so that, when the designs are held up, they resemble, to some extent, those pretty porcelain transparencies made as light-screens."

The mode of constructing the wigwam is very much the same among the various tribes. Generally it is made of dressed buffalo skins sewed together and arranged in the form of a tent, with a score or more of poles about twenty-five feet in height, as a

support, and with an opening at the apex for the escape of smoke or the admission of light. The Crows, however, excel all others in the style of their lodge. They dress the skins almost as white as linen, embellish them with porcupine quills, and paint them in various ways so as to make their tents exceedingly beautiful and picturesque.

The Indian lodges may be removed in a few minutes. The taking down and the transportation is the work of the squaws. A tribe will generally remove six or eight times in a summer in order to find good hunting grounds among the herds of buffaloes.

The Indian tribes judging from their musical instruments, have little taste or skill in music. These are very rude, and consist of rattles, drums, the mystery whistle, war whistle and deer skin flute. The war whistle is from six to nine inches in length, made of the bone of the deer's or turkey's leg, with porcupine quills wound around it. The chief wears this to battle under his dress. It has only two notes—one, produced by blowing into one end of it, is shrill, and is the summons to battle; and the other sounds a retreat. Even in the noise of battle and amid the cries and yells of their fierce conflicts, this little instrument can be distinctly heard.

The chief pledge of friendship among these tribes, is a dog feast. If we consider that the dog is an object of special affection with the Indians; that he is more valued by them than anywhere else on the globe;—we can understand the significance of this feast. This sacrifice of what is dearest to them is therefore the very strongest evidence of friendship. On their coats of arms, on the rocks, they carve the image of the dog, and everywhere and always, he is the emblem of fidelity. Accordingly, to ratify friendship, to give the most unquestionable proof of honor and devotion, the Indian will take his beloved companion of the chase and wigwam, and offer it as the sacrifice to hospitality and affection.

These feasts are conducted in the most solemn and impressive manner, as if with the conviction that the pledge of friendship is a sacred thing. Those were tender words which Catlin gives at the conclusion of an Indian chief's address to him and other white guests, to whom such a feast had been given: "we offer you to-day not the best we have got, for we have plenty of good buffalo hump and marrow—but we give you our hearts in this feast—we have killed our faithful dogs to feed you, and the Great Spirit will seal our friendship. I have no more to say."

We come now to consider the customs of the Indians in regard to death and the disposal of the dead.

The Mandans take the body of the deceased,

clothe it in his best robes and ornaments, furnish it with food, pipes, tobacco, and arrows, and wrap it up in skins previously soaked in water, so as to render them pliant, and cause them to exclude the air as much as possible. The body is then placed upon a slight scaffold, some seven feet in height, and left to decay. In process of time, the scaffold gives way and falls, when the remains of the deceased bury the whole of the remains, with the exception of the skull, which they place on the ground, forming circles of a hundred or more, all with the faces looking inward, and all resting on fresh bunches of herbs. In the centre of each circle is a little mound, on which are placed the skulls of a male and female bison, and on the mound is planted a long pole, on which hang sundry "medicine" articles, which are supposed to aid in guarding the remains of the dead.

No people are more fond of swimming than the Indians, the youth of both sexes learning the art at a very early age. Such knowledge is indispensable to them, especially liable as they are to accidents with their light canoes, and in their marches compelled to cross the widest rivers. The squaws will fasten their children to their backs, and easily cross any river that lies in their way.

The Indian mode of swimming, however, is quite different from ours. They do not make a horizontal stroke outward from the chin, but throw the body alternately from one side to the other, and raising one arm out of the water, reach as far forward as possible, while the other arm having made the same motion, goes down and becomes a propelling power. And this, though an apparently awkward, is yet a most effective mode of swimming, and less likely to be attended with injury to the chest, or with fatigue.

The relatives constantly visit the skull circles, and the women may often be seen sitting by the skulls of their dead children for hours together, going on with their work, and talking to the dead skull as if it were a living child. And, when tired, they will lie down with their arms encircling the skull, and sleep there as if in company with the child itself. The Sioux and many other tribes lodge their dead in the branches or crotches of trees, enveloped in skins, and always with a wooden dish hanging near the head of the corpse, for the purpose, doubtless, to enable it to quench its thirst on the long journey they suppose awaits it after death. The Chinooks place them in canoes, which, together with the warrior's utensils accompanying the dead, are so shattered as to be useless.

The most singular funeral of which a record has been preserved was that of Blackbird, an Omaha chief. The artist has reproduced the strange scene on page 1311.

Upon the bank of the Missouri, and in the

district over bluff, the to distance of found that should be war horse.

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district over which he ruled, there is a lofty bluff, the top of which can be seen for a vast distance on every side. When the chief found that he was dying, he ordered that he should be placed on the back of his favorite war horse, and buried on the top of the bluff.

The request was carried out to the letter. On the appointed day, the whole tribe, together with a vast concourse of spectators, repaired to the bluff, leaving an open space in the middle, where the chief was to be buried.

Presently, the body of the dead chief was borne up the sides of the bluff, and after him was led his war horse, a noble milk-white steed which he had valued exceedingly. When the funeral procession reached the top of the bluff, the dead chief was clothed in full panoply of war, the feather plumes on his head, the string bow, quiver, arrows, shield, and medicine bag slung on his back, his scalp, which no other man might take, hung to his horse's bridle and to his weapons, and his favorite spear in his hand. He was also furnished with food and drink, to sustain him in his passage to the spirit land, and with his pipe and filled tobacco pouch, flint, and steel, so that he might solace himself with the luxury of smoking.

This done, he was mounted on the back of his horse, and all the chiefs advanced in their turn to make their farewell speeches to their dead leader. Each, after delivering his address, rubbed his right hand with vermilion, pressed it against the white coat of the horse, and left there the scarlet imprint of his hand. Then began the burial. The warriors brought in their hands pieces of turf, and with them began to raise a huge mound, in the middle of which the chief and his horse were to be enclosed. One by one they placed their turves around the feet of the devoted horse, and so, by degrees, they built the mound over the animal while yet alive.

The mound, when completed, rose high above the head of the chief thus strangely buried in its centre, and there he and his horse were left to decay together. On the top of the mound a cedar post was erected; and this mound has been, ever since it was built, a familiar landmark to all the surrounding country. This green, flower spotted mound is visited by great numbers of travellers, both white and red. The former ascend the bluff partly out of curiosity to see so strange a tomb, and partly for the sake of the magnificent view from its summit, while the latter visit it for the sake of paying their respects at the burial-place of one of their most renowned chiefs and greatest medicine men.

The custom of burying wives and other victims with the deceased husband seems new to be extinct among the North American tribes, but such an event has happened within comparatively late years. There was

a Nachez chief, called the Stung Serpent, who died; and as he was the head chief of the tribe, a considerable number of victims were devoted for sacrifice. The French, however, remonstrated, and induced the friends of the dead chief to limit the number to eight or ten. Among them was a beautiful girl, who, though not his wife, had loved him greatly, and desired to share his grave.

On the day appointed a procession was formed, in which the victims were led in great state, accompanied by eight relatives of the deceased, who were to act as executioners, and who bore the fatal cord, the deer-skin which was thrown over the head of the victim, the tobacco pills which were to be taken before the ceremony, and the other implements required. When they were all placed at the grave, the chief wife made a speech, in which she took leave of her children; and the victims, after being strangled, were deposited in the grave.

As the object of this work is to present the manners and customs of tribes and races in their primitive state, and not those semi-civilized, it will be enough to merely introduce the names of the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws, Senecas, Delawares, etc. Nor is it necessary to consider those now extinct, that occupied the country when first settled by white men. For the same general characteristics, now presented, pertain to all the North American races. The Indian tribes are rapidly retreating or vanishing before the steady, irresistible march of civilization, and the growing grandeur of the great Republic in North America. The line, where the echoes of the Indian's yell blends with the shout of advancing pioneers and the sound of the wood-chopper's axe, is continually moving westward. In a few years we have seen it pass from the Mississippi River, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The settler's cabin is unceasingly encroaching upon the wigwams of the Red Men. With sadness, having smoothed the graves of their fathers, and taken a last look of their hunting grounds, they retreat before a power which they vainly strive to resist. Pressed backward in two centuries and a half, across three-quarters of the continent, from Massachusetts Bay almost to the Pacific, except a few decaying remnants of tribes, their history and doom cannot but awaken sympathy for an unfortunate and overpowered race.

Even though we do not form our estimate of the Indian from the romantic creations of Cooper, every right-thinking person will accord them the tribute of many qualities that constitute a real grandeur of character. Their marvellous bravery, their ardent rage, their steadfast, fiery enthusiasm in the fight or in the chase, their manly sports, their grave, philosophic demeanor in the council, their stern, stoical endurance in misfortune, their disdain of death, are traits that have

given to the Indian a character unique and noble, a character and history that the annalist, poet, and novelist, have transferred to their immortal pages, and over which multitudes of old and young alike have bent with eager, breathless interest. As Mr. Mangin in his "Desert World" says:—"There was poetry in their faith, in their customs, in their language, at once laconic and picturesque—and even in the names they bestowed on each tribe, each chief and warrior, on mountain and river. One can hardly suppress a feeling of regret that so much of wild romance and valor should have been swept from the face of the earth, unless we call to mind the shadow of the picture—the Indian's cruelty, perfidiousness and savage lust. Even then, our humanity revolts from the treatment to which he has been subjected by the white man." "Tracked and hunted like wild beasts, driven from their hunting grounds and the territory of their ancestors, imbruted by drink, decimated and dying by epidemics and vices contracted from white men, the poor Indians vainly struggling to avert their doom of extermination have elicited the sympathy and commiseration of the civilized world. The theory advocated in the preceding part of this work, (see page 700), in regard to the decay and extinction of savage races, does not forbid regrets that such a people should have suffered so grievously at the hands of the United States Government, by the greed of its agents, the frauds of traders and the fatal contagion of the vices of a civilized people. What with American rifles and American whiskey, their extinction has been rapid, and their doom certain.

These tribes, contending in a most unequal strife with the forces of modern civilization, more readily falling victims to the vices of white men than accepting their virtues, are entitled to the just consideration and protection of the government, as its wards, from whom, or their ancestors, have been taken their soil and their homes.

It is gratifying to know that a more humane policy is about being inaugurated, and though the wrongs of the past may not be redressed, that their rights in future may be

recognized and maintained. Major-General Thomas, of the U. S. army, whose name and history are the guarantee of candid and wise judgment, says, in respect to an instance of cold-blooded, unprovoked, unpunished outrage upon an Indian boy (it is given only as a representative fact of many more and bitter wrongs):—"I see no better way than to extend civil authority over the Indians and enable them to appear as witnesses in all cases affecting their own status and that of the whites toward them. This is a fair instance of the cause of the Indian troubles; and until white murderers and robbers of the Indians are punished, a large force of troops will be necessary to protect peaceful white settlers from Indian avengers." And Gen. Sherman, in whose opinion the utmost confidence can be reposed, makes the following indorsement to General Thomas' view:—"This case illustrates the origin of most of the Indian wars on the frontier. A citizen may murder an Indian with impunity, but if the Indian retaliate, war results, and the United States must bear the expense."

Here we have the secret of many of the barbarities of the Indian tribes. Inflamed and imbruted by the whiskey sold them, their ignorance imposed upon by the greed of traders and even government agents, having little or no chance for securing justice in their real or imagined injuries, there is certainly some extenuation if this wild son of the forest go forth with tomahawk and scalping knife, as the self-appointed avenger of his own and his people's wrongs. This is not the place, if there were room, for a thorough discussion of the wrongs of the Red Men, but I cannot forego the duty, in treating of the manners, customs and character of tribes so interesting, so noble and superior, by many traits, to most savage races, of recording at the same time, this tribute and testimony. It will unquestionably be the verdict of the future, as coming generations shall study the memorials and character of the North American Indians.*

* These reflections, with much relating to the customs of the Indians, have been introduced into the work by the American editor.

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CHAPTER CXL.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

APPEARANCE—DRESS—DWELLINGS.

APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE—THEIR COMPLEXION, AND DIFFICULTY OF SEEING IT—AN ESQUIMAUX CHILD WASHED AND COMBED—BODILY STRENGTH—DRESS OF THE MEN—THE TAILED COAT—"MILLING" BOOTS—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—THE LARGE HOOD AND BOOTS—THE TATTOO, AND MODE OF PERFORMING IT—HAIR-DRESSING—PREPARING SKINS—THE SNOW HOUSES, AND MODE OF BUILDING THEM—CAPTAIN LYON'S DESCRIPTION—INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE HUT—ICE AND BONE HOUSES—THE TUPIC, OR SUMMER DWELLING—FOOD OF THE ESQUIMAUX—A WISE TRAVELLER.

WE now come to those extraordinary people, called by Europeans the ESQUIMAUX (their own name being Innuits), who, placed amid perpetual ice and snow, have bent those elements to their own purposes, and pass as happy lives in their inclement country as do the apparently more favored inhabitants of the tropics amid their perpetual verdure. Indeed, the Esquimaux has a perfect yearning for his beloved country, should he be away from it. Captain Hall relates the circumstances attendant upon the "death" of Kudlago, a singularly intelligent man, who had visited the United States, and fully learned to appreciate the advantages of the high civilization which he saw there. But all his wishes were for home, and he was taken back. As the ship neared his native land, he fell ill and died, his last words being the eager inquiry, 'Do you see ice? Do you see ice?'

IN appearance, the Esquimaux are a peculiar people. Their stature is short, when compared to that of an ordinary European, the average being about five feet three inches for the men, and two or three inches less for the women.

The complexion is in some cases rather dark, but, as a rule, is not much darker than that of the inhabitants of Southern Europe. It looks, however, many shades darker, in consequence of the habits of the Esquimaux, who never wash from their birth to their death. It is not that they neglect their ablutions, but the very idea of washing never

enters the mind of an Esquimaux, who, unless he has met with white men, has not even heard of such an operation. When, however, an Esquimaux has been induced to allow his skin to be cleansed, he is found to lose many shades of his original darkness. There is an amusing passage in the journal of Captain Hall, given in his "Life with the Esquimaux," a work to which frequent reference will be made in the next few pages.

"Kimmuloo has just been Americanized. Captain B——'s good wife had made and sent to her a pretty red dress, a necktie, mittens, belt, &c.

"Mr. Rogers and I, at a suggestion from me, thought it best to commence the change of nationality with soap and water. The process was slow, that of arriving at the beautiful little girl, whom we at length found, though deeply imbedded layer after layer in dirt. Then came the task of making her toilet. With a very coarse comb I commenced to disentangle her hair. She had but little, the back part from behind her ears having been cut short off on account of severe pains in her head. How patiently she submitted to the worse than curry-comb process I had to use! This was the first time in her life that a comb had been put to her head. Her hair was filled with moss, seal and reindeer hairs, and many other things, too numerous to call them all by name. Poor little thing! Yet she was fit and beautiful, the very picture of health. Her cheeks were as red as the blown rose; Nature's vermillion was upon them."

The skin is smooth, soft, and yet wonderfully tough, with a sort of unctuous surface, probably occasioned by the enormous amount of oil and fat which forms the principal part of their diet. The features are not very pleasing, the face being broad, and the cheek-bones so high that in many cases, if a flat ruler were laid from cheek to cheek, it would not touch the nose. As is the case with the Chinese section of this vast race, the eyes slope rather downward, and the face is often covered with wrinkles to a wonderful extent, extending from the eyes down each cheek.

In bodily strength, the Esquimaux present a great contrast to the Andamaners, who, though short, are possessed of gigantic muscular powers. Captain Lyon found that the natives could not raise burdens that were easily lifted by his sailors, whereas an ordinary Andamaner is often a match for two powerful sailors. The neck is strangely thin and feeble, however well-proportioned the chest may be, and it is a curious fact that the Esquimaux are almost wholly ignorant of running and jumping. There is but little beard, and the hair is black, coarse, straight, and lanky.

The general character of the dress is alike in both sexes, so that at a little distance it is not easy to tell whether the spectator be looking at a man or a woman, both sexes wearing trousers, and jackets with a large hood, which can either be drawn over the head or allowed to fall on the shoulders. The jacket of the man is made something like a broad-tailed dress coat, hanging behind as far as the middle of the calf, and cut away in front just below the waist. It is mostly made of deer-hide, and the hood is lined and turned up with white fur, which forms a curious contrast to the dark, broad face within it. The edge of the coat is generally bordered with a lighter-colored fur, and is often decorated with little strips of fur hanging like tassels.

Under this coat is another of similar shape, but of lighter material, and having the furry side turned inward. The legs are clothed in two pairs of trousers, the outer pair being often made of strips of differently colored deer-skins arranged in parallel stripes, and having the fur outward, while the other has the fur inward, as is the case with the coats. They only come as low as the knee, so that the joint is often frost-bitten; but nothing can induce the Esquimaux to outrage fashion by adding a couple of inches to the garment.

The boots are made of the same materials as the other parts of the dress. In winter time the Esquimaux wear first a pair of boots with the fur inward, then slippers of soft seal-skin so prepared as to be waterproof, then another pair of boots, and, lastly, strong seal-skin shoes. In the summer time one pair of boots is sufficient protection.

The soles are made of thicker material than the rest of the garment, and it is the duty of the women to keep the soles flexible by chewing or "milling" them, an operation which consumes a considerable part of their time.

Mittens are made of various skins, the hairy side being inward; and if the wearer be engaged in fishing, he uses mittens made of watertight seal-skin. During the summer, light dresses are worn, made of the skins of ducks, with the feathers inward. Over all there is sometimes a very thin and light waterproof garment made of the intestines of the walrus.

The jackets worn by the women have a much longer and narrower tail than those of the men, and a tolerably deep flap in front. The hood is of enormous size, being used as a cradle as well as a hood, in which a child of nearly three years old is carried. The trousers, or rather leggings, are tied to a girdle that passes round the waist, and are so cut away at the top, that they allow a portion of the skin to be visible between them and the sides of the jacket, an exposure from which the wearers do not seem to suffer. The oddest article of the female apparel is, however, the boots, which more resemble sacks or buckets than boots, and are simply tied to the girdle by a broad strap that passes up the front of the leg. The boots are used as receptacles for all kinds of portable property, food included, and in consequence impart a most singular walk, or rather waddle, to the wearers, who are obliged to keep their feet widely apart, and, as they walk, to swing one foot round the other, rather than to use the ordinary mode of walking.

The Esquimaux women use the tattoo, called by them the kakeen, and in some places cover their limbs and a considerable portion of their persons with various patterns. There are some who mark the forehead, cheeks, and chin, these being mostly proof that the woman is married, though they are sometimes worn by unmarried females. The mode in which the kakeen is performed is amusingly told by Captain Lyon, who courageously submitted to the operation.

"My curiosity determined me on seeing how the kakeen was performed, and I accordingly put myself into the hands of Mrs. Kettle, whom I had adopted as my amama, or mother.

"Having furnished her with a fine needle, she tore with her teeth a thread off a deer's sinew, and thus prepared the sewing apparatus. She then, without a possibility of darkening her hands beyond their standard color, passed her fingers under the bottom of the stove pot, from whence she collected a quantity of soot. With this, together with a little oil and much saliva, she soon made a good mixture, and taking a small piece of

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whalebone well blackened, she then drew a variety of figures about my arm, differing, as I easily saw, from those with which she herself was marked; and, calling her house-mates, they all enjoyed a good laugh at the figures, which perhaps conveyed some meaning that I could not fathom.

"I had, however, only determined on a few strokes, so that her trouble was in some measure thrown away. She commenced her work by blackening the thread with soot, and taking a pretty deep but short stitch in my skin, carefully pressing her thumb on the wound as the thread passed through it, and beginning each stitch at the place where the last had ceased. My flesh being tough, she got on but slowly, and, having broken one needle in trying to force it through, I thought fit, when she had completed forty stitches, or about two inches, to allow her to desist; then, rubbing the part with oil in order to stanch the little blood which appeared, she finished the operation. I could now form an idea of the price paid by the Esquimaux females for their embellishments, which for a time occasion a slight inflammation and some degree of pain. The color which the kakeen assumes when the skin heals is of the same light blue as we see on the marked arms of seamen."

The dress of the children is alike in both sexes. None at all is worn until the infant is nearly three years old, up to which age it is kept naked in its mother's hood. A dress is then made of fawn skin, having the jacket, trousers, boots, and hood in one piece, the only opening being at the back. Into this odd dress the child is put, and the opening being tied up with a string, the operation of dressing is completed. The hood or cap is generally made in the shape of the fawn's head, so that the little Esquimaux has the strangest appearance imaginable, and scarcely looks like a human being.

As to the hair, the men cut it short over the forehead, and allow the side locks to grow to their full length, tying them, when very long, over the top of the head in a large knot projecting over the forehead. The women part the hair in the middle, and make it into two large tails. A piece of bone or wood is introduced into each of the tails by way of a stiffener, and they are then bound spirally with a narrow strip of deer-hide, with the fur outward. Those women who can afford such a luxury pass the hair through two brass rings, which are then pressed as closely as possible to the head.

The whole of the operations of preparing the skin and making the clothes are done by the women, the men having completed their task when they have killed the animals. The fat, blood, and oil are first sucked from the skins, and the women then scrape the inner surface with an ingenious instrument, sometimes furnished with teeth, and at

other times plain, like blunt knives. The skins are then rubbed and kneaded, and are dried by being stretched by pegs to the ground in summer, and laced over a hoop in winter and exposed to the heat of the lamp, which constitutes the only fire of the Esquimaux.

Bird skins are prepared in a somewhat similar fashion, and are stripped from the bodies of the birds in a marvellously expeditious manner. With their knife, which exactly resembles a cheese cutter, they make an incision round the head and round the outer joint of each wing. The cut part is then seized between the teeth, and with a pull and a jerk the skin comes off in one piece, and turned inside out. These skins are considered a great luxury by the Esquimaux, who bite and suck off the fat which adheres liberally to them.

IN a country where the thermometer remains many degrees below zero for many months together, and in which ice and snow are the prevailing features, it is evident that houses cannot be built after the fashion of those in most countries. No trees can grow there, so that wooden houses are out of the question, and in a land where ice has been known to choke up the iron flue of a stove always kept burning neither clay could be made into bricks, nor stones cemented with mortar. There is only one substance of which houses can be made, and this is frozen water, either in the form of snow or ice, the former being the usual material. These snow houses, called igloos, are made in a dome-like shape, and are built with a rapidity that is perfectly astonishing. The reader will find the form and mode of building these houses illustrated on page 1327.

The general appearance of these strange houses is thus described by Captain Lyon, in his "Private Journal." "Our astonishment was unbounded, when, after creeping through some long passages of snow, to enter the different dwellings, we found ourselves in a cluster of dome shaped edifices, entirely constructed of snow, which, from their recent erection, had not been sullied by the smoke of the numerous lamps that were burning, but admitted the light in most delicate hues of verdigris green and blue, according to the thickness of the slab through which it passed. . . . There were five clusters of huts, some having one, some two, and others three domes, in which thirteen families lived, each occupying a dome or one side of it, according to their strength. The whole number of people were twenty-one men, twenty-five women, and eighteen children, making a total of sixty-four.

"The entrance to the building was by a hole about a yard in diameter, which led through a low arched passage of sufficient breadth for two to pass in a stooping pos-

ture, and about sixteen feet in length; another hole then presented itself, and led through a similarly shaped but shorter passage, having at its termination a round opening about two feet across. Up this hole we crept one step, and found ourselves in a dome about seven feet in height, and as many in diameter, from whence the three dwelling-places with arched roofs were entered. It must be observed that this is the description of a large hut; the smaller ones, containing one or two families, have the domes somewhat differently arranged.

"Each dwelling might be averaged at fourteen or sixteen feet in diameter, by six or seven in height; but as snow alone was used in their construction, and was always at hand, it might be supposed that there was no particular size, that being of course at the option of the builder. The laying of the arch was performed in such a manner as would have satisfied the most regular artist, the key piece on the top being a large square slab. The blocks of snow used in the buildings were from four to six inches in thickness, and about a couple of feet in length, carefully pared with a large knife. Where two families occupied a dome, a seat was raised on either side two feet in height. These raised places were used as beds, and covered, in the first place, with whalebone, sprigs of Andromeda, or pieces of seal-skin; over these were spread deer-pelts and deer-skin clothes, which had a very warm appearance. The pelts were used as blankets, and many of them had ornamental fringes of leather sewed round their edges.

"Each dwelling-place was illuminated by a broad piece of transparent fresh-water ice, of about two feet in diameter, which formed part of the roof, and was placed over the door. These windows gave a most pleasing light, free from glare, and something like that which is thrown through ground glass. We soon learned that the building of a house was but the work of an hour or two, and that a couple of men—one to cut the slabs and another to lay them—were sufficient laborers.

"For the support of the lamps and cooking apparatus a mound of snow is erected for each family; and when the master has two wives or a mother, both have an independent place, one at each end of the bench."

In the middle of the hut is erected a slight scaffold, which supports a rudely made net, and under the net is placed the one essential piece of furniture of the house, namely, the lamp. This is a very simple contrivance. It is merely an oval shaped dish of stone, round the edge of which is arranged a long wick made of moss. Oil is poured into it, and a quantity of blubber is heaped in the centre of the lamp, so as to keep up the supply. Over the lamp is hung the cooking pot, the size of each being pro-

portioned to the rank of the possessor. It sometimes happens that two wives occupy the same hut. In this case, the chief or "igloo-wife" has the large lamp and the supporting scaffold, while the other has to content herself with a little lamp and a small pot, which she must support as she can.

The value of the lamp is simply incalculable, not so much for its use in cooking, as the Esquimaux like ment raw quite as well as cooked, but for its supply of warmth, for the water which is obtained by melting snow over it, and for its use in drying clothes. All garments, the snow being first beaten off them, are placed on the "dry-net" over the lamp, where they are gradually dried, and, after being chewed by the women, are fit for wear again; otherwise they become frozen quite hard, and are of no more use than if they were made of ice. Oil is supplied by chewing blubber, and the women, who always perform the task, have the curious knack of expressing the oil without allowing a drop of moisture to mix with it. In one minute a woman can obtain enough oil to fill a lamp two feet in length.

Sometimes, when snow is scarce, the igloo is made of ice. The walls are formed of this material, and are generally of an octagonal form, the ice slabs being cemented together with snow. The domed roof is usually made of snow, but the tunnel, or passage to the interior, is of ice. Such a house is, when first made, so transparent that, even at the distance of some paces, those who are within it can be recognized through its walls.

It may seem strange that such materials as snow and ice should be employed in the construction of man's dwelling-place, as nothing seems more opposed to comfort; yet these houses, instead of being cold, are so warm that the inhabitants throw off the greater part, and sometimes the whole, of their clothes when within them; and the bed of snow on which they recline is, when covered with the proper amount of skins, even warmer than an European feather bed. In the summer time the Esquimaux prefer the skin hut, or "tupic." This is a mere tent made of deer-skins thrown over a few sticks, though the supports are sometimes formed from the bones of whales.

THE food of the Esquimaux is almost wholly of an animal character. In the first place, the country supplies scarcely any vegetation; and, in the next place, an abundant supply of animal food is required in order to enable the inhabitants to withstand the intense cold. The seal and the reindeer form their favorite food, and in both cases the fat is the part that is most highly valued.

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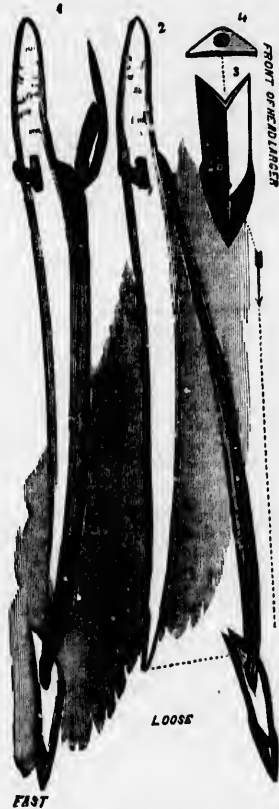
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the portion that is most valued. Captain Hall, who very wisely lived as the Esquimaux while staying with them, says that it is as much superior to butter as is the best butter to lard; and when the deer is in good condition, the meat is so tender that a steak almost falls to pieces if lifted by its edge. Another part of the reindeer is almost as valuable as the fat. This is the contents of the deer's paunch, eaten raw with slices of raw venison. It has a slightly acid flavor, like that of sorrel, and if the consumer were not to know what he was eating, he would be delighted with it.

This was the case with Captain Hall, while partaking of a deer feast in an igloo. He tried the deer flesh, and found it excellent; he then took a morsel of the unknown substance, and describes it as ambrosial. After eating the greater part of it, he took it to the light, and was horrified to find the nature of the feast. However, he soon came to the wise conclusion that epicurism of any kind was nothing but the effect of education, and that, in consequence, he would ignore his previous prejudices on the subject, and eat whatever the Esquimaux ate, and as they ate it. As to the quantity consumed, neither he nor any other white man would be a match for an Esquimaux, who will consume nine or ten pounds of meat at a sitting, and lie leisurely on his back, being fed by his wife with pieces of blubber when he is utterly unable to help himself. An Esquimaux finds a sort of intoxicating effect in utter repletion, which stands him in the stead of fermented liquors.

Putting aside the gourmandizing propensity of the Esquimaux, Captain Hall found that if he were to live with them, as he intended to do, he must sooner or later come to the same diet. He determined in making a bold plunge, and eating whatever he saw them eat. At first it was rather repugnant to his feelings to eat a piece of raw meat that had been carefully licked by a woman, in order to free it from hairs and other extraneous matters. But he reflected that, if he had not known of the licking, he would not have discovered it from the flavor of the meat, and he very wisely ignored the mode in which it had been cleaned. Similarly, fresh seal's blood just drawn from the animal seemed rather a strange kind of soup, and the still warm entrails a remarkable

sort of after-dinner delicacy. But finding that the Esquimaux considered them both as very great dainties, he tried them, and pronounced that the Esquimaux were perfectly right, and that his preconceived ideas were entirely wrong.



F337
HARPOON HEAD. (From my collection.)
(See page 1340.)

CHAPTER CXLI.

THE ESQUIMAUX—Continued.

HUNTING—RELIGION—BURIAL.

MODES OF HUNTING—SEAL HUNTING IN THE SNOW—THE INFANT DECOY—THE SEAL'S IGLOO—AN IVORY FLOAT—SEAL "TALK"—THE HARPOONS AND SPEARS—SPEARING THE WALRUS—THE ICE RAFT—THE BOW AND ARROWS AND WRIST GUARD—DEER HUNTING—GROUSE SHOOTING—THE WOLF AND FOX TRAPS—THE BIRD SLING—BEAR HUNTING—THE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOATS—CONSTRUCTION OF THE KIA, AND MODE OF USING IT—AQUATIC FEATS—THE WOMEN'S BOAT AND ITS USES—THE SLEDGE—THE VARIOUS RUNNERS—SLEDGE DOGS AND THEIR TRAINING—EXAMPLES OF THEIR CLEVERNESS—BARBEKARK AND THE CAPELINS—MARRIAGE AND EDUCATION OF CHILDREN—GAMES AND DANCING—RELIGION—THE ANGEKO AND HIS MYSTERIES—*"IN VINO VERITAS"*—HONESTY—HOSPITALITY—DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

DEPENDINC wholly upon the products of the chase for their food, the Esquimaux are most accomplished hunters, and in their peculiar way are simply unequalled by any other people on earth. Take, for example, their mode of seal catching. The reader is doubtless aware that the seal, being a mammal, breathes atmospheric air, and that in consequence it cannot remain very long under water, but is obliged to come up at certain intervals for the purpose of breathing. When it dives under the ice, it would therefore be drowned did it not form for itself certain breathing holes in the ice. These are very small, not more than an inch and a half, or at the most two inches, in diameter, and do not penetrate through the coating of snow that lies on the ice.

The hunter's dog, which is specially trained for this purpose, detects the breathing hole, and the master then reverses his harpoon, which has a long, spindle shaped butt, and thrusts it through the snow in search of the concealed hole, which often lies under some two feet of snow. When he has found it, he seats himself by the hole, with his harpoon ready; and there he will sit until he hears the blowing sound of the seal, when he drives the harpoon into the hole, and invariably secures his prey. This is the more difficult, as, if the stroke be wrong by even a quarter of an inch, the

seal will not be struck, and the man is often wearied with waiting and need of sleep.

The patience with which the Esquimaux hunter will watch a seal hole far surpasses that of a cat at a mouse hole. Captain Hall mentions one case, where an Esquimaux, a notable seal hunter, actually sat watching a seal hole for two and a half days and two nights without either sleep or food. Considering the nature of the climate, such a feat as this is almost incredible. The poor man, after all his trouble, failed to secure the seal, but was not disheartened, and, after taking some food, went off again to the seal hole to renew his watch.

Some of the Esquimaux seal hunters use a singularly ingenious instrument for enabling them to detect the approach of the animal. It consists of a very slender ivory rod, about twelve inches in length, pointed at one end, and having a round knob at the other. It is about as thick as a crow quill. When the hunter has found a seal hole, he ties to the upper end a very fine thread made of sinew, and lowers it into the seal hole, where it is allowed to dangle by the thread. When the seal comes to breathe, it takes no notice of so small an object, but rises as usual for air, pushing the little rod before it. As soon as the hunter sees the rod rise, he knows that the seal is there, and drives his spear down the hole. Even a

larger float—if we may so call it—might be unseen by the seal, but it would interfere with the passage of the spear.

There is another mode of catching seals, in which the young acts as a decoy for its mother. The seal, when she is about to produce her young, scratches away the ice until she comes to the snow, which lies deep upon it. She then scratches away a quantity of the snow until she has made a dome-like chamber, in form exactly like the snow hut of the Esquimaux. The tunnel through the ice is just large enough to allow the passage of the seal, while the chamber is about five feet in diameter, so that a tolerably large platform of ice is left, on which the creature can rest. Here its young is produced, and here it remains until the sun melts away the snow covering of the chamber, or igloo, as it is called, by which time the young animal is able to take care of itself.

At the proper season, the Esquimaux set off in search of these seal igloos, and when they are detected by the dogs, the hunter flings himself on the snow, thus beating down the roof of the igloo. He then thrusts his sealing hook into the igloo, and drags out the young seal. It is remarkable, by the way, that the polar bear acts in precisely the same manner, crushing down the walls of the igloo, and dragging out the young one with its paws.

When the Esquimaux has secured the young seal, he ties a long line to one of the hind flippers, and allows it to slip into the sea through the tunnel, while he creeps into the igloo with his hook, in hopes of catching the mother as she comes to help her young one. The Esquimaux always kill young seals by putting the foot on their shoulders, and pressing firmly down, so as to suffocate it. This is done for the purpose of preserving the blood.

Sometimes the seal hunter actually stalks the wary animal on the ice. The seal has a strange way of sleeping when lying on the ice. It takes short naps of only a few seconds' duration, and between them raises its head and looks round to see if any enemy be approaching. The Esquimaux takes advantage of this habit, and, lying down on the ice, he waits for these short naps, and hitches himself along the ice toward the animal, looking himself very much like a seal as he lies on the ice, covered with seal skin garments. Whenever the seal raises its head, the hunter stops, begins to paw with his hands, and utters a curious drouing monologue, which is called "seal talk," and is supposed to act as a charm. Certain it is, that the seal appears to be quite gratified by the talk, is put off its guard, and allows the hunter to approach near enough to make the fatal stroke.

The same kind of "talk" is used when the sealer goes out in his boat, and some of the hunters are celebrated for the magical

power of their song. In seal hunting from a boat, a different kind of harpoon is employed. It is longer and sligher than that which is used for ice hunting, and is furnished with a float made of a leathern bag inflated with air. This is fastened to the shaft, and just below it one end of the harpoon line is secured, the other end being made fast to the head of the weapon.

When the seal is struck, the shaft is shaken from the head, so that there is no danger of its working the weapon out of the seal by its leverage, and it acts as a drag, impeding the movements of the animal, so that the hunter is able to overtake it in his boat, and to pierce it with another harpoon. When the seal is dead, the float serves another purpose. Seals, when killed in the water, almost invariably sink so rapidly that they cannot be secured. The float, however, remains at the surface, so that the successful hunter has only to paddle to it, take it into the canoe, and haul the seal on board. Perhaps the most curious part of the business lies in the skill with which the hunter carries the seal home. The boat in which he sits is entirely covered with skin, except a small aperture which admits his body, and yet he lays the body of the seal upon this slight platform, and manages to balance it as he paddles homeward, regardless of the waves upon which his light little canoe trembles like a cork.

Of these boats we shall presently see something, and will now merely look at the weapons which are employed by the Esquimaux in hunting.

It is worthy of remark that war is totally unknown among the Esquimaux, who are perhaps the only people in the world who possess no war weapons, and have no desire to do so. Generally, when a savage obtains for the first time possession of fire-arms, he uses them in warfare, and by the superiority of his weapons raises himself to eminence. The Esquimaux cares for none of these things. He is essentially a family man, and when he is fortunate enough to procure a musket, he simply uses it for hunting purposes, never wasting the precious powder and lead upon the bodies of his fellow-men. Of fame he is totally ignorant, except that sort of local fame which is earned by skill in hunting. He finds that all his energies are required to procure food and clothing for his household, and therefore he does not expend them upon any other object.

The weapon which is to the Esquimaux what the rifle is to the backwoodsman, the boomerang to the Australian, the sword to the Agageer, the lasso to the South American, and the sumpitan to the Dyak, is the harpoon, a weapon which undergoes various modifications, according to the use to which it is put, but is essentially the same in principle throughout.

The first example is the typical harpoon.

It consists of a long wooden shaft, with a float attached to it, as has already been described on page 1339. Owing to the great scarcity of wood in Esquimaux land, the greater part being obtained from the casual drift-wood that floats ashore from wrecks, such a weapon is exceedingly valuable. The shaft is generally made of a number of pieces of wood lashed together in a most ingenious fashion.

The barbed head is but loosely fitted to the shaft, a hole in the base of the head receiving a point at the end of the shaft. It is held in its place by leathern thongs, so arranged that, as soon as the wounded animal darts away, the shaft is shaken from the head. The arrangement of the leathern thongs varies according to the kind of weapon. The illustration on page 1337, shows the head of the harpoon which is used for spearing the walrus.

It is about nine inches in length, and is made of ivory, either that of the walrus or the narwhal, probably the former, as it partakes of the curve of the walrus tooth. It consists of two pieces, which we call, for convenience' sake the body and the head. The upper part of the body is slightly pointed and rounded, and is meant to be fixed to the shaft of the harpoon. About an inch and a half from the end two holes are bored, through which is passed a double thong of leather about as thick as a goose quill. Next comes the head, which is a triangular and deeply barbed piece of ivory, armed with a thin, flat plate of iron, almost exactly like the armature of the Bosjesman's war arrow. Through this head is bored a hole, and through the hole passes the loop of the double thong already mentioned. At the butt of the head there is a hole, into which is fitted the conical termination of the body.

By reference to the illustration, the reader will easily comprehend the arrangement. Fig. 1 shows the entire instrument, the head fitted on the body, and held in its place by the double thong. Fig. 2 shows the head disjointed from the body. The reader will now see what a perfect barb this instrument forms. When the harpoon is hurled at the walrus, the head penetrates through the tough skin, and, becoming disjointed from the body, sets at right angles across the little wound which it made on entering, and effectually prevents the weapon from being withdrawn. Fig. 3 shows the upper view of the head, and fig. 4 shows the hole at its base, into which the conical end of the body is loosely fitted.

The line attached to the shaft of this harpoon is very long and of great strength, and, when the hunter goes out to catch walrus, is coiled round and round his neck in many folds, very slightly tied together so as to prevent the successive coils from being entangled with one another. When the hunter launches his harpoon with the right hand,

he with the left hand simultaneously jerks the coils of rope off his neck, and throws them after the harpoon. The jerk snaps the slight ligatures, and the animal is "played" like a salmon by an angler, until it is utterly wearied with pain, loss of blood, and its struggles to escape, and can be brought near enough to receive the fatal wound from a spear.

Casting off the rope in exact time is a most important business, as several hunters who have failed to do so have been caught in the coils of the rope, dragged under the ice, and there drowned. On the end of the harpoon line is worked a loop, and, as soon as the weapon is hurled, the hunter drives a spear deeply into the ice, slips the loop over it, and allows the walrus to struggle against the elastic rope until it is quite tired. He then hauls up the line until he has brought the animal to the ice, snatches up his spear, and with it inflicts a mortal wound. On the next page the reader may find an illustration showing the Esquimaux in his usual dress, and engaged in walrus hunting.

One mode of employing this harpoon against the walrus is singularly ingenious. When the Esquimaux hunters see a number of the animals sleeping on a sheet of ice, they look out for an ice fragment small enough to be moved, and yet large enough to support several men. Paddling to the ice, they lift their canoes upon it, bore holes in it, and make their harpoon lines fast to the holes. They then gently paddle the whole piece of ice, men, canoes, and all, to the spot where are lying the drowsy animals, who do not suspect any danger from a piece of ice floating by.

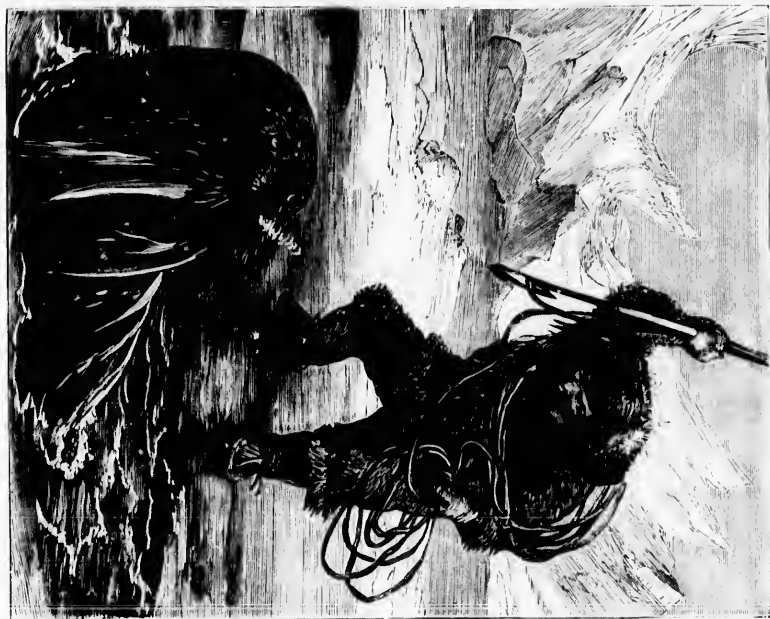
Having made their selection, the hunters tell off two men to each walrus, and, at a given signal, all the harpoons are hurled. The whole herd instantly roll themselves into the sea, the wounded animals being attached to the piece of ice by the harpoon lines. The hunters allow them to tow their ice craft about until they are exhausted, when they launch their canoes, and kill the animals with their spears. As soon as the walrus is dead, the hunters plug up the holes with little pegs of ivory, for the purpose of preserving the blood, which is so highly valued by the Esquimaux.

The Esquimaux have another kind of spear. The shaft is made of wood, but the point and the barbed projections are of ivory. This spear is chiefly used for catching fish, and is flung by means of a throwing stick, almost in the same manner as the spears of the Australians. The throwing stick is made of wood, flattish, and near one end has a hole, into which the butt of the spear is passed. This is altogether a much slighter and lighter weapon than that which has been described.

Bows and arrows are also employed by the Esquimaux. The former are made of horn, bone, or wood, and are almost always



(1) BURIAL OF BLACKHORN. (See page 130.)



(2) SPEARING THE WATERS. (See page 130.)

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composed of several pieces lashed firmly together. As is the case with the bows of the North American tribes, the chief strength is obtained, not so much from the material of the bow, as from a vast number of sinew strings which run down its back. There are often a hundred or more of these sinews, which are put on sufficiently tight to give the bow a slight curvature against the string. The shape of the bow is rather peculiar. And though the weapon is so powerful, it is seldom used at a greater distance than twelve, or at most twenty yards. The length of the bow is on an average three feet six inches.

The arrows are extremely variable. Some have wooden shafts tipped with bone, but the shafts of the best specimens are half bone and half wood, and the points are armed with a little piece of iron. The arrows are contained in a quiver, and the bow is kept in a case. This quiver and bow-case are generally made of seal skin, as being impervious to wet, though they are frequently made of other materials. My own specimen is formed from the hide of the reindeer. When the Esquimaux shoots, he always holds his bow horizontally. The bow-string is made of some fifteen or twenty sinew strings, which are loosely twisted, but not made into a cord.

The bow and arrows are chiefly used in the capture of the reindeer and in shooting rabbits, birds, and other small game. The mode of deer hunting is very ingenious. When the hunter sees some deer feeding on the level plain, he takes his bow and arrows, draws his hood well over his head, and creeps as close as he can to the spot where the deer are reposing. Here he begins to bellow in imitation of the cry with which the deer call each other, and thus attracts the animals within the short distance at which an Esquimaux archer shoots.

Even if he should not use the bellowing call, he has only to lie patiently on the ground to be sure that, sooner or later, the deer will come and look at him. As most inquisitive animals, and when they see a strange object, they cannot resist the temptation to satisfy their curiosity by inspecting it. As the object of their curiosity does not move after them, they approach in a series of circles which they gradually narrow, capering and tossing their heads capriciously, and at last will come within a yard or two of the motionless hunter, and so fall a victim to the arrow which he has already fixed to his bow.

Sometimes the deer hunters adopt an ingenious ruse. Two of them walk near the deer, and purposely show themselves. When the animals' attention is fixed upon them, they walk slowly away, knowing that the innate curiosity of the deer will induce them to follow. They direct their course past some stone or similar object, when one

of them quickly steps behind it, while the other walks onward as before. The deer do not notice that one of the men has disappeared, and so follow the other, thus coming within a yard or two of the deadly arrow.

The arrow is also used for shooting birds, which are always killed when sitting. The arctic grouse are killed in great numbers by the arrow. They pack closely together, so that an arrow shot at random among them can scarcely avoid hitting one of them; and the birds are so apathetic that, when the missile falls among them, they only fly a few yards further and then settle, so that the hunter can pick up his arrow and shoot it at them again, until he has shot the greater number of the covey.

In order to save the wrist from the recoil of the bow-string, the Esquimaux wears a very ingenious guard, composed of several pieces of bone tied together and fastened on the wrist by a bone button and loop. The pieces of bone are about four inches in length. Below the wrist-guard, which is shown on the 1353d page, some curiously formed hooks are represented. No bait is required with them. They are simply moved up and down in the water so as to attract the attention of the fish, and then are jerked sharply upward, so as to catch the fish on one of the projecting points. There are many varieties of this curious hook, but those which are illustrated are the most characteristic.

There is also an instrument called the kakeaway, or little nippers, which is used in a similar manner by the Esquimaux boys. They take a model of a fish made of ivory, tie a string to it, and troll it about in the water in order to attract the fish, when they are struck with the kakeaway, and hauled out of the water. The artificial fish are about three inches long, and are very neatly made, with eyes of iron pyrites. This is a very slow process of fish catching, but the boys, to whom time is of no object, are very fond of it, and will sit on their heels all day for the chance of catching two or three little fish.

The foxes and wolves are generally taken in traps. There are several kinds of traps, but they are mostly made on one or the other of two principles. The usual trap is very like a common mouse trap, except that it is made of ice instead of wood. It is so long and narrow that a wolf cannot turn himself in it, but, if he wishes to retreat, must do so backward. The door is a heavy slab of ice, which moves up and down in two grooves. The door being raised, it is held in position by a line which passes over the top of the trap, through a hole at the end, and is then slightly hitched over a peg. A bait is then attached to the end of the line, and when the wolf pulls it, the door is released, and effectually secures the animal in the icy prison. A hole is then

made in the side of the trap, and the wolf is speared where he lies.

Foxes are also taken in these traps, but the usual kind of fox trap is made on a different plan. It is built in a form somewhat resembling a lime-kiln, and the aperture is covered with a piece of whalebone, along which the animal must walk to get at the bait. As it steps on the whalebone, the elastic material gives way, lets the fox into the trap, and then resumes its former position, ready for another victim.

It has already been mentioned that birds are often shot with arrows as they are sitting. The Esquimaux have a singular instrument by which they can capture birds on the wing, provided that they do not fly at any great height from the ground. It consists of seven or eight pieces of bone or ivory, or stone, the latter being preferred on account of its weight. To each of the weights is attached a sinew cord about two feet six inches in length, and all the ends of the cords are tied together, their junction being usually ornamented by a tuft of feathers. When the Esquimaux sees a bird flying so that it will pass tolerably near him, he whirls the sling round his head and flings it at the bird. As it leaves his hand, all the weights fly apart, on account of the rotatory motion which has been communicated to them, so that the weapon covers a space of five feet. Should one of the weights or strings strike the bird, the whole of the sling becomes wrapped round it, and the bird falls helpless to the ground. The reader will doubtless see that this sling is in fact a modification of the Patagonian bolas.

In bear hunting the Esquimaux use either the walrus harpoon or the spear, and often both. They set their dogs at the bear, and while he is engaged in repelling their attacks, which are always made at his back and hind-quarters, the hunter drives the harpoon at him, and fastens the end of the line to the ice, so as to prevent the bear from escaping. He then attacks the animal with another harpoon and with his lance, and, avoiding skillfully the repeated attacks which the bear makes upon him, drives the sharp weapon into the animal's heart.

The Esquimaux are always very careful not to kill a young bear without previously killing its mother. Should one of them, pressed by hunger, commit so rash an act, the whole party to which he belongs are obliged to take the strictest precautions lest they should be assailed by the mother, who will assuredly follow on their track. They therefore proceed for some five or six miles in a straight line, and then suddenly turn off at right angles, so that the bear may overrun their track as she presses eagerly forward. This manoeuvre is several times repeated. When the houses are reached, the weapons are laid ready for use by the bedside, and the sledges are stuck upright

outside the house. This is intended by way of a warning to the sleepers. The bear is suspicious about the erect sledge, and always knocks it down before attacking the house, so that the noise of the falling sledge awakens the sleepers, and puts them on their guard.

The two means of transport used by the Esquimaux are the boat and the sledge, both of which deserve description.

There are two kinds of boats, those of the men and those used by women. The man's boat is called kajak or kia, according to the dialect of the people, and is a very remarkable piece of workmanship. It is shuttle-shaped, both ends being sharply pointed. It is made of a very slight framework of wood and whalebone, over which is stretched a covering of skin. In the middle there is a hole just large enough to admit the body of the rower, and when he takes his seat, he gathers his skin together and ties it round his waist, so that the boat is absolutely impervious to water. The average length is twenty-five feet, and so light are the materials of which it is made, that a man can carry his kia on his head from the house to the water.

These slight canoes have no keel, and sit so lightly on the water that they can be propelled over, rather than through, it with wonderful speed. The paddle is a double one, held in the middle, and used in a manner which is now rendered familiar to us by the canoes which have so largely taken the place of skiffs. It is between nine and ten feet in length, small in the middle, which serves as a handle, and gradually widening to the blades, which are about four inches in width, and edged with ivory, not only for ornament but for strength.

The paddle acts much the same part as the balance pole to the rope-dancer, and by its aid the Esquimaux canoe man can perform really astonishing feats. For example, if two kias are out together, one of them will remain still, the canoe man keeping his boat exactly in the same place, by delicate management of his paddle. The other goes to a distance at right angles to him, and then, urging his kia to the utmost speed, drives it fairly over that of his friend. In performing this remarkable feat, the skill of both is equally tried, for it is quite as difficult to preserve the balance of the stationary kia as to drive the other over it.

There is one feat which is sometimes performed in order to show the wonderful command which an Esquimaux has over his little vessel. He does not, however, attempt it unless another kia is close at hand. After seeing that the skin cover is firmly tied round his waist, and that his neck and wrists are well secured, the man suddenly flings himself violently to one side, thus capsize the kia, and burying himself under

water. While he is under, the other, who is skilful and over some of his face with

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water. With a powerful stroke of his paddle he turns himself and canoe completely over, and brings himself upright again. A skillful canoe man will thus turn over and over some twenty times or so, almost as fast as the eye can follow him, and yet only his face will be in the least wet.

In the illustration on page 1347 both these fents are shown.

The paddler is so tightly tied to the kia, that he is unable to change his position without assistance, or even to lift a heavy weight, such as a seal. In such a case, he asks assistance from a companion. The two kias are placed near each other, and paddles are laid from one to the other, so that for the time they are formed into a double canoe, which cannot be upset. Small lines of whalebone are stretched across the end of the kia, and under them are thrust the points of the spears and harpoons, so that they cannot roll off the boat, and yet are always ready to hand. An inflated seal's bladder is always attached to the canoe. When the kia is not in use, it is taken out of the water, and rested in a reversed position upon the snow houses, as is seen on page 1327.

The second kind of boat is that which is called the oomiak, and is used by the women. It is evident that the slight and fragile kia, useful as it is for hunting purposes, cannot be employed for the conveyance of baggage, or for the transport of more persons than one, and that therefore some other kind of boat must be made. This is a large, clumsy, straight sided, square ended, flat bottomed vessel, more like a skin trough than a canoe, to which it bears about the same analogy as a punt does to a racing skiff. The framework of the oomiak is made of wood and whalebone, and the covering is of seal skin, from which the hair has been removed. When wet, these skins are nearly transparent, so that the forms of the persons sitting in the boat can be indistinctly seen.

The sides of the boat are about three feet in height, and the weight which a well-made oomiak will carry is really wonderful. Captain Lyon mentions that in one of these boats, measuring twenty-five feet in length by eight in width and three in depth, more than twenty human beings were conveyed. There are two very clumsy paddles by which the boat is slowly propelled, and it is steered by another paddle in the stern. The post of steerer is usually occupied by an old man, who is unable any more to manage the kia, but is still capable of guiding the oomiak, and of throwing a knife, a harpoon, a seal hook, or anything that may come to hand, at the women, if they neglect their paddling.

To each oomiak there can be attached a very primitive mast, with its sail. The mast is but a short one, and is stepped in the fore-

part of the boat. Toward the top it is pierced, and in the hollow is placed a sheave, or deeply grooved wheel of ivory, on which the halyards run. The sail is that simplest of all sails, the lug, and is made of the intestines of the walrus, split open so as to form strips of some four inches in width. These strips are sewed together, and produce a sail which is remarkable both for its strength and its extreme lightness. The reader will doubtless have noticed the singular contrast between the canoes of the hot and cold parts of the world. In the former, the canoe and sails are entirely of vegetable materials, without a particle of hide, sinew, or any animal product; while, in the latter, the animal world furnishes almost the whole of the materials.

We now come to the sledge, which is quite as important to the Esquimaux as the canoe. The materials and form of the sledge differ exceedingly, so that in these respects no two sledges are alike, while the principle is identical in all. A sledge is nothing more than two runners, connected with each other by a number of cross-pieces, on which the driver can sit and the goods be packed.

The best sledges are those in which the runners are made from the jaw-bone of a whale, sawn into narrow planks and cut into the proper shape. They are always shod with a strip of the same material. Others are made of wood, shod with bone, and in these cases the wooden part is usually in several pieces, which are lashed together with hide thongs. In the winter, the hide of the walrus is often used for runners. It is fully an inch in thickness, and, when frozen, is very much stronger than a board of the same thickness.

When neither wood, bone, nor walrus skin can be procured, the Esquimaux is still at no loss for runners. He cuts long strips of seal skin, and sews the edges of each strip together, so as to make two long tubes. The tubes are next filled with moss and earth, and water is then poured into them. In a minute or two they are frozen as hard as stone, and are then ready to form the runners of a sledge. The lower edge of the runner, whether it be of bone, wood, or skin, is always shod with a coating of ice, which is renewed as soon as it is worn off by friction, which not only causes the sledge to glide faster over the frozen surface, but preserves the valuable material of the runners from being rubbed to pieces.

The cross-bars of the sledge are generally of bone. They project a little beyond the runners on either side, and are so arranged that the sledge is narrower in front than behind. They are not lashed too tightly, as they are required to yield to the jerks and continual strain which the sledge undergoes in its travels.

The sledge is drawn by a team of dogs, varying from seven to ten, or even more, ac-

cording to the weight to be carried. They are very simply harnessed to it by a strong cord, or trace, made of seal hide, the trace of the leading dog being considerably longer than that of any of the others. Being accustomed to the work of the sledge, as soon as they can walk, their training is very complete, and a good team will do almost anything but speak.

A team of seven dogs drew a heavy sledge, full of men, a mile in four minutes and a half; and Captain Lyon mentions that three dogs drew him the same distance in six minutes, the weight of the sledge being one hundred pounds. Several times, when returning to the ships, the sagacious animals brought him and his companions safely to the vessels, though the night was pitchy dark and the snow-drift blowing about in clouds. They kept their noses to the ground, and galloped on at full speed, in absolute certainty of their proper line.

The dogs are guided, not by reins, but by a whip, the lash of which is from eighteen to thirty feet in length, and the handle only one foot in length, much like the stock-whip of Australia. A skilful driver makes but little use of the whip when he has a good team of dogs, but guides the animals partly by his voice, and partly by flinging the lash of the whip on one side or other of the leader, who perfectly understands the signal. When they are required to stop, the driver gives a cry almost exactly like the "Woa!" of our own country. He then throws the lash gently over their backs, when they all lie down, and will remain conched in the snow for hours even, during their master's absence.

The worst of these dogs is that they are very quarrelsome, and are apt to snap and snarl at each other as they gallop along. Sometimes a dog will be exasperated with a bite, and turn furiously on his assailant, when a general fight takes place, the whole of the dogs tumbling over each other, and entangling the traces in a manner that none but an Esquimaux could hope to disentangle. A plentiful application of whip is then made, which is always resented by the dog that receives the stroke. He chooses to think that his next neighbor has hurt him, and so bites his ear. Sometimes a dog is so unruly that the driver is obliged to use his last argument. Making a little hole in the snow with the toe of his boot, he presses the dog's snout into it, and pounds away at it with the ivory handle of his whip. The dog never howls, nor tries to release himself, but only utters a low whine. Such a punishment never has to be repeated, and the dog always goes quietly for the rest of the day.

The endurance of these animals is wonderful. They are kept in the open air when the temperature is from thirty to forty degrees below zero. They are very ill fed, being forced to content themselves with

the bones of fish and seals, scraps of hide, and such very few fragments as their masters cannot devour. Consequently they are always hungry, and can eat almost anything. Captain Hall mentions that in one night they ate a whiplash thirty feet long, and that on one occasion a single dog ate in seven seconds a piece of walrus hide and blubber six feet long and an inch and a half square.

Yet, in spite of all the hardships which they undergo, they can endure almost any amount of fatigue without appearing to be the worse for it, and a team has been known to eat nothing for at least forty-eight hours, to traverse some seventy miles of ground, and yet to return to their homes apparently as fresh as when they set out.

Many of them are possessed of singular intelligence, especially those which are trained to chase the seal, the bear, or the deer. One of these dogs, named Barbekark, belonging to Captain Hall, actually killed a deer himself, took one morsel from the neck, and then went home and fetched his master to the spot where he had left the dead deer. He had a brother that equally distinguished himself in seal catching. He was the leading dog in the team, and once, while drawing a sledge, he caught sight of a seal on the ice. He immediately dashed forward at full speed, and just as the seal was plunging into the water, caught it by the hind flippers. The seal struggled frantically to escape, but the dog retained his hold, and, aided by his fellows, dragged the seal firmly on the ice, when it was secured by his master.

A very amusing example of the intelligence of these dogs is related by Captain Hall. He fed the dogs on "capellus," a small dried fish, and used to make them stand in a circle round him, so that each received a capelin in turn. "Now Barbekark, a young and shrewd dog, took it into his head that he would play a white man's trick. So every time he received his fish he would back square out, move a distance of three or four dogs, and force himself in line again, thus receiving double the share of any other dog. But this joke of Barbekark's bespoke too much of the game many men play upon their fellow-beings, and, as I noticed it, I determined to check his doggish propensities. Still, the amusing and the singular way in which he evidently watched me induced a moment's pause in my intention.

"Each dog thankfully took his capelin as his turn came round, but Barbekark, finding his share came twice as often as his companions, appeared to shake his tail twice as thankfully as the others. A twinkle in his eyes as they caught mine seemed to say, 'Keep dark; these ignorant fellows don't know the game I'm playing. I am confoundedly hungry! Seeing my face smiling at his trick, he now commenced making another change, thus getting three portions to each of the others'





(1.) THE KAJAK AND ITS MANAGEMENT. (See page 134.)



(2.) ESQUIMAUX SLEDGE DRIVING. (See pages 1345, 1346.)

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one. This was enough, and it was now time for me to reverse the order of Barbekark's game by playing a trick upon him.

"Accordingly, every time I came to him he got no fish, and though he changed his position three times, yet he got nothing. Now, if ever there was a picture of disappointed plans — of envy at others' fortunes, and sorrow at a sad misfortune — it was to be found in that dog's countenance as he watched his companions receiving their allowance. Finding that he could not succeed by any change of his position, he withdrew from the circle to where I was, and came to me, crowding his way between my legs, and looked up in my face as if to say, 'I have been a very bad dog. Forgive me, and Barbekark will cheat his brother dogs no more. Please, sir, give me my share of capelins.' I went the rounds three times more, and let him have the fish, as he had shown himself so sagacious, and so much like a repentant prodigal dog."

MARRIAGE among the Esquimaux is of the very simplest description, and is generally arranged by the parents of the bride and bridegroom, the latter having nothing to do with the affair. There is no marriage ceremony, the parties merely going to live in the same igloo. A man may, and often does, have several wives, and in this case one of them takes the position of the chief, or igloo wife, and is supreme under her husband. She has the largest lamp, the best bed, and the best provision. But she also has the entire management of the household, such as cooking the food, and drying the clothes on the "dry-net." This is by no means a sinecure, as it forces her to rise many times in the night for the purpose of turning the clothes and drying them equally. She also has to see that the boots are properly "milled."

After a child is born, the mother is obliged to confine herself to her own igloo for some months, and when the allotted time has expired, she throws off all the clothing which she has worn, and never wears it again. She then dresses herself in a totally new suit of clothes, and visits in succession the inhabitants of every igloo. If a second or third child be born, a separate igloo is always built for the mother, to which she repairs before the birth of the child, and in which she remains until the customary time has elapsed and she is able to call upon her neighbors.

The children begin their education at a very early age; the boys being taught to paddle the *kia*, to hunt and to fish, and to build igloos; while the girls learn to row the women's boat, to dress skins, to manage the lamp, to cook, and perform the multitudinous tasks that fall to their lot. The carving of the Esquimaux women is wonderfully good. They make spirited, though conventional, imitations of fish, chicks, dogs, and various animals, from ivory, using in the manufac-

ture nothing but a knife. In the earlier days, before white men visited them, the Esquimaux were obliged to rely entirely upon flint as a material for their knives, which were exactly like those of the ancient and perished races. In chopping the flakes off the flint, the Esquimaux employed a very simple instrument, the use of which showed an exact knowledge of the fracture-line of flint. It is made of bone and ivory, and is about six inches in length. Iron, indeed, is of so late introduction, that when Captain Lyon visited the natives, in 1821, he could purchase a complete harpoon, with its ivory head, float, and line, for a nail; while a knife would purchase a *kia*, or indeed anything that was asked in exchange for it.

As may be inferred from the climate, the games of the Esquimaux are but few. They are wonderful experts at a sort of "cat's-cradle," producing with a piece of string imitations of seals, reindeer, ducks, canoes, and other objects. The little ivory models of ducks and other animals, which have already been mentioned, are used in several of the native games.

Their dances are remarkable for their simplicity, the dancer inventing the steps according to his own taste. There is a dance in which a number of women stand in a ring, with their hands under the front flaps of their jackets, and sing, with half-closed eyes, the inevitable *Amna-aya* song; these are the band. The dancers are represented by one man, who takes his place in the middle of the ring, swings his head and arms from side to side, his long, lank hair flapping in the wind, while he utters sharp yells at intervals, and occasionally flings one leg as high as his thick garments permit.

The women have a special dance of their own, which consists in kneeling on the ground, leaping to their feet as fast as they can. This is really a difficult task when the heavy and clumsy boots are taken into consideration. Sometimes the men challenge each other to dance, and in that case the challenge is accepted by employing the "koonik," or national salutation, which is given by rubbing the noses together, and inhaling strongly through the nostrils.

With regard to religion, the Esquimaux seem to have no very definite idea of the subject, except that they believe in a future existence, in a heaven and a hell — the latter being, according to their ideas, dark, full of ice, with snow-storms always blowing, and no seals. They have also a hazy description of a Supreme Being, and a secondary female divinity, the special protector of the Esquimaux.

By way of worship, they have sundry medicine men, or "angekos," as they are called, who go through a series of strange ceremonies on various occasions, such as illness, or when a party is setting out on a hunting expedition. They make the people

pay heavily for their services, and rule with a rod of iron, so that no Esquimaux is likely to retain possession of any valuable piece of property if an angeko should happen to be in the neighborhood. They act upon a very simple and intelligent principle, namely, that the amount of success in "ankooting," or divining, is in exact ratio with the amount of pay.

Sometimes, in order to impress awe upon their victims, the angekos go through a series of imposing ceremonies, the performance of which infers a vast amount of practice. By the present of a knife and some beads, Captain Lyon induced a celebrated angeko, named Toolemak, to have an interview with a Tornga, or familiar spirit, in the cabin of the ship.

"All light excluded, our sorcerer began by chanting to his wife with great vehemence, and she, in return, answered by singing the Amna-aya (the favorite song of the Esquimaux), which was not discontinued during the whole ceremony. As far as I could learn, he afterward began turning himself rapidly round, and, in a loud, powerful voice, vociferated for Tornga with great impatience, at the same time blowing and snorting like a walrus. His noise, impatience, and agitation increased every moment, and he at length seated himself on the deck, varying his tones, and making a rustling with his clothes.

"Suddenly the voice seemed smothered, and was so managed as to sound as if retreating beneath the deck, each moment becoming more distant, and ultimately giving the idea of being many feet below the cabin, where it ceased entirely. His wife, now, in answer to my queries, informed me very seriously that he had dived, and that he would send up Tornga.

"Accordingly, in about half a minute, a distant blowing was heard very slowly approaching, and a voice which differed from that which we at first had heard was at times mixed with blowing, until at length both sounds became distinct, and the old woman informed me that Tornga was come to answer my questions. I accordingly asked several questions of the sagacious spirit, to each of which inquiries I received an answer by two loud slaps on the deck, which I was given to understand was favorable.

"A very hollow yet powerful voice, certainly much different from the tones of Toolemak, now chanted for some time, and a strange jumble of hisses, groans, shouts, and gabblings like a turkey succeeded in rapid succession. The old woman sang with increased energy, and, as I took it for granted that this was all intended to astonish the Kabloona, I cried repeatedly that I was very much afraid. This, as I expected, added fuel to the fire, until the form immortal, exhausted by its own might, asked leave to

retire. The voice gradually sank from our hearing, as at first, and a very indistinct hissing succeeded. In its advance, it sounded like the tone produced by the wind upon the bass-cord of an Æolian harp; this was soon changed to a rapid hiss, like that of a rocket, and Toolemak, with a yell, announced his return. I held my breath at the first distant hissing, and twice exhausted myself; yet our conjuror did not once respire, and even his returning and powerful yell was uttered without a previous stop or inspiration of air.

"Light being admitted, our wizard, as might be expected, was in a profuse perspiration, and certainly much exhausted by his exertions, which had continued for at least half an hour. We now observed a couple of bunches, each consisting of two strips of white deer-skin and a long piece of sinew, attached to the back of his coat. These we had not seen before, and were informed that they had been sewed on by Tornga while he was below." A similar exhibition has been seen by several travellers, and they have expressed their astonishment at the length of time during which an angeko can howl, hiss, and gabble without taking breath.

While he is below the earth, the angeko is supposed to visit the habitation of the particular spirit whom he is addressing, and sometimes gives a detailed account of the places in which he has been, and of their inhabitants. One female spirit, for example, is called Aywilliayoo. She commands all the bears, whales, seals, and walruses by means of her right hand. So, when there is a scarcity of provisions, the angeko makes a visit to Aywilliayoo and attacks her hand. If he can cut off her nails, the bears immediately are set free, the loss of one finger joint liberates the small seals, the second joint sends the large seals, the knuckles free the whole herds of walrus, while the entire hand liberates the whale.

In figure this spirit is very tall, and has only one eye and one pigtail, but this is as large as a man's leg, and descends to her knee. Her house is a very fine one, but Toolemak did not venture to enter it, because it was guarded by a huge dog with black hind-quarters and no tail. Her father is no larger than a boy of ten years old, and he has but one arm, which is always covered with a large bear's-skin mitten. His house is also handsome, but its entrance is guarded by troops of bears and walruses, who keep up a continual growling.

Unfortunately for his own credit, Toolemak got drunk one evening, as he might well be, having consumed in succession nearly ten glasses of rum, or "hot water," as he was pleased to call it. During his intoxication he became very good-natured, and betrayed the secrets of his magic art, showing how he altered his voice by covering his face with his hands and then with

his jacket, as if it could reach to any depth. He then, by drinking one gill of rum, became sober, and walked to his cabin.

Sometimes the Esquimaux are annoyed when a man is in the cabin, and they make a great noise, and are very remarkable in their behavior.

a spirit sitting in the cabin, making him find it very difficult to drive his nails into the wood, raising a blowing sound. He resumed his work, and would induce him to raise the edge of the spirit.

THE ESQUIMAUX. Of drawing of perspective sketches to from memory, really and there are sketches of one which on wood represents the hood in execution stages of the most striking fidelity with texture of the fur coat and the whale admirably.

Of music the Esquimaux have an aya song, and they play a drum, called a thing like a very thin whale's lip, wooden hoop, and the members.

As a nation good qualities. There are and such. But the Esquimaux leave the earth that not. Now, to a more valuable would be Esquimaux these articles.

his jacket, so as to make the voice appear as if it came from a continually increasing depth. He finished this singular exhibition by drinking in succession eleven pints and one gill of water, and within a few minutes became sober enough to leave the ship and walk to his sledge.

Sometimes the Esquimaux say that they are annoyed by spirits. On one occasion when a man nicknamed Kettle was eating in Captain Lyon's cabin, he became uneasy, and frequently ceased eating, a very remarkable circumstance in a hungry Esquimaux. Presently he said that there was a spirit sitting on the opposite side of the cabin, making grimaces at him, and preventing him from eating. He asked leave to drive his tormenter away, which he did by raising a long, bellowing sound, and then blowing sharply on the ends of his fingers. He resumed his meal quietly, and nothing would induce him to blow on his fingers or raise the execrable yell again, on the ground that the spirit was no longer to be seen.

THE Esquimaux possess wonderful powers of drawing. They know scarcely anything of perspective, but they can make their sketches tell their own tale; while in drawing from memory a chart of a coast, their skill is really admirable. In Captain Hall's book there are fac-similes of several native charts and sketches, the most curious of which is one which was not only drawn but engraved on wood by the native draughtsman. It represents a woman with a child nestling in the hood behind her back, and is quite equal in execution to wood-cutting in the earlier stages of the art. The point about it which most strikes a practised eye is the force and fidelity with which the artist has marked the texture of the different parts of the dress; the fur coat and trowsers edged with leather, and the white-edged, fur-lined hood, are most admirably managed.

Of music and musical instruments the Esquimaux know little. They have the Annay-song, which has already been mentioned, and they possess one national musical instrument, called the "keeloun." This is something like a tambourine, being formed of a very thin deer skin, or the envelope of the whale's liver, stretched over one side of a wooden hoop. A handle is attached to the hoop, and the instrument is struck, not upon the membrane, but upon the hoop.

As a nation they are remarkable for two good qualities, honesty and hospitality. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule, and such is the case with the Esquimaux. But the early voyagers found that they might leave their knives and axes on shore, and that not one of them would be touched. Now, to an Esquimaux a steel knife or axe is more valuable than a box full of sovereigns would be to us, and the honesty of the Esquimaux was as much tried by the sight of these articles as would be that of our London

poor if a heap of sovereigns were left lying on the pavement.

As to hospitality, their food is considered to be merely common property, so that if one of the Esquimaux should kill a seal, all his friends and neighbors assemble as a matter of course to assist in eating it; and even though the family of the successful hunter should be starving, he will nevertheless invite all his friends to partake of the food. In this way, it often happens that an entire seal barely affords a single meal to all who come to share it.

FUNERALS among the Esquimaux are rather variable in their forms. Generally, when a sick person is on the point of death, a new igloo is built, and carefully fitted with lamp, provisions, and other furniture. The dying person is carried in—not through the regular doorway, but through a breach in the wall—placed on the couch, the lamp lighted, and the provisions laid ready to hand. The attendants then leave the igloo, build up the openings, and never trouble themselves again about the sick person. The principal reason why the dying are left alone is, that if the relatives are in the igloo at the moment of death, they are obliged to throw away the dresses which they were wearing, and never to wear them again. None of them can tell the reason for this strange belief, but it is so strongly ingrained that no argument can induce them to abandon it.

Sometimes the body of a dead person is simply buried in a hole scooped in the snow, and sometimes it is laid upon a ledge of rock, accompanied by the lamp, kettle, knives, spears, and dresses which the deceased used while in life. When a child dies, all its toys are placed with it in the grave, that it may be supplied with them in the next world.

The demeanor of the Esquimaux with regard to their dead is a most extraordinary mixture of affection and unconcern. After having buried the body, whether alive or dead does not matter, they care nothing about it, and this strange insensibility is even displayed before the burial. For example, a man's wife had died, leaving a child of a few weeks old, which in a short time followed its mother. The father was very sorrowful for his dying child, and was seen in the night lifting the curtains of its bed as it lay ill on board ship, and sighing deeply. But, on the next day, when he came to the ship, he made no scruple of laying his meat on the body of the child, and using it as a table at breakfast.

Once, when Captain Lyon visited the grave where an Esquimaux named Pekooya had been laid, he found that the wolves and dogs had uncovered the body, and had eaten a considerable portion of it. He was naturally shocked at the scene, but the natives treated it with absolute indifference, and though the father and a brother of Pekooya were witnesses of the desecration, they would not cover up the mangled body, and only laughed

when Captain Lyon remonstrated with them. Moreover, when the body was buried, it was covered so slightly with snow that the first day's thaw would melt off all the snow, and leave it to the merey of the dogs.

Judging from such a fact as this, it might be thought that the Esquimaux have but little natural affection, and that they are indifferent to the loss of their nearest relatives. Such, however, is not the case. An Esquimaux never passes the grave of an acquaintance without depositing a piece of meat as an offering, and the surviving relatives often visit the burying-place of their dead, and sit there for hours, talking to them as if they were still alive. On comparing all the conflicting accounts respecting the Esquimaux and their dead, it seems likely that they consider the dead body as something that the deceased once possessed, but cast away at death, and that, as their departed friend abandoned the body, they need take no trouble about so worthless an article.

If the reader will refer to the illustration on page 1347, he will see that the horizon is illuminated by strange and wild-looking flashes of light. These represent the Aurora Borealis, as it often appears in those parts, — not pale and flickering as we see it in these comparatively southern regions, but blazing with all imaginable hues, and giving out a light that stands the natives in stead of the sun, which in those latitudes is absent for months at a time. The glory and magnificence of these displays can only be described by those who have seen them, and very inadequately even by such.

There is an account given by Captain Hall of one of these marvellous exhibitions:—"I had gone on deck several times to look at the beautiful scene, and at nine o'clock was below in my cabin, when the captain hailed me with these words, '*Come above, Hall, come at once! THE WORLD IS ON FIRE.*'"

"I knew his meaning, and quick as thought I re-dressed myself, scrambled over several sleeping Innuits close to my berth, and rushed to the companion stairs. In another moment I reached the deck, and as the cabin door swung open, a dazzling and overpowering light, as if the world were really ablaze under the agency of some gorgeously colored fires, burst upon my startled senses. How can I describe it? Again I say, *No mortal hand can truthfully do so.* Let me however, in feeble, broken words, put down my thoughts at the time, and try to give some faint idea of what I saw.

"My first thought was, '*Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O Lord; neither are any works like unto Thy works!*' Then I tried to picture the scene before me. Piles of golden light and rainbow light, scattered along the azure vault, extended from behind the western horizon to the zenith; thence down to the eastern, within a belt of space, 20° in width, were the fountains of beams,

like fire-threads, that shot with the rapidity of lightning hither and thither, upward and athwart the great pathway indicated. No sun, no moon, yet the heavens were a glorious sight, flooded with light. Even ordinary print could easily have been read on deck.

"*Flooded with rivers of light! Yes, flooded with light; and such light! Light all but inconceivable.* The golden hues predominated, but in rapid succession *prismatic* colors leaped forth. We looked, we saw, and trembled; for as we gazed, the whole belt of aurora began to be alive with flashes. Then each pile or bank of light became myriads; some were dropping down the great pathway or belt; others springing up, others leaping with lightning flash from one side, while more as quickly passed into the vacated space; some twisting themselves into folds, entwining with others like enormous serpents, and all these movements as quick as the eye could follow.

"It seemed as if there were a struggle with these blazing lights to reach and occupy the dome above our heads. Then the whole arch above became crowded. Down, down it came; nearer and nearer it approached us. Sheets of golden flame, corrugating while lapsing from the auroral belt, seemed as if met in their course by some mighty agency that turned them into the colors of the rainbow, each of the seven primary colors 3° in width, sheeted out to 21°.

"While the auroral fires seemed to be descending upon us, one of our number could not help exclaiming, —

"*Hark! hark! such a display! almost as if a warfare were going on among the beautiful lights above — so palpable — so near — it seems impossible without noise.*"

"But no noise accompanied this wondrous display. All was silence. . . .

"I would here make the remark that the finest displays of the aurora only last a few moments. Though it may be playing all night, yet it is only now and then that its grandest displays are made. As if marshalling forces, gaining strength, compounding material, it continues on its silent workings. At length it begins its trembling throes; beauty anon shoots out here and there, when all at once the aurora flashes into living hosts of powdered coruscating rainbows, belting to the heavenly dome with such gorgeous grandeur that mortals sometimes tremble to behold."

These wonderful aerial phenomena are characteristic of the Arctic regions. One of the most extraordinary appearances in the sky is called the Parhelion, or Mock Sun. It assumes various and most astounding forms, the sun appearing in the middle, and being surrounded with dimmer imitations of itself, round which run circular bands of light. There seems, indeed, to be no end to the extraordinary modifications of aerial effects which take place in these regions.

Captain Hall, among which distorted bodies, limb all crumpled whole appeared a man under

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Captain Hall described many of them, among which may be mentioned a moon distorted beyond all recognition, its lower limb all crushed and shapeless, and the whole appearance of the planet like that of a man under the influence of liquor.

Then the refractive powers of the atmosphere produce most wonderful effects, destroying all perspective, and bringing into sight all kinds of objects which, by the ordinary laws of optics, are far out of sight. All sailors are familiar with the appearance of a vessel high in the air, sailing, as it were, through the sky with her keel in the clouds, and the tops of her masts pointing downward. In these regions the refractive powers are even terrible to accustomed eyes, so wonderful are the sights presented to them.

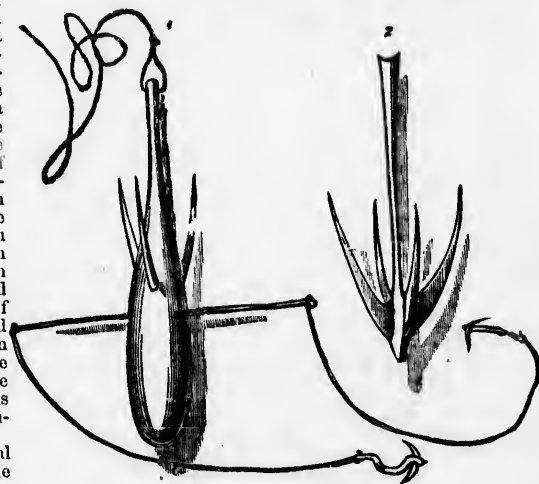
In one of these strange exhibitions, witnessed by Captain Hall, a vast white inverted pyramid seemed to form in the sky, and at every roll of the vessel to dip into the sea. Presently "some land that was seventy-five miles distant, and the top of it only barely seen in an ordinary way, had its rocky base brought full in view. The whole length of this land in sight was the very symbol of distortion.

"Pendant from an even line that stretched across the heavens was a *ridge of mountains*. Life hangs upon a little thread, but what think you of mountains hanging upon a thread? In my fancy I said, 'If Fate had decreed one of the Sisters to cut that thread while I witnessed the singular spectacle, what convulsions upon the land and sea about us might not have followed!' But Nature had an admirable way of taking down these rock-giants, hanging between the heavens and the earth. Arch after arch was at length made in wondrous grandeur from the rugged and distorted atmospheric land; and, if ever man's eye rested upon the sublime, in an act of God's creative power, it was when He recreated the heavens with such a line of stupendous mountains.

"Between those several mountain arches in the sky were hung icebergs, also inverted, moving

silently and majestically about as the sea-currents shifted those along of which they were the images. In addition to all this there was a *wall of water*, so it appeared, far beyond the apparent horizon. This wall seemed alive with merry dancers of the most fantastic figures that the imagination could conceive, and its perpendicular columns were ever playfully changing. Oh, how exquisitely beautiful was this God-made, living wall! A thousand youthful forms of the fairest outline seemed to be dancing to and fro, their white arms intertwined, bodies incessantly varying, intermixing, falling, rising, jumping, skipping, hopping, whirling, waltzing, resting, and again rushing to the mazy dance—never tired—ever playful—ever light and airy, graceful, and soft to the eye."

Such, then, is a brief account of the remarkable and interesting Inuit people—a people which, according to the observation of Captain Hall, are gradually dying out, and in a few more years will cease to exist.



WRIST-GUARD AND HOOKS. (See page 1343.)

CHAPTER CXLII.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

THE AHTS AND NEIGHBORING TRIBES.

DEFINITION OF THE AHT TRIBES—APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES—STRENGTH OF GRASP—PECULIARITY OF THE LEGS—GAIT OF THE WOMEN—SPEED OF THE MEN—DANCE—THE LIP ORNAMENT OF THE WOMEN—CLOTHING—THE BOAT CLOAK AND HAT—WEAPONS—THE BOW AND ARROW—INGENIOUS CONSTRUCTION OF THE BOW—ITS BACKING OF ELASTIC STRINGS—THE ARROWS AND THEIR SPIRAL FEATHERING—THE FISH SPEAR AND HARPOON ARROWS—THE HALIBUT HOOK—VARIOUS MODES OF HUNTING—SALMON SPEARING BY TORCHLIGHT—THE HERRING RAKE—HOW TO KEEP THE BOAT FROM SINKING—THE WHALE FISHERY.

BEFORE leaving this part of the world, we will cast a brief glance at the tribes which inhabit Vancouver's Island. They are singularly interesting, inasmuch as they combine some of the habits which distinguish the Esquimaux with others of the North American tribes, and add to them several of the customs which have been already noticed among the Polynesians, their insular position and peculiar climate no doubt affording the cause for this curious mixture.

As a type of these tribes, we will take the AHTS, though other tribes will be casually mentioned. The Ahts may rather be called a nation than a tribe, being divided into some twenty tribes, the names of which all end in "aht," as, for example, Ohyah, Muchlah, Ayhnttsaht, Toquaht, etc. Altogether they number about seventeen hundred. They do not, however, act together as a nation, and each tribe is perfectly distinct, and often at war with another.

They are not a tall people, the men averaging a little less than five feet six inches, and the women being just above five feet. Possibly, from the continual paddling which they practise almost from childhood, the upper limbs of an Aht are exceedingly strong, so strong, indeed, that a slight-looking native can carry with ease on his extended fingers a weight which a white man can scarcely lift. Their power of grasp, probably from the same cause, is more like the grip of a machine than the grasp of a man; and those who have had to fight with them

have found that if once an Aht be allowed to seize either the clothing or the hair, the only way to loosen his grasp is to knock him down with a blow in the throat or in the ribs—he cares nothing for a blow on the head.

When he comes to such close quarters in a quarrel, he has an awkward habit of grasping the enemy with one hand, and using with the other a knife which he has kept concealed in his long hair. Fortunately for his white opponent, so extraordinary a proceeding as a blow from the fist, which deprives him for a time of breath, bewilders and alarms him to such an extent that he seldom risks its repetition.

The legs of the Aht tribes are, as a rule, short, ill-made, bowed, and apparently deficient in power. This peculiarity is especially noticeable in the women, whose legs are so bowed, and whose toes are so turned inward, that they waddle rather than walk, and at every step they are obliged to cross their feet as a parrot does. The legs of the inland tribes are, as a rule, better developed than those of the inhabitants of the coast. Yet these unsightly limbs are by no means deficient in power. An Aht, powerfully built above, will step out of his canoe, and exhibit a pair of legs scarcely as thick as his arms, and yet he will walk in the woods for a whole day without showing any signs of fatigue.

Owing to this form of limb, the natives, though enduring enough, are not swift of foot, and can be easily overtaken by a white

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man on the open ground, notwithstanding the impediments of clothing, and especially of shoes, which hinder the progress of the pursuer, the pursued usually throwing off the only garment that he wears. Should he once reach the woods, pursuit is useless, as no white man can follow a naked native in them.

The color of the Ahts is a dull, but not dark, brown. Their face is broad and flat, the nose tolerably well formed when it is not dragged out of shape by rings and other ornaments, and the cheek-bones are strongly marked and broad, but not high. There is very little hair on the faces of the men, but that of the head is long, straight, and is generally allowed to hang loosely over the shoulders, though it is sometimes gathered into a knot at the back of the head, merely covered by a cap or a wreath of grass. They are very proud of their hair, so that when an Aht has been guilty of some offence which is not very serious, the best punishment is to cut off his hair, inasmuch as he will be an object of constant ridicule until it has grown again. The women divide their hair in the middle, and tie it in two plaits, one of which hangs at each side of the face, and often has a piece of lead suspended to the end to keep it straight. Mr. Sproat thinks that the physical characteristics of the Ahts have been modified by means of a large importation of Chinese, which took place about the end of the last century, and remarks that the peculiar Chinese eye is sometimes seen among these natives. Still, even if this be the fact, the modification can be but slight, as both people are undoubtedly members of the same great race, though altered by the conditions in which they have respectively been placed.

Some of the women have a hideously ugly ornament which they wear in their under lip, just as do the Botocudos of Tropical America. This practice exists only among the northern tribes, where it is carried out to an enormous extent. As the size of the ornament is gradually increased from childhood, the lip of an old woman will contain an oval ornament three inches long by two wide. There is a shallow groove round the edge so as to keep it in its place, and both sides are slightly concave. Sometimes it is used as a spoon, the woman putting on it a piece of meat that is too hot, and, when it is cool, turning it into her mouth by a contraction of the lip.

The value that is set upon this horrible disfigurement is almost ludicrous, a woman's rank being due to the size of her lip ornament. Possibly, on account of the long time which must be occupied in stretching the orifice in the lip to the required size, the opinion of a woman with a large lip is always held in respect; and, if she should be opposed by a younger person of her own sex, she will contemptuously decline to enter

into argument with a woman who has so small a lip. Some of them wear a shell ornament, like the stem of a clay tobacco-pipe, one or two inches long, stuck through the lip and projecting forward at a considerable angle with the chin. This ornament is called the *hai-qua*.

As for clothing, the men wear a sort of robe made by themselves, for which they have in later days substituted an European blanket. They are not at all particular as to the disposal of this robe, and even if it should fall off do not trouble themselves. The women also wear the blanket, but always have a small apron in addition to it. In their canoes they wear a cape. It is made of cedar-bark string, and is woven in nearly the same manner as the mat of the New Zealander, which has already been described; namely, by stretching the warp threads parallel to each other on a frame, and tying them together at intervals with a cross-thread which represents the woof. A specimen in my collection has the cross-threads at intervals of half an inch.

It is shaped exactly like the cross section of a boat, straight above, and rounded below. It measures five feet three inches in width, and three feet six inches in depth in the centre. As is usual with such robes, the upper edge is adorned with a strip of marten fur a quarter of an inch wide, wound spirally round the selvage so as to form quite a thick rope of fur. These capes are the work of the women, who have the manufacture of all the clothing. Fur bags are made by the simple process of skinning the marten, the body being then extricated through a cut made across the abdomen just below the tail. As the skin comes off it is reversed, and when dry and properly dressed it is turned with the fur outward, and the bag is complete, the tail serving as a handle. One of these bags in my collection was presented to me by Lieut. Pusey.

The woof thread is also made of the white pine bark, and the needle is nothing more than a sharpened twig. The same useful materials are also employed for the curious hats which the natives wear in their canoes. These hats are made on the principle of the sailors' "sou'-westers," and are fashioned so as to shoot rain off the shoulders. The outside of the hat is made of cedar bark, and the inside of white pine bark.

DEPENDING largely upon animal food for their nourishment, the Aht tribes are expert hunters, and make very ingenious weapons, some of which are shown in the illustrations on page 1357, drawn from my own specimens.

The bow and arrows used by these people are worthy of a brief description. The bow is an admirable specimen of savage art, and must be the result of long experience. It is four feet three inches in length, and made of one piece of wood. In general shape it re-

sembles the bow of the Andamans, though it is not of such gigantic dimensions. In the middle the wood is rounded, so as to form a handle which is nearly four inches in circumference. From the handle to the tips, the wood is gradually flattened and widened for about fourteen inches, where it is just two inches wide. From this point it gradually lessens again to the tip, which is rounded and thickened, so as to receive the notch for the string.

Were no addition made to the bow it would still be a very powerful weapon, but the maker has not been satisfied with the simple wood, and has strengthened it with a wonderfully complex arrangement of strings made of twisted sinews. In my specimen there are rather more than fifty of these strings, which are laid on the bow and interwoven with each other in a manner so strong and neat, that the most skilful sailer might be envious of such a piece of handiwork. Each of these strings is double, the two strands being about as large as thin whipcord, and when seen against the light they are quite translucent.

They are put on in the following manner. Two deep notches, parallel to the line of the bow, are made at each tip, these notches serving two purposes: first, the reception of the bow-strings, and next the support of the strengthening strings. Eight of the strings, measuring about eleven feet in length, have been doubled, the loop passed over the tip of the bow, and the strings led along the back over the corresponding notch at the other tip, and brought back to the middle. These strings lie parallel to each other, and form a flat belt from end end of the bow to the other. About an inch below the tip, three other sets of strings are fastened in a somewhat similar manner, so that four distinct layers of strings run throughout the length of the weapon.

Even these have not sufficed the maker, who has added six more layers starting from the widest and flattest part of the bow, so that nearly three feet of the centre of the weapon are strengthened by no less than twelve layers of sinew strings. By referring to the illustration, the reader will perceive the extreme ingenuity with which the strings are laid on the bow, so that whether the weapon be bent or unstrung, they all keep their places. So firmly are they lashed to the bow, that even when it is unstrung they are all as tight as harp strings.

The string of the bow is made of the same material as those which strengthen the back, and in consequence of the very great strength of the material, it is much thinner than the string of an ordinary archer's bow. It is made of two strands, each strand being about as large as the back strings.

By referring to illustration No. 3, on the next page, a good idea can be gained of this singularly ingenious weapon. At first the bow is seen as it appears when strung, fig. 3 giving a section of the wood. At fig. 2 is an enlarged representation of one end of the bow, so as to show the manner in which the various sets of strings are fastened. At the upper part are seen the strings which form the first layer, passing over the end of the bow, and filling up the notch in which they lie. Just below the tip come the second and third sets, which pass down the bow, where they are met by, and interwoven with, the remainder of the strings, the whole of them being gathered in the rope with its spiral building. This beautiful weapon was added to my collection by Lieut. Pusey, R. N.

The arrows are of various kinds, according to the object for which they are intended. That which is used for ordinary occasions is shown in the uppermost figure of the illustration. It is two feet three inches in length, and is headed with bone.



ARROWS.

There is a peculiarity about these arrows which is worthy of notice. Some time ago an arrow was patented in England, which had the feathers placed spirally upon the end of the shaft, so as to give it a rapidly revolving movement when discharged from the bow. The principle was exactly that of the screw which is applied to steam vessels; and those who used the arrow acknowledged that the spiral setting of the feathers not only increased the power of flight, but enabled the archer to drive his arrow through the

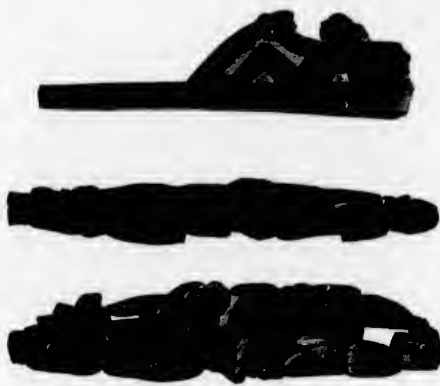
wind with greater ease and certainty than could be obtained with the ordinarily feathered arrow. There is a very old saying that there is nothing new under the sun, and this is the case with the arrow in question, the savages of Northern America having adopted the same principle long ago. In their arrows the feathers are set spirally, with a bold curve, and there is really no difference between the weapon of the savage and the toy of civilization, than the greater neatness and higher finish of the latter.

(1.) AHT F

(2.) BOW
(See p



(1.) AHT FISH-HOOK. (See page 1359.)



(2.) PIPES. (See page 1370.)



(3.) BOW OF THE AHTS.
(See page 1356.)



(4.) BEAVER MASK OF AHT TRIBE.
(See page 1365.)



(5.) HEADDRESS.
(See page 1365.)



(6.) PADDLES.
(See page 1363.)

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The lower figure represents the arrow which is used for killing fish. In this weapon the point is also of bone, but is very much longer, and is double, the two halves diverging considerably from each other, and being barbed on the inner surface. It is firmly lashed to the shaft, and their divergence is given by means of two pegs, which are driven between the shaft and the two portions of the point. If a fish be struck by this ingenious weapon, it cannot possibly escape, the elastic points contracting violently and holding the fish between them.

It is worthy of notice that a police spear made exactly on the same principle is used by the Malays. It consists of a handle some seven feet long, from the end of which project two diverging points. The inner side of each point is armed with a row of very sharp barbs, all directed backward. Thorns are often used for this purpose. Should a criminal try to escape, the police officer has only to thrust his spear against the back of the man's neck, when he is at once a prisoner, the barbed points effectually preventing him from escaping, even should the officer drop his weapon. The zoological reader will remember that the teeth of the snake and of many fish — the pike, for example — are set on exactly the same principle.

In some specimens the head is fitted loosely on the shaft, and connected with it by means of a string, which is wound spirally round it, and when the fish is struck the head is shaken off the shaft, which serves both as a drag to aid in tiring the fish, and as a float by which its presence may be indicated.

The most ingenious of these arrows is used for shooting seals and the larger fish, and is very elaborately constructed. It measures about four feet in length, and is almost deserving of the name of harpoon rather than arrow.

The shaft is made of very light wood, and is about as thick as a man's finger. At the butt-end it is feathered in the usual manner, and at the other it is terminated by a pear-shaped piece of bone an inch in diameter at the thickest part. Into the end of this bone is bored a small conical hole, which receives the head. This is also made of bone, and is very small in comparison with the arrow, and is furnished with two deeply cut barbs. As is the case with all harpoon weapons, the head is connected with the shaft by a line, but in this case there is a peculiarity about the line and its mode of attachment.

Instead of being a mere double-strand string, it is made of a number of fibres arranged in three strands, and plaited, not twisted together, so as to form a flat line, which possesses enormous strength combined with great elasticity and small size. The mode of attachment is as ingenious as the method of manufacture. The line is a double one, measuring twelve feet in length.

The line is first doubled, the loop is put through a hole in the point and over the head, so as to secure it, and the two halves of the line are then lashed together about eighteen inches from the point. One end is then fastened to the arrow just below the feathers, and the other to the shaft just above the bone tip. The object of this arrangement is evident. As soon as a seal is struck, it dashes off, shaking the shaft from the barbed head, which remains in its body. Were the line simply tied to the end of the shaft, the wounded creature would easily drag it through the water. But, as the line is fastened to each end of the shaft and to the head besides, when the latter transfixes a seal it is separated from the shaft, and the shaft is drawn crosswise through the water, presenting so great a resistance that the seal becomes exhausted with its unavailing struggles, and comes to the surface, where it is despatched with a second or third weapon.

Besides the harpoon and fish arrow, these people also use the hook (see page 1357), which is quite as ingenious in its way as the implements which have been described. The body of the hook is of wood, and is exactly in the shape of the capital letter U. The point bends slightly outward, and is charred at the tip to render it harder. It is also defended and strengthened by a band of very tough vegetable fibre, which covers it for about three inches. The barb is a piece of bone, about five inches in length, sharpened like a needle at the point. This barb is not attached to the point, as is the case with the generality of hooks, but is fastened to the shank, and is so long that its tip reaches to the middle of the hook.

At first sight this seems a very inadequate arrangement for securing fish, and looks as if the creature could easily slip off the unguarded point. If, however, the hook, which is a very large one, be tested, it will be found astonishingly efficacious. If the point be inserted between the fingers, as it would be inserted into the jaws of a fish, and then brought upward, it will be found that the sharp barb effectually prevents the hook from being withdrawn.

There is one effect of this mode of fixing the barb which may or may not have been intended. Should, by any accident, the line become entangled with the hook, and reverse it, the fish is quite as secure, the long, straight barb forming a second hook, to which it is transferred. The body of this hook is made of the Douglas pine, and it is brought into shape by steaming. The hook is chiefly used for catching the halibut, as, for some reason, the Ahts will not use a steel hook in the capture of this fish.

There is plenty of game, both large and small, in these regions, though the chase is in all cases a severe one, and tests not only the skill but the endurance of the hunter.

There is, for example, the black bear, which is a most valuable animal, its fur being used for clothing, and its flesh for food. Bear hunting is not carried on at all times of the year, but is generally followed toward the end of autumn, when the bears are fat, and about to enter their winter quarters. Sometimes the Ahts wait until the bear has gone into retirement, and then spear it in its winter home. Traps are in great favor, because they do not spoil the skin. They are very simple; the trap consisting of a tree trunk heavily loaded with stones, and suspended at one end over the animal's track. It is kept in position by a trigger, to which is attached a slight rope crossing the track. It is always placed in some spot where a large stump or the root of a fallen tree allows the trap to be set without disturbing the appearance of the track.

Then there are one or two deer, the largest of which is the wapiti, commonly but erroneously called the elk. The hunter generally takes it by following its track, and stalking it as it feeds, when the powerful bow drives an arrow to its heart. The skill of the hunter is shown as much after the deer is dead as during the actual chase. Captain Mayne mentions that he has seen a wapiti killed, and in a quarter of an hour it has been skinned, the whole of the flesh removed from the bones, and the skin converted into moccasins. The natives have rather a strange way of carrying the meat. At their first halt after killing a deer, they cut the meat into pieces two or three inches square, transfix them with a long stick, and carry the stick upon their shoulder, every now and then pulling off a piece and eating it as they go along. In this manner the flesh of a deer vanishes in a wonderfully short time. Very little meat is preserved, the Ahts generally eating it as soon as the animal is killed.

As to the fish, there are so many that only one or two can be mentioned. The salmon is the fish that seems to be the most valued by these fish-eating tribes, and it is caught, as with us, in a variety of ways. Sometimes the natives use a rather curious fish spear, about fifteen feet long in the shaft, and with a double head, made of wapiti bone. The head is only slightly fixed in the shaft, to which it is attached by a line, as in the harpoon arrow already described. Should the fish be a very heavy one, the hunter merely ties to the line a number of inflated bladders, and causes it to tire itself by useless struggles before he risks the fracture of the line or loss of the barbed head, one or both of which events would probably happen if he were to try to secure a fresh and powerful fish.

Sometimes, when the fish are plentiful, they are caught by dropping among them a stick armed with barbed points, and jerking it upward sharply, until it impales a fish on one or other of these points.

"Burning the water" is employed in catching salmon, and is carried on by two natives, one of whom paddles the canoe, while the other stands in the bow, where a torch is kept burning, and strikes the fish as they glide through the water. Mr. Sproat mentions that a single canoe has been known to bring back forty fine salmon as the result of a day's fishing. Salmon traps are also employed. These are made after a fashion closely resembling that of the eel-traps used in this country. They are double baskets, externally cylindrical, and are set with their mouths directed down the stream. When the fish try to pass up the stream they enter the basket, and, as the inner basket is very much shorter than the other, shaped like a sugar-loaf, the salmon finds itself imprisoned between them. Some of these baskets measure as much as twenty feet in length, and five feet in diameter, so that they will contain a considerable number of fish.

One of the oddest fishing instruments is that by which the herring is caught. This is a pole about ten feet in length, flattened at one end like the blade of an oar, and armed along the edge with projecting spikes. When the fisherman gets among a shoal of herrings, he plunges his pole into the mass of fish, draws it through them with a peculiar movement of the arms, so as to transfix the herrings on the spikes, and then shakes them into his boat. By this mode of fishing, which is called "herring-raking," great numbers of fish are taken, as well as by the net, which is ingeniously made from fibre obtained from a native nettle, which reaches eight or ten feet in height.

The Ahts are such keen fishermen that they will often endanger the safety of their canoes by the quantity of fish with which they will heap them, so that the gunwales are sunk within an inch or so of the water's edge. In calm weather they can manage well enough, even with such a burden as this; but if the wind should get up before they can reach the shore, the danger is very great. Should such an event happen, these enterprising fishermen will not throw their cargo overboard to save the boat, but will fasten all the spare floats round the canoe, so as to keep it from sinking even if it be filled with water.

There is scarcely any end to the use which is made by the Ahts of these floats, and with their aid they will attack and conquer even the gigantic whale. The following account of their mode of whale fishing is written by Mr. G. M. Sproat:—"A whale-chase is an affair of some moment. The kind of whale commonly seen on the coast was described by an old whaling skipper as 'finner,' in which there is not much oil. The season for fishing whales commences about the end of May or in June. Many whales are killed every season by the Nitinahs, who live principally on the seaboard near

Barclay or elsewhere, in summer in separate boats, the chiefs of the tribe.

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Barclay or Nitnahlt's Sound. This tribe has a custom, which I have not observed elsewhere, of separating during spring and summer into small parties, each under a separate head, but all still continuing under the chieftaincy of the principal chief of the tribe.

"Months beforehand preparations are made for the whale fishing, which is considered almost a sacred season. I particularly noticed this circumstance from having, in my boyhood, heard of the Manx custom, in which all the crews of the herring fleet invoke a blessing before 'shooting' their herring-nets. The honor of using the harpoon in an Aht tribe is enjoyed but by few,—about a dozen in the tribe,—who inherit the privilege. Instances, however, are known of the privilege having been acquired by merit.

"Eight or nine men, selected by the harpooner, form the crew of his canoe. For several moons before the fishing begins, these men are compelled to abstain from their usual food; they live away from their wives, wash their bodies morning, noon, and night, and rub their skins with twigs or a rough stone. If a canoe is damaged or capsized by a whale, or any accident happens during the fishing season, it is assumed that some of the crew have failed in their preparatory offices, and a very strict inquiry is instituted by the chief men of the tribe. Witnesses are examined, and an investigation made into the domestic affairs of the accused persons. Should any inculpatory circumstance appear, the delinquent is severely dealt with, and is often deprived of his rank and placed under a ban for months.

"When the whales approach the coast, the fishermen are out all day, let the wind blow high or not. The canoes have different cruising grounds, some little distance apart. The Indian whaling gear consists of harpoons, lines, inflated seal-skins, and wooden or bone spears. The harpoon is often made of a piece of the iron hoop of an ale cask, cut with a chisel into the shape of a harpoon blade, two bars fashioned from the tips of deer-horns being affixed to this blade with gum. Close to the harpoon the line is of deer sinews. To this the main line is attached, which is generally made of cedar twigs laid together as thick as a three-inch rope. Large inflated skins are fastened to this line about twelve feet from the

harpoon. The weapon itself is then tied slightly to a yew handle ten feet long.

"On getting close, the harpooner, from the bow of his canoe, throws his harpoon at the whale with full force. As soon as the barb enters, the fastening of the wooden handle, being but slight, breaks, and becomes detached from the line. The natives raise a yell, and the whale dives quickly, but the seal-skins impede his movements. Very long lengths of line are kept in the canoes, and sometimes the lines from several canoes are joined. On the re-appearance of the whale on the surface, he is attacked from the nearest canoe; and thus, finally, forty or fifty large buoys are attached to his body. He struggles violently for a time, and beats and lashes the water in all directions, until, weakened by loss of blood, and fatigued by his exertions, he ceases to struggle, and the natives despatch him with their short spears. The whale is then taken in tow by the whole fleet of canoes, the crews yelling and singing, and keeping time with their paddles.

"Sometimes, after being harpooned, the whale escapes, and takes ropes, harpoons, seal-skins, and everything with him. Should he die from his wounds, and be found by another tribe at sea, or on shore within the territorial limits of the finders, the instruments are returned to the losers, with a large piece of the fish as a present. Many disputes arise between tribes on the finding of dead whales near the undefined boundaries of the tribal territories. If the quarrel is serious, all intercourse ceases, trade is forbidden, and war is threatened. By and by, when the loss of trade is felt, negotiation is tried. An envoy is selected who is of high rank in his own tribe, and, if possible, connected with the other tribe by marriage. He is usually a quiet man of fluent speech. Wearing white eagle feathers in his head-dress as a mark of peace, he departs in a small canoe. Only one female attendant, generally an old slave, accompanies him, to assist in paddling, as the natives never risk two men on such occasions. The envoy's return is anxiously awaited. As a general rule, the first proposition is rejected. Objections, references, counter proposals, frequently make three or four embassies necessary before the question can be settled. By that time the blubber must be very rancid."



CANOE OF THE AHTS. (See page 1362.)

CHAPTER CXLIII.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND—Continued.

THE AHTS AND NEIGHBORING TRIBES—Continued.

MANUFACTURE OF CANOES—CORRECT EYE OF THE NATIVE BUILDERS—MATERIAL AND SHAPE OF THE PADDLE—MODE OF USING IT—PATTERN WITH WHICH IT IS DECORATED—"CUTTING" THE WAVES—SKILL AND ENDURANCE OF THE PADDLERS—ESCAPE OF A NATIVE—FEASTS AMONG THE AHT TRIBES—METHOD OF COOKING—THE WOODEN POTS AND HEATED STONES—HOW "THE INDIANS DIED"—DISTRIBUTION OF PROPERTY, AND ITS CONSEQUENT DESTRUCTION—SACRED CHARACTER OF A FEAST—THE SACRED MARKS—THE ARTIFICIAL SNOW-STORM—THE DOCTOR'S DANCE—ADMIRABLE ACTING—SIMULATED MURDER AND RECOVERY OF THE CORPSE—THE ROOF DANCE.

THE canoes in which the Aht tribes make their expeditions are carved out of solid wood. The tree which is employed for this purpose is a kind of cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), which flourishes by the sea. When a native wishes to make a canoe, he looks out for a good tree as near as possible to the water, and, with the assistance of a comrade, cuts it down. Now that he has European tools, he can fell a tree with some rapidity, but in the olden times, when his sole tool was a sort of chisel made of wapiti horn, it was a very slow process indeed. The only way of using this primitive instrument was by placing the edge of the chisel against the tree, and striking the butt with a heavy stone, shaped something like a dumb-bell.

The tree being felled, the bark is stripped off, and the trunk split lengthwise by wedges. The next process is to hollow out the inside, which is done entirely by hand, fire not being employed, as is the case with many savage tribes. The outside is then dubbed down to the proper thickness by means of an adze formed of a large mussel-shell fixed in a handle. In this work the natives use no measuring tools, but trust entirely to the eye; yet their work is so true that, when the boat is completed, it sits lightly on the water, and is well balanced. Any of my readers who have made even a toy boat will appreciate the difficulty of this task.

In about three weeks or so the canoe is roughly hewn and hollowed, and then comes

a more difficult business, namely, the bringing it into the peculiar shape which the Ahts think to be the best. This is done by filling the canoe with water, and throwing red-hot stones into it till the water boils. This part of the process is continued for a considerable time, until the wood is quite soft, and then a number of crosspieces are driven into the interior, so as to force the canoe into its proper shape, which it retains ever afterward.

While the canoe is still soft and comparatively pliant, several slight crosspieces are inserted, so as to counteract any tendency toward warping. The outside of the vessel is next hardened by fire, so as to enable it to resist the attacks of insects, and also to prevent it from cracking when exposed to the sun. Lastly, the bow and stem pieces are fixed to the canoe, and the interior is painted of some brilliant color, usually red. The outside is generally quite black and highly polished, this effect being produced by rubbing it plentifully with oil after the fire has done its work. Lastly, a pattern of some kind is generally painted on the bow and stern.

The figure on page 1361 will give the reader a good idea of the form of this canoe. It is drawn from a large model brought from Vancouver's Island by Lieut. Pusey, and added by him to my collection. In this specimen the patterns on the bow and stem are red and blue. As is mostly the case with

canoes made the boat.

The paddles are made of a single piece of wood, and are shaped like a slipper. The blades are six inches wide, and the shafts are six inches long. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes.

The lightness of the paddles is a great advantage. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes.

The red color of the paddles is a great advantage. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes.

No matter how the paddles are used, they are always used in the same way. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes.

The broad paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes. The paddles are used in a peculiar manner, and are not used in the same way as the paddles of other tribes.

canoes made by savages, there is no keel to the boat.

The paddle by which the canoe is propelled is a singularly ingenious one, combining the three qualities of lightness, elasticity, and strength to a really remarkable extent. The paddle represented in fig. 1 of illustration No. 6, on page 1357, is one of the specimens in my collection. It is four feet six inches in length, and the blade is about six inches wide at the broadest part. It is shaped with the greatest accuracy, the part where it is grasped by the left hand being nearly cylindrical, and then widening gradually until it forms the blade. At this part it is very thin—so thin, in fact, that it seems scarcely able to bear the strain that is put upon it when the paddler urges his canoe swiftly over the water.

The lightness of such a paddle is wonderful. The specimen which is figured in the illustration only weighs eighteen ounces, being hardly half the weight of a similarly sized New Zealand paddle. The reader will notice the peculiar handle. This is made in order to suit the mode of paddling. When the Aht gets into his canoe, he grasps the paddle with his left hand about eighteen inches from the end, and places his right hand upon the crosspiece that serves as a handle. The left hand thus acts as a fulcrum; upon the right hand works the leverage of the paddle. Beside this paddle is figured another from the Solomon Islands, in order to show how two totally distinct races of mankind have hit upon the same invention. There is even a similarity in the form of their canoes, as well as in the shape of their paddles.

The reader will observe that the blade of the paddle is covered with a pattern which extends some way up the handle. This is the work of the women, who take upon themselves the decoration of the paddles after their husbands have shaped them. The colors employed are generally black and red, the latter hue being obtained by a preparation of annatto. In this particular specimen, red is the chief color, the large oval marks on the side of the blade and on the handle being red, while the more intricate pattern on the blade is drawn in black.

No matter what may be the color of the paddle, the pattern is always of the same character. I have no doubt in my mind that it is really a conventional mode of depicting the human face, such as is seen upon the work of many extinct races of mankind; and although at a first glance the semblance may not be seen, it is evident to a practised observer, and is, moreover, quite in character with other works of art found of these people.

The broad, flat, sharp-edged blade of the paddle is often used for other purposes besides propelling the canoe. It has already been mentioned that the Ahts will not throw

overboard their cargo of fish, no matter how high the waves may roll, or how deeply the canoe may be loaded. They watch carefully for the waves, and if one of them comes in such a manner that it would dash inboard, they have the art of cutting it in two with a blow from the edge of the paddle, and causing it to fly harmlessly over the little vessel.

Both in making canoes and in other work where holes have to be bored, the Ahts make use of a simple drill, formed from the bone of a bird, fixed in a wooden handle. When it is used, the shaft is taken between the two hands, the point placed on the object to be bored, and the hands moved swiftly backward and forward until the hole is made. In the same manner, by using a stick instead of a drill, fire is produced, precisely as is done by the Kaffirs.

The skill of the paddlers is wonderful. Mr. Sproat mentions the escape of an Aht Indian who had committed several murders, and had contrived to escape from custody. Finding the place where he had concealed himself, a party set out to recapture him, and discovered him running across the snow to gain the shelter of a wood. Had he reached it he would have been safe, so one of the pursuers chased him, and, notwithstanding the disadvantage of wearing shoes, which soon became clogged by the snow, succeeded in gaining on him, the Ahts being, as has already been remarked, very poor runners.

The man soon perceived that he was no match for his pursuer in running, and so, abandoning his intention of reaching the wood, he turned sharply off toward the river, flung off his blanket, and leaped into the stream. Presently he was seen making his way toward a canoe which was made fast to a drift tree in the river, and in a short time he reached it, looked eagerly into it to see if there were a paddle, scrambled into the boat, cast it off, and paddled away. Meanwhile two of his pursuers had got into a canoe, and were paddling after him, so that when he cast the boat loose they were not more than twenty yards from him. It was, however, quite enough for the fugitive, who forced his canoe up the stream with a power and rapidity which soon increased the distance between the two boats, and, in spite of all the efforts of his pursuers, he made his way to the bank nearly fifty yards ahead of them. As soon as he reached the shore, he jumped out of the canoe, and dashed into the wood, where it was useless to follow him.

Several times during the struggle Mr. Sproat had the man covered with his revolver, but the skill, grace, and strength of the fugitive were so admirable, that, much to the discontent of his companions, he would not fire. He remarks that in such a chase as this a white man has no chance with an Aht, but that in a long race on the sea the white

man will win, his powers of endurance exceeding those of the savage.

The possession of a canoe is an object of much ambition among the Ahts, as it confers upon them a sort of distinction, and is looked upon much as is the possession of a carriage among ourselves. Each canoe is furnished with a baling instrument, which is always made of wood. It is, in fact, a large spoon, the bowl being angular, and shaped something like the gable of a house.

THE domestic manners of the Ahts are, from Mr. Sproat's account, very interesting, and, as he remarks, if any one only knew their strange language well, and had the stomach and the nose to live among them during the winter months, he would obtain copious information respecting them.

Winter is the time mentioned, because during the summer the men are generally dispersed in their pursuit of game, especially of salmon, which they dry and preserve for winter use. But about November they return to their homes, and a time of general feasting and enjoyment sets in. Cooking goes on all day, and the revellers are perpetually feasting, while during times of work they only eat twice in the day, namely, in the morning and evening, and even then do not eat much at each meal. Fish is the principal article of their diet, and dried salmon is the food which is most plentiful, though they also eat the flesh of the seal and the whale when they can get it. Of late years the Ahts have obtained rice and molasses, and apparently with a bad effect upon their health.

The pots in which the food is cooked are made of wood, the water being boiled, not by placing the pots on the fire, but by heating stones red hot and throwing them into it. Rude as this mode of boiling water may seem, it is much more rapid and effectual than might be imagined, which will account for the wide spreading of the custom. In more than one place, when the white man visited the natives for the first time, nothing impressed them so strongly as the fact that, when he boiled water, he put the vessel on the fire. The capability of making a vessel that would endure such treatment had, in their eyes, something of the supernatural.

An old native illustrated well the astonishment which they themselves felt when they saw a kettle placed on the fire for the first time. He narrated the story to Mr. Duncan in the following quaint but forcible language:—"The strangers landed, and beckoned the Indians to come to them and bring them some fish. One of them had over his shoulder what was supposed to be only a stick. Presently he pointed it at a bird that was flying past—a violent 'poo' went forth—down came the bird to the ground. The Indians died! As they revived, they ques-

tioned each other as to their state, whether any were dead, and what each had felt.

"The whites then made signs for a fire to be lighted. The Indians proceeded at once according to their tedious practice of rubbing two sticks together. The strangers laughed, and one of them, snatching up a handful of dry grass, struck a spark into a little powder placed under it. Instantly, another 'poo' and a blaze! The Indians died! After this, the new-comers wanted some fish boiled. The Indians therefore put the fish and some water into one of their square wooden buckets, and set some stones in the fire, intending, when they were hot, to cast them into the vessel, and thus boil the food. The whites were not satisfied with this way. One of them fetched a tin kettle out of the boat, put the fish and some water into it, and then, strange to say, set it on the fire. The Indians looked on with astonishment. However, the kettle did not consume, the water did not run it'so the fire. Then again the Indians died!"

Sometimes a man of consequence issues invitations for a solemn feast, and on such an occasion he seizes the opportunity of showing his wealth by the liberal distribution of presents, every individual present receiving a share of the property. Consequently, a feast always affords a scene of destruction. For example, Captain Mayne mentions that at one feast which he witnessed, he recognized three sea-otter skins, for one of which thirty blankets had been offered and refused. Yet, valuable as they were, they were cut up into little pieces about three inches by one, so that every guest might have a piece. As each blanket is to the Aht the equivalent of a sovereign among ourselves, the amount of waste may be imagined. Mr. Duncan, the successful missionary among these people, relates several instances of the waste of property which takes place both on these and other occasions. For example, a chief had just built a house, and issued invitations for a great feast. "After feasting, I heard he was to give away property to the amount of four hundred and eighty blankets, of which one hundred and eighty were his own property, and the three hundred were to be subscribed by his people.

"On the first day of the feast, as much as possible of the property to be given to him was exhibited in the camp. Hundreds of yards of cotton were flapping in the breeze, hung from house to house, or on lines put up for the occasion. Furs, too, were nailed up on the fronts of houses. Those who were going to give away blankets or elkskins managed to get a bearer for every one, and exhibited them by making the persons walk in single file to the house of the chief. On the next day, the cotton which had been hung out was now brought on the beach, at a good distance from the chief's house, and there run out at full length, and a number

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of bearers, about three yards apart, bore it triumphantly away from the giver to the receivers. I suppose that about six to eight hundred yards were thus disposed of.

"After all the property the chief is to receive has been thus openly handed to him, a day or two is taken up in apportioning it for fresh owners. When this is done, all the chiefs and their families are called together, and each receives according to his or her position. If, however, a chief's wife is not descended from a chief, she has no share in this distribution, nor is she ever invited to the same feasts as her husband. Thus do the chiefs and their people go on reducing themselves to poverty. In the case of the chiefs, however, this poverty lasts but a short time; they are soon replenished from the next giving away, but the people only grow rich again according to their industry. One cannot but pity them, while one laments their folly.

"All the pleasure these poor Indians seem to have in their property is in hoarding it up for such an occasion as I have described. They never think of appropriating what they can gather to enhance their comforts, but are satisfied if they can make a display like this now and then; so that the man possessing but one blanket seems to be as well off as the one who possesses twenty; and thus it is that there is a vast amount of dead stock accumulated in the camp, doomed never to be used, but only now and then to be transferred from hand to hand for the mere vanity of the thing.

"There is another way, however, in which property is disposed of even more foolishly. If a person be insulted, or meet with an accident, or in any way suffers an injury, real or supposed, either of mind or body, property must at once be sacrificed to avoid disgrace. A number of blankets, shirts, or cotton, according to the rank of the person, is torn into small pieces, and carried off."

Sometimes a feast assumes a sacred character, and such festivals are held during the latter half of the last month in the year, their object being to induce the demons who have charge of the weather to give them rain instead of snow. In one of these feasts, witnessed by Mr. Garrett, the principal part was performed by a female chief, who lay on her back in the middle of the house as if dead, while all the people assembled were making a hideous noise, howling, wailing, and beating with sticks the bench on which they sat, while a young man added to the hubbub by drumming upon a wooden box. After a while the prostrate woman began to show signs of life, and gradually assumed a sitting posture. In this attitude she contrived to jump round the room, and exhibited some extraordinary vagaries, the other occupants of the room alternating dead silence with deafening uproar at signals from her hand.

The costumes that are worn at such feasts are very remarkable articles, especially the head-dresses that are worn by the chiefs. They take the form of masks, and are cut out of solid wood, generally imitating the heads of various birds and beasts, though they sometimes are carved in the semblance of a grotesque human face. The specimens which are shown in the illustrations on page 1357 will give a good idea of these strange head-dresses. One of them, which was presented to me by Lieut. Pusey, is carved in imitation of a beaver's head, and is tied on the wearer's head with strings. There are holes bored through the eyes, by means of which the wearer is enabled to see, and these holes are cleverly bored in a slanting direction, so as to coincide with the pupil of the eye. Some of these masks are made with great goggle eyes and large jaws. Both the eyes and the jaws are movable, and are worked by strings that pass down the back, so that the wearer can make the eyes roll and the jaws open and close without any apparent cause.

Sometimes the masks are made in the form of birds, and by a similar arrangement of cords, the birds can be made to turn their heads from side to side, and to flap their wings while the wearer speaks. There is a very remarkable specimen of these masks in the museum at Maidstone. It is double, one mask within another. The outer mask is divided by lines drawn from forehead to chin, down the centre of the nose, and across the face, so that it is in four distinct pieces. The pieces all work on hinges, and are so well fitted to each other that a spectator could not suspect that they were not one solid piece. Suddenly, while the wearer is dancing, he will fling all the pieces open, and discover a second and more hideous mask beneath.

When the chief wishes to pay an extraordinary compliment to a visitor, he puts on a mask that is fitted with a number of porcupine quills. Upon this head-dress he heaps a vast quantity of swan's down, which is retained in its position by the quills. He then dances up to the visitor, and, as he retreats backward in the dance, gives a jerk with his head, and sends the down flying over him. It is a point of honor that the visitor should be kept enveloped in a shower of down, as if he were in a snow-storm, and this can only be done by perpetually dancing and nodding the head, which is kept well supplied with down by attendants.

White feathers and down always signify peace, and hence, when a man sets off on a mission of peace to a neighboring tribe with whom there has been a quarrel, he puts white down on his head, and knows that his person will be as sacred as that of the bearer of a flag of truce in civilized warfare.

One of the dances practised by the Ahts

displays a really wonderful amount of ingenuity, and must take no little time to practise. It was witnessed by Mr. Sproat, who describes it in the following terms. The different dances are called Nooks in Aht language. This might be called the "Doctor's (Ooshtukyu) Nook." A fine representation of it by the artist is given on the following page.

"During the song and dance, which at first seemed to present nothing peculiar, a well-known slave (one, however, who was in a comparatively independent position, being employed as a sailor on board the steamer *Thames*), suddenly ceased dancing, and fell down on the ground apparently in a dying state, and having his face covered with blood. He did not move or speak, his head fell on one side, his limbs were drawn up, and he certainly presented a ghastly spectacle. While the dance raged furiously around the fallen man, the doctor, with some others, seized and dragged him to the other side of the fire round which they were dancing, placing his naked feet very near the flames.

"After this a pail of water was brought in, and the doctor, who supported the dying man on his arm, washed the blood from his face; the people beat drums, danced, and sang, and suddenly the patient sprang to his feet and joined in the dance, none the worse for the apparently hopeless condition of the moment before. While all this was going on, I asked the giver of the feast whether it was real blood upon the man's face, and if he were really wounded. He told me so seriously that it was, that I was at first inclined to believe him, until he began to explain that the blood which came from the nose and mouth was owing to the incantations of the medicine man, and that all the people would be very angry if he did not afterward restore him.

"I then recalled to mind that in the early part of the day, before the feast, I had seen the doctor and the slave holding very friendly conferences; and the former had used his influence to get a pass for the latter to be present at the entertainment, to which, probably, he had no right to come. I feel sure that many of the Indians really believed in this exhibition of the doctor's power. When the affair was over, many of the natives asked me what I thought of it, and referred to it as if it must set at rest for ever any possible doubts with regard to the abilities of their native doctors. The Indian, who explained this and other performances to me, said that the cure was not entirely owing to the doctor, but to the large body of dancers and singers, who all 'exerted their hearts' to desire the recovery of the sick man, and so procured the desired effect."

This simulated production of blood forms an element in several of the Aht dances. In one of them a man, stripped even of his blanket, is bound with his hands behind him, and driven about at the end of long cords, while the spectators yell, shout, and hammers with sticks upon wooden dishes and drums made of bear-skin.

Suddenly the chief dashes among the people, brandishing a knife, and, on seeing the bound man, gives chase to him, and to all appearance drives the knife deeply into his back. Blood pours abundantly from the wound, and the man rushes wildly about in search of shelter, followed by the chief, who plunges his bloody weapon repeatedly into the man's back. Exhausted by his wounds and loss of blood, the victim staggers, falls, and dies. His friends gather round the dead body, and carry it outside the house, when it washes itself, and puts on its blanket.

Mr. Sproat remarks of this dance that the illusion is absolutely perfect, and the acting so lifelike, that the performers would make the fortune of a minor theatre in London. The red liquid which simulates blood is a mixture of red gum, resin, oil, and water; and is, indeed, the material which is used for painting the inside of the canoes.

Another of these "nooks" is called the seal dance. The performers take off their blankets, and, though in the depth of winter, go into the sea, and crawl upon the shore, imitating the movements of the seals as they flounder along the ground. They proceed in the same manner until they reach the houses, which they enter, and crawl about the fires, which are purposely kept brightly blazing by being fed with oil. The dance is finished by jumping up and dancing round the house until the performers are tired.

There is one dance which belongs specially to the Sesalit tribe, and, absurd as it may seem, appears to have in it something of a religious nature. It is peculiar to that tribe, and may not be omitted. While the people are singing and dancing within the house, a number of the performers clamber up the posts, push some of the roof-boards aside, get on the roof, and dance there, making a noise like thunder. As the dancers become fatigued, they descend from the roof and others take their places, so that there is a constant stream of men ascending and descending the roof.

After the dance is over, an old man makes a speech to the owner of the house, saying that he is aware that the roof-boards are damaged by the dance, but at the same time the ceremony may not be omitted. A number of men then come forward, and each presents the owner of the house with a small stick, which is a token that the owner will redeem it with a new roof-board as soon as possible.





(1.) AN AIT DANCE. (See page 1368.)



(2.) INITIATION OF A DOG EATER. (See page 1371.)

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CHAPTER CXLIV.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND—*Concluded.*

THE AHTS AND NEIGHBORING TRIBES—*Concluded.*

ARCHITECTURE OF THE AHTS—SEMI-NOMADIC CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—THE PERMANENT FRAMEWORK, AND MOVABLE WALLS AND ROOF—DIVISION OF THE HOUSE—RANK OF THE OCCUPANTS—OBJECT AND MODE OF MIGRATION—PIES OF THE AHT TRIBES—LABOR EXPENDED IN THEIR MANUFACTURE—RELIGIOUS SYSTEM OF THE TRIBES—AN AHT PROMETHEUS—SOCIETY OF THE "ALLIED"—THE MEDICINE MEN AND THEIR EDUCATION—THE CANNIBALS AND DOG-EATERS—REVOLTING SCENES—THE TWO CANNIBALS—SACRED RATTLES—TERROR INSPIRED BY THE MEDICINE MEN—DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD—RESPECT FOR THE CEMETERY.

FROM the account of the Roof-dance in the preceding chapter, it is evident that the houses are built very strongly, or they would not be able to endure the violent stamping and jumping which constitute the principal charms of the dance. The houses of the Ahts are constructed after a very peculiar manner, the posts and framework being stationary, and the roof and sides movable. The effect of this arrangement is to enable the people to shift from one place to another. At each of the spots to which they migrate they find the framework of their houses ready for them, and all that they have to do is to carry with them the roofs and walls. The mode of migrating will be presently described.

The framework of the houses consists of stout posts about twelve feet in diameter, and twelve feet or so in height, placed at distances of twenty feet from each other. The top of the post is hollowed so as to receive the cross pieces which connect them. A house is some eighty feet in length, and the ridgepole which supports the roof is made of a single tree trunk. The roof, which is gabled-shaped, but slopes gently from the back to the front of the house, so as to throw off the rain, is made of cedar boards, about five feet long and nearly two inches thick. The walls are made of similar boards lashed to small upright posts driven into the ground.

Just below the roof a rude framework is extended, on which the inhabitants keep their stores of food, their weapons, and sim-

ilar articles. About six feet from the walls, a strong stockade is erected, so that each house becomes a sort of fortress. There are no windows, and the only chimney is formed by removing one of the roof-boards above the fireplace. In many of these houses, the large inside posts are ornamented by having great faces carved upon them, face-carving being an art in which these tribes excel, just as is the case with the New Zealanders. Mr. Sproat mentions, that he has seen a row of such houses extending for the third of a mile along a river's bank, and that the depth of the houses varied from twenty-five to forty feet.

Inside the house, the earth is dug away for a foot or so in depth, in order to give additional height to the interior. Every house is partitioned off into several divisions, each of which is occupied by a family, which is thus separated from the other inhabitants by a sort of bulkhead about four feet high. These partitions are movable, so that on occasion of a great festival they can be taken away, and the whole of the space kept clear. There is a fire in the middle of each division, and around it are placed wooden couches, about nine inches from the floor, and covered with a whole series of mats by way of bedding.

There is to each building one main entrance, and other small doors, which are always in a corner of one of the divisions. The rank of the different occupants is marked by the position which they occupy in the house.

For example, the chief of the house occupies the extreme end on the left of the building, the next in rank lives in the corresponding place at the other end, while the common people occupy the space between the two great men.

These houses are much more agreeable to the eye than to the nostrils. Having no windows, and all the stores of salt fish and other provisions being kept in them, the interior atmosphere is close, fishy, rank, and pungent, the last quality being due to the wood smoke of the several fires. Neither is the exterior air better than that of the interior, for the ground is covered with heaps of putrefying heads, tails, and bones of fish, decaying mollusks, and refuse of all kinds, which is simply flung into heaps and never removed, the nostrils of the natives being incapable of feeling any annoyance from the horrible odor that arises from the decomposing heaps.

The ownership of these houses is rather a complicated question. The framework of the house is generally considered as being in several divisions, each division being called after the name of the owner, while the planks are the common property of the inhabitants.

When the Ahts wish to move to another spot, which is done for the purpose of changing to better fishing, hunting, and fruit grounds, according to the time of year, they always migrate by water. They place two large canoes about five or six feet apart, and connect them together with the planks of the roof and walls, which thus form a platform on which can be placed the stores and household goods. Mr. Sproat remarks that he has seen this platform heaped to a height of fourteen feet, only just enough space being left for the passengers. As soon as they arrive at their destination, the travellers unpack the boats, and, assisted by the slaves who have been sent forward in readiness, fix the boards on the already existing framework, so that in a very short time the house is ready for the occupants.

These migrations have one beneficial effect. While the people have deserted their villages, the birds, aided by the elements, the only scavengers of Vancouver's Island, clear away a considerable portion of the heaps of putrefying rubbish, which would otherwise become too much even for native endurance.

In the meetings which are held within these houses the pipe naturally plays an important part; and, as the pipes made by these tribes differ from those of any other part of the world, a short description is here given of them. Both in shape and material these pipes are most remarkable. They seem to have been made for the express object of expending the greatest possible amount of labor upon the clumsiest possible pipe. I have seen and tried many of these

pipes, and, except that they draw the smoke very well, there is not a redeeming point about them.

In the first place, they are carved—stem and bowl—out of solid stone, a sort of very dark slate. The upper figure in illustration No 2, on page 1357, which represents one of these pipes in my collection, shows the lightest and least cumbersome form of pipe. Although only eight inches in length, it weighs six ounces, no trifle for a pipe of that description. As is usually the case with these pipes, it is adorned with a human figure and a human head. The figure evidently represents a man seated in a canoe. On account of the details of dress, it seems likely that it is intended to represent a native—possibly the carver himself—in European costume, the features being of a strongly-marked Indian type, while the dress is European. This pipe was presented to me by Lieut. Pusey.

Sometimes the natives absolutely run riot in pipe making, and expend infinite labor in making pipes which look utterly unlike pipes, and which cannot be smoked without the very greatest inconvenience. The lower specimens represent two views of a pipe of this kind, belonging to T. W. Wood, Esq., which has apparently been made for the purpose of trying how many heads of men and birds could be compressed into a certain space. As the reader may observe, the whole character of this carving bears a very strong resemblance to the art of the ancient Mexicans, so strong, indeed, that it might almost be passed off as a specimen of that art.

In total length it is a very little more than eight inches, but from bowl to the mouth-piece it only measures five inches, the remaining three inches being simply superabundant material. The number of heads that the carver has contrived to introduce into this pipe is really wonderful, the ingenuity of combination, together with force of effect, being worthy of all praise, especially when the rudeness of the workmanship is considered. Taken as a work of art, it is admirable; taken as a pipe, it is detestable. It is so heavy that the mere exertion of holding it is fatiguing, and it is so thick and clumsy that it does not at all adapt itself to the lips. And, in so cold a climate, to grasp or to put to the lips such a piece of hard, cold stone, must involve very great inconvenience.

THE religious ideas of the Aht tribes are, as may be expected, exceedingly vague, and are rendered still more so by the reticence which a savage always exhibits on such subjects. Mr. Sproat remarks that he lived for two years among the Ahts, with his mind constantly directed toward this subject, before he could discover whether the people believed in any overruling power, or had any

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idea of a future existence. He then proceeds to say that "a traveller must have lived for many years among savages, really as one of themselves, before his opinion as to their mental and spiritual condition is of any value at all." How true this statement is, none know better than the missionaries, who find that even their most promising converts are almost as unwilling to give information on such subjects as they were during their state of heathenism.

It is, however, ascertained that the Ahts really have a belief in a deity and in a future state, and that they possess several legends on these subjects. Some of these legends treat of a certain Quawteah, who made the earth and the animals, but would not give them fire, this being concealed in the body of the cuttle-fish. In those days they needed fire, because the Indians, who were afterward to people the earth, were hidden in their bodies. At last the deer succeeded in discovering the fire, and carried away some of it in the joint of his hind leg. The reader will doubtless perceive the similarity of this legend to the old myth of Prometheus.

As far as can be understood, this Quawteah is the chief of their deities, but they have a whole host of minor divinities, who preside over the sea, the woods, and their inmates, as well as rule the elements. So, if a native sees a sudden breeze curl the surface of the sea, he thinks it signifies the approval of some spirit; and if he should hear a rustling in the woods for which he cannot account, or a sound which he does not recognize, he immediately puts it down to the presence of some demon or other.

As might be expected, there are plenty of medicine men, who have great power over the people, and are implicitly trusted by them. They have to go through a long and unpleasant ordeal before they can be admitted into the order of the "Allied," as the medicine men call themselves. When their education is nearly finished, they go into the bush alone, and remain there for several days, fasting until they have received the spiritual gifts. The society of the Allied is encouraged by the chiefs, not from religious motives, but because they become enriched by it. No one can become an Allied unless he possesses considerable wealth, the whole of which he must give away before he can be admitted into the society. The act of giving away his property is done as ostentatiously as possible, the candidate being escorted by a large body of men, who shout and make as great a noise as they can. In front of them goes the candidate, with one end of a large rope round his waist, the other end being held by fifteen or twenty men, who pretend that all their strength is required in order to hold him back.

Captain Mayne relates a curious anecdote respecting the doings of these medicine men. He was called one evening to see a

moon on the beach. On arriving at the spot he found that the men had made a flat disk of wax to represent the moon, and had painted a man upon it,—they having the belief, which is still prevalent among the illiterate of our own country, respecting a man who lives in the moon. They had lighted a torch and placed it behind the artificial moon, so as to illuminate it, and were supposed to be holding converse with its inhabitant, much to the awe of the surrounding crowd.

These medicine men seem to be divided into three parties, or sects. One of them does not appear to be particularly distinguished, but the other two gradually rise in circumstances of horror. The former sect is called the Dog-eaters, a portion of whose initiation is described by Mr. Duncan, and is illustrated on page 1367.

"Early in the morning the pupils would be out on the beach or on the rocks, in a state of nudity. Each had a place in front of his own tribe, nor did intense cold interfere in the slightest degree. After the poor creature had crept about, jerking his head and screaming for some time, a party of men would rush out, and, after surrounding him, would commence singing. The dog-eating party occasionally carried a dead dog to their pupil, who forthwith commenced to tear it in the most dog-like manner. The party of attendants kept up a low, growling noise, or a whoop, which was seconded by a screeching noise made from an instrument which they believe to be the abode of a spirit.

"In a little time the naked youth would start up again, and proceed a few more yards in a crouching posture, with his arms pushed out behind him, and tossing his flowing black hair. All the while he is earnestly watched by the group about him, and when he pleases to sit down, they again surround him and commence singing. This kind of thing goes on, with several little additions, for a time.

"Before the prodigy finally retires, he takes a run into every house belonging to his tribe, and is followed by his train. When this is done, in some cases he has a ramble on the tops of the same houses, during which he is anxiously watched by his attendants, as if they expected his flight. By and by he condescends to come down, and they then follow him to his den, which is signified by a rope made of red bark being hung over the doorway, so as to prevent any person from ignorantly violating its precincts. None are allowed to enter that house but those connected with the art: all I know, therefore, of their further proceedings is, that they keep up a furious hammering, singing, and screeching, for hours during the day.

Even this mode of initiation cannot be a very pleasant, involving, as it does, the

devouring of raw dog-flesh; but it is nothing in comparison to that of the most powerful and dreaded of the three sects, namely, the cannibals. Mr. Duncan was also a witness to part of the initiation of a cannibal Allied.

In order to give his assistance to the ceremony, a chief ordered one of his slaves, an old woman, to be killed, and her body flung into the sea. As soon as this was done, the whole of the initiated population left their houses and formed themselves into groups at a distance from the fatal spot, lest they should also become victims, a fear for which there was very good reason. Presently two bands of Allied men came rushing along, producing the most hideous sounds, each being headed by a candidate for membership.

The two candidates advanced with a long creeping step, waving their arms, and jerking their heads backward and forward, so as to make their long hair wave in the breeze. They pretended for some time to be seeking for the body, and at last they discovered it, and made a simultaneous rush at it. In a moment they were closely surrounded by their respective bands, but in a few minutes the crowd opened, and out passed the two men, each bearing half the body of the murdered woman, which they had actually torn in two with their hands and teeth alone. They then began devouring the body, when the spectator was unable to endure the sight any longer, and left the spot.

These cannibal medicine men are the dread of their country. At the cost of such revolting practices, as have been but very lightly touched, they gain such a complete influence over the people, that they can do exactly as they choose, no man daring to contradict them. Sometimes at a feast one of them will be taken with a fit of inspiration, and dash among the people, biting like a mad dog at every one whom he meets. On such occasions it is thought very manly and praiseworthy of the guests to welcome instead of repelling his attacks, and to offer their arms or shoulders for him to bite. The Allied cannibal responds to the invitation by biting at and swallowing a piece of the flesh, and the man who offers it thinks himself honored in proportion to the size of the piece that is removed. The wound thus made is not only productive of excruciating pain, but is also dangerous, many men having died from the effects of it. Yet they are willing to have both the pain and the danger for the sake of the honor which is conferred upon them.

The general public have very good reason for getting out of the way when one of these cannibals chooses to make an excursion in search of a human body. Should not one be found, the cannibal Allied who escort their companions would think themselves bound to provide a corpse for his eating, and would

seize and kill the first person whom they might meet. Therefore, when the sound of the horrid cannibal songs is heard in the distance, the whole population of a village will desert their houses, take to their canoes, and remain at a distance from the shore until the danger is over for the time.

These medicine men are considered all-powerful in the cure of the sick, and are always called in when any one is ill. They almost invariably say that the malady is local, and that it is due to some object or other, which they can extract by their incantations. In the ceremonies which they employ, they make much use of a rattle, the material of which does not seem to be of much consequence, provided that it can only make a noise. For example, a favorite form is a hollow wooden case, carved like a bird or a frog, and containing a few stones. Some rattles, however, are made on totally different principles, and resemble the beetle-shell rattle of Guiana that is figured on page 1265. Captain Mayne saw one which was made of three or four dozen puffin-beaks strung loosely together.

Incisions are often made over the part affected, or the doctor uses the actual cautery by means of a moxa, made of a pledget of dried tax. These remedies often do have the effect of relieving pain, and when that is the case, the patient and his friends present the doctor with liberal gifts, all which, however, he is bound to return should a relapse come on and the patient die. They even say that, when they are violently excited by their incantations, they can see the soul of the patient, which they say is in the shape of a fly, with a long curved proboscis. One man, who had recovered from a dangerous illness, said that he had seen his own soul, which the medicine man had caught as it was escaping from the body, and had put back again.

The noise which these medicine men make at their incantations is almost indescribable. Mr. Sprout describes their howling as being perfectly demoniacal, and says that no wild beast could utter sounds so calculated to strike sudden horror into the heart. Even himself, though a white man, and in perfect security, has often shuddered at the savage yells of the mystery men. Indeed, their object is to keep up the dread in which they are held, and, in order to do this, they must ever be doing something to keep themselves before the eyes of the people.

Sometimes they will assemble together on the outskirts of the village, set up a furious howling, and then rush like a pack of wolves through the village, the cannibals and dog-eaters tearing to pieces with their teeth any corpses or dogs that they may find. Sometimes a single man will leave the place and bury himself in the woods, whence he will suddenly rush, quite naked, reduced to a

skeleton and limbs, and himself in flying from yells and his magic women as order, and influence over leagnes.

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skeleton through his long fast, with his body and limbs covered with wounds inflicted by himself in his mad violence, and with foam flying from his lips, while he utters wild yells and beats furiously his drum or shakes his magic rattle. As is the case in Africa, women as well as men can enter this sacred order, and exercise quite as powerful an influence over the people as do their male colleagues.

Sometimes a man will leap up in the night terrified, and crying that he sees a spirit. All within the house are at once in motion. The women begin to sing, while the visionary tears his blanket to pieces, snatches feathers from his pillow, eating some of them, and scattering the others over his head. His nearest relation then makes incisions in his legs and arms, receives the blood in a dish, and scatters it over the place where the spirit is supposed to be standing. Should the spirit withstand this exorcism, it is evident that he wants property. Accordingly the friends of the visionary throw his property on the fire; his clothes, his mats, and even the very boxes in which they were kept, go to make up the demands of the spirit, which will not take its leave until all the property has been destroyed.

THE mode of disposal of the dead varies extremely among the different tribes, and even in the same tribe is not always uniform. The bodies of slaves and people of no consequence are simply taken to the burial-ground—which is usually a small island—wrapped in mats, and merely laid on the ground, covered with sticks and stones. The bodies of chiefs and young girls of rank are placed in boxes, and hoisted into the branches of trees, where they are allowed to remain. The rank of the person is indicated by the height to which the body is raised, that of a great chief or of his daughter being nearly at the top of the tree, while that of an inferior chief will be on one of the lowest branches.

Over the coffin are thrown blankets and mats, and similar articles are hung on the boughs of neighboring trees. They are

always torn into strips, partly perhaps as a sign of mourning, and partly to guard them from being stolen. With the dead man is deposited all the property which he has not given away before his death, except his best canoe, his share of the roof and wall boards, his weapons, and his slaves, all of which belong by right to his eldest son. In some cases even his house is burned, and in others the posts are dug up, and the whole house transported to another position.

Near the bodies of chiefs are placed large wooden images intended to represent the dead man. One of them, seen by Mr. Sproat, held a skull in its hand, which it was grimly contemplating; another, which represented a deceased orator, had its hand outstretched as in the act of speaking; and a third was shown as if grasping a wolf. The relatives often visit their burial-places. They come about dark, light a great fire, and feed it with oil and other inflammable materials, while they wail loudly at intervals.

To the honor of these tribes, it may be said that they never disturb the relics of the departed, even if they occupy the burial-ground of a hostile tribe. In consequence of the mode of burial, nothing can have a more dreary or forlorn look than an island which has been selected as a burial-ground. On the branches of the trees are the mouldering bodies of the dead, and on their boughs flutter the tattered remains of their clothing. And on the ground the scene is no better, for it is occupied with decaying boards, broken boxes, shattered canoes, rotten paddies, and other emblems of decay.

When the dead chief has been a man of very great importance, his emblem or crest is either painted or carved. In the former case it is painted on the coffin, but in the latter it is generally placed on a post or a tree near the body. According to Mr. Duncan, if the crest should happen to be an eagle or a raven, it is carved as if in the act of flying, and fixed to the edge of the coffin with its wings spread, as if it were typical of the escaping and aspiring spirit of the dead chief.

CHAPTER CXLV.

ALASKA.

MALEMUTES—INGELETES—CO-YUKONS.

LARGE STATURE—THE TO-TOOK—ORNAMENTS—BAIDARRIES—UNDERGROUND HOUSES—MALEMUTE DANCE—CHIEF ALEUYANUK—INGELETES—HOUSES—HONESTY—CO-YUKONS—DRESS—MOURNING FOR THE DEAD—WAKE—DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD—APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN—AFFECTION FOR CHILDREN—COMMUNITY OF GOODS—CHARACTER.

THE United States Government having recently purchased the territory of Alaska, this work will be increased in value to the American public, by including some account of the uncivilized tribes which are its most numerous inhabitants.

At the mouth of the Unalakleet River is the most northern settlement on the coast, a Russian trading post. To the northwest of this post Mr. Whympster found a large village of Malemute and Kaveak Indians. They resemble the Esquimaux, except that they are a tall and stout race. It is not unusual to find men among them six feet in height, and some even taller than this. The men shave the crown of the head, and are fond of an ornament called the To-took. It is made by pieces of bone run through holes on either side of the face just below the mouth. The ornaments of the women, who are stout and good-humored, are a tattoo on the chin, beads hanging from their hair, and also leaden or iron bracelets. Both sexes wear skin clothing. The coat has a hood almost always, which is generally of wolf skin. Men and women alike wear pantaloons of seal or reindeer skin, the women having the socks attached and in one piece. The "baidarries" of these natives, similar to the Esquimaux kajak, are admirably made. The frames are light and strong, the skin covering being sewed with sinew, and the seams made watertight by fat rubbed into them.

Their houses are usually underground, and have a tunnel, through which one must crawl to enter them. A hole in the roof—which is just above the surface of the ground—lets out the smoke. When there is no fire, this aperture is closely covered with a skin.

Mr. Whympster gives the following account of a dance to which he and his party were invited:—

"On arriving at the doorway, we found a subterranean passage, two and a half feet high, crawling through which we at last reached the room,—dimly lighted by blubber lamps. The Indians who were to take part in the dance, chiefly young men, were nude to the waist, and wore seal, deerskin or cotton pantaloons, with tails of wolves or dogs hanging behind, and feathers round their heads. The elders sat on a bench or shelf, running round the entire building, and looked on approvingly, while they consumed their own smoke, like the Tehuktebis, by swallowing it, and getting partially intoxicated thereby. The women brought in berries and fish in large 'contogs,' or wooden bowls.

"The performance commenced by the actors ranging themselves in a square, and raising these dishes of provisions to the four cardinal points successively, and once to the skies, with a sudden noise like 'swish!' or the flight of a rocket.

"Then came the feast; and that over, a monotonous chorus, with an accompaniment of gongs, was started. The words of the song commenced, 'Yung i ya, i ya, i ya!' and continued throughout. 'Yung i ya!' Then a boy sprang out on the floor; he was joined by a second, then a third, till a circle of twenty was formed. Now they appeared violently attracted together, and now as much repelled; now they were horrified at one another's conduct, and held up their arms in warning gestures, and again all were friends and made pantomime of their happiness. In this performance there was nearly as much done by arms and bodies, as with feet. When

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The Malemutes and Kaveaks, though intermingling, and having similar habits, manners, and customs, yet speak different dialects and inhabit different parts of the

territory. They are considered as superior to the other Indian tribes of that region. The Malemute chief "Alenyannuk," whom Mr. Whymper saw, "was a fine-looking old man, erect and soldierly, and, wearing a mustache and imperial, his manners would not have disgraced a civilized assembly."

INGELETES.

The Ingeletes speak a dialect entirely different from that of the Malemutes,—one nearly killed to the Co-yukon. They are a stout, noble-looking race, good-natured, and having considerable intelligence.

Polygamy, though allowed, is not very common, and marriage is a permanent relation, except occasionally, when the wife is barren or has too many daughters. Female children not being prized so highly as sons, in such instances the wife is sometimes dismissed. They live in underground houses, such as have been described, and in mild,

wet weather, the passage-way is nothing but a sewer. The entrance being covered with a skin, the mixture of foul smells inside, arising from stale fish and meat, old skins, dogs, dirt and smoke, is sickening and unendurable by any but an Indian. Mr. Whymper testifies to the good temper of the children and the honesty of the people. "At their villages our goods lay unguarded in our absence, and I cannot recall a single case of proved dishonesty among them, although we found them becoming more greedy in their demands for payment."

THE CO-YUKONS.

THE Co-yukons are an interior tribe, and the largest on the Yukon, which is the great river of the north, being 2,000 miles long, and navigable 1,000 miles. They may be found on the banks of the Co-yukon, and other interior rivers. These Indians resemble the Ingeletes, already mentioned, but have a more ferocious countenance. Their dress is a double-tailed coat, one tail before, the other behind, and this style, with some modifications, prevails for a thousand miles on the Yukon.

The dress of the women is cut more squarely, and they wear an ornament of Hy-a-aqua shells on the nose, which runs through a hole made in the cartilage between the nostrils. It is a singular fact that higher up the river it is the men only who wear this ornament.

Among these tribes the period of mourning for the dead is one year, the women during this time often gathering to talk and cry over the deceased. At the end of the year, they have a feast or "wake," which is generally a queer compound of jollity and grief. One such scene, to commemorate the death of a child, was witnessed by Mr. Whymper at Nulato. "The poor old mother and some of her friends wept bitterly, while the guests were gayly dancing round a painted pole, on which strings of beads and some magnificent wolf skins were hung. They kept up singing and dancing to a fashionable hour of the morning, and one little savage, who had been shouting at the top of his lungs for hours, got up the next day without any voice at all, a case of righteous retribu-

tion. The decorations of the pole were divided among those who took part in the 'wake.'"

Their method of disposing of the dead is not interment, but enclosure in oblong boxes, raised on posts. These are sometimes ornamented with strips of skin, and the possessions of the deceased, as the canoe, paddles, &c., are placed on the top of the box. Smaller articles are placed within the box. This four-post coffin is a custom also among the coast tribes already described. The women are quite prepossessing in appearance, are affectionate toward their children, and especially fond of their first-born. They are good-natured and playful, snowballing and rolling each other in the snow, sliding down hill on sledges or snow-shoes, with the enthusiasm of children.

There are other tribes, the names of which need only be mentioned, viz: the Koteh-a-Kutchins (or lowland people), the Au Kutchins, the Tatauchok Kutchins, Birch River and Rat River Indians. The Zanana Indians (or knoll people), Mr. Whymper thinks are the most unsophisticated of all the Indian tribes of the present day. Those he saw "were gay with painted faces, feathers in their long hair, patches of red clay at the back of their heads, covered with small fluffy feathers, double-tailed coats and pantaloons of buckskin, much adorned with fringes and beads, and elaborately worked fire-bags and belts." Many of them, as in other Indian tribes, wore through the nose the Hy-a-aqua shell as an ornament. The women of the upper tribes wear less ornament than the

men, and are compelled to do more drudgery than those of the lower Yukon and coast of Alaska.

Among the coast tribes, and especially on the Yukon, there is, to some extent, a community of goods, the industrious hunter supplying the village crowd. This is a custom so much practised that the hunter gets no praise for his service. Some of the chiefs maintain their position by frequent distributions of their effects, and the game which they, being good hunters, have been able to take. "These chiefs are often the worst clothed and worst fed of all the tribe. Such generosity is expected as a matter of course. No man, woman, or child among them goes unfed, unhoused, or unarmed, if there be food, dwelling, or fire in the settlement."

Among the tribes of Alaska, a system of slavery exists that can hardly be surpassed for barbarism. They all buy and sell slaves. "Parents will sell their children for three or four blankets or a few dollars, and have no compunction of conscience for the use they may be put to in the future. When one tribe goes to war with another, all the prisoners taken by either tribe are called and used as slaves. When a chief or any of his family dies, it is the custom to kill one or more of these slaves, so that the chief or his deceased relative may have a servant in the other world to wait on him. In 1868 an old chief of the Si'tka tribe died, and a few days before his death, when his relatives were satisfied that he could live but a short time, they selected as a victim for sacrifice a young, healthy, good-looking warrior, whom the Si'tka tribe had taken prisoner while at war with one of the tribes down near Queen Charlotte's Sound. The slave had been tied up two days about the time the old chief died, and by some means some of his friends were apprised of his condition, and immediately notified Gen. Davis that the Indian slave was liable to be killed at any moment. Gen. Davis had one of the chiefs brought before him, and after a long conversation about the foolishness of such sacrifices, he agreed to let the slave go free; and lest they might attempt to put into execution their original idea of killing him, the General permitted the Indian to remain in the city, where he would be protected.

"Recently one of the chiefs tried hard to

get hold of a half-breed, named Evanoff, to sacrifice him. For the two preceding weeks this chief would go up every day to Gen. Davis, stating that he had a slave in the city, and wanting to know if he could not get him into Indian town. The General, supposing the chief wanted one of his Indians, told him to go and get him, but it was not until the day in question that the effort was made to get this man. It seems that Evanoff's mother was an Indian woman, but his father was a Russian, and when he was but three years of age a lady named Bengeman adopted and brought him up. The chief who claimed him had a child that was expected to die, and afterward did die. Having no slave but his claim on Evanoff, he made this effort to sacrifice him that he might be a servant for his child in the spirit world. When the general saw whom the chief claimed, in a very few well-timed words he taught him and several of his warriors more about civilization than ever they knew before. He asked the chief what he wanted with this man. Pointing to Evanoff, the Indian told him his child was sick, and he only wanted him for three hours, and then he would let him go free. The General told him that the best thing he could do was to look on Evanoff as a free man already, and warned the Indian if in the future he should ever attempt to trouble Evanoff again, he would put him in the guard-house and keep him there. The Indian went off well pleased, and stated that he would be a good Indian thereafter.

"The slaves are put to death as follows: As soon as a chief dies, the slave is compelled to wash the body of the corpse; and is then taken out and thrown flat on his back and held there, when a stick of wood is placed across his throat, and two Indians sit down on each end of it, and in this way strangle him to death. His body is then placed inside a large pile of wood and burned to ashes. It is customary when a big chief dies to put to death two or more slaves. All slaves taken in war have to act as servants for the chiefs who own them."—(*Sitka Times* of Nov. 27, 1869.)

The Indian population of the whole territory of Alaska is estimated at about 30,000. They are peaceful and quite capable, learning quickly, and exhibiting considerable skill in their utensils and weapons.

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CHAPTER CXLVI.

SIBERIA.

THE TCHUKTCHI—JAKUTS—TUNGUSI.

HOMB OF THE TCHUKTCHI—INDEPENDENCE—DISTRICT OF THE RUSSIANS—CARAVANS—INTOXICATION BY TOBACCO—FAIR OF OSTROWNOJE—GRAVITY OF THE TCHUKTCHI—THEIR TENT—MADAME LEÜTT—HOSPITALITY—SHAMANISM—HUMAN SACRIFICE—POLYOAMY—MURDER OF THE AGED—JAKUTS—THEIR ENDURANCE—RESERVE—SUPERSTITION—THE TUNGUSI—DIFFERENT TRIBES—CANNIBALISM—ORNAMENTS—BRAVERY—DIET—SHAMANISM—DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD—A NIGHT'S HALT WITH THE TUNOUSI IN THE FOREST—SPORTS—FAIRS.

CROSSING Behring's Straits into Asia, we find in Northern Siberia several peoples whose condition and character bring them within the scope of this work.

The home of the TCHUKTCHI is at the extreme north-eastern point of Asia; bounded by the Polar Ocean on one side, and by Behring Sea on the other. It is, as the few travellers who have visited it say, one of the dreariest regions of the earth. There is no indication of summer before July 20th, and winter begins about the 20th of August. The sea coasts abound with seals, sea-lions, and walrus; while the wolf, reindeer, and Arctic fox abound in the interior. In this cold, desolate region dwell the only aboriginal race of Northern Asia that has resisted all attempts of the Russian government to take away its independence. Dr. Hartwig, in his sketch of this tribe, says: "The rulers of Siberia have confined them within narrower limits, but they obey no foreign leader, and wander unmolested, with their numerous reindeer herds, over the naked tundras.

A natural distrust of their powerful neighbors has rendered them long unwilling to enter into any commercial intercourse with the Russians, and to meet them at the fair of Ostrownoje, a small town, situated not far from their frontiers, on a small island of the Anini, in 68° N. lat.

From the East Cape of Asia, where, crossing Behring's Strait in boats covered with

skins, they barter furs and walrus teeth with the natives of America, the Tchuktchi come with their goods and tents drawn on sledges to the fair of Ostrownoje. One of these caravans generally consists of fifty or sixty families, and one fair is scarcely at an end when they set off to make their arrangements for the next.

Tobacco is the *primum mobile* of the trade which centres in Ostrownoje. Their pipes are of a peculiar character, larger at the stem than the bowl, which holds a very small quantity of tobacco. In smoking, they swallow the fumes of the tobacco, and often, after six or eight whiffs, fall back, completely intoxicated for the time.

But Ostrownoje attracts not only Tchuktchi and Russians; a great number of the Siberian tribes, from a vast circuit of 1,000 or 1,500 versts, — Jukahiri, Lamutes, Tungusi, Tschuwanzhi, Koriacks, — also come flocking in their sledges, drawn partly by dogs, partly by horses, for the purpose of bartering their commodities against the goods of the Tchuktchi. Fancy this barbarous assembly meeting every year during the intense cold and short days of the beginning of March. Picture to yourself the fantastic illumination of their red watch-fires blazing under the starry firmament, or mingling their ruddy glare with the aurora flickering through the skies, and add to the strange sight the hollow sound of the Shaman's drum, and the howling of several

hundreds of hungry dogs, and you will surely confess that no fair has a more original character than that of Ostrownoje.

The imperturbable gravity of the Tehuktehi forms a remarkable contrast with the greedy eagerness of the Russian trader. Although the Tehuktehi have no scales with them, it is not easy to deceive them in the weight, for they know exactly by the feeling of the hand whether a quarter of a pound is wanting to the pound. The whole fair seldom lasts longer than three days, and Ostrownoje, which must have but very few stationary inhabitants indeed (as it is not even mentioned in statistical accounts, which cite towns of seventeen souls), is soon after abandoned for many months to its ultra-Siberian solitude.

But before we allow the Tehuktehi to retire to their deserts, we may learn something more of their habits by accompanying Mr. Matiuschkin Wrangell's companion on a visit to the ladies of one of their first chiefs. "We enter the outer tent, or 'wamet,' consisting of tanned reindeer skins supported on a slender framework. An opening at the top to let out the smoke, and a kettle in the centre, announce that antechamber and kitchen are here harmoniously blended into one. But where are the inmates? Most probably in that large sack made of the finest skins of reindeer calves, which occupies, near the kettle, the centre of the 'wamet.' To penetrate into this *sanctum sanctorum* of the Tehuktehi household, we raise the loose flap which serves as a door, creep on all-fours through the opening, cautiously re-fasten the flap by tucking it under the floor-skin, and find ourselves in the reception or withdrawing-room, — the 'polog.' A snug box, no doubt, for a cold climate, but rather low, as we cannot stand upright in it, and not quite so well ventilated as a sanitary commissioner would approve of, as it has positively no opening for light or air. A suffocating smoke meets us on entering. We rub our eyes, and when they have at length got accustomed to the biting atmosphere, we perceive, by the gloomy light of a train-oil lamp, the worthy family squatting on the floor in a state of almost complete nudity. Without being in the least embarrassed, Madame Leütt and her daughter receive us in their primitive costume. But, to show us that the Tehuktehi know how to receive company, and to do honor to their guests, they immediately insert strings of glass beads in their greasy hair. Their hospitality equals their politeness; for, instead of a

cold reception, a hot dish of boiled reindeer flesh, copiously irrigated with rancid train-oil by the experienced hand of the mistress of the household, is soon after smoking before us. Unfortunately, our effeminate taste is not up to the *haut goût* of her culinary art, and while Mr. Leütt does ample justice to the artistic talent of his spouse, by rapidly bolting down pieces as large as a fist, we are hardly able to swallow a morsel."

Though most of the Reindeer or nomadic Tehuktehi have been baptized, yet Wrangell supposes the ceremony to have been a mere financial speculation on their part, and is convinced that the power of the Shamans is still as great as ever. An epidemic had carried off a great number of persons, and also whole herds of reindeer. In vain the Shamans had recourse to their usual conjurations. The plague continued. They consulted together, and directed that one of their most respected chiefs, named Kotschen, must be sacrificed, to appease the irritated spirits. Kotschen was willing to submit to the sentence, but none could be found to execute it, until his own son, prevailed on by his father's exhortations, and terrified by his threatened curse, plunged a knife into his heart, and gave his body to the Shamans.

Polygamy is general among the Tehuktehi, and they change their wives as often as they please. Still, though the women are certainly slaves, they are allowed more influence, and are subjected to less labor, than among many savages. Among other heathenish and detestable customs, is that of killing all deformed children, and all old people as soon as they become unfit for the hardships and fatigues of a nomad life. They do not indulge in any needless cruelty, but stupefy the aged victim, by putting some substance up the nostrils before opening a vein. Two years before Wrangell's arrival at Kolyma there was an instance of this in the case of one of their richest chiefs. Waletka's father became infirm and tired of life, and was put to death at his own express desire, by some of his nearest relations.

The number of the Tehuktehi is greater than one might expect to find in so sterile a country. According to the Russian missionaries, there were, some years back, 52 villages or villages of the Onkilon (or stationary Tehuktehi), with 1,568 tents, and 10,000 inhabitants, and Wrangell tells us that the Tennygk (or Reindeer Tehuktehi), are at least twice as numerous, so that the entire population of the land of the Tehuktehi may possibly amount to 30,000.

THE JAKUTS are these races, having more civilization than the others, with the exception of Norway. They have tables, possess coats and are so shrewd. Russian can come.

"Even in Siberia are called 'men' and them sleeping in the open air, and in their almost

THIS RACE HAVING driving before the Tehuktehi, and conquered by the ignorant and hundred and fifty deriving his in the Arctic expanse of this people:—

"According to various domestic they are distinguished deer, Horse, Dog, gusi; but, although basins of the Timguska, to the Ochotsk, and from the Baikal to the number does not and diminishes the quence of the other epidemic by the Russians cattle, the reindeer, the domestic animal; guse, who has some contagion the wolves, lives of a river, assist the forests as a

Of the miseries Wrangell relates a solitary hut, in the wildernesses imaginary his daughter, long snow-shoes for several days girl remained a — which even imperfect shelter — exposed to hunger, and woe. No wonder that not seldom sin the reindeer and children of

JAKUTS.

THE JAKUTS are the most energetic of these races, having reached a higher civilization than the others in the same latitude, with the exception of Iceland, Finland, and Norway. They are a pastoral people, hospitable, possess considerable mechanical skill, and are so shrewd and cunning that no Russian can compete with them.

"Even in Siberia," Wrangell says, "they are called 'men of iron.' Often have I seen them sleeping at a temperature of 4° in the open air, and with a thick ice rind covering their almost unprotected bodies."

Though reserved and unsocial, they are kind to strangers that need assistance. They are the universal carriers to the east of the Lena. Bidding defiance to the cold and the storm, fearing neither the gloom of the forest nor the dangers of the icy stream, yet they are not emancipated from the old belief in Schamanism—the dread of evil spirits. They number about 200,000, and form the principal part of the population of the vast and dreary province of Yakutsk.

THE TUNGUSI.

This race having spread over East Siberia, driving before them the Jakuts, Jukahiri, Tehuktehi, and other aboriginal tribes, were conquered by the Russians, and are now as ignorant and uncivilized as they were two hundred and fifty years ago. Dr. Hartwig, deriving his information from Wrangell, the Arctic explorer, thus sketches the traits of this people:—

"According to their occupations, and the various domestic animals employed by them, they are distinguished by the names of Reindeer, Horse, Dog, Forest, and River Tungusi; but, although they are found from the basins of the Upper, Middle, and Lower Tunguska, to the western shore of the sea of Ochotsk, and from the Chinese frontiers and the Baikal to the Polar Ocean, their whole number does not amount to more than 30,000, and diminishes from year to year, in consequence of the ravages of the small-pox and other epidemic disorders transmitted to them by the Russians. Only a few rear horses and cattle, the reindeer being generally their domestic animal; and the impoverished Tunguse, who has been deprived of his herid by some contagious disorder, or the ravages of the wolves, lives as a fisherman on the borders of a river, assisted by his dog, or retires into the forests as a promyschlenik, or hunter."

Of the miseries which here await him, Wrangell relates a melancholy instance. In a solitary hut, in one of the dreariest wildernesses imaginable, he found a Tunguse and his daughter. While the father, with his long snow-shoes, was pursuing a reindeer for several days together, this unfortunate girl remained alone and helpless in the hut,—which even in summer afforded but an imperfect shelter against the rain and wind,—exposed to the cold, and frequently to hunger, and without the least occupation. No wonder that the impoverished Tungusi not seldom sink into cannibalism. Neither the reindeer nor the dogs, nor the wives and children of their more fortunate coun-

trymen, are secure from the attacks and voracity of these outcasts, who, in their turn, are treated like wild beasts, and destroyed without mercy. A bartering trade is, however, carried on with them, but only at a distance, and by signs; each party depositing its goods, and following every motion of the other with a suspicious eye.

The Russian government, anxious to relieve the misery of the impoverished nomads, has given orders to settle them along the river banks, and to provide them with the necessary fishing implements; but only extreme wretchedness can induce the Tunguse to relinquish his free life of the forest. His careless temper, his ready wit, and sprightly manner, distinguish him from the other Siberian tribes,—the gloomy Samoyede, the uncouth Ostiak, the reserved Jakut,—but he is said to be full of deceit and malice. His vanity shows itself in the quantity of glass beads with which he decorates his dress of reindeer leather, from his small Tartar cap to the tips of his shoes. When chasing or travelling on his reindeer through the woods, he of course lays aside most of his finery, and puts on large water-tight boots, or sari, well greased with fat, to keep off the wet of the morass. His hunting apparatus is extremely simple. A small axe, a kettle, a leathern bag containing some dried fish, a dog, a short gun, or merely a bow and a sling, is all he requires for his expeditions into the forest. With the assistance of his long and narrow snow-shoes, he flies over the dazzling plains, and protects his eyes, like the Jakut, with a net made of black horse-hair. He never hesitates to attack the bear single-handed, and generally masters him. The nomad Tunguse naturally requires a movable dwelling. His tent is covered with leather, or large pieces of pliable bark, which are easily rolled up and transported from place to place. The yurt of the sedentary Tunguse resembles that of the Jakut, and is so small that it can

be very quickly and thoroughly warmed by a fire kindled on the stone hearth in the centre. In his food the Tunguse is by no means dainty. One of his favorite dishes consists of the contents of a reindeer's stomach mixed with wild berries, and spread out in thin cakes on the rim of trees, to be dried in the air or in the sun. These who have settled on the Wiluj and in the neighborhood of Nertschinsk likewise consume large quantities of brick tea, which they boil with fat and berries into a thick porridge, and this unwholesome food adds, no doubt, to the yellowness of their complexion.

But few of the Tungusi have been converted to Christianity, the majority being still addicted to Shamanism. They do not like to bury their dead, but place them, in their holiday dresses, in large chests, which they hang up between two trees. The hunting apparatus of the deceased is buried beneath the chest. No ceremonies are used on the occasion, except when a Shaman happens to be in the neighborhood, when a reindeer is sacrificed, on whose flesh the sorcerer and the relatives regale themselves, while the spirits to whom the animal is supposed to be offered are obliged to content themselves with the smell of the burnt fat. As among the Samoiedes or the Ostiaks, woman is a marketable ware among the Tungusi. The father gives his daughter in marriage for twenty or a hundred reindeer, or the bridegroom is obliged to earn her hand by a long period of service.

In East Siberia the Tungusi divide with

the Jakuts the task of conveying goods or travellers through the forests, and afford the stranger frequent opportunities for admiring their agility and good humor. On halting after a day's journey, the reindeer are unpacked in an instant, the saddles and the goods ranged orderly on the ground, and the bridles collected are hung on branches of trees.

Comfortably seated on his reindeer saddle, the traveller may now amuse himself with the dances, which the Tungusi accompany with an agreeable song; or, if he choose to witness their agility in athletic exercises, it only costs him a word of encouragement and a small donation of brandy. Two of the Tungusi hold a rope, and swing it with all their might, so that it does not touch the ground. Meanwhile a third Tunguse skips over the rope, picks up a bow and arrow, spans the bow and shoots the arrow, without once touching the rope. Some particularly bold and expert Tungusi will dance over a sword which a person lying on his back on the ground is swinging about with the greatest rapidity. Should our traveller be a friend of chess, the Tungusi are equally at his service, as they are passionately fond of this noblest of games, especially in the Kolymsk district.

Like all other Siberian nomads, they visit, at least once a year, the various fairs which are held in the small towns scattered here and there over their immense territory, such as Kirensk, Olekminsk, Bargusin and Ochotsk, which, before the opening of Amoor to trade, was the chief port of East Siberia.

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CHAPTER CXLVII.

SIBERIA — *Concluded.*

THE SAMOÏEDES AND OSTIAKS.

THEIR BARBARISM — NUM, OR JILIBEANBAERTJE — SHAMANISM — SAMOÏEDE IDOLS — SJADJEI — HAHE — THE TADETSIOS, OR SPIRITS — THE TADIDES, OR SORCERERS — THEIR DRESS — THEIR INVOCATIONS — THEIR CONJURING TRICKS — REVERENCE PAID TO THE DEAD — A SAMOÏEDE OATH — APPEARANCE OF THE SAMOÏEDES — THEIR DRESS — A SAMOÏEDE BELLE — CHARACTER OF THE SAMOÏEDES — THEIR DECREASING NUMBERS — TRADITIONS OF ANCIENT HEROES — OSTIAKS — WHAT IS THE OBI? — A SUMMER YOUT — POVERTY OF OSTIAK FISHERMEN — A WINTER YOUT — ATTACHMENT OF OSTIAKS TO THEIR ANCIENT CUSTOMS — ARCHERY — APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER OF THE OSTIAKS.

THE Samoïedes, the neighbors of the Laplanders, are still farther removed from civilized society, and plunged in even deeper barbarism. The wildest tundras and woods of Northern Russia and Western Siberia are the home of the Samoïede. With his reindeer herds he wanders over the naked wastes, from the eastern coasts of the White Sea to the banks of the Chatanga, or hunts in the boundless forests between the Obi and the Jenissei. His intercourse with the Russians is confined to his annual visit at the fairs of such miserable settlements as Obdorsk and Pustosersk, where, far from improving by their company, he but too often becomes the prey of their avarice, and learns to know them merely as cheats and oppressors. Protestant missionaries have long since brought instruction to the Laplander's hut, but the majority of the less fortunate Samoïedes still adhere to the gross superstitions of their fathers. They believe in a Supreme Being, — Num, or Jilibeanbaertje, — who resides in the air, and, like the Jupiter of old, sends down thunder and lightning, rain and snow; and as a proof that something of a poetic fancy is to be found even among the most savage nations, they call the rainbow "the hem of his garment." As this deity, however, is too far removed from them to leave them any hope of gaining his favor, they never think of offering him either prayer or sacrifice. But, besides Num, there are a great many inferior spirits, or idols, who directly interfere in

human concerns, — capricious beings, who allow themselves to be influenced by offerings, or yield to magical incantations; and to these, therefore, the Samoïede has recourse when he feels the necessity of invoking the aid or averting the wrath of a higher power.

The chief of all Samoïede idols is in the island of Waygatz, — a cold and melancholy Delos, — where it was already found by old Barentz. This idol is a mere block of stone, with its head tapering to a point. It has thus been fashioned, not by a mortal artist, but by a play of nature. After this original the Samoïedes have formed many idols of stone or wood of various sizes, which they call "Sjadei," from their possessing a human physiognomy (*sja*). These idols they dress in reindeer skins, and ornament them with all sorts of colored rags. But a resemblance to the human form is not the necessary attribute of a Samoïede idol; any irregularly shaped stone or tree may be thus distinguished.

If the object is small, the savage carries it everywhere about with him, carefully wrapped up; if too cumbersome to be transported, it is reserved as a kind of national deity. As with the Ostiaks, each Samoïede tribe has in its train a peculiar sledge, — the *Hahengan*, — in which the household idols (or *Hahe*) are placed. One of these *Penates* protects the reindeer, another watches over the health of his worshippers, a third is the guardian of their connubial happiness, a fourth takes care to fill their nets with fish.

Whenever his services are required, the Hahe is taken from his repository, and erected in the tent or on the pasture ground, in the wood or on the river's bank.

His mouth is then smeared with oil or blood, and a dish with fish or flesh is set before him, in the full expectation that his good offices will amply repay the savory repast. When his aid is no longer necessary, he is put aside without any further ceremony, and as little noticed as the Madonna of the Neapolitan fisherman after the storm has ceased.

The Hahe, or idols, are very convenient objects of reverence to the Samoïede, as he can consult them, or ask their assistance, without being initiated in the secrets of magic; while the Tadebtios, or invisible spirits, which everywhere hover about in the air, and are more inclined to injure than to benefit man, can only be invoked by a Tadibe, or sorcerer, who, like the Cumæan sibyl, works himself into a state of ecstatic frenzy. When his services are required, the first care of the Tadibe is to invest himself with his magical mantle,—a kind of shirt made of reindeer leather, and hemmed with red cloth. The seams are covered in a similar manner, and the shoulders are decorated with epaulettes of the same gaudy material. A piece of red cloth veils the eyes and face.—for the Tadibe requires no external organs of sight to penetrate into the world of spirits,—and a plate of polished metal shines upon his breast.

Thus accoutred, the Tadibe seizes his magical drum, whose sounds summon the spirits to his will. Its form is round, it has but one bottom, made of reindeer skin, and is more or less decorated with brass rings, and other ornaments, according to the wealth or poverty of its possessor. During the ceremony of invocation, the Tadibe is generally assisted by a disciple, more or less initiated in the magic art. They either sit down, or walk about in a circle. The chief sorcerer beats the drum, at first slowly, then with increasing violence, singing at the same time a few words to a mystic melody. The disciple immediately falls in, and both repeat the same monotonous chant.

At length the spirits appear, and the consultation is supposed to begin; the Tadibe from time to time remaining silent, as if listening to their answers, and but gently beating his drum, while the assistant continues to sing. Finally, this mute conversation ceases, the song changes into a wild howling, the drum is violently struck, the eye of the Tadibe glows with a strange fire, foam issues from his lips, when suddenly the uproar ceases, and the oracular sentence is pronounced. The Tadibes are consulted, not only for the purpose of recovering a strange reindeer, or to preserve the herd from a contagious disorder, or to obtain success in fishing. The Samoïede, when a prey to illness,

seeks no other medical advice; and the sorcerer's drum either scares away the malevolent spirits that cause the malady, or summons other to the assistance of his patient.

Besides dealing with the invisible world, the Tadibe does not neglect the usual arts of an expert conjurer, and knows by this means how to increase his influence over his simple-minded countrymen. One of his commonest tricks is similar to that which has been practised with so much success by the brothers Davenport. He sits down, with his hands and feet bound, on a reindeer skin stretched out upon the floor, and, the light being removed, begins to summon the ministering spirits to his aid. Strange, unearthly noises now begin to be heard; bears growl, snakes hiss, squirrels rustle about the hut. At length the tumult ceases, the audience anxiously awaits the end of the spectacle, when suddenly the Tadibe, freed from his bonds, steps into the hut, no one doubting that the spirits have set him free.

As barbarous as the poor wretches who submit to his guidance, the Tadibe is incapable of improving their moral condition, and has no wish to do so. Under various names,—Schamans among the Tungusi, Angekoks among the Esquimaux, medicine-men among the North American Indians,—we find similar magicians or impostors assuming a spiritual dictatorship over all the Arctic nations of the Old and the New World, wherever their authority has not been broken by Christianity or Buddhism. This dreary faith still extends its influence over at least half a million of souls, from the White Sea to the extremity of Asia, and from the Pacific to Hudson's Bay.

Like the Ostiaks and other Siberian tribes, the Samoïedes honor the memory of the dead by sacrifices and other ceremonies. They believe that their deceased friends have still the same wants and pursue the same occupations as when in the land of the living; and thus they place in or about their graves a sledge, a spear, a cooking-pot, a knife, an axe, etc., to assist them in procuring and preparing their food. At the funeral, and for several years afterward, the relations sacrifice reindeer over the grave. When a person of note, a prince, a Starschina, the proprietor of numerous herds of reindeer, dies (for even among the miserable Samoïedes we find the social distinctions of rich and poor); the nearest relations make an image, which is placed in the tent of the deceased, and enjoys the respect paid to him during his lifetime. At every meal the image is placed in his former seat, and every evening it is undressed and laid down in his bed. During three years the image is thus honored, and then buried; for by this time the body is supposed to be decayed, and to have lost all sensation of the past. The souls of the Tadibes, and of those who have died a violent death, alone

enjoy the privilege of their terrestrial existence as insubstantial beings.

Like the Ojibwa, the taking of the highest religious office has been secured by heredity, he has passed it on to his son from the suspension of his duties.

If no wood was available for the manufacture of his opponent's bow, he breaks the ice with the following lament: "I have committed this sin, like this dog, my fury are so many—who, though of a future state will be punished by violent death, deer,—that upon to sweet ceremony, but guilt, and pain."

The most that it should be of a bear,—revered by all the Kamschatka by the Laplanders, they believe his shaggy coat than human terms of the Lapps, also, a bullet through the attack was they feel sure.

The appearance of the wild as the cowardly dwarfish state, thick lips, snout, nose, so many nearly upon the jaw (which is raven-black, a yellow-brown, a characteristic feature, nothing to be little natural oïede is satisfied, affords him rain, and even some dandies with cloth of long as they with their girl, with her appears in her round the world in her scarlet tresses, ornament, she may to offer a hand. For ever thinks

enjoy the privilege of immortality, and after their terrestrial life hover about in the air as unsubstantial spirits.

Like the Ostiaks, the Samoïedes consider the taking of an oath as an action of the highest religious importance. When a crime has been secretly committed against a Samoïede, he has the right to demand an oath from the suspected person.

If no wooden or stone *Hahe* is at hand, he manufactures one of earth or snow, leads his opponent to the image, sacrifices a dog, breaks the image, and then addresses him with the following words: "If thou hast committed this crime, then must thou perish like this dog." The ill consequences of perjury are so much dreaded by the Samoïedes, — who, though they have but very faint ideas of a future state, firmly believe that crime will be punished in this life: murder with violent death, or robbery by losses of reindeer, — that the true criminal, when called upon to swear, hardly ever submits to the ceremony, but rather at once confesses his guilt, and pays the penalty.

The most effectual security for an oath is that it should be solemnized over the snout of a bear, — an animal which is highly revered by all the Siberian tribes, from the Kamtschatkans to the Samoïedes, as well as by the Laplanders. Like the Laplanders, they believe that the bear conceals under his shaggy coat a human shape with more than human wisdom, and speak of him in terms of the highest reverence. Like the Lapps, also, they will drive an arrow or a bullet through his skin; but they preface the attack with so many compliments that they feel sure of disarming his anger.

The appearance of the Samoïedes is as wild as the country which they inhabit. The dwarfish stature of the Ostiak or the Lapp, thick lips, small eyes, a low forehead, a broad nose, so much flattened that the end is nearly upon a level with the bone of the upper jaw (which is strong and greatly elevated), raven-black, shaggy hair, a thin beard, and a yellow-brown complexion, are their characteristic features, and in general they do nothing to improve a form which has but little natural beauty to boast of. The Samoïede is satisfied if his heavy reindeer dress affords him protection against the cold and rain, and cares little if it be dirty or ill-cut; some dandies, however, wear furs trimmed with cloth of a gaudy color. The women, as long as they are unmarried, take some pains with their persons; and when a Samoïede girl, with her small and lively black eyes, appears in her reindeer jacket tightly fitting round the waist, and trimmed with dog-skin, in her scarlet moccasins, and her long, black tresses, ornamented with pieces of brass or tin, she may well tempt some rich admirer to offer a whole herd of reindeer for her hand. For among the Samoïedes no father ever thinks of bestowing a portion on his

daughter; on the contrary, he expects from the bridegroom an equivalent for the services which he is about to lose by her marriage. The consequence of this degrading custom is that the husband treats his consort like a slave, or as an inferior being. A Samoïede, who had murdered his wife, was quite surprised at being summoned before a court of justice, for what he considered a trifling offence; "he had honestly paid for her," he said, "and could surely do what he liked with his own."

The senses and faculties of the Samoïedes correspond to their mode of life as nomads and hunters. They have a piercing eye, delicate hearing, and a steady hand; they shoot an arrow with great accuracy, and are swift runners.

The Samoïede is good-natured, melancholy, and phlegmatic. He has, indeed, but indistinct notions of right and wrong, of good and evil; but he possesses a grateful heart, and is ready to divide his last morsel with his friend. Cruelty, revenge, the darker crimes that pollute so many of the savage tribes of the tropical zone, are foreign to his character. Constantly at war with a dreadful climate, a prey to ignorance and poverty, he regards most of the things of this life with supreme indifference.

A common trait in the character of all Samoïedes is the gloomy view which they take of life and its concerns; their internal world is as cheerless as that which surrounds them. True men of ice and snow, they relinquish, without a murmur, a life which they can hardly love, as it imposes upon them many privations, and affords them but few pleasures in return.

The entire number of the European and Asiatic Samoïedes is estimated at no more than about 10,000, and this number, small as it is when compared to the vast territory over which they roam, is still decreasing from year to year. Before their subjugation by the Russians, the Samoïedes were frequently at war with their neighbors, the Ostiaks, the Woguls, and the Tartars, and the rude poems which celebrate the deeds of the heroes of old are still sung in the tents of their peaceful descendants. The *minstrel*, or *troubadour*, — if I may be allowed to use these names while speaking of the rudest of mankind, — is seated in the centre of the hut, while the audience squat around. His gesticulations endeavor to express his sympathy with his hero. His body trembles, his voice quivers, and during the more pathetic parts of his story, tears start to his eyes, and he covers his face with his left hand, while the right, holding an arrow, directs its point to the ground. The audience generally keep silence, but their groans accompany the hero's death; or when he soars upon an eagle to the clouds, and thus escapes the malice of his enemies, they express their delight by a triumphant shout.

THE OSTIAKS.

WHAT is the Obi? "One of the most melancholy rivers on earth," say the few European travellers who have ever seen it roll its turbid waters through the wilderness; "its monotonous banks a dreary succession of swamps and dismal pine forests, and hardly a living creature to be seen, but cranes, wild ducks, and geese." If you address the same question to one of the few Russians who have settled on its banks, he answers, with a devout mien, "Obi is our mother"; but if you ask the Ostiak, he bursts forth in a laconic but energetic phrase, "Obi is the god whom we honor above all other gods."

To him the Obi is a source of life. With its salmon and sturgeon he pays his taxes and debts, and buys his few luxuries; while the fishes of inferior quality which get entangled in his net he keeps for his own consumption and that of his faithful dog, eating them mostly raw, so that the perch not seldom feels his teeth as soon as it is pulled out of the water. In spring, when the Obi and its tributaries burst their bonds of ice, and the floods sweep over the plains, the Ostiak is frequently driven into the woods, where he finds but little to appease his hunger. At length, however, the waters subside, the flat banks of the river appear above their surface, and the savage erects his summer hut close to its stream. This hovel has generally a quadrangular form, low walls, and a high-pointed roof, made of willow branches covered with large pieces of bark. These, having first been softened by boiling, are sewed together, so as to form large mats or carpets, easily rolled up and transported. The hearth, a mere hole inclosed by a few stones, is in the centre, and the smoke escapes through an aperture at the top. Close to the hut there is also, generally, a small store-house erected on high poles, as in Lapland; for the provisions must be secured against the attacks of the glutton, the wolf, or the owner's dogs.

At the beginning of winter the Ostiaks retire into the woods, where they find, at least, some protection against the Arctic blasts, and are busy hunting the sable or squirrel; but as fishing affords them at all times their chief food, they take care to establish their winter huts on some eminence above the reach of the spring inundations, near some small river, which, through holes made in the ice, affords their nets and anglers a precarious supply. Their winter yurt is somewhat more solidly constructed than their summer residence, as it is not removed every year. It is low and small, and its walls are plastered with clay. Light is admitted through a piece of ice inserted in the wall or on the roof.

Besides those who live solely upon fishes

and birds of passage, there are other Ostiaks who possess reindeer herds, and wander in summer to the border of the Polar Sea, where they also catch seals and fish. When winter approaches, they slowly return to the woods. Finally, in the more southerly districts, there are some Ostiaks who, having entirely adopted the Russian mode of life, cultivate the soil, keep cattle, or earn their livelihood as carriers.

In general, however, the Ostiak, like the Samoiède, obstinately withstands all innovations, and remains true to the customs of his forefathers. He has been so often deceived by the Russians that he is loth to receive the gifts of civilization from their hands. He fears that if his children learn to read and write, they will no longer be satisfied to live like their parents, and that the school will deprive him of the support of his age. He is no less obstinately attached to the religion of his fathers, which in all essential points is identical with that of the Samoièdes. In some of the southern districts, along the Irtysh, at Surgut, he has indeed been baptized, and hangs up the image of a saint in his hut, as his Russian pope or priest has instructed him to do; but his Christianity extends no further. Along the tributaries of the Obi, and below Obdorsk, he is still plunged in Schamanism.

Like the Samoièdes, the Ostiaks, whose entire number amounts to about 25,000, are subdivided into tribes, reminding one of the Highland clans. Each tribe consists of a number of families, of a common descent, and sometimes comprising many hundred individuals, who, however distantly related, consider it a duty to assist each other in distress.

The Ostiaks are excellent archers, and, like all the other hunting tribes of Siberia, use variously constructed arrows for the different objects of their chase.

They are generally of a small stature, and most of them are dark-complexioned, with raven-black hair like the Samoièdes; some of them, however, have a fairer skin and light-colored hair. They are a good-natured, indolent, honest race; and though they are extremely dirty, yet their smoky huts are not more filthy than those of the Norwegian or Icelandic fishermen.

As among the Samoièdes, the women are in a very degraded condition, the father always giving his daughter in marriage to the highest bidder. The price is very different, and rises or falls according to the circumstances of the parent; for while the rich man asks fifty reindeer for his child, the poor fisherman is glad to part with his daughter for a few squirrel-skins and dried sturgeon.

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CHAPTER CXLVIII.

INDIA.

THE SOWRAHS AND KHONDS.

LOCALITY OF THE SOWRAH TRIBE—GENERAL APPEARANCE—THE TARTAR CHARACTER OF THE FEATURES—DRESS OF THE MEN, THEIR SCANTY COSTUME AND PLENTIFUL ORNAMENTS—CURIOUS EAR-RINGS—DRESS OF THE WOMEN—MODE OF OBTAINING CLOTHES FOR WINTER USE—WEAPONS OF THE SOWRAHS—THEIR COURAGE, AND THE APPREHENSION WHICH THEY EXCITE—A SOWRAH WEDDING—RELIGIOUS SYSTEM OF THE SOWRAHS—THEIR TRUTHFULNESS—THE KHONDS—DRESS AND APPEARANCE—THE KHOND POCKET—FEATURES OF THE WOMEN—THE MERIAH SACRIFICE AND ITS OBJECT—PROCURING OF THE VICTIM—VARIOUS MODES OF PERFORMING THE SACRIFICE—SUBSTITUTE FOR THE MERIAH—STRANGE USE OF BRACELETS—THE MERIAH'S INDIFFERENCE TO THEIR FATE—INFANTICIDE—WEAPONS OF THE KHONDS—DEATH OF A BEAR—PRIDE OF THE KHONDS—SUPERSTITION—BELIEF IN THE POWER OF TRANSFORMATION—A KHOND MARRIAGE.

THE reader may remember that the Andaman Islands trench closely upon the shores of India, thus bringing closely together the two phases of utter savagery that never has advanced in the scale of humanity, and of a civilization which has advanced to the utmost limits of which it is capable. In the following pages I propose to give a brief account of various phases of Indian life, throwing most emphasis upon those which trench least upon civilization, as being most akin to the objects of this work.

From the figures which illustrate this country, and which are all taken from photographs, the reader will notice the very distinct type of man which is exhibited throughout India; and though in some of the tribes there is a facial resemblance to the Australian type, and in others to the Mongolian, it is impossible to mistake an entire figure in either instance. We will begin with those parts of India which are the least civilized, and in which the inhabitants retain most of their aboriginal manners and customs.

THERE is a remarkable hill tribe of India which deserves a short description, as the people seem to have preserved the original characteristics of their race better than any other inhabitants of the country. They are called Sowrahs, and live in a tract of

country about lat. $18^{\circ} 30' N.$, and long. $72^{\circ} 30' E.$

The Sowrahs are a tolerably good-looking tribe, some of the girls being even handsome, were not their faces disfigured by the nose rings, of which one woman will often wear three. The men, as is the case with all the Indian tribes, are slenderly built, and appear to be devoid of muscles, especially in the legs. This apparent slowness, however, conceals great muscular power, as has often been shown in the skirmishes which their predatory habits constantly entail upon them. In one of these skirmishes, a Sowrah who had been taken prisoner suddenly snatched a bayonet out of the hands of his captor, and bent the blade double.

There is about the features of the Sowrahs a decidedly Tartar look, which increases with age, and is marked most strongly in the men. Some photographs of them now before me exhibit this characteristic very distinctly marked, and in one case so strongly that, but for color and the mode of dressing the hair, the face might easily be mistaken for those of a genuine Tartar. Indeed, Mr. Hooper, from whose paper this account is condensed, thinks that they may have a Tartar origin.

One remarkable point about the Sowrahs is, that they have no distinction of caste, though they are divided into two distinct

classes, the Hill Sowrahs and the Sowrahs of the Platin. The latter are comparatively civilized, and live in villages, and it is only of the former that this work will treat.

The dress of the Sowrahs is primitive enough. The men wear nothing but the "languti," i. e. a narrow strip of cloth passing round the waist, through the legs, and tucked into the waistband. They are, however, very fond of ornaments, though they care so little about dress, and have their necks loaded with beads, and their ears and nostrils filled with rings. A photograph of one of these men shows that he is wearing no less than twenty-seven bead necklaces, as well as a broad brass collar. Besides the ordinary ear-rings, he wears an ornament which seems rather popular among the Sowrahs. A hole is bored in the upper part of the ear, and through it is passed one end of a string almost four inches in length, to the other end of which is attached a glittering bead about as large as a walnut. Some of the Sowrahs also thread small beads upon the string.

The hair of the men is allowed to grow to a considerable length, and on festival days it is gathered into a knot at the back of the head, and adorned with feathers, mostly those of the peacock. This mode of dressing the hair gives a very effeminate look to the countenance, and on seeing a photograph of the face alone, especially if it be that of a young man, it is not very easy at a hasty glance to discover whether it is the portrait of a man or woman.

The dress of the women consists of a cloth wrapped round the waist. Those women who have been photographed wear long calico cloths wrapped round them from shoulder to knee after the ordinary Indian fashion; but it is evident that they have borrowed these cloths for the occasion, and so, after the custom of all uncivilized people, have contrived, through anxiety to look their best, to falsify the real object of the photographer, i. e. to represent them as they really appear. Like the men, they wear an abundance of necklaces, and also are fond of simple bracelets, consisting of broad metal bands wound spirally round the wrists. The hair is parted down the middle, but no particular care is expended upon it.

When the colder weather comes on, and the Sowrahs want more clothing, they do not make it, but have recourse to the simple plan of waylaying travellers, killing them, and taking their garments. In these robberies, as well as in the skirmishes to which they often tend, the Sowrahs chiefly use the bow and arrow. The bow is a comparatively weak one, only being a yard or so in length, and having a string made of the outer coating of the bamboo. The arrows are of reed, armed with a flat, many-barbed iron head. The Sowrahs always lie in wait for their victims, and direct their aim at the

stomach and legs, so that the wounds are always dangerous, and generally mortal.

They also carry a kind of battle-axe. They are a brave as well as a warlike people, and are the terror of the inhabitants of the plains. Even the Khonds, who will be presently described, ready as they are to fight among each other, and skilled as they are in the use of the bow and the battle-axe, stand in awe of the Sowrahs, and do not like to be drawn into a quarrel with them. They are especially afraid of these enemies, because the favorite mode of attack with the Sowrahs is to make a raid under cover of night, and, after securing all the plunder they can seize, and doing all the harm in their power, to return to their hill fastnesses as rapidly as they issued from them.

General Campbell thinks that their mode of life may have something to do with this superiority, and that their more abstemious and less dissipated life renders them stronger and more enduring than their self-indulgent neighbors. In some places, Sowrahs and Khonds dwell together in tolerable amity, but both of the tribes, although they may derive their origin from the same source, and both assert themselves to be the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, and to have a right to its possession, preserve their own characteristic differences so rigidly that there is no difficulty in distinguishing a Sowrah from a Khond.

THE ceremony of marriage among the Sowrahs, illustrated on the following page, is thus described by Mr. Hooper: "A young man, or his friends for him, having selected a bride, messengers are sent to her parents, and finally the young man goes, bearing a pot of toddy, or other present. If the consent of the parents is obtained, the ceremony is commenced by fixing three posts in the ground, between which the bride and bridegroom, with their respective friends, assemble, and a feast is commenced at which nearly every person gets drunk upon toddy.

"The bride and bridegroom sit together, while turneric water is poured on their heads. Presents of cloth, beads, rings, etc., are exchanged, fowls, and if possible sheep, are sacrificed to propitiate the demons, and the flesh is then cooked, made up into balls with some sort of grain, and distributed among the party. On these occasions they all join in a dance, which seems to consist principally in hopping from one leg to the other, at each movement snapping their fingers and uttering an ejaculation, while at intervals the whole of the dancers come bumping together, and then separate.

"If the parents of the bride refuse to consent to the marriage, it frequently happens that the friends of the bridegroom watch their opportunity, and if the girl is found alone, they seize and carry her off. The relatives of the girl then pursue and attack





(1.) A SOWRAH MARRIAGE. (See page 1386.)



(2.) MERIAH SACRIFICE. (See page 1391.)

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the opposite party, but, even though successful in retaking her, they are prohibited by their customs from giving her in marriage to any one else. Should such a thing be attempted, the parties would have to fight it out in a more serious manner with bows and arrows."

The reader will doubtless recognize the similarity of these marriage rites to those which are practised by savage tribes in many parts of the world.

In the account of the wedding, the propitiation of the demons is mentioned. This is the key to their religious system, such as it is, and explains the reason for the absence of caste. The Sowrahs of the Plains seem to have a rather better religious system, but that of the Hill Sowrahs is simply demonolatry. They seem to have but little notion of worship, the only ceremonies which have been observed taking place at harvest time. When the crops reach maturity, the owners set small stones upright in the earth as emblems of the presiding demons, and lay before them little heaps of each crop. After the offerings have remained there for some little time, they are consumed at a feast to which the proprietor of the crops invites his relatives and friends.

When a Sowrah dies, his body is burned, the ashes buried, and a small building erected over the spot. Five days after the burial a pot of toddy is laid on the grave, round which are placed a number of leaves representing the ancestors of the deceased. A little toddy is poured upon each leaf, and the remainder is drunk by the people who have assisted at the ceremony. A somewhat similar rite, but accompanied with feasting, is celebrated at the end of the first and fourth years after burial.

According to General Campbell, they do not destroy their female infants, as is done by too many of the Indian tribes, neither do they practise human sacrifice. Yet they will sometimes participate in the remarkable Meriah sacrifice, which will presently be described, and will travel some distance to do so. They do not, however, seem to attach very great importance to the rite, and when General Campbell remonstrated with them on the subject, they at once promised to abandon it, and not even to be present as spectators.

Perhaps the most characteristic trait of the Sowrahs is their absolute truthfulness, which, according to Mr. Hooper, is the result from their want of capacity to invent a lie.

THE KHONDS.

IN the now renowned district of Orissa live the remarkable tribes called Khonds, who, like the Sowrahs, appear to be immediately descended from the aboriginal inhabitants, and to have retained, though in a somewhat modified form, several of the customs of their savage forefathers, the chief of which will be briefly described.

The Khonds are active, wiry, and of much darker complexion than the inhabitants of the plains, and neither sex trouble themselves much about clothing. The men wear a few yards of coarse cotton round their waists, a separate piece dyed red hanging down behind like a tail. Their hair is allowed to grow to its full length, and is twisted round and round the head, and fastened in a knot in front, in which the Khond always keeps a few cigars made of tobacco rolled in a green leaf. He generally decorates this top-knot with a piece of red cloth and feathers.

The women wear a rather large cloth round their loins, and decorate themselves with vast quantities of beads and other ornaments, among which the most conspicuous are some heavy bracelets, which are little more than thick brass bands twined round their wrists. Among some of the tribes, these ornaments are put to a very tragical use, as we shall presently see. Slips of red cloth are considered very fashionable ornaments by the Khond women, and in some cases strings of copper coins are worn by way of necklaces.

These, however, are mostly reserved for the children. There is some excuse for the anxiety of the Khond women to make the best of themselves, as they are very inferior to the men in appearance, being short, stumpy, and so plain in features, that they are pronounced by General Campbell to be absolutely repulsive. Some photographs, however, which are now before me, do not give this impression. Perhaps these women were selected for their good looks.

They are divided into many tribes, and as a rule live in villages varying in population from forty to ten times the number. We will now proceed to the manners and customs of the Khond tribes.

THROUGHOUT the whole of Khondistan there is a system of human sacrifice, varying exceedingly in detail according to the locality, but agreeing in all principal points. There is one point especially which seems to be the very essence of the sacrifice, and which is common to all the tribes. The victim, or Meriah, must be bought with a price. Should a captive be taken in war, he may not be offered as a Meriah by his captor, but he may be sold for that purpose, and will then be accepted by the priests.

There is no restriction of age, sex, or caste, but adults are thought more acceptable because they are more costly, and the healthy more likely to propitiate the gods than the

sick or feeble. That the Meriah should be sacrificed is thought an absolutely necessary condition for the prosperity of every undertaking, but especially for the growth of the crops, and the Khonds therefore use every endeavor to secure a succession of victims. Sometimes they purchase children from their parents or relations when they have fallen into poverty, but, as a rule, they are stolen by a set of robber tribes called Pannoos, who decoy them into the hills, seize them, and sell them to the Khonds. It is rather remarkable that although the Khonds avail themselves of the services of the Pannoos, and are very glad to purchase victims, they bear an intense hatred and contempt toward them, and, except in the way of business, will have no dealings with them.

The Meriah victims have no reason to complain of their lot, with the one exception that it must soon come to an end. They are well fed and kindly treated, and, with the ruling fatalism of the Oriental character, generally resign themselves to their fate, and make no efforts to escape. Often a Meriah girl is married to a Khond man, and allowed to live until she has borne children. These, as well as herself, are liable to be sacrificed, but must never be offered in the village wherein they were born. In order to avoid this difficulty, the various towns agree to exchange their Meriah children.

The mode of sacrificing the Meriah is so exceedingly variable that it will be necessary to give a short abstract of the various modes.

In the first place, the Meriah must always be sacrificed openly in the sight of the people, and this rule is absolute throughout all the land.

In Goomsur, the sacrifice is offered to the Earth-god, Tado Pennor, who is represented by the emblem of a peacock. When the time is fixed, the victim is selected, and for a month there is much rejoicing, feasting, and dancing round the Meriah, who is abundantly supplied with food and drink, and is in all appearance as merry and unconcerned as any of the people. On the day previous to the sacrifice a stout pole is set up, having on its top the peacock emblem of Tado Pennor, and to it is bound the Meriah. The people then dance round him, saying, in their chants, that they do not murder the victim, but sacrifice one who was bought with a price, and that therefore no sin rests with them. As the Meriah is previously intoxicated with toddy, he can give no answer, and his silence is taken as consent to his sacrifice.

Next day he is anointed with oil, and carried round the village, after which he is brought to the peacock post, at the foot of which is a small pit. A hog is then killed, and the blood poured into the pit and mixed with the soil, so as to form a thick mud. The Meriah, who has been previously made senseless from intoxication, is thrown into the pit, with his face pressed into the mire until

he is dead. The officiating priest or zani then cuts off a small piece of the flesh of the victim and buries it near the pit, as an offering to the earth, and, as soon as he has done so, all the spectators rush upon the body, hack it to pieces, and carry off the fragments to bury them in their fields as a propitiation to the earth deities who produce the crops. Revolting as this custom is, it is much more merciful than most modes of Meriah sacrifice, inasmuch as suffocation is not a death involving much physical pain, and the victim has been previously deprived of his senses.

In Boad, the Meriah is taken round the village, when every one tries to procure one of his hairs, or to touch his lips with their fingers so that they may anoint their heads with the sacred moisture. After being dragged into insensibility, he is taken to the fatal spot, where he is strangled by placing his neck between the two halves of a split bamboo, the ends of which are then brought together by the priests. The head priest next breaks the bones of the arms and legs with his axe, and when he has done so, the body is cut to pieces as in Goomsur.

In Chinna Kimeday a grotesquely cruel mode of sacrifice is employed. In lieu of the peacock which is used at Goomsur, a large wooden figure of an elephant is placed on the post, and revolves on a pivot. The Meriah is tied to the extended proboscis of the elephant, and, amid the yells of the spectators, is whirled round as fast as the figure can be turned. In this case the Meriah is not drugged. At a signal from the officiating zani, the crowd rush on the Meriah with their knives, and in a few moments hack him to pieces as he is tied, still living, on the elephant.

General Campbell, while executing his mission of mercy in Khondistan, saw as many as fourteen of their elephant images, all of which he caused to be pulled down and destroyed by the baggage elephants attached to his force, so that the Khonds might see that those venerated emblems of a cruel worship were powerless even against the animals which they simulated. His task was naturally a difficult one, as it involved the abolition of a rite which had existed from time immemorial, and which no amount of reasoning could persuade them to be wrong, much less criminal. So deeply was it ingrained in their nature, that their only idea of his object in setting free so many hundred Meriahs was, that he might sacrifice them on his own account, in order to bring hack water into a large tank which he was thought to have constructed for the use of his elephants.

In this very place, a most singular circumstance occurred. The English officer was told that a sacrifice was being actually performed, the victim being a young and handsome girl, only fifteen or sixteen years old. He instantly started off with an armed party,

and found the complete, annual sacrifice to give the people were an armed party, mandated that they were, for collision, and rescued victims.

The remainder told. Scarcely out of sight, he broke out into appointment, a happy thought, we be debarred aged priest, over his head. Let us sacrifice old man was round, and of

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and found the offering of the Meriah already complete, and nothing wanting but the actual sacrifice. The aged priest was ready to give the signal, and the surrounding people were mad with excitement, when the armed party came to the rescue, and demanded the girl. The Khonds, furious as they were, found that they dared not risk a collision, and so the party retired with the rescued victim.

The remainder of the story has yet to be told. Scarcely were the English soldiers out of sight than the assembled Khonds broke out into loud murmurings at their disappointment. At last one of them hit upon a happy thought. "Why," said he, "should we be debarred from our sacrifice? See our aged priest. Seventy summers have passed over his head—what further use is he? Let us sacrifice him." And forthwith the old man was tied on the elephant, spun round, and cut to pieces.

In Maji Deso another mode of sacrifice is employed. They do not keep a large supply of Meriahs, as do most of the tribes, but buy them immediately before the sacrifice. The consequence is, that it is very difficult to detect them, except in the very act of offering the victim. Their mode of killing the Meriah is as follows. The Khonds surround the victim, and beat him on the head with the heavy metal bracelets, which they are in the habit of wearing. Mostly they kill him in this way, but if they fail in doing so, they strangle him with a split bamboo, as has already been described. The flesh of the back is then cut into long and narrow strips, and each person carries off a strip and suspends it on a pole, which he thrusts into the bed of the stream which waters his fields.

In Patna, the mode of sacrifice varies exceedingly. In some cases the victim is stoned, in others beaten to death with bamboos, together with other barbarous modes of putting to death. General Campbell remarks, that in this district there are places where sacrificing and non-sacrificing tribes inhabit the same village. They live harmoniously together until the time of sacrifice, when the non-sacrificing tribes retire to their houses, and never pass through the front door of their dwellings until seven days are over, and the remains of the Meriah buried. After that time, all goes on as usual, until the next sacrifice takes place.

Bundari appears to be the place where the people adhere most firmly to the Meriah system. When General Campbell visited this district, they refused to give up the Meriah, and on the near approach of his force, fled to their hiding-places in the mountains. As he approached Bundari, he found that the people had been actually offering a sacrifice, and that they had gone off in such haste that they had left behind them the sacrificial post with the head of a victim hanging to it by the hair, and the fatal knife

suspended beside it. The mode of sacrifice employed in this district is thus described:—

"The sacrifice which had taken place, and which is called Junnah, is performed as follows, and is always succeeded by the sacrifice of three other human victims, two to the sun to the east and west, and one in the centre, with the usual barbarities. A stout wooden post is firmly fixed in the ground. At the foot of it a narrow grave is dug, and to the top of the post the victim is firmly fastened by the long hair of his head. Four assistants hold his outstretched arms and legs, the body being suspended horizontally over the grave, with the face toward the earth. The officiating zani, or priest, standing on the right side, repeats the following invocation, at intervals hacking with his sacrificing knife the back part of the shrieking victim's neck:—

"O mighty Manicksoro, this is your festival day (to the Khonds the sacrifice is Meriah, to the Rajahs, Junnah). On account of this sacrifice you have given to Rajahs countries, guns, and swords. The sacrifice we now offer, you must eat; and we pray that our battle-axes may be turned into swords, and our bows and arrows into gunpowder and balls, and if we have any quarrels with other tribes, give us the victory, and preserve us from the tyranny of Rajahs, and other officers."

"Then, addressing the victim, he added, 'that we may enjoy prosperity, we offer you a sacrifice to our god Manicksoro, who will immediately eat you, so be not grieved at our slaying you. Your parents were aware when we purchased you from them for sixty gunties (articles) that we did it with intent to sacrifice you; there is, therefore, no sin on our heads, but on those of your parents. After you are dead, we shall perform your obsequies.'

This speech being concluded, the head of the victim is severed from the body, and allowed to hang from the post until it is eaten by wild beasts. The knife is also suspended from the post, and allowed to remain there until the three additional sacrifices have been offered, when it is removed with many ceremonies. Eight of these posts were found in the village, and were all destroyed.

It is this mode of sacrifice which is shown in the illustration on page 1387. In the centre is seen the aged priest in the act of sacrificing the Meriah, which in this case is a young girl. Her head is supported by her long hair, which is tied to the top of the post, and her body is held horizontally by the four assistants, who each grasp a hand or a foot. On the right hand is shown a post, to which hangs the head of the first sacrificed Meriah, and on the other side is another victim bound by the hair to the post, waiting until the priest had completed the sacrifice in which he is engaged.

One circumstance connected with the Meriah sacrifice is rather remarkable, namely, the indifference to their fate that seems to possess the victims. One young man, a Meriah, said that it was better to be sacrificed among his own people, and to give them pleasure, than to live upon the plains. The natives believe that this indifference is caused by the Meriah food, a mixture of rice, turmeric, and other ingredients, prepared with certain magical ceremonies. Even the Meriahs themselves have this belief. For example, three young women were hired by a seller of salt fish to carry his goods among the Khonds, and when he got them there, the treacherous dealer sold not only the fish but the women. Twice the victims attempted to escape, but were recaptured, and after the second attempt, the Khonds fed them on Meriah food, when they became reconciled to their fate, and made no further efforts to escape.

Other ties seem to have their effect on the Meriahs. Sometimes a man wishes to buy a Meriah, that being a very meritorious act; but the cost is so great, amounting on an average to sixty-five rupees, that the Khond is almost reduced to poverty. Under such circumstances, he is unable to marry, inasmuch as he cannot pay the heavy price which is demanded of a bridegroom. Accordingly, he buys a Meriah girl, and takes her as his wife until the time when she may be required for sacrifice.

It has already been mentioned that children are sold by their parents as Meriahs. This seems so cruel and heartless a system, that some explanation ought to be offered. It is very seldom that such a purchase is made, unless the parents be very poor, and fear that they shall not be able to provide their children with food. In such cases they argue that it is better for the child to be nourished and kindly treated, and then to die as a sacrifice to the deities, than to perish by degrees of starvation. Moreover, it is considered rather a meritorious action for a parent to devote a child to the gods, and, when it is done, the parents are very proud of such children, and regard them with respect and admiration as belonging to the deities.

Another reason for the continuance of the Meriah sacrifice is the slight regard in which the Khonds hold human life, sacrificing that which we consider as priceless because they are indifferent to it, not only with regard to others, but with regard to themselves.

That the custom of propitiating the deities of agriculture with living sacrifices should be entirely abolished could not be expected, and General Campbell found that the best mode of extinguishing human sacrifice was to induce the Khonds to substitute that of a beast. This was done in many cases, the sacrificers apologizing to the god for the substitution, and begging him, if he should be

angry, to vent his wrath, not upon them, but upon the foreigner who had suggested the alteration. He had no objection to this arrangement, and as the crops turned out well afterward, it was to be supposed that all parties, the gods included, were satisfied.

A very similar custom was once prevalent among certain tribes of the Lower Amazon. The name of these tribes was Tapuyos, but this title has now been given to all the inhabitants of the Lower Amazon district. Prisoners taken in war by them were reserved for sacrifice. They were treated with extreme kindness, fed in the most liberal manner, so that they might be plump and fat, and were provided with wives. They were generally allowed to live for several years, until their wives had borne children. They were then taken to the place of sacrifice, and killed with a single blow of a club; their children being carefully reared, for the purpose of undergoing a similar fate after they had grown up.

Even without reference to the Meriah system, the Khonds are in the habit of killing their female children. This custom has arisen partly from the fear of poverty, and partly from the system on which marriages are conducted. The Khonds dislike marrying among themselves, and seek their wives among distant tribes, alleging as a reason that they can purchase them at a cheaper rate. But General Campbell tried to show them that if they were to rear their own female children, they would find them much cheaper as wives, and recommended them, as a beginning, to marry their Meriah women, for whom a high price had already been paid.

In some of the hills of Chinna Kinedy, children of both sexes are put to death. As soon as a child is born, a priest is called to ascertain whether it is to live or die. To effect this purpose, he employs a plan very like the "Sortes Virgilianæ." He produces a book, and, after some prayers, thrusts an iron style at random among the leaves. He then reads the passage to which the style points, and if it be unfavorable, the child must die, or the fields would bear no more crops.

The fatal edict having been pronounced, the child is placed in a new earthen vessel (which has been painted in red and black stripes), the cover is fastened down, and the jar is buried. Some flowers and rice are laid on the cover, and, after the earth is filled in, a fowl is sacrificed upon the poor little victim's grave.

BEFORE leaving these remarkable tribes, we will glance slightly at one or two of their most characteristic customs.

Their weapons are very simple, consisting of a curious sword fixed to a gauntlet, the bow and arrow, and the axe. The last is the national weapon of the Khonds, and in its

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use they are wonderfully adroit. General Campbell mentions that a British officer was out in the evening for the purpose of shooting a bear, but only wounded the animal slightly, instead of killing it outright. The bear started for the hills, but was pursued by several Khonds, who overtook it, got between the hill and the bear, and then, armed only with their axes, attacked and hacked the animal to pieces. These axes are about four feet long in the handle, and have but small heads. These, however, are made of good steel, and in the practised hand of a Khond the axe is a weapon much more formidable than it looks. This exhibition of courage is the more remarkable, because the actors in it were Meriah men who had been rescued from sacrifice. The sword that has been mentioned is a comparatively rare weapon, and belongs rather to the Ooryahs than to the Khonds proper.

The Khond tribes seem to be rather fond of quarrelling among each other, and carry on a kind of desultory or guerilla warfare. Pitched battles they dislike, preferring to steal cattle from their opponents, and to kill them by stealth, to meeting them in open fight. Indeed, they pride themselves on doing as much injury as possible to their antagonists, while receiving the least possible harm themselves. Accordingly, when the delegates of two inimical tribes meet for the purpose of restoring peace, some very absurd scenes take place. The umpires call upon the representatives of the tribes to declare the number of cattle stolen and men killed; and it is generally found that the latter item is equally balanced, neither party caring to acknowledge that a man of their own tribe has been killed, unless the adversaries can prove it. They cannot but admit that the man was killed, but attribute his death to accident, such as being carried off by a tiger, or bitten by a snake.

Pride forms a great element in the Khond character. The people are fond of their land, and nothing can induce a Khond to sell one yard of ground to a foreigner, nor even to part with a single tree that grows on that soil. Generally, they are too proud to barter, but leave that business to the Pannoo tribes, by whom, as may be remembered, the Meriah victims are generally furnished. Among the Khonds there are but two employments worthy of their dignity, *i. e.* warfare and agriculture, and all persons are despised who carry on any other profession or business, even though they may profit by it themselves. Yet there is no system of caste among them, such as we find among the Hindoos, neither have they any prejudice in regard of diet, except perhaps a dislike to milk.

As to the religion of the Khonds, it is of the simplest description, and their worship is practically comprised in the Meriah sacrifice. There are certain very barbarous sa-

cred images to be found in the hill districts, but no one seems to care or even to know much about them, and the priests, or medicine men, are as ignorant or careless on the subject as the people in general. It ought to be mentioned that very elaborate accounts have been published respecting the religion of the Khonds, their vast army of deities, and their quadruple souls. But there is now no doubt that the information upon which these accounts were based was simply invented by the narrators in order to suit their own purposes.

Putting aside the Meriah system, the Khonds have several superstitions in which they firmly believe, and the strangest of them is their idea that certain human beings can transform themselves into tigers. These persons are called "Pulta Bags," and are very much dreaded by the people, upon whose fears they intentionally play for the purpose of extortion. Knowing that the ignorant people believe them to be possessed of such a power, they extort food, clothing, and other property from them at intervals, saying that they are poor, and unless supplied with the necessities of life, they will be forced to transform themselves into tigers, and to carry off the cattle.

General Campbell mentions an instance where he was brought in contact with, or rather in opposition to, this superstition. An excited crowd came to him, accompanied by several armed men, who guarded two women. One of the men then said that he and his son were in the jungle cutting firewood, when a tiger sprang upon the lad and carried him off. The father pursued the animal, shouting after it until it turned the corner of the rock, when it disappeared, and on the top of the rock were then seen the two women. The case was clear. These two women were Pulta Bags. While in the tiger form they had carried off his son, but, alarmed by his shouts, had hidden the body of the lad and resumed their human shapes.

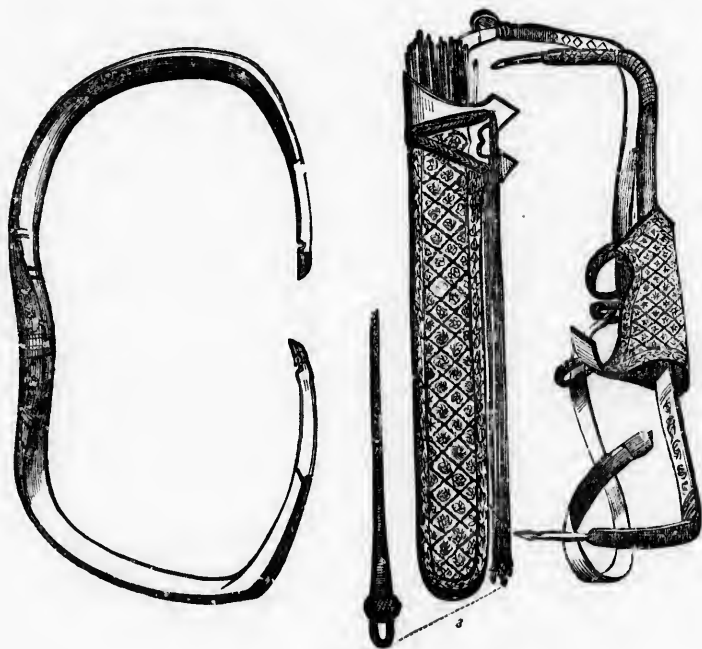
On being questioned, the women acknowledged that the story was true, and that they did possess the power attributed to them. General Campbell then offered to release them, provided that they would transform themselves into tigers in his presence. This, to his astonishment, they agreed to do, provided that he accompanied them to a neighboring jungle. Finding, however, that the English general was not so easily frightened as a Khond warrior, and that they would be taken at their word, they threw themselves at his feet, and acknowledged their imposture.

A remarkable instance of this belief is narrated by the same writer. A brave little Khond, belonging to the irregular force, was engaged in a conflict when several of the enemy were killed, among whom was one who was shot by his own hand. Instead of being proud of his exploit, he was seized

with terror, declaring that the man whom he had killed was a Pulta Bag, and that he would assume the shape of a tiger and avenge himself. After the campaign was over, he obtained leave to visit his family, and, previous to his departure, he brought his uniform, asking that care might be taken of it, as he felt sure that he should never wear it again. He joined his family, and lived with them for some weeks, when, as he was watching his cattle, a tiger sprang on him, and wounded him so cruelly that he shortly died. Nothing could persuade him that the tiger was not the man whom he had shot, and the event only strengthened the hold which the superstition has on the native mind.

Marriage is generally celebrated at the

hunting season, probably because the stores of food and drink are secured for that time, and there is always plenty of food for the marriage feast. Among them prevails the custom of carrying off the bride. The bridegroom snatches up the girl and runs off with her, pursued by a number of young women who try to snatch her from him, or at least pretend to do so. He, however, is protected by twenty or thirty young men, who keep him and his burden in their midst, and do their best to shield him from the bamboos, stones, and other missiles which are hurled at him by the women. When he reaches the boundaries of his own village, he is supposed to have won his bride, while the assailing party scamper at full speed to their own dwellings.



BOWS AND QUITER. (From my Collection.)
(See page 1401.)

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CHAPTER CXLIX.

INDIA -- *Continued.*

WEAPONS.

THE GHOORKA TRIBE AND THEIR FAVORITE WEAPON—BLADE AND CURVED HANDLE OF THE "KOOKERY"—MODE OF STRIKING WITH IT—THE ADDITIONAL KNIVES—MAKING "WOOTZ" STEEL—FIGHTING A TIGER—THE HUNTER'S NECKLACE—ROBBERS OF INDIA—THE BULGLAR, THE BURROWER—THE PURSE CUTTER—AN INGENUOUS THEFT—STRANGE MODE OF ESCAPING OBSERVATION—VARIOUS BOWS—THE PELLET BOW AND ITS DOUBLE STRING—THE REVERSED BOW AND MODE OF USING IT—STRINGING THE BOW—THE VARIOUS ARROWS—ARMOR AND CHAIN MAIL—SIR HOPE GRANT'S SPECIMEN—INDIAN SWORDS AND MODE OF USING THEM—VARIOUS DAGGERS—THE "CHAKRA" OR QUOT WEAPON.

ONE of the hill tribes, called the Ghoorka tribe, is worthy of notice, if only for the remarkable weapon which they use in preference to any other. It is called the "kookery," and is of a very peculiar shape. One of the knives, drawn from a specimen in my collection, is given in illustration No. 2, on page 1403. As may be seen by reference to the drawing, both the blade and hilt are curved. The blade is very thick at the back, my own specimen, which is rather a small one, measuring a little more than a quarter of an inch in thickness. From the back it is thinned off gradually to the edge, which has a curve of its own, quite different to that of the back, so that the blade is widest as well as thickest in the middle, and tapers at one end toward the hilt, and at the other toward the point. The steel of which the blade is formed is of admirable temper, as is shown by the fact that my specimen, which, to my knowledge, has not been cleaned for thirty years, but has been hung upon the wall among other weapons, is scarcely touched with rust, and for the greater part of its surface is burnished like a mirror. Indeed, on turning it about, I can see reflected upon its polished surface the various objects of the room. The handle is made after a very remarkable fashion, and the portion which forms the hilt is so small that it shows the size of the hand for which it was intended. This smallness of hilt is common to all Indian swords, which cannot be grasped by an

ordinary English soldier. My own hand is a small one, but it is too large even for the heavy sabre or "tulwar," while the handle of the kookery looks as if the weapon were intended for a boy of six or seven years old. Indeed, the Ghoorkas are so small, that their hands, like those of all Indian races, are very delicate, about the same size as those of an English boy of seven. The point of the kookery is as sharp as a needle, so that the weapon answers equally well for cutting or stabbing. In consequence of the great thickness of the metal, the blade is exceedingly heavy, and it is a matter of much wonder how such tiny hands as those of the Ghoorkas can manage so weighty a weapon, which seems almost as much beyond their strength as does the Andamaner's gigantic bow to the dwarfish man who wields it. It may be imagined that a blow from such a weapon as this must be a very terrible one. The very weight of the blade would drive it half through a man's arm, if it were only allowed to fall from a little height. But the Ghoorkas have a mode of striking which resembles the "drawing" out of the broadsword, and which urges the sharp edge through flesh and bone alike.

Before passing to the mode in which the kookery is used, I may mention that it is not employed for domestic purposes, being too highly valued by the owner. For such purposes two smaller knives are used, of very similar form, but apparently of inferior metal.

These are kept in little cases attached to the side of the kookery-sheath, just as is the case with the knives attached to a Highlander's dirk, or the arrangement of the Dyak sword, which has already been described in the article upon Borneo. There is also a little flat leathern purse, with a double flap. This is pointed like a knife-sheath, and is kept in a pocket of its own fastened upon the larger sheath.

In the illustration the kookery is shown with all its parts. Fig. 1 shows the kookery in its scabbard, the top of the purse and the handles of the supplementary knives being just visible as they project from the sheaths. At Fig. 2 the kookery itself is drawn, so as to show the peculiar curve of the blade and the very small handle. Fig. 3 represents the purse as it appears when closed, and Figs. 4 and 5 are the supplementary knives. My own specimen, which, as I have already mentioned, is a small one, measures fifteen inches from hilt to point in a straight line, and twenty-one inches if measured along the curve of the back. Its weight is exactly twelve ounces. The knife is a very plain one, no ornament of any kind being used, and the maker has evidently contented himself with expending all his care upon the blade, which is forged from the celebrated "wootz" steel.

This steel is made by the natives in a very simple but effectual manner. After smelting the iron out of magnetic ore, the Indian smith puts small pieces of it in a crucible, and mixes little bits of wood with them. He then covers the crucible with green leaves and plenty of clay, and puts it in his simple furnace. The furnace being lighted, a constant blast of air is driven through it for about three hours, at the expiration of which time the iron, now converted into cast-steel, is found in the form of a small cake at the bottom of the crucible. Wootz steel was at one time much used in England, and great numbers of these cakes were imported.

In the hands of an experienced wielder this knife is about as formidable a weapon as can be conceived. Like all really good weapons, its efficiency depends much more upon the skill than the strength of the wielder, and thus it happens that the little Ghoorka, a mere boy in point of stature, will cut to pieces a gigantic adversary who does not understand his mode of onset. The Ghoorka generally strikes upward with the kookery, possibly in order to avoid wounding himself should his blow fail, and possibly because an upward cut is just the one that can be least guarded against.

Years ago, when we were engaged in the many Indian wars which led at last to our Oriental empire, the Ghoorkas proved themselves most formidable enemies, as since they have proved themselves most invaluable allies. Brave as lions, active as mon-

keys, and fierce as tigers, the lithe, wiry little men came leaping over the ground to the attack, moving so quickly, and keeping so far apart from each other, that musketry was no use against them. When they came near the soldiers, they suddenly crouched to the ground, dived under the bayonets, struck upward at the men with their kookeries, ripping them open with a single blow, and then, after having done all the mischief in their power, darting off as rapidly as they had come. Until our men learned this mode of attack, they were greatly discomfited by their little opponents, who got under their weapons, cutting or slashing with knives as sharp as razors, and often escaping unhurt from the midst of bayonets. They would also dash under the bellies of the officers' horses, rip them open with one blow of the kookery, and aim another at the leg of the officer as he and his horse fell together.

Perhaps no better proof can be given of the power of the weapon, and the dexterity of the user, than the fact that a Ghoorka will not hesitate to meet a tiger, himself being armed with nothing but his kookery. He stands in front of the animal (see the next page), and as it springs he leaps to the left, delivering as he does so a blow toward the tiger. As the reader is aware, all animals of the cat tribe attack by means of the paw; and so the tiger, in passing the Ghoorka, mechanically strikes at him.

The man is well out of reach of the tiger's paw, but it just comes within the sweep of the kookery, and, what with the force of the tiger's stroke, what with the blow delivered by the man, the paw is always disabled, and often fairly severed from the limb. Furious with pain and rage, the tiger leaps round, and makes another spring at his little enemy. But the Ghoorka is as active as the tiger, and has sprung round as soon as he delivered his blow, so as to be on the side of the disabled paw. Again the tiger attacks, but this time his blow is useless, and the Ghoorka steps in and delivers at the neck or throat of the tiger a stroke which generally proves fatal.

The favorite blow is one upon the back of the neck, because it severs the spine, and the tiger rolls on the ground a lifeless mass. For so fierce is the tiger's fury, that, unless the animal is rendered absolutely powerless, rage supplies for a few moments the place of the ebbing life, and enables it to make a last expiring effort. All experienced hunters know and dread the expiring charge of a wounded lion or tiger, and, if possible, hide themselves as soon as they inflict the death wound. If they can do so, the animal looks round for its adversary, cannot see him, and at once succumbs; whereas, if it can spy its enemy, it flings all its strength into one effort, the result of which is frequently that the man and the tiger are found lying dead together.



(1.) INGENIOUS RUSE OF BHEEL ROBBERS.

(See page 1400.)



(2.) A GHOORKA ATTACKED BY A TIGER.

(See page 1396.)

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Many of these little hunters are decorated with necklaces made from the teeth and claws of the animals which they kill. One of these necklaces is in my collection, and is figured in illustration No. 1, on page 1403. It is made of the spoils of various animals, arranged in the following way. The central and most prominent object is one of the upper canine teeth of a tiger. The man may well be proud of this, for it is a very fine specimen, measuring five inches and a half in length, and more than three inches in circumference. This tooth is shown at Fig. 5. At Fig. 1 is a claw from a fore-foot of a tiger, evidently the same animal; and at Fig. 9 is a claw of the hind-foot. Figs. 2, 3, 7, 8 are differently sized teeth of the crocodile; and Figs. 4 and 6 represent claws from the foot of the sloth-bear. The reader may remember that in all uncivilized countries such spoils are of the highest value, and play the same part with regard to them, that titles and decorations do among more civilized nations. Consequently, it is almost impossible to procure such ornaments, the natives having as strong objection to part with them as a holder of the Victoria Cross would have to resign at the same time his badge and a right to wear it.

AMONG men of such a stautp, leading a half-savage existence, with ideas necessarily limited to their own range of thought, it is likely that a strange sort of morality should prevail. We have already seen that there is one existing system in which treacherous murder, instead of being regarded as a capital offence, is exalted into a religion, and we may therefore expect that robbery may in some cases be considered as a virtue. Certain it is that there are no more accomplished thieves in the world than those of India.

The natives are justly celebrated for their wonderful powers of posture making and conjuring, and it is to be expected that, when they turn those powers to an evil use, they must be most dangerous opponents. Lately a most valuable report has been issued by the Inspector-General of Prisons, relating to the thieves of Lower Bombay, in the perusal of which it is impossible to restrain a smile, so wonderfully ingenious are the devices of the thieves, and so astonishing is the skill with which they are employed.

For example, there are the regular burglars, who completely carry out the description of the Scriptures, "breaking through the wall and stealing." Two of these burglars work together. One acts as sentinel, while the other gently bores a hole through the wall, large enough to admit the passage of his person. When he has completed the breach, he pushes through it a stick, with a piece of grass wrapped round it, so as to look like a human head. This is done to ascertain whether the inmates are alarmed, for it sometimes happens that the owner of

the house hears the miner at work, and quietly stands by the side of the hole, armed with a sword or cudgel, with which he strikes at the head of the robber, as soon as it appears through the wall. Should the sham head be smashed by a blow from the inside, the thieves escape as fast as they can. If not, one of them crawls through the breach, steals all the property on which he can lay his hands, and returns to his comrade, who has been keeping careful watch, and will alarm him, should danger appear.

Other thieves appear to be more harmless, though they probably steal as much money as the burglars. They carry in their mouths a tiny knife, with a blade as sharp as that of a razor. They frequent the bazars, mix with the crowd, and contrive to feel for the money which is wrapped up in the girdle. With their little knives, they gently cut the cloth, noiselessly extract the money, and slink off into the midst of the crowd, where they can scarcely be detected. In short, they act precisely after the manner of our European cut-purses.

The most ingenious of all the thieves are those who get into the zenanas, or women's apartments, and steal their jewelry. As the reader is probably aware, the women's apartments are in the most central portion of the house, and are so carefully guarded that little precaution is taken with respect to the costly jewels with which the women deck themselves so abundantly. The Indian burglar knows of this wealth, and sometimes manages to steal it. He digs a hole in the ground outside the walls of the house, and burrows under the foundation until he comes beneath the floor of the zenana. He then cautiously works his way upward, and so obtains admission into the apartment. But even when there his task is not completed, as a large portion of the jewelry consists of nose rings and bangles, or bracelets. The skill of these thieves is now shown, for they will contrive to cut the rings and bangles, remove them from the wearers, and make good their escape without disturbing the sleeping women.

These adroit burglars often commit the most daring robberies in the very midst of an army. Knowing the position of the tents, they mark out that which is the residence of a great man, and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent, their sharp knife cuts a hole and they glide into the interior without making the slightest noise. Indeed, so wonderfully adroit are they, that even the very watch-dogs do not discover them, and a thief has been known actually to step over the body of a dog without disturbing the animal. They take an extraordinary pride in their skill, and have not the least objection to boasting of it. Once, an English officer, who had been robbed of all his valuables, his clothing included, in the course of a night, was talking to a robber,

Many kinds of bows are used by the Indians, the most simple of which is made from a piece of male bamboo. Even this simple weapon is not complete in the eyes of an Indian without some ornament, and accordingly it is bound at intervals by belts of split reed drawn tightly round it, and tied up at the back of the bow in a sort of rosette form. This kind of bow is often used for shooting bullets or stones. For this purpose two strings are placed side by side, and kept apart by a little piece of wood near one end, so that in the middle there is an interval of a couple of inches between the strings. A strip of leather rather more than an inch in width is then sewed to the strings, so that when the bow is bent the leather is stretched tightly between them.

The bow is used in the following manner. A bullet or stone is placed on the leather, and the two strings are grasped by the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, so as to enclose the bullet in the leather. The bow is then drawn and aimed, and when the strings are released from the pressure of the fingers, they fly asunder and permit the bullet to escape. The precision that may be obtained by this weapon is really wonderful, and even Europeans soon learn to pride themselves on their skill with the "pellet-bow." Squirrel shooting with this bow is a favorite amusement with many persons, and some of the natives of rank occasionally amuse themselves with shooting at the earthenware jars carried on the heads of the women, a successful shot smashing the jar to pieces, and deluging the women with the water which had been contained in it.

There is another kind of bow which is much used in different parts of Asia, varying somewhat in form and material, but smaller in principle. The bow is so formed that when it is unstrung it curves in exactly the opposite direction to the string. The amount of curvature varies considerably in different bows, the most perfect being that in which the two ends almost touch each other. The specimen which is shown in Fig. 1 of the illustration on page 1394, and which is drawn from a bow in my collection, is a singularly perfect example of this kind of weapon. It is made in the following manner:—

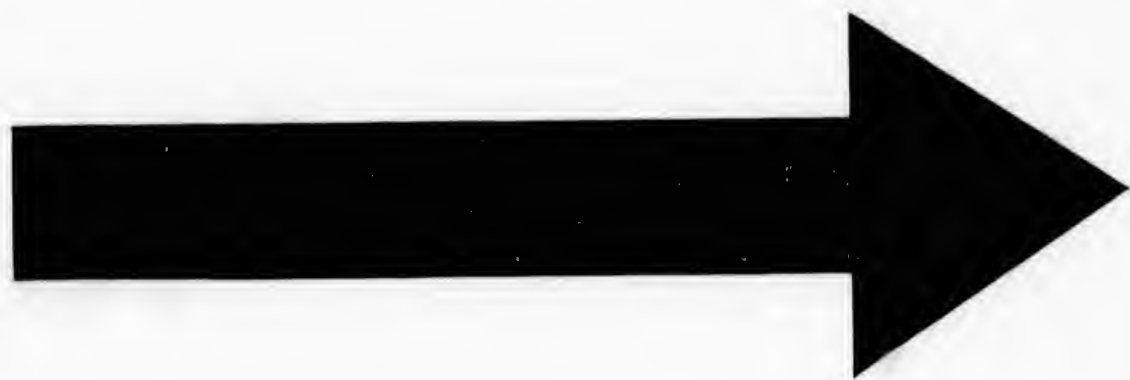
A horn of the buffalo is sawn longitudinally, so as to produce two tapering pieces of exactly the same size. These are then flattened by heat and pressure, and are trimmed until when bent they give exactly the same amount of curvature. The handle and the tips are made of very hard wood, and are fitted to the horn with the greatest care, the wood which forms the tips running for some distance along the under side of the horn. After the handle and tips are fitted in their places, a great number of sinews are laid wet over the back of the bow, and kneaded so carefully that the wood, the

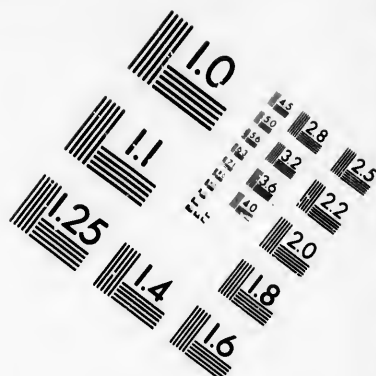
sinews, and the horn seem to be altogether one substance. After this part of the work is finished, the whole of the bow is covered with repeated layers of a kind of glue, which is very carefully smoothed and polished. The bow is practically complete, but the maker is not satisfied unless he adds plenty of ornament. This is always a sort of conventional flower pattern, gilt on a brilliantly colored background. I possess several such bows, in each of which there is a dissimilarity of color and pattern. In the bow now before us, the groundwork is vivid green and scarlet, on which are drawn the most elaborate patterns of flowers, leaves, and arabesques in gold. It is impossible, on looking at the surface, not to admire both the beauty of the patterns and the excellence of the paint and varnish, which can be subjected to such violent treatment as is caused by the bending of the bow and shooting the arrow, and yet not be cracked to pieces.

The elasticity of this bow is wonderful. I have often tried to string it, but without effect, and indeed I never saw but one man, the late Colonel Hutchinson, of the Indian Army, who could do so. It is strung by passing it under one leg, bending it back sharply over the other leg, at the same time slipping the loop of the string into its notch. A groove passes along the back of the bow, so as to guide the string. When strung it assumes quite a different shape, and looks something like the bow which the ancient sculptors placed in the hands of Cupid. I regret that the bow could not be strung, so as to give two illustrations of the same bow in its different aspects.

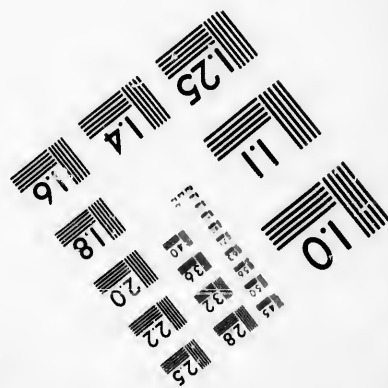
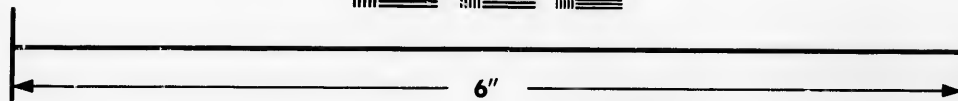
The classical reader may perhaps remember that this weapon is exactly similar to the ancient Scythian bow. Reference is made to this shape by Athenæus (book x.) when an unlearned shepherd, trying to describe the letters which formed a name, said that "the third (*k.e.c.*) was like a Scythian bow." This kind of bow was of horn, as indeed were most of the ancient bows.

The length of the bow above mentioned, measured along the back, is a little more than four feet, whereas the measurement across it as it appears when unstrung is only nineteen inches. The reader will see how useful a bow of this description would be to a horseman, its peculiar curvature rendering it easy of carriage. It could even be carried along on the bridle arm, if required, so as to leave the sword hand at liberty, and in a moment could be strung when needed, by passing it under the leg as the rider sits on horseback. Small as this bow seems, almost indeed insignificant in appearance as a weapon, its performances in skilful hands are something marvellous. With one of these bows an arrow has been shot to a distance which was said to be six hundred yards, and was actually not much short of that meas-





A resolution test chart featuring various patterns of horizontal and vertical lines of decreasing size, each associated with a numerical value. The values include 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, and 5.0. The patterns consist of groups of three lines, with the number of lines increasing as the value increases.



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urement. And, although so powerful, it is wonderfully manageable. Colonel Hutchinson told me that he once saw an archer shoot an arrow along a corridor, and send the missile through a hole which a bullet had made in a pane of glass at the end of the corridor.

Next comes a form of bow which is much more common than the preceding. In this bow the reflex curvature is strongly marked, though not so strongly as in the case of the weapon just described.

Several of these bows are in my collection, the handsomest of which was presented to me by J. Allen, Esq. This bow, with its case, its quiver, and score of arrows, is shown in Fig. 2 of illustration 0, on page 000. Measuring along the back, the bow is four feet five inches in length, whereas the space between the two tips is only twenty-eight inches. The color with which the bow is painted is bright scarlet, profusely covered with gilt flowers and arabesques, so that it is a more showy weapon at a distance than the previous specimen, though it is not nearly so handsome when closely examined, the patterns being larger and more roughly executed. The bow-string is made of some vegetable fibre,—I think that of some species of aloe,—and is very thick, being composed of nine strands twisted very closely together.

The case, quiver, and straps by which they are held have been once very splendid, being crimson velvet, so covered with gold embroidery that scarcely any part of the velvet is visible. The arrows are two feet three inches in length, and are very carefully made. The shaft is of reed, and to either end is fixed a piece of hard wood four inches in length. On one end of the shaft is fixed the point, which is a heavy and solid quadrangular piece of steel brought to a sharp point. The hard wood at the end receives the feathers, and is enlarged at the extreme end, so as to allow space for the nock or notch in which the thick bow-string is received. Both the pieces of hard wood are colored, that in which the point is fixed being simply green, but that at the other end being gilt, and covered with patterns in blue and scarlet.

This is the most common kind of arrow, but there are many varieties, of which I possess specimens. Several varieties are in many collections, the chief distinction being in the shape of the point. In most of them it is more or less quadrangular; though in some it is leaf-shaped, like a spear head, in others it is conical, and in others round and blunt. In one of the arrows the place of the lower piece of hard wood is taken by a solid piece of steel nearly four inches in length, and weighing about three ounces, looking something like a rather elongated Whitworth bullet.

The most primitive form of Indian arrow is that which is made by the hill tribes.

The shaft is of wood, not of reed, and the head is deeply barbed, and tied to the shaft with fibre, exactly as is done with the flint-headed arrows, which this weapon almost precisely resembles in form, though not in material. Instead of feathers, dry leaves are substituted, cut into the required shape, and passed through slits in the shaft of the arrow, these slits being afterward bound up. In one arrow the nock has been formed in a very strange manner, a piece of wood being lashed to each side of the shaft, and projecting a little beyond it.

Some very beautiful examples of the best kinds of weapons are shown in the illustration on page 1406. They belong to General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B. etc., who kindly allowed them to be drawn for the use of this work. They are splendid instances of Indian art, one or two of them displaying a most elaborate ornamentation.

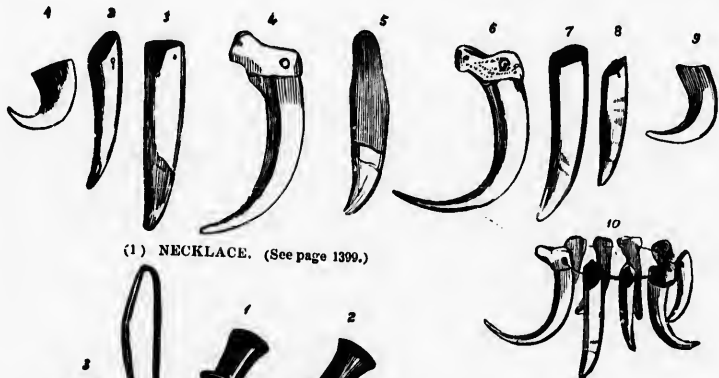
The first of the illustrations shows a suit of armor and weapons, which is made of steel most elaborately engraved and inlaid with gold, the patterns resembling those on the bow, and looking much as if they had been taken from the bow and sunk into the steel, the freedom and grace of the lines being quite as remarkable as the elaborate minuteness of the pattern.

In the centre (Fig. 1) is seen the martial looking helmet, with its slight feather plume. There are often several of these plumes in a helmet, their shafts being adorned with gold and jewels, and placed in sockets projecting from the helmet. In front is seen the flat bar which protects the nose and upper part of the face from a sword cut. This bar slides up and down through a groove for the convenience of the wearer. From the helmet depends a piece of very slight but very strong chain-mail, which falls behind and on either side of the face, and hangs as low as the shoulders, so that, however abruptly the wearer may move his head, the folds of the chain-mail protect his neck. In several of these helmets the links of the mail are gilt, and arranged so as to form patterns, mostly of a diamond shape.

By the side of the helmet (Fig. 3) is the curious gauntlet, which extends far up the arm, and has no joint at the wrist. The absence of the joint, unpleasant as it would be to an European swordsman, is no obstacle to the proper use of the sword by the Oriental warrior. If the reader will refer to the figure of the sword (Fig. 6), he will see that the hilt is terminated by a large circular plate of steel. In a specimen in my own collection, this plate is three inches in diameter, so that when the sword is grasped after the European fashion, the plate comes against the wrist, and acts as a fulcrum by which, when a blow is struck, the leverage of the blade forces the sword out of the grasp.

But the whole system of swordsmanship in India differs essentially from that which





(1) NECKLACE. (See page 1399.)



(2) KOOKERY. (See page 1395.)



(3) THE CHAKRA, OR QUOIT WEAPON.
(See page 1406.)



(4) INDIAN ARMS AND ARMOR. (See page 1405.)

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curved edge
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The mode of
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Illustration 1
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is employed in England, or indeed in Europe generally, strength not being used so much as dexterity. For the object of this weapon its curved form is essential. The stroke of the sword is done by a turn of the wrist more than by a direct blow, so that the curved edge of the weapon is drawn rapidly over the object of attack.

The mode of employing the Indian sword was illustrated to me by the same Colonel Hutchinson whose name has already been mentioned.

He took a large mangold-wurzel, and laid it on a table. He then placed the flat side of the sword upon the root, so that no blow could be dealt, and then, with a slight turn of the wrist, he drew the blade toward him, and the root fell apart, severed in two pieces. In the same manner he cut the whole of the root into slices. The feat looked so easy that I tried it on another root, but, instead of cutting it in two, the edge of the sword glided off it as if it had been a solid piece of glass, and jarred my arm to the shoulder. However, after a few lessons, the feat became tolerably easy.

The same effect can also be produced by pushing the blade from the swordsman instead of drawing it toward him. It is to this delicate, drawing cut that the Indian sword owes its efficiency, the steel of the blade not being nearly of so good a quality as that of our common dragoon swords, and not being capable of taking so fine an edge. But if in battle an Indian warrior meets or overtakes an enemy, he does not strike at him with the whole power of the arm, as is done by our swordsmen, but places the edge of his weapon against the neck of the enemy, and with a turn of his wrist nearly severs the head from the body.

In the same illustration is seen the circular shield or target. This is of no great size, measuring about eighteen inches in diameter, and sometimes even less. It is made of the hide of the rhinoceros, which, when properly dressed and dried, is of considerable thickness, as hard as horn, though not so brittle, and almost equally translucent. The shield is generally adorned with four circular plates of metal, which in an ordinary specimen are merely of iron, but in a peculiarly handsome one are covered with lacquered gilding. The reader will doubtless see the almost exact resemblance between the Indian shield and the target of the Scotch Highlander. The other portions of the armor are adorned with gold inlaying, like those parts which have been described.

Illustration No. 4, on page 1403, contains several articles used in warfare, all of which are drawn from specimens in Sir Hope Grant's collection. In the centre is seen a coat of mail. This is one of the most beautiful pieces of armor I have ever seen, each of the links bearing upon it a sentence from

the Koran. Three of the links are shown underneath the coat of mail, drawn of the size of the originals. If the reader will reflect upon the vast number of such links which are required to form a coat of mail, he will appreciate the amount of labor that must have been expended on it, the letters having to be formed after the links are put together, so that they may not be obliterated in the forging. The helmet belonging to this suit is seen by its side at Fig. 2.

Between the helmet and the coat of mail is a Coorg knife or dagger, and its sheath. This weapon is sometimes very plain, and sometimes blazes with gold and jewels on the hilt and sheath. A specimen in my collection is of the former kind, and, though the blade is of good quality, the handle is of wood, and is secured to the blade by a stout brass rivet which passes through the tang. A bold ridge runs along either side of the blade.

Two more characteristic forms of the Indian dagger are shown at Figs. 7 and 9 in the illustration. One, Fig. 7, with its sheath at Fig. 8, is in great favor, especially with the rich. It is made entirely of steel, the two cross-bars constituting the handle. The form of the blade varies somewhat in different specimens, but the general form is the same in all. A good specimen in my collection is altogether twenty inches in length, and weighs exactly a pound, so that it must be rather an awkward weapon for the girdle. The blade, if it can be so called, is nearly a foot in length, that toward the handle, and within five inches of the tips welling suddenly into a sort of quadrangular bayonet, rather more than half an inch in thickness.

The reader will see that when this dagger is grasped, the steel continuations of the handle project on either side of the wrist, and effectually guard it and the lower part of the arm from a sword-blade. The weight of this instrument, as well as the force with which a thrust can be delivered by a straight blow as in boxing, render the weapon well calculated to drive its way through the folds of dress, or even between the joints of armor.

Next comes a weapon (Fig. 9) which would scarcely be recognized as a dagger. It is, however, a dagger, made from the two horns of the Indian antelope. In the simplest form of this curious weapon, the horns are arranged with their bases crossing each other for about six inches. The curvature of the bases thus furnishes a sort of handle, which can be grasped in such a way that the holder of the weapon can strike right and left with it, and, among a number of people, could do a vast amount of damage in a very short time.

A dagger such as has been described could be made in half an hour, and, indeed, a temporary weapon might be made in a few minutes by lashing the horns together.

But the Indians prefer to add ornament to the weapon, and so they often make a hollow steel hilt in the form of a cup, with the curved side outward. The hand passes into this cup as into the basket-hilt of a single-stick, and is effectually guarded from injury. The dagger shown in the illustration has one of these steel hilts. In some places this weapon is in such favor that, instead of making it of antelope horns, with a steel hilt, the entire dagger is of steel, the points made in imitation of the horns.

The last weapon (Fig. 10) is one which is used by the Afghans, and is a sort of compromise between a sword and a dagger. A weapon of a similar form and character is carried by the Moors.

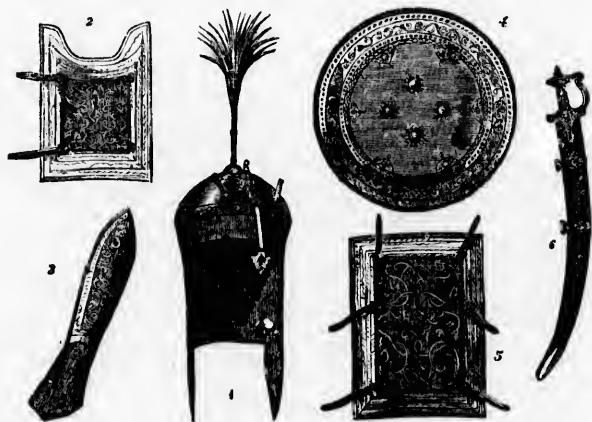
There is one kind of sword which ought not to be passed without some notice. It is a most murderous looking weapon, and is made on precisely the opposite principle to that of the sword which has already been described. In that form of sword, the edge is on the outer curve of the blade, which narrows toward the point. In the other sword, the edge is on the inside curve, and the blade widens greatly at the tip, which is curved like a bill-hook. Indeed, the weapon bears some resemblance to a bill-hook with a greatly elongated blade. In a specimen in my collection the blade is very little more than an inch wide by the hilt, but at the point (or rather the tip, for this part of the blade is squared) it is just four inches in width. The weight of this sword is rather more than two pounds.

There is also the quoit, or chakra, a missile

weapon, that bears some resemblance to the boomerang of Australia or the casting-knife of the Fan tribe, it being intended to cut and not to pierce, as is generally the case with missiles. It is made of thin steel, and is sharpened to a razor-like edge on the outside. The mode of casting it is to spin it on the forefinger and then to hurl it. The reader may imagine that such a missile, which not only strikes an object, but revolves rapidly at the time, must be a very formidable one. It is generally aimed at the face of the adversary, and a skilful warrior will hurl four or five in such rapid succession that it is scarcely possible to avoid being struck by one of them, and having the face laid open, or the nose or lip absolutely cut off. These quoit-like articles are carried upon a tall, conical head-dress worn by the natives, into the folds of which they also put several small knives, as Irish laborers stick their pipes in their hats. See illustration No. 3, on page 1403.

A similar weapon, made of brass instead of steel, is used by the cattle-poisoning Moohes, who have already been described. They call it by the name of "thāl."

The chakra is the special weapon of Vishnu, and may be seen in the various representations of that deity, hanging in one of the hands. Reference is made to this by Smithey in the "Curse of Kehama." Other deities also hold the chakra in the many-armed images by which the Indian artists clumsily attempt to deplete omnipotence. This takes us to another branch of the subject.



SUIT OF ARMOR INLAID WITH GOLD.

(See page 1402.)

PRINCIPLE OF HUMANITY
SELF AND
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THERE is no sacrifice in Africa itself, which is so variously, as human sacrifice has already been districts, and even with certain like the same principle Thugs or Phans dread goddess K societies of men nually crushed u naut's ear are only be sacrificed certain times.

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This form of human sacrifice, or the funeral pyre of in Africa and Po eral instances wh on the grave o

CHAPTER CL.

INDIA — *Continued.*

SACRIFICIAL RELIGION.

PRINCIPLE OF HUMAN SACRIFICE — THE SUTTEE, OR WIDOW BURNING — HER FATE DESIRED BY HERSELF AND HER NEAREST RELATIVES — REASONS FOR THE SACRIFICE — CONTRAST BETWEEN THE LIFE OF A WIFE AND A WIDOW OF HIGH CASTE — SOCIAL STATUS OF THE BRAHMINS — HONOR IN WHICH THE SUTTEE IS HELD — MODE OF CONDUCTING THE SACRIFICE — STRUCTURE OF THE PILE — COURAGEOUS CONDUCT OF THE VICTIM — ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF A SUTTEE — BERNIER'S DESCRIPTION — GRADUAL ABOLITION OF THE SUTTEE — THE GODDESS KALI AND HER WORSHIPPERS — THE THUGS AND THEIR CONSTITUTION — THE SACRED "ROOMAL" OR NOOSE — MODE OF OFFERING A VICTIM — THE FESTIVAL OF JUGGERNAUT — HARDSHIPS OF THE PILGRIMS — FORM OF THE IDOL — SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE GANGES — SACRIFICE OF BEASTS — THE GODDESS DOORGA OR KALI — FAKIRS OR JÖGES — THEIR VARIOUS MODES OF SELF-TORTURE — THE SWINGING FESTIVAL — THE MOTIONLESS FAKIR.

THERE is no part of the world, not even Africa itself, where the principle of human sacrifice is so widely spread, and is developed so variously, as in India. Several forms of human sacrifice, such as the Meriah, which has already been described, belong to definite districts, and even in them are carried out with certain limitations. Some forms of the same principle, such as the murders by Thugs or Phansigars in their worship of the dread goddess Kali, are restricted to certain societies of men. Again, the victims annually crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut's car are comparatively few, and can only be sacrificed in a certain locality, and at certain times.

There is, however, one mode of human sacrifice which at no distant period prevailed over the whole of India, and has only been checked by the influence of England in those parts of the country which has been subject to British dominion. Even in those districts the task has been a very difficult one, and there is no doubt that if the strong hand of England were ever lifted, the practice would again prevail as it did before.

This form of human sacrifice is the dreadful Sutte, or the death of the widow on the funeral pyre of her dead husband. Both in Africa and Polynesia we have seen several instances where the widow is sacrificed on the grave of her husband, so that

he may not find himself wifeless when he reaches the spirit land. But it is remarkable that even among the lowest of the savages, whose indifference to inflicting pain is well known, there are none who exercise such horrible cruelty toward the widow as do the highly civilized Hindoos. On referring to the former portions of the work, the reader will see that in some places the widows are strangled and laid in the grave, in others they are buried alive, and in others they are killed by a blow of a club (perhaps the most merciful death that can be inflicted), but that in no instance is the surviving wife burned alive, as is the case with the Hindoo.

At the first glance, it seems strange that not only should the relatives of the miserable wife desire her to be burned, but that she herself should wish it, and should adhere to her determination in spite of every opportunity of escaping so dreadful a death. Yet the calm, dispassionate cruelty of the Hindoo nature is shown by the fact that, painful as is a death by burning, the life of a widow who survives her husband is made so miserable that the short though sharp agony of the funeral pyre is infinitely preferable to life. She loses all caste, and a Brahmin widow who refuses to be burned is loathed and despised even by the very Pariahs, whose shadow would have been a contami-

nation to her during the lifetime of her husband. The horror of such a life can scarcely be conceived by an European, even supposing a delicate girl, bred in the midst of all luxury and refinement, to be suddenly cast among the most debased of savages without possibility of rescue, and to be made an object of scorn and contempt even to them.

To realize the depths of utter degradation which a high-caste widow incurs, we must first see what is her opinion of her own status. The reader is doubtless aware that the Hindoos are divided into a number of distinct castes, the peculiarity of which is, that no one can ascend to a superior caste, though he may fall into a lower. Now, of all the castes, the Brahmins are immeasurably the highest, and the reverence which is paid to them by their countrymen is almost incredible. Wealth or secular rank has nothing to do with this reverential feeling. A Hindoo of inferior caste may be, and often is, a man of almost unbounded wealth, may possess almost unbounded power, and, in his own way, unbounded pride. But the very poorest of Brahmins is infinitely his superior, and should he meet one of these exalted beings, he bows before him, and pays divine honors to him. And, according to his belief, he is right in so doing, the Brahmin being an incarnation of Deity, sprung from the mouth of Vishnu, the Saviour God himself. He may be mounted on a magnificent elephant, covered with glittering trappings, he may be clothed in gorgeous robes and sparkle with costly gems, but before a Brahmin, with a single cloth round his waist, and bearing the solitary sign of his caste,—the slight cord hung over one shoulder and under the other,—he is an abject slave. Even if, as sometimes happens, he should employ a Brahmin as his cook, that Brahmin retains his rank, and receives the worship of the man by whom he is paid.

According to their sacred books, "when a Brahmin springs to light, he is born above the world; the chief of all creatures; assigned to guard the treasury of duties, religious and civil." According to the same books, the very existence of mankind, and even of the world itself, depends upon the forbearance of the Brahmins, whose power even exceeds that of the gods themselves. Should there be one who cannot be slain by the great god Indra, by Kali, the goddess of destruction, or even by Vishnu himself, he would be destroyed if a Brahmin were to curse him, as if he were consumed by fire. In the same spirit, princes were warned not to take the property of the Brahmins, however much in want of money, for that if these holy men were once enraged, they could by a word destroy them, their armies, elephants, and horses.

By them, under Brahma, were originally made the earth, the sun, the moon, and the fire, and by them they could be destroyed.

"What prince could gain wealth by oppressing those who, if angry, could frame other worlds, and legions of worlds, *could give being to new gods and mortals?*" Just as these tremendous privileges are independent of the external circumstances of wealth and rank, so are they independent of individual character. The pure soul of a Brahmin is beyond all moral elevation, and above all moral pollution. He may be a man of the purest life and loftiest morality, but he is none the better Brahmin for that; he may be one of the vilest of debauchees, and be none the worse Brahmin for that, provided he does not commit any act which would forfeit his caste,—such, for example, as killing a cow, or eating food that had been cooked by an inferior.

To fall from such an estate as this, above humanity and equal to divinity, must be something almost too terrible to conceive, and we can easily imagine that any death would be preferable to such a life. But not even the horror of a life like this would be equivalent to the sufferings of the Indian widow, who believes that her very soul is contaminated beyond hope by the loss of her caste, and who feels herself degraded below the level of those on whom she had looked with an utter loathing that is almost incomprehensible to the Western mind. She has to cut off her hair, she has to live on the coarsest of food, she has to clothe herself in the coarsest of raiment, and altogether to lead a life utterly and hopelessly miserable in every hardship that can afflict the body, and every reproach that can torture the mind.

On the other side comes the belief, that if she follows the dictates of her religion, and suffers herself to be burned on the funeral pile of her husband, she qualifies herself for everlasting happiness. From the moment that the ceremonies of the sacrifice are begun, she becomes an absolutely sacred being, whose very touch sanctifies the objects on which she lays her hands; she renders herself a model to be imitated by all her sex, and her memory is forever venerated by her family. It is therefore no wonder that, swayed by such considerations, the Indian widow prefers death to life, and that the sacrifice of the Sutte has taken such hold upon the people.

Varying slightly in details according to the rank of the individual and the particular district in which the sacrifice takes place, the ceremony is conducted after the following manner.

A hole is dug in the ground, over which the funeral pile is raised. The object of the hole is to supply a current of air by which the fire may be fed. Sticks are then driven round the edge of the hole to support the materials of the pile, which are dry wood, rushes, and hemp. These are heaped carefully to a height of four feet or so, and resin and ghee (i. e. liquid butter) are thrown

on the pile, so of the flames of the river, on erected, and laid on the pile.

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After the sut pile, and cover ghee, the fire rolled in thick victim. The fl and if they had own way, the de have been alme this time four swords the rope so that it fell her.

Possibly it wa but its effect For the momen blow, but the action of the slowly instead flames soon res through the ag her, and she sl

on the pile, so as to increase the vehemence of the flames. The body is then taken to the river, on whose bank the pyre is always erected, and is there washed by the relatives, and afterward wrapped in a new cloth and laid on the pile.

During this time the widow stands on the bank, uttering prayers, and waving in her hand a branch of mango. After the corpse is removed from the water, she descends into it herself, and, having washed, distributes to her friends all her ornaments, which are eagerly sought, as being sanctified by having been touched by the sacred hand of a suttee. She is then dressed in a new robe, and places herself by the side of the body, to which she is usually, though not always, lashed. Dry rushes and wood are next heaped over her, only her head being suffered to be uncovered, so that she may breathe for the short time she has to live. Two long bamboos are then laid across the pile, the ends being held by the relations, so as to press her down should she struggle to escape when the flames reach her. The fire is lighted by her nearest relation, and, if the pile has been properly constructed, the suttee is soon dead, being killed rather by suffocation from the smoke than by the flames.

Sometimes, however, when the building of the pile has been entrusted to inexperienced hands, a terrible scene takes place, the wretched victim trying to escape from the flames that torture her, and being ruthlessly held down by the bamboo poles across her body. Dr. Massie relates several instances of attempted escape. In one case, the mode of preparing the pile was evidently the cause of the poor victim's sufferings. At each corner a stout pole was erected, and from this pole was suspended a second pile, like a canopy, elevated three or four feet above the surface of the principal pile. This canopy was chiefly made of logs of wood, and was exceedingly heavy.

After the suttee had been laid upon the pile, and covered with straw saturated with ghee, the fire was kindled, and the smoke rolled in thick volumes over the head of the victim. The flames began to blaze fiercely, and if they had been allowed to burn in their own way, the death of the poor woman would have been almost immediate. But just at this time four assistants severed with their swords the ropes which upheld the canopy, so that it fell with its whole weight upon her.

Possibly it was intended as an act of mercy, but its effect was anything but merciful. For the moment she was stunned by the blow, but the mass of billets checked the action of the fire, and caused it to burn slowly instead of rapidly. The creeping flames soon restored her to consciousness through the agony which they inflicted upon her, and she shrieked pitifully for the help

that none would give her, until death at last put an end to her sufferings.

The same author quotes an account of a suttee who actually did succeed in escaping from the flames, in spite of the resistance offered by the officiating Brahmans and her relatives:—

"Another well-authenticated and brutal instance of this sacrifice occurred about the same time in a more northern province of India: 'The unfortunate Brahmince, of her own accord, had ascended the funeral pile of her husband's bones, but finding the torture of the fire more than she could bear, by a violent struggle she threw herself from the flames, and, tottering to a short distance, fell down. Some gentlemen, who were spectators, immediately plunged her into the river, which was close by, and thereby saved her from being much burnt. She retained her senses completely, and complained of the badness of the pile, which, she said, consumed her so slowly that she could not bear it; but expressed her willingness again to try it if they would improve it. They would not do so, and the poor creature shrunk with dread from the flames, which were now burning intensely, and refused to go on.

"When the inhuman relations saw this, they took her by the head and heels, and threw her into the fire, and held her there till they were driven away by the heat; they also took up large blocks of wood, with which they struck her, in order to deprive her of her senses; but she again made her escape, and, without any help, ran directly into the river. The people of her house followed her here, and tried to drown her by pressing her under the water, but an European gentleman rescued her from them, and she immediately ran into his arms and cried to him to save her.

"I arrived at the ground as they were bringing her the second time from the river, and I cannot describe to you the horror I felt on seeing the mangled condition she was in: almost every inch of skin on her body had been burnt off; her legs and thighs, her arms and back, were completely raw, her breasts were dreadfully torn, and the skin hanging from them in threads; the skin and nails of her fingers had peeled wholly off, and were hanging to the back of her hands. In fact, I never saw and never read of so entire a picture of misery as this poor woman displayed. She seemed to dread being again taken to the fire, and called out to 'the Ocha Sahib' to save her. Her friends seemed no longer inclined to force, and one of her relations, at our instigation, sat down beside her, and gave her some clothes, and told her they would not. We had her sent to the hospital, where every medical assistance was immediately given her, but without hope of recovery. She lingered in the most excruciating pain for about twenty hours, and then died."

It is often said that the woman is stupefied with opium or Indian hemp before she is brought to the pile, and that the bystanders beat drums and shout in order to drown her shrieks. This, however, is not the case, the woman requiring the use of all her senses to enable her to go through the various ceremonies which precede the actual burning, and the pile being generally made so carefully that death is so rapid that the victim scarcely utters a cry or makes a single struggle to escape.

Additions to the mere burning of the widow have been mentioned by various travellers. Bernier, for example, says that, while travelling near Agra, he heard that a Suttée was about to take place. He went to the spot, and there saw a great pit, in the midst of which was a large pile of wood. On the pile lay the body of a man, and beside it sat a young and handsome woman, whose dress was almost saturated with oil, as was the wood of the pile. The fire being lighted, she sat on the pile, and as the flames wrapped her body, she exclaimed with a loud voice that, according to the Indian belief in the transmigration of souls, this was the fifth time that she had become a suttée, and that she would have to do so twice more in order to attain perfection.

Round the edge of the pit danced five women, holding each other by the hand, and appearing regardless of the fire. Presently the flames seized upon the dress of one of them; whereupon she detached herself from her companions, and flung herself headlong into the burning pit. The remaining four continued their dance, and, as the fire caught their garments, they one by one leaped into the flaming pit. These women, it appeared, had been slaves of the suttée. They were greatly attached to their mistress, and when they heard her offer the vow to die on the funeral pile, they determined to die with her.

The same traveller relates a very curious anecdote of a suttée who employed the dreadful ceremony for a strange purpose.

She was a widow by her own act, having poisoned her husband in order to carry on an intrigue with a young tailor, a Moham-medan, who was celebrated for his skill in playing the drum. He, however, was alarmed at her crime, and declined her society. On account of the caste to which she belonged, the death by burning was not a necessity, but on her lover's refusal she went to her relations, reported the sudden death of her husband, and declared that she would be burned with him.

"Her kindred, well satisfied with so generous a resolution, and the great honor that she did to the whole family, presently had a pit made and filled with wood, exposing the corpse upon it, and kindling the fire. All being prepared, the woman goes to embrace and bid farewell to all her kindred that were there about the pit, among whom was also

the tailor, who had been invited to play upon the tabor that day, with many others of that sort of men, according to the custom of the country. This fury of a woman, being also come to this young man, made sign as if she would bid him farewell with the rest, but, instead of gently embracing him, she taketh him with all her force about his collar, pull him to the pit, and tumbles him, together with herself, into the ditch, where they both were soon despatched."

The date at which the Suttée was instituted is not known, but it was in operation at the time of Alexander the Great, and must have been established long before. Under the British rule the Suttée system has gradually been abolished, and we may hope that never again will the dread scene be repeated.

REFERENCE has already been made to several other modifications of human sacrifice, and we will give a few pages to a description of them.

There is in the Indian mythology a certain dreadful goddess of destruction, named Kali. Her statues show her attributes, her many hands being filled with all kinds of weapons, and her person decorated with a huge necklace of human skulls. In order to propitiate this terrible divinity, a system has been developed which is perhaps the most remarkable, illogical, and best regulated system that is to be found upon the face of the earth. It is simply murder raised to the rank of a religious rite, and differs from all other human sacrifices in that blood is not shed, that the victim is always killed by stratagem, and that the worshippers need neither temple nor altar.

The members of the society call themselves THUGS, from a Hindoo word which signifies "deception," and which is given to them in consequence of the mode in which the victims are entrapped. In some parts of India they are called PHANSIGARS, from a Sanscrit word which signifies "a noose." Perhaps the strangest point, in this country of strict and separate caste, is that the Thugs do not belong to one caste, nor even to one religion. They all agree in worshipping Kali, but in other respects they admit among their numbers men and women of all castes, and a large number of them are Mahommedans, who have no caste at all. Indeed, the Mahommedan Thugs claim for themselves the origin of the system, though the Hindoos say that it was in existence long before the time of Mahommed.

They always go in companies, a complete band often consisting of several hundred persons of all ages and both sexes. As the very essence of the sacrifice is secrecy, they assume all kinds of disguises, the usual being that of travelling merchants. In this capacity they act their part to perfection, and endeavor to entice travellers into their clutches.

For this organization, the chief, or Sirdar, of the band. Thug acts as younger men, which the v not a cord w of handker neck of the u drawn tight. called the "r who are entr are called Bh generally me activity. Nex namely, those the victim in assassination, while prepar death. Lastl diggers, who reception of f

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For this purpose they have a regular organization. At their head they have a chief, or Sirdar, who directs the operations of the band. Then an old experienced Thug acts as instructor, and teaches the younger men how to use the sacred noose by which the victims are strangled. This is not a cord with a running knot, but a sort of handkerchief, which is flung round the neck of the unsuspecting man, and suddenly drawn tight. This noose, or handkerchief, is called the "roomal." Then come the men who are entrusted with the noose. These are called Bhintotes, or stranglers, and are generally men possessing both strength and activity. Next are the entrappers, or Sothas, namely, those whose business it is to entrap the victim into a convenient spot for his assassination, and to engage his attention while preparations are being made for his death. Lastly come the Lughaces, or grave-diggers, who prepare the grave for the reception of the body.

The method in which the Thugs perform their sacrifices is almost exactly like that which is employed by the modern garroters, except that a noose is used instead of the arm, and that the victim is always killed, instead of being only made insensible for a time.

Having pitched upon a person whom they think will be a fit offering for Kali, the Sothas manage to induce him to come to the fatal spot. Several days are often spent in this endeavor; for, unless there is every probability that the murder will not be executed before any except members of their own society, the Thugs will not attempt the traveller's life. The women and children attached to the band are usually employed as Sothas, inasmuch as they would excite less suspicion than if they were men. If the women be young and handsome, they are the more valuable as decoys; and, horrible to say, even young girls take the greatest interest in decoying travellers within the fatal noose.

When the party have arrived at the appointed spot, the attention of the traveller is adroitly directed to some object in front of him, while the Bhuttote who acts the part of executioner steals quietly behind him. Suddenly the noose is flung round the victim's neck, the knee of the murderer is pressed into his back, and in a short time he ceases to live. Generally the executioner is so adroit at his dread office that the murdered man makes no resistance, but dies almost without a struggle, the first pressure of the noose causing insensibility.

The body of the murdered man is then stripped, and his property falls to the band. Sometimes a whole party of travellers is entrapped by a band of Thugs, and all are simultaneously murdered. This is generally the case when several wealthy men travel together, in which case they and their servants are all murdered in honor of Kali;

who, on her part, yields to her servants the goods of the murdered men, by way of recompense for their piety.

The sacrifice over, the body is pierced in several places to prevent it from swelling, and is then laid in the grave. The soil is carefully filled in, and levelled with such ingenious care that scarcely any except those who dug the grave can discover it after the burial. In one case, when an English force was in chase after a band of Thugs, they passed over ground which was full of bodies, and never suspected it until one of the Thug prisoners exultingly pointed out grave after grave as proofs of their success.

After the body is buried, and all signs of the murder removed, the Thugs go through a sort of religious ceremony, sitting round a white cloth, on which are laid the sacred pickaxes with which the graves are dug, a piece of silver, and some sugar. The Sirdar then sits on the sheet, facing westward, with the most accomplished stranglers on either side of him, and distributes the sugar to all present, who eat it in solemn silence. The sheet is then put away, and to all appearance the Thugs are nothing more than a party of harmless travellers.

So secretly is the whole business conducted, that the system has only been discovered within late years. Numbers of persons had mysteriously disappeared; but in India the natives are singularly apathetic, and it is always easy to account for the disappearance of a traveller by saying that he has been carried off by a tiger. The Thugs take the greatest pride in their profession, and, when captured, do not attempt to disguise it, but openly boast of the number of victims whom they have slain, and describe with glee the method in which they destroyed them; and, when themselves led to the gallows, they treat the whole business with calm contempt, having no more care for their own lives than for those of their victims.

WE now come to another ceremony, in which human life is sacrificed, though as an adjunct, and not as its essential feature. This is the celebrated procession of Juggernaut, or Jagannath. The ceremonies connected with this idol, and indeed the invention of the idol itself, seem to be of comparatively modern date, and, except for the great annual procession of the car, are of little interest.

The great temple of the idol is situated in Orissa, rather more than three hundred miles southwest from Calcutta. It is a tall, pyramidal tower, some two hundred feet in height, built of a warm red sandstone, covered with the lime-cement called "chunam." Being on the sea-coast, this tower is a most useful landmark to navigators in the Bay of Bengal.

"While we were looking at this stone snake, a horrid-looking man, unclothed, rushed in (he was about twenty, 30 years old), being covered with ashes, and his huge quantity of hair matted with mud dust. His eyes appeared inflamed; he bowed before the serpent, then prostrated himself, afterward respectfully touched his head, looked fixedly upon the serpent, prostrated himself again, then touched it and rushed out, as if in a paroxysm of delight at the thought of having worshipped this thing. When he got out of the temple, he walked all round within the verandah, and, having once more bowed at the door of the temple, he departed with a hurried step. We cannot conceive of any human being having more the appearance of a demoniac than this miserable creature, who, nevertheless, is regarded by the poor Hindoos as one of the holiest of men."

ANOTHER form of human sacrifice was intended, like the prostration under Juggernavat's ear, to take the devotee to Paradise, though by a less painful and less revolting process.

The Ganges has always been reckoned as a most sacred stream, whose waters wash from the soul all taint of sin. There is, however, one spot, namely, the confluence of the Jumna with the Ganges, which is so very sacred, that any one who dies there must of necessity go straight to Paradise. It is evident, therefore, that the simplest plan of entering Paradise is to ensure death at the junction of the rivers. For this purpose the devotee entered a boat, and tied to each of his feet a chatty or earthenware jar filled with sand. The boat was rowed into mid-stream, and the devotee dropped overboard into the river. The boats used for this purpose were kept by Brahmins, who charged a fee for officiating at the sacrifice.

Sometimes the devotees managed to sacrifice themselves without the assistance of the Brahmins and their boat. They tied an empty chatty to their waists in front and behind, and, buoyed up by the empty vessels, paddled themselves with their hands until they reached the desired spot. They then scooped water into the chatties, until they were filled, and so sank, the weight of the vessels being sufficient to take them to the bottom. In like manner are corpses entrusted to the keeping of the holy river, when the relatives of the deceased are not able to afford the great expense of a funeral pile. The body is surrounded by lighted straw, so that it is scorched, and therefore considered to be purified by fire. Two chatties are then fastened to it, the relatives tow the body into mid-stream, fill the chatties with water, and allow the body to sink. What becomes of it afterward they care nothing, and though it be devoured by the many creatures of prey which haunt the rivers in search of their loathsome food, they

are perfectly satisfied with their share in its disposal.

In many cases beasts are substituted for human sacrifices. A short, stout post is fixed in the ground, and on its top is cut a deep notch, in which is received the neck of the animal, the size of the notch and height of the post being suited to the size of the victim. Sacrifices are thus offered to Doorga, the goddess of nature, and it is of the utmost importance that the head of the victim should be severed at a single blow. This is easy enough with a lamb, or even a goat, but when a buffalo is to be sacrificed, the success of the blow is so doubtful that many ceremonies are employed to ensure its right performance. The sacrificial knife is a tremendous weapon, shaped something like a bill-hook, very broad, very heavy, and kept as sharp as a razor. When the sacrifice is to take place, the buffalo is brought to the post, which stands before the ten-armed image of Doorga, its horns are painted red, turmeric is poured over its head, water from the Ganges is sprinkled over it, and garlands of flowers are hung about its neck.

The animal is then placed so that its neck rests in the fork of the post, to which it is firmly secured by an iron bar which passes through holes in the fork, and presses its head downward. The body is supported on a mound of earth in front of the post, and the legs are drawn apart and held by ropes, so that a movement is impossible. The sacrificer, always a man of great muscular power, then comes forward and takes the sacrificial knife from the altar before Doorga's statue, and, together with the assembled multitude, prays that strength may be given to enable him to fulfil his office.

Amid the breathless silence of the assembled worshippers, he raises the heavy blade, and with one blow drives it through the neck of the helpless victim. As the head falls to the ground, it is snatched up by the officiating Brahmins, who offer it to the goddess, while the people, in a frenzy of delight, dance round the sacrificer, embrace him, chant songs in his honor, and crown him with garlands of flowers. The body of the buffalo becomes the property of the spectators, who struggle for it until one party gains the superiority over the other, and carries off the prize. Around the blood, that lies in pools on the ground, the multitude crowd, dip their fingers in it, and dab it on their bodies and on the walls of the temple.

The goddess Doorga, to whom these sacrifices are made, is in fact Kali under another title; the former name meaning the Inaccessible, and the latter the Black One. She is represented as the wife of the Destroying God, Shiva, and as the mother of the God of War, Kartikeya. As Doorga, her many-armed figure is carved of wood,

or modelled in pasteboard, and painted rose color. She is seated cross-legged on a peacock, and surrounded by many other deities of the multitudinous Hindoo mythology. Before her is represented a man being devoured by a nondescript beast, something like the heraldic griffin. As soon as the sacrifice is over, the goddess is supposed to depart from her image, which is then taken in procession to the Ganges, and amid the deafening shouts of the people, the blast of trumpets, and the beating of kettle-drums, is cast into the stream.

THE reader may remember that on page 1413 was given a short description of a holy man who came to worship the many-headed snake-god. He was one of the Fakirs, or Jogis, i. e. ascetics, who in India are wonderfully numerous, and submit themselves to the most dreadful tortures in honor of their deities. By rights the Fakirs are Mohammedans, though the English have been accustomed to call both the Mohammedan and Hindoo ascetics by the common title of Fakir. "Jogi" is the usual title for the Hindoo devotees, though they are divided into a number of sects, such as Bairāges, Sangasés, Gosārs, &c.

In all ages and in almost all countries, there have been religious enthusiasts, who have sought to gain the favor or propitiate the anger of the deity by voluntary suffering, but there is perhaps no country where we find so great a variety of this principle as we do in India. There are Mohammedan as well as Hindoo ascetics, and the latter have this advantage, that they need not belong to any particular caste. To describe fully the extraordinary proceedings of these men would occupy much more space than can be afforded, and we will therefore only take a few of the most characteristic examples.

One of the commonest, as well as one of the lightest, of these tortures is, to have the tongue bored with a red-hot iron. This practice used to prevail largely at Chinsurah, at the temple of the Bull-god. Under a clump of banyan trees the devotees assembled in order to inflict various tortures upon themselves, and by far the most common was that of tongue boring. The operation was performed by a native smith, who was reckoned very skillful at it, and at certain seasons he was completely beset by applicants, doubly clamorous in the first place to have their tongues bored, and in the next to have it done as cheaply as possible. At these seasons he used to range the applicants in regular lines, and take them in their turn, varying his fee according to their number, rank, and impatience.

A strange instance of self-torture is described by Colonel Campbell. At Colar, the birthplace of Tippoo Sultan, a man was seen marching up and down before a mosque,

chanting a hymn. He was shod with a pair of wooden sandals, not tied but nailed to his feet by long iron spikes that had been driven through the sole and projected above the instep. Yet he walked with a firm, unconcerned step, and chanted his measured tune as if utterly unconscious of the horrible torture which each step must have cost him.

Sometimes these devotees show their piety by long pilgrimages to certain sacred spots, making the journey as difficult and fanciful as possible. Some will lie on the ground and roll the whole distance, while others measure the track by prostrating themselves on their faces, marking the spot where their heads lay, getting up, placing their feet on the marked spot, and then prostrating themselves again. Sometimes they will lie on their backs and push themselves along the road by their heels, thus cutting and bruising their backs terribly against the rough ground. Some of these men practise a most extraordinary penance in honor of the goddess Doorga, a penance which in some respects resembles the initiation of the Mandans. A stout pole, some twenty feet high, is fixed in the ground, and a long bamboo is placed horizontally over the top, on which it revolves by means of a pivot. Sometimes two or even three poles cross each other on the top of the post. Ropes hang from each end of the bamboos, and to half of them are fastened large unbarbed hooks of polished iron. The devotees having placed themselves under the bamboo, the hooks are run into their backs, and by persons hauling on the rope at the other end of the bamboo they are raised into the air. The men who hold the ropes then run in a circle, so as to swing the devotees round at a great pace, the whole weight of their bodies being borne by the hooks. While swinging they scatter flowers and other gifts among the spectators, who eagerly scramble for them, thinking they possess very great virtues.

Both men and women submit to this terrible torture, and do so for a variety of reasons. Some permit themselves to be swung in pure honor of the goddess, some do it in fulfilment of a vow, while many submit to the operation for pay, acting as substitutes of persons who have made the vow and are afraid to fulfil it personally, or who prefer honoring the goddess by deputy rather than in their own person. From one to two rupees, i. e. from two to four shillings, is considered a fair price to the substitute.

Sometimes the upright post is fastened upon an ordinary bullock wagon, and is shorter than when it is fixed in the ground. After the hooks have been inserted, the opposite end of the bamboo is drawn down, so as to elevate the devotee some thirty feet in the air, and made fast to the wagon. The cart is then drawn as fast as possible

round the corner which are high and selected.

In many instances (Yogees) per one or more until after a motion, and waste away. one arm stretched. T. L. by a cord which to uphold the instances, with hand, the n. the hand, for and hung ne.

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"His person and miserable over with blind ted, discolored exposure — dan beard was bus his face so dist he said to be a

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round the enclosure by six or eight bullocks, which are harnessed to it for the occasion, and selected for their speed.

In many instances, the Jogis (pronounced Yojees) perform their penance by keeping one or more of their limbs in one attitude, until after a time it becomes incapable of motion, and the muscles almost entirely waste away. Some of these men will hold one arm stretched upward to its fullest extent. This is done by supporting the arm by a cord when the wearied muscles refuse to uphold the limb any longer. In some instances, where the Jogi has clenched his hand, the nails have grown fairly through the hand, forced their way through the back, and hung nearly to the wrist.

A very common practice is to sit completely motionless, in which case the legs become in time totally incapable of moving, so that the man could not change his position even if he desired to do so. In some instances they even go beyond this, and manage to stand instead of sit, with scarcely any support for their bodies during sleep. One of these men is described by Mr. Williamson: "Within a few yards of the river on our left stood one of those horrid figures called a *yogee*, or Indian saint, — a gentleman beggar, who had placed himself in a certain attitude, from which he had vowed never to swerve during the remainder of his life, but to spend his life in mental abstraction.

"He appeared on a platform of earth raised about eighteen inches from the ground. At one end of this mound (which might be seven feet long by five broad) were erected two bamboos, seven or eight feet high, and sufficiently apart for him to stand between them. At elbow height a broad board was placed from one bamboo to the other, and upon the middle of this another piece of plank, two feet long by five inches wide, was fixed, sloping upward from him. He therefore, standing on the platform, and resting his arms upon the cross-bar, held with his hands on each side of the upright sloping board. He seemed to press equally on either foot, leaning a little forward, with his face turned rather aside, and raised toward the sun.

"His personal appearance was squalid and miserable. His body was daubed all over with blue mud; his hair — long, matted, discolored to a yellowish brown with exposure — dangled in all directions. His beard was bushy and black, and the rest of his face so disfigured with hair, that it might be said to be all beard.

"Not the slightest motion in one of his limbs nor in a muscle of his countenance, was perceptible. He was altogether without clothing, except a slip of brown stuff about the loins. He wore the 'poita,' or sacred thread, indicating that he was a Brahmin.

Night and day, it is understood, the wretched sufferer (if indeed his state can be called one of suffering) maintains without any variation this paralyzing position."

Mr. Bennett then expresses some disbelief in the constant immobility of the devotee, and evidently suspects him to be an impostor, who, under cover of night, leaves his post, and refreshes himself with sleep in a recumbent position. This, however, was certainly not the case, and indeed the very language of the account shows that it could not be so. A very long period must have elapsed before the devotee in question could have trained his body to remain, as Mr. Bennett admits was the case, without the movement of a muscle during the whole time that his proceedings were watched. And, before such a consummation could have been attained, the limbs of the man must have been so entirely stiffened by non-usage, that they would be as inflexible as if they had been cut out of wood or stone, and whether he stood or lay would have been a matter of perfect indifference. As to sitting, or assuming any attitude that involved the flexion of a limb, it would have been utterly impossible.

We may see a similar phenomenon, if it may be so called, among ourselves. There is not one man in a thousand who preserves the normal flexibility of his limbs, unless he be a professional athlete. Naturally, the limbs of every man and woman are as flexible as those of the posture-masters, who can cross their feet over the back of their necks, pick up a coin with their mouths from the ground between their heels, or sit on the ground with their legs stretched straight at either side of their bodies. But, unless men preserve this flexibility by constant use, the limbs become stiff, and it is quite as difficult, not to say impossible, for an ordinary Englishman to perform the feats of the professional acrobat, as it is for the Jogi to bend the knees or ankles that have been unbent for a series of years.

Moreover, the spectators who assemble round such devotees, and who never leave him unwatched by day or night, would be very ready to detect any attempt at imposture, and would be excited by it to such a pitch of religious fury, that the man would be torn to pieces by the excited crowd. And the very fact that the man was a Brahmin was proof enough that he was no impostor. By virtue of his Brahminical rank, he was at the summit of humanity. Had he been a low-caste man, he might with reason have been suspected of imposture, in order to obtain respect from his countrymen. But, as the man was already a Brahmin, such imposture was totally needless, and his devotion, superstitious and fanatical as it might be, was undoubtedly sincere.

CHAPTER CLI.

INDIA—*Concluded.*

THE INDIANS WITH RELATION TO ANIMALS.

FALCONRY—THE MINA BIRD AND ITS FEATS—SNAKE CHARMERS—SUSPICION OF IMPOSTURE—GENERAL CAMPBELL'S ACCOUNT OF THE COBRA AND THE CHARMER—DEATH OF THE MAN—DIFFICULTY OF THE TASK—THE POISON FANOS NOT REMOVED—INITIATION OF A NOVICE—ELEPHANT HUNTINO—CATCHING ELEPHANTS WITH KOOMKIES—TAMING THE CAPTURED ANIMAL—AN ENTHUSIASTIC KOOMKIE—HUNTING IN NEPÁL—JUNG BAHADÚR AND THE ELEPHANTS—HUNTING WITH TRAINED STAGS AND ANTELOPES—THE CHETARS OR HUNTING LEOPARDS.

WE will end this description of India with a few remarks on one of the chief peculiarities of native character, namely, the wonderful capacity of the Indians in taming and training animals. This capacity develops itself in various ways, some partaking of a religious character, and being considered as in some sense miraculous, and some only illustrative of the natural ascendancy which these men exert over beasts, birds, and reptiles.

The Indians are, for example, unsurpassed in their powers of training falcons, which they teach to attack, not only birds, but antelopes and other game. These falcons are of course unable of themselves to kill an antelope, but they will mark out any one that has been designated by their master, and will swoop down upon its head, clinging firmly with their talons, and buffeting the poor beast about the eyes with their wings, so that it runs wildly hither and thither, and thus allows itself to be captured by the dogs, from which it could have escaped had it been able to proceed in a straight line. A thoroughly trained falcon is held in very great esteem, and many a petty war, in which many lives were lost, has been occasioned by the desire of one rajah to possess a falcon owned by another.

Then there is a little bird called the Mina, belonging to the Grakles. It is a pretty bird, about as large as a starling, with plumage of velvety black, except a white patch on the wing. From either side of the head pro-

ceeds a bright yellow wattle. This bird can be taught to talk as well as any parrot, and it is said that, as a rule, the mina's tones more closely resemble those of the human voice than do those of any parrot. It is very intelligent besides, and can be taught to perform many pretty tricks.

One trick, which is very commonly taught to the bird, is to dart down upon the women, snatch away the ornaments which they wear on their heads, and carry them to its master. This is a little trick that is sometimes played by a young man upon the object of his affections, and is intended to make her grant an interview in order to have her property restored.

As to reptiles, the cobra seems to be as unlikely a creature to be tamed as any on the face of the earth. Yet even this terrible serpent, whose bite is nearly certain death, is tamed by the Indians, and taught to go through certain performances. For example, a couple of serpent charmers will come, with their flat baskets and their musical instruments, and begin to give a performance. One of them plays on a rude native pipe, while the other removes the cover of one of the baskets. Out comes the hooded head of the cobra, which seems as if it were about to glide among the spectators, when a gesture and a few notes from the piper check its progress, and it begins to rise and fall, and away its head from side to side, as if in time to the music. The men will then take up the venomous reptile, allow it to crawl over

their bodies, take all kinds of apparent emotion, and use its fangs.

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"At first the erably bullied hole, was deaf t after half an ho began to oper to move. In a out his head, t erously slipped we hoisted up in triumph.

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their bodies, tie it round their necks, and take all kinds of liberties with it, the serpent appearing to labor under some strange fascination, and to be unable or unwilling to use its fangs.

Some persons think that the serpents are innocuous, their poison fangs having been extracted. This may be the case in some instances, but in them the performers are not the genuine snake charmers. Moreover, there are several sets of fangs, one behind the other, so that when one pair is broken or extracted, another pair speedily comes forward.

That the genuine charmers do not depend upon such imposture for their success is evident from many cases in which the serpents have been carefully examined before and after the performance, and their fangs found to be perfect in every respect. One such instance is narrated by General Campbell in his "Indian Journal." He had previously been under the impression that the fangs were always removed from the serpents, but the following circumstance convinced him that the charmers could perform their tricks with snakes whose fangs were perfect:—

"When I was on General Dalrymple's staff at Trichinopoly, there was a dry well in the garden which was the favorite haunt of snakes, and in which I shot several. One morning I discovered a large cobra-capella at the bottom of this well, basking in the sun; but while I ran to fetch my gun some of the native servants began to pelt him with stones, and drove him into his hole among the brickwork. I therefore sent for the snake charmers to get him out. Two of these worthies having arrived, we lowered them into the well by means of a rope. One of them, after performing sundry incantations, and sprinkling himself and his companion with ashes prepared from the dung of a sacred cow, began to play a shrill, monotonous ditty upon a pipe ornamented with shells, brass rings, and beads, while the other stood on one side of the snake's hole, holding a rod furnished at one end with a slip-noose.

"At first the snake, who had been considerably bullied before he took refuge in his hole, was deaf to the notes of the charmer, but after half an hour's constant playing the spell began to operate, and the snake was heard to move. In a few minutes more he thrust out his head, the horse-hair noose was dexterously slipped over it and drawn tight, and we hoisted up the men dangling their snake in triumph.

"Having carried him to an open space of ground, they released him from the noose. The enraged snake immediately made a rush at the by-standers, putting to flight a crowd of native servants who had assembled to witness the sport. The snake charmer, tapping him on the tail with a switch, induced him to turn upon himself, and at the same

moment sounding his pipe. The snake coiled himself up, raised his head, expanded his hood, and appeared about to strike, but, instead of doing so, he remained in the same position as if fascinated by the music, darting out his slender forked tongue, and following with his head the motion of the man's knee, which he kept moving from side to side within a few inches of him, as if tempting him to bite.

"No sooner did the music cease, than the snake darted forward with such fury that it required great agility on the part of the man to avoid him, and immediately made off as fast as he could go. The sound of the pipe, however, invariably made him stop, and obliged him to remain in an upright position as long as the man continued to play.

"After repeating this experiment several times, he placed a fowl within his reach, which he instantly darted at and bit. The fowl screamed out the moment he was struck, but ran off, and began picking among his companions as if nothing had happened. I pulled out my watch to see how long the venom took to operate.

"In about half a minute the comb and wattles of the fowl began to change from a red to a livid hue, and were soon nearly black, but no other symptom was apparent. In two minutes it began to stagger, was seized with strong convulsions, fell to the ground, and continued to struggle violently till it expired, exactly three minutes and a half after it had been bitten. On plucking the fowl, we found that he had merely been touched on the extreme point of the pinion. The wound, not larger than the puncture of a needle, was surrounded by a livid spot, but the remainder of the body, with the exception of the comb and wattles (which were of a dark livid hue), was of the natural color, and I afterward learned that the coachman, a half-caste, had eaten it.

"The charmer now offered to show us his method of catching snakes, and seizing the reptile (about five feet long) by the point of the tail with his left hand, he slipped the right hand along the body with the swiftness of lightning, and grasping him by the throat with his finger and thumb, held him fast, and forced him to open his jaws and display his poisonous fangs.

"Having now gratified my curiosity, I proposed that the snake should be destroyed, or at least that his fangs might be extracted, an operation easily performed with a pair of forceps. But, the snake being a remarkably fine one, the charmer was unwilling to extract his teeth, as he said the operation sometimes proved fatal, and begged so hard to be allowed to keep him as he was, that I at last suffered him to put him in a basket and carry him off. After this he frequently brought the snake to the house to exhibit him, and still with his fangs entire, as I ascertained by personal inspection, but so

tame that he handled him freely, and apparently without fear or danger."

The best proof that the snake's fangs were not extracted is, that some weeks afterwards the reptile bit the charmer, and killed him.

It seems strange that serpents should be thus subject to man. It is comparatively easy to tame a bird or a beast, as hunger can be employed in the process, and really is the chief power, the creature learning to be fond of the person who furnishes it with food. Or, in extreme cases, the power of inflicting pain is employed, so that the animal is ruled by fear, if not by love.

But, in the case of a snake, the tamer is deprived of both of these adjuncts. As a serpent only feeds at very long intervals, and possesses an almost inexhaustible power of fasting, hunger cannot be employed; and its peculiar constitution would render the infliction of pain useless. The charmer has, therefore, to fall back upon some other mode of working upon his pupil, and finds it in music, to which the cobra seems peculiarly accessible. That it is powerfully influenced by music was known many centuries ago, as we may see by the references to serpent charming in the Scriptures. Any music seems to affect the creature, and, if it can be rendered docile by the harsh sounds that proceed from the charmer's flute, we may conjecture that more melodious sounds would have a like effect. Mr. Williams, who was very much inclined to be sceptical on the subject of serpent charming, and thought that the poison fangs were always removed, mentions that a gentleman at Chinsurah, who was a very excellent violinist, was forced to lay aside his instrument because the sounds of the violin attracted so many serpents to his house.

Serpent charming is thought to be a semi-sacred calling, and is one of those cases where the process of taming partakes of the religious character. The charmers are regularly initiated into their duties, and undergo certain ceremonies before they are thought to be impervious to the serpent's teeth. Sometimes an European has been initiated into these mysteries, as happened to Lady Duff Gordon, to whom a snake charmer took a fancy, and offered to initiate her. He and his pupil sat opposite each other, and joined their hands. The charmer then twisted a cobra round their joined hands, and repeated some invocation. Both of them afterward spat on the snake, and the novice was pronounced to be safe, and enveloped in snakes as a proof of the success of the incantation.

THERE is perhaps no better instance of the mastery of the Indians over animals than the manner in which they catch and instruct elephants.

The reader will doubtless remember that, though the elephant is abundant both in

Africa and India, the inhabitants of the former country never attempt to domesticate it. It has been thought that the African elephant is not trained, because it is fiercer than the Asiatic species or variety, and lacks the intelligence which distinguishes that animal. This, however, is not the case. The African elephant is as docile and intelligent as that of Asia, and quite as capable of being trained. The elephants which were used in the time of the ancient Romans were brought from Africa, and yet we read of the most wonderful feats which they could perform. Moreover, the African elephants which have been in the Zoological Gardens for some years are quite as tractable as the Asiatic animals. The real cause for the non-use of the African elephant is, not its incapacity for domestication, but the lack of capacity in the Africans to domesticate it.

In almost all cases of domesticated animals, the creatures are born in captivity, so that they have never been accustomed to a wild life. The Indian, however, does not trouble himself by breeding elephants, but prefers to capture them when sufficiently grown to suit his purposes. There are two modes of catching the elephant, one of which is so ingenious that it deserves some description, however brief. A common way is by making a large enclosure, called a "keddah," and driving the elephants into it. The keddah is so made, that when the elephants have fairly entered it they cannot get out again, and are kept there until subdued by hunger and thirst.

By this mode of elephant catching, the animals are taken in considerable numbers, and of all sizes. The genuine elephant hunter, however, cares little for this method, and prefers to pick out for himself the best animals, the Indians being exceedingly particular about their elephants, and an elephant having as many "points" as a prize pigeon or rabbit.

In every herd of elephants the males are given to fighting with each other for the possession of the females, and it often happens that a male, who for some time has reigned supreme in the herd, is beaten at last. Furious with rage and disappointment, he leaves the herd, and ranges about by himself, destroying in his rage everything which opposes him. In this state he is called a "rogue" elephant by the English, and *saun* by the natives. Now, furious and dangerous as is the *saun*, he is always a splendid animal, scarcely inferior indeed to the master elephant of the herd. The elephant hunters, therefore, are always glad to hear of a *saun*, and take measures to capture so valuable a prize.

They possess several female elephants, called "koomkies," which are used as decoys, and, strangely enough, take the greatest interest in capturing the *saun*. When

the hunter takes with him sometimes a very large snake, and takes care to keep it in much smaller

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the hunter goes out on his expedition, he takes with him at least two koomkies, and sometimes three, if the saun should happen to be a very largo one; and in all cases he takes care that the koomkies shall not be much smaller than the saun.

The hunters, furnished with ropes and the other apparatus for securing the saun, lie flat on the koomkies' backs, cover themselves with a large dark cloth, and proceed toward the place where the saun was seen. Often the koomkies carry in their trunks branches of trees, which they hold in such a manner as to prevent their intended captive from seeing that they carry anything on their backs. The saun, seeing them approach, loses some of his fury, and thinks that he is in great good-fortune to meet with females over whom he can rule as he had done before. He is so delighted with this idea that he fails to perceive the hunters, who usually slip off behind a tree as they near him, but sometimes boldly retain their post.

The koomkies then go up to the saun and begin to caress him, one on each side, and sometimes another in front of him, when three decoys are employed. They caress him, make much of him, and gradually bring him near a stout tree, where they detain him. The hunters then creep under the huge animal, and pass stout ropes round his forelegs, binding them tightly together, being aided in this by the decoys, who place their trunks so that their masters cannot be seen, and sometimes even assist him by passing the rope when he cannot conveniently reach it. The forelegs being secured, the hunter places round the elephant's hindlegs a pair of strong fetters. These are made of wood, and open with a hinge of rope. They are studded inside with sharp iron spikes, and, when clasped round the feet of the elephant, are fastened to the trunk of the tree with strong ropes.

The elephant being now made fast, the hunters creep away, and are followed by the koomkies, who receive their masters on their necks, and go off, leaving the unfortunate saun to his fate. If he was furious before, he is tenfold more so when he has to add to disappointment the sense of confinement, and the knowledge that he has been tricked. He screams with rage, tears branches off the tree, pulls up the grass by the roots and flings it about, and even tries to break the rope which holds him to the tree, or to pull up the tree itself by the roots. The spikes with which the wooden fetters are lined give him such pain, that he is soon forced to desist, and wearied out with pain and exertion, he becomes more quiet. On the following day the same men and elephants come to him, and bring him a little food, and so they go on until he has learned first to endure, and afterward to desire their presence. When they judge him to be sufficiently tamed, strong ropes are fastened to his legs,

and attached to the koomkies, and, the ligatures round his feet being removed, he is marched off to his new quarters.

Sometimes he resists, on finding his limbs at liberty. In such a case the koomkies drag him along by the ropes, while a large male pushes him on from behind, sometimes using his tusks by way of spurs. When he has been taken to his abode, he is treated with firm but kind discipline, and is so effectually tamed, that in a few months after he was ranging wild about the forest he may be seen assisting to convey a refractory brother to his new home.

The intelligence of the koomkies is really wonderful, and they take quite as much interest in the pursuit as their masters. Captain Williams mentions an instance where a gentleman had purchased a koomkie, not knowing her to be such. The mahout or driver would not mention her capacity, because he very much preferred the ease and comfort of a gentleman's establishment to the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life. The wealthy natives of the neighborhood would not mention it, because each of them hoped to buy the animal for himself at a less price than would be asked for a koomkie.

One day the animal was missing, and did not return for several days. However, she came back, and was harnessed as usual for a walk. When she came to a certain spot, she became restive, and at last dashed into the jungle, where she brought her master to a fine saun, whom she had crippled by fastening a chain round his forelegs.

In Nepal the natives adopt a very dangerous mode of elephant hunting. They go to the hunt on elephants, and furnish themselves with very strong ropes, one end of which is made fast to the body of the riding elephant, and the other furnished with a slip-knot, to which is attached a line, by which the noose can be relaxed. They give chase to the herd, and, selecting a suitable animal, the hunter dexterously flings the noose upon the head of the animal just behind its ears and on its brows. The elephant instinctively curls up its trunk, whereupon the noose slips fairly over its head.

The hunter then checks the pace of his animal, so that the noose is drawn tightly round the neck of the captured elephant, and causes a partial choking. His speed being checked, another hunter comes up and flings a second noose, so that by their united force the captive can be strangled if necessary. Sometimes, when he is very furious, the hunters are obliged to render him insensible over and over again, before he can be induced to obey his new masters. The well-known Nepalese ambassador, Jung Bahadur, was celebrated for his skill and daring in this dangerous sport.

As an example of the perfect command which the Indian mahouts have over their animals, Captain Williams mentions an

adventure which took place at Chittagoug. During a stormy night, an elephant got loose, and escaped into the forest. Four years afterward, when a herd of elephants was driven into a keddah, the mahout, who had climbed the palisades to view the enclosed animals, thought that he recognized among them his missing elephant. His comrades ridiculed him, but he persisted in his idea, and called the animal by name. The elephant recognized the voice of its driver, and came toward him. The man was so overjoyed at this, that, regardless of the danger which he ran, he climbed over the palisades, and called to the elephant to kneel down. The animal obeyed him, he mounted on its neck, and triumphantly rode it out of the keddah.

Elephants are sometimes taken in pits, at the bottom of which are laid bundles of grass in order to break the fall of the heavy animal. The elephants are generally decoyed into these pits by a tame animal which is guided close to the pit by the mahout, who has placed certain marks by which he knows its exact locality. Sometimes they are merely dug in the paths of the elephants, which fall into them in their nightly rambles, and by their moanings inform the hunters of their proceedings.

In these pits they are forced to remain until they have been tamed by hunger, just as is the case with those animals that are tied to the trees. When they are sufficiently tame, the hunter throws into the pit successive bundles of jungle grass. These the sagacious animal arranges under his feet in such a way that he soon raises himself sufficiently high to step upon the level earth, where he is received by the hunters and his tame elephants. These "pitted" elephants, as they are called, are not held in high estimation, as there is always danger that they may have suffered some injury by the fall.

Just as tame elephants are brought to capture the wild animals, so are tame stags taught to capture those of their own species. An account of the sport is given in the "Private Life of an Eastern King":—

"I have never heard of trained stags being employed elsewhere as I saw them employed in Oude. . . . In our rides in the neighborhood of the lake, near which we encamped, we lighted upon a fine open country adjoining a forest, which would answer admirably for the purpose. The adjoining wood was full of the smaller game of Oude, or, if not smaller, at all events the more harmless, among which the wild deer must be classed as one. Skilful beaters were sent off into the forest to drive the deer, as if unintentionally,—that is, without violence, or making much noise,—toward the point of the forest adjoining the open space which I have just mentioned. Here, protected by its watching guardians,

the most warlike and powerful of its males, the herd was congregated in apparent safety.

"We had about a dozen trained stags, all males, with us. These, well acquainted with the object for which they were sent forward, advanced at a gentle trot over the open ground toward the skirt of the wood. They were observed at once by the watchers of the herd, and the boldest of the wild animals advanced to meet them. Whether the intention was to welcome them peaceably, or to do battle for their pasturage, I cannot tell, but in a few minutes the parties were engaged in a furious contest. Head to head, antlers to antlers, the tame deer and the wild fought with great fury. Each of the tame animals, every one of them large and formidable, was closely contested with a wild adversary, standing chiefly on the defensive, not in any feigned battle or mimicry of war, but in a hard-fought combat. We now made our appearance in the open ground on horseback, advancing toward the scene of conflict. The deer on the skirts of the wood, seeing us, took to flight, but those actually engaged maintained their ground, and continued the contest.

"In the meantime a party of native hunters, sent for the purpose, gradually drew near to the wild stags, getting in between them and the forest. What their object was we were not at the time aware; indeed, it was not one that we could have approved or encouraged. They made their way to the rear of the wild stags, which were still combating too fiercely to mind them; they approached the animals, and, with a skilful cut of their long knives, the poor warriors fell hamstrung. We felt pity for the noble animals as we saw them fall helplessly on the ground; unable longer to continue the contest, and pushed down by the tame stags. Once down, they were unable to rise again.

"The tame ones were called off in a moment; not one of them pursued his victory. Their work was done; they obeyed the call of their keepers almost at once, and were led off like hounds, some of them bearing evidence in their gored chests that the contest in which they had been engaged was no sham, but a reality. As we rode up we saw them led off, triumphantly exulting over the ground as if proud of their exploits, tossing their fine spreading antlers about joyously, and sometimes looking as if they would enjoy a little more fighting,—this time with each other."

The antelope is sometimes used in a similar manner. The largest and most powerful male antelopes are trained for the purpose, and are sent toward the herd with nooses fastened on their horns. The wild antelopes soon come out to fight the intruders, and are caught by the nooses.

THERE is another sport of which the

Indians are very fond, the deer by means of the leopard. This is the same species of leopard which it is called a larger legs, its crest or ridge is not so much as the common leopard, tree, very common leopard is rather deer is rather has not been fact that the well that the other animal.

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Indians are very fond, namely, the chase of the deer by means of the chetah, or hunting leopard. This animal is by no means the same species as the common leopard, from which it is easily distinguished by its much larger legs, its comparatively bushy tail, and a crest or ridge of hair along the neck. It is not so much of a tree-climber as the common leopard, and though it can ascend a tree, very seldom does so. Whether the common leopard could be trained to catch deer is rather doubtful. The experiment has not been tried, probably owing to the fact that the chetah performs its part so well that there is no object in trying another animal.

Chetahs are very docile creatures, and, when tame, seem to be as fond of notice as cats. This I can personally testify, having been in the same cage with the animals at the Zoological Gardens, and found them very companionable, even allowing me, though after some protest in the way of growling and spitting, to take their paws in my hand, and push out the talons.

Those which are used for the sport are led about by their attendants, merely having a cord round their necks, and are so gentle that no one is afraid to be near them. Lest, however, they might be irritated, and in a moment of passion do mischief, they wear on their heads a sort of hood, shaped something like the beaver of an ancient helmet. This hood is generally worn on the back of the head, but if the keeper should think that his charge is likely to be mischievous, he has only to slip the hood over the eyes, and the animal is at once rendered harmless.

When the hunters go out in search of deer, the chetahs are taken on little flat-topped carts, not unlike the costermongers' barrows of our streets. Each chetah is accompanied by its keeper, and is kept hooded during the journey. When they have arrived within sight of deer, the keeper unhoods the animal and points out the prey. The chetah instantly slips off the cart, and makes its way toward the deer, gliding along on its belly like a serpent, and availing itself of every bush and stone by which it can hide its

advance. When it can crawl no closer, it marks out one deer, and springs toward it in a series of mighty bounds. The horsemen then put their steeds to the gallop, and a most exciting scene ensues.

The chase is never a very long one, for the chetah, though of wonderful swiftness for a short distance, does not possess the conformation needful for a long chase. Sometimes a chetah of peculiar excellence will continue the chase for some little time, but, as a rule, a dozen mighty bounds bring the animal to its prey. We all know the nature of the cat tribe, and their great dislike to be interrupted while their prey is in their grasp. Even a common cat has a strong objection to be touched while she has a mouse in her mouth, and we may therefore wonder how the keepers contrive to make the chetah relinquish its prey. This is done either by cutting off part of the leg and giving it to the chetah, or filling a ladle with its blood and allowing the leopard to lap it. The hood is then slipped over the eyes, and the chetah allows itself to be replaced in its cart.

Sometimes it is necessary to leave the cart, and lead the animal by its chain toward the place where the animals are known to be. This is always a difficult business, because the animal becomes so excited that the least noise, or the scent left by a passing deer, will cause it to raise its head aloft, and stare round for the deer. In a few moments it would become unmanageable, and dash away from its keeper, were not he prepared for such an event. He carries with him a kind of ladle, made of a hollowed cocoon-nut shell at the end of a handle. This is sprinkled on the inside with salt, and as soon as the man perceives a change of demeanor on the part of his charge, he puts the ladle over the muzzle of the chetah. The animal licks the salt, forgets the cause of excitement, and walks on quietly as before.

Some of the great men in India take considerable pride in their chetahs, and have them paraded daily, covered with mantles of silk heavily embroidered with gold, and wearing hoods of similarly rich materials.

CHAPTER CLII.

TARTARY.

THE MANTCHU TARTARS.

MUTUAL INFLUENCE OF THE TARTARS AND CHINESE UPON EACH OTHER—A CHINESE BATTLE—DASH AND COURAGE OF TARTAR HORSEMEN—TARTAR GUNNERS—"CATCHING A TARTAR"—THE BOW, AND MODE OF STRINGING IT—SYSTEMATIC TRAINING OF THE ARCHER—THE TARTAR ARROW—ATHLETIC EXERCISES—BLOODLESS CONQUEST OF THE TARTARS BY THE CHINESE.

WE now proceed to the more civilized portions of the vast Mongolian race, namely the Tartars, the Chinese, and the Japanese. It will of course be impossible to give even the briefest account of the numerous nations which have been called Tartars, and we will therefore confine ourselves to the Mantchu Tartars, who have exercised so remarkable an influence on the empire of China.

It has been well said, that when a strong people invade and conquer the territory of a weaker, their conquest has a double effect. The victors impose certain habits and modes of life upon the vanquished, and, in so doing, generally strengthen them in those points where they are weak. But, in return, the vanquished exert an influence upon their conquerors which has precisely the opposite effect, and tends to diminish rather than to increase their strength. So it has been with the Tartars and the Chinese, whose history during the last few centuries has been most instructive to the ethnologist.—I should rather say, to the anthropologist.

Just as in one family we invariably find that there are members of very different powers, and that the possessor of the stronger intellect invariably obtains dominion over the others, so it has been with the two great divisions of the Asiatic Mongols. The Tartar is in many points superior to the Chinese, and, as a rule, is easily distinguished even by his appearance. He possesses more decided features, is more alert in his movements, and certainly possesses more courage. The Chinese will fight wonderfully well behind walls, or on board ship, and even in the field display great courage of a quiet nature if they

are led by European officers. But, when left to themselves, they are not good soldiers in the field, unless opposed to enemies much inferior. Mr. Searth, who had the opportunity of witnessing a battle, describes it as an absolute farce.

"One day, when a great many soldiers were out, I saw more of the contest than was pleasant. Having got into the line of fire, I was forced to take shelter behind a grave, the bullets striking the grave from each side every second. Why they came my way it was difficult to discover, for they ought to have passed on the other side of a creek, about twenty yards distant, to the people they were intended for; but to see the dodging of the soldiers, then of the rebels, each trying to evade the other, was almost amusing.

"One fellow, ready primed and loaded, would rush up the side of a grave-hillock, drop his matchlock over the top, and, without taking aim, blaze away. There is no ramrod required for the shot they use; the bullet, or bar of iron, is merely dropped loose upon the powder.

"There was a fine scene on an occasion when the Shanghai rebels made a sortie. One of the men was cut off by an imperial skirmisher, who had his piece loaded. The rebel had no time to charge his; so he ran round and round a grave, which was high enough to keep his enemy from shooting him when on the opposite side. Here hunting was nothing to it. Red-cap described hosts of circles, and the royalist was fast getting blown, when the gods took pity on his wind, for, by some unlucky chance, the

rebel tripped him in a moment, prize, put the to Red-cap's heels as fast as say who was Red-cap did that dropped fell out as pressed. The singeing of h

The Tartar men in battle during our they were com of war, and that were me arms to whi showed them antagonists. played an am would make t they be traine boldly charge of Armstrong burst among cision, they c manner.

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rebel tripped and fell. The soldier was at him in a moment, and, to make sure of his prize, put the muzzle of his matchlock close to Red-cap's head, fired, and took to his heels as fast as he could go. It is difficult to say who was most astonished, when Mr. Red-cap did exactly the same! The bullet that dropped down readily on the powder fell out as easily when the barrel was depressed. The rebel got off with a good singeing of his long hair."

The Tartars, however, are very different men in battle, as was frequently proved during our wars in China; and though they were comparatively ignorant of the art of war, and were furnished with weapons that were mere toys in comparison with the arms to which they were opposed, they showed themselves to be really formidable antagonists. As irregular cavalry, they displayed an amount of dash and courage which would make them most valuable allies, could they be trained by European officers. They boldly charged in the face of field-batteries of Armstrong guns, and, though the shells burst among them with murderous precision, they came on in the most gallant manner.

Indeed, a British officer, who was opposed to them, said that scarcely any regular cavalry would have advanced in the face of such a fire, delivered from fifteen breech-loading guns. Of course, when they did close, the superior discipline of their opponents prevailed against them, and the Sikh cavalry of Probyn and Fane at once routed their undisciplined ranks. But, had they been drilled and commanded by such men as those who led the Sikh cavalry against them, the issue of the fight might have been very different.

They served their guns with dauntless courage, and allowed themselves to be cut to pieces by the Armstrong shell rather than leave them. A single man would sometimes be seen working a gun by himself after his comrades had been killed, and he expected the same fate every moment; and it therefore happened, that of the slain in that war by far the greatest number were Tartars. They are better horsemen than the Chinese, and both themselves and their steeds are hardy, active, and capable of existing on very little food. One of their peculiarities is the method in which they carry the sword. Instead of hanging it to the waist, and letting it hang against the horse's side, they pass it under the saddle-flap, where it is held tight by the pressure of the leg. They thus avoid the jingle and swing of the European sabre, and moreover are free from the drag of a heavy weapon upon the waist of the rider.

Of the courage displayed by the Tartars under adverse circumstances, a curious instance is given by Mr. M'Ghee. After one of the charges of Probyn's horse, the Tartar cavalry, in spite of their skill in evading

the thrust of a lance or the stroke of a sword, had suffered severe loss, and many were stretched on the ground. Among them was the body of a very powerful man, who had carried a handsome lance. As Mr. M'Ghee found himself without arms, in a rather dangerous position, he thought he would arm himself with the lance, and began to dismount.

As he took his foot from the stirrup, the supposed dead man sprang to his feet, lance in hand, and showed fight. An officer just then rode to the rescue with his revolver, and shot the Tartar in the back. The man fell, but rose again, charged the officer with his lance, unhorsed him, and made off, but was killed by a lance thrust from a Sikh horseman. The fact was, his horse had been killed in battle, and he meant to feign death until he could find an opportunity of slipping away. Even the wounded men, knowing nothing of the amenities of civilized war, and expecting no quarter, used to fire at the enemy when they lay writhing with pain on the ground.

These Tartar soldiers are commanded by a general belonging to their own people, and his immediate subordinate is almost invariably a Tartar also. The office of Tartar general is one of great importance, because, as the Emperor is always of a Tartar family, it is thought that the safety of his person and dynasty ought to be confided not to a Chinese, but to a Tartar. The lieutenant-general, who serves under him, though his post is perhaps the least lucrative in the Imperial household, is glad to hold the appointment, because he is usually selected to succeed to the generalship.

The chief weapons of these soldiers are the bow and the spear, the sword and fire-arms playing a comparatively subordinate part. Being good riders, they naturally take to the spear, the true weapon of a horseman, and are drilled in the various modes of delivering a thrust, and of avoiding one, the latter feat being performed with a dexterity almost equalling that of a Comanche Indian. Although they carry fire-arms with them, they really place little dependence on the heavy, clumsy weapons which they use, that require two men to fire them, and generally knock down the firer by the recoil. Nor do they care very much for the improved fire-arms of Europeans, for, as one warrior said, guns get out of order, spears and swords do not.

The bow of the Tartar (which has spread throughout all China) is much on the principle of the reversed bows which have already been described, though the curve is not so continuous. The bow is nearly straight for the greater part of its length, and then takes an abrupt curve within a foot or so of each end. One of these bows, in my collection, is nearly six feet in length, and measures two inches in width. About

seven inches from each end, a broad piece of bone nearly an inch in length is fixed to the bow, so that the string passes over it, and does not strike against the wood.

The strength of these bows is enormous, varying, according to our mode of reckoning, from sixty to ninety pounds. The weapon is strung in manner somewhat resembling that which has already been described in connection with Indian bows. It must be done in a moment, or not at all, and the only method of doing so is, by placing it behind the right thigh and in front of the left, and then bending it with a sudden stoop of the body, at the same time slipping the loop of the string into its notch. My own weapon is so powerful that I can scarcely make any impression upon it, though I have used my best efforts.

The soldiers undergo a vast amount of practice in the use of this weapon, of which they are as proud as were the English archers of their long-bow and cloth-yard arrow. They have a saying, that the first and most important duty of a soldier is to be a good archer, and that a man ought even to sleep with a bow in his hands. In order to instruct them in the proper attitude of an archer, they have invented a simple piece of machinery, by means of which the soldier undergoes a vast amount of "position drill," so that he may learn to keep his body straight and firm, his shoulders immovable, and his hands in the right position.

From a beam or branch are suspended two rings, which can be moved up and down, to suit the height of the learner. The young archer places his hands in the rings as far as the wrists, and then goes through the various movements of the weapon. When he can satisfy his instructor, a bow is placed in his hands, and he then practises the art of drawing the string to its proper tension. Lastly, he has an arrow besides, and shoots it repeatedly. The head of the arrow is blunted, and the target is a piece of stout leather, hung loosely at a little distance, so that it partially yields to the arrow, and allows the missile to fall to the ground.

The arrow corresponds to the bow. One of these missiles in my collection is three feet three inches in length. It is made of some light wood, and is terminated by a flat, spear-shaped head, two inches long and one inch wide. The other end of the arrow is expanded, so as to allow a large "nock" for the reception of the thick string, and is bound with fish-skin as far as the feathers, which are exactly a foot in length. The shaft is extremely slight in comparison with the length of the arrow.

These men train their muscular powers to a great extent, and have several exercises for this purpose. One of them is called Suay-tau, or throwing the weight. They have a nearly square stone, weighing rather

more than fifty pounds, and having a handle in a hollow cut in its upper surface.

The men mark out a square on the ground, and the players stand at some distance apart. One of them takes the stone, swings it once or twice, and hurls it in the air toward the next player. It is thrown with such skill that the hollow always comes uppermost, and the stone descends into the hand with a shock that makes the man spin round on his heels. The same movement, however, is utilized to give force to the stone; and so the players pass this heavy weight from one to the other with apparent ease, and with the regularity of a machine. A similar exercise is conducted with a heavy sand-bag.

It may easily be imagined how such men would vanquish in battle the comparatively sluggish Chinese, and how they would impose upon them many of their manners and customs. But, though they succeeded in their conquest, though they changed the dress of the Chinese, though they placed a Tartar monarch on the throne, and though they have been the chief military power in China, they have themselves suffered a far severer, though slower, conquest at the hands of the vanquished.

The Chinese, being essentially a contemplative and intellectual nation, care very little for military ability, so that the lowest civil mandarin feels a thorough contempt for the highest military mandarin, because the active life of the latter precludes him from following up those peculiar studies which can raise a Chinese from the state of a peasant to that of the highest in the land. Especially do the Chinese despise their intellectual capacities, though they may appreciate and utilize their bodily strength and military prowess. "The Tartars," said a Chinese shopkeeper, "are cows."

The extraordinary reaction of the vanquished upon their conquerors is admirably put by Mr. Fleming, in his "Travels on Horseback in Manchurian Tartary."

"By dint of their extraordinary industry, thrifty habits, an unceasing desire to accumulate wealth by any amount of plodding, cunning, or hardship, the Chinaman has wormed himself beyond the Great Wall, built towns and villages, cultivated every rood of land, and is at once the farmer and the trader everywhere. He claims the best part of Manchuria as his own, and dares even to scandalize the Tartar race in their own capital, though it is barely two centuries since that race filed in long cavalry troops through those gates at Shan-kis-Kwan, and were introduced by an indiscreet Chinese general to the vast empire which they soon conquered and sternly governed.

"Now the Chinese seem the conquerors, for they have not only obtained possession of the land, and converted it into a region thoroughly Chinese, but they have imposed

their language and every trace of the original with them, the banner-man shopkeeping plough.

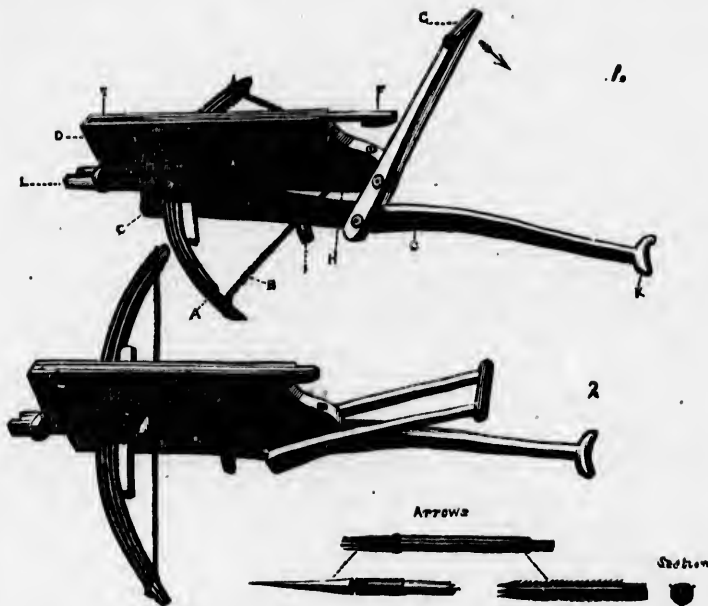
"There is a word to describe or river, in use and anything character and actors is entirely obtained possession at Peking, par prowess, and rebellions and if they conquer over whom they their dress, v

their language, their habits and customs, and every trait belonging to them, on those of the original occupants who choose to mix with them, and ousted out every grim old banner-man who would not condescend to shopkeeping, or huddling the spade or plough.

"There is not the most trifling Mantchu word to designate town, hamlet, mountain, or river, in use among the people nowadays, and anything that might at all tell of the character and power of the original proprietors is entirely effaced. If the Mantchus obtained possession of the Dragon Throne at Peking, partly by force of arms in military prowess, and partly by perfidy, aided by rebellions among the Chinese themselves; if they compelled the hundreds of millions over whom they found cause to rule to alter their dress, wear tails, and perhaps smoke

tobacco, — the people thus subjugated have made ample retaliation by wiping out every trace of their invaders in their own country, and leaving the existence of the usurpers all but traditional in the metropolis where, two hundred years ago, they held their court, and where one of their kings boldly vowed vengeance for seven great grievances that he imagined had been brought on him by the Chinese Emperor.

"Nothing prevents the invasion of the Corea by these wonderful Chinese but the high palisade that keeps them within the limits of Mantchuria. For, if once they got a footing in that country, the Coreans would suffer the same fate as the Mantchus, and there is no telling when these sons of Ham would stop in their bloodless aggrandizement and territorial acquisitiveness."



REPEATING CROSSBOW. (From my Collection.)

(See page 1434.)

CHAPTER CLIII.

CHINA.

APPEARANCE — DRESS — FOOD.

APPEARANCE OF THE CHINESE — MODE OF PLAITING THE "TAIL" — THE CHINESE BARBER — THE REFUSE HAIR AND ITS USES — CEREMONIOUS EMPLOYMENT OF THE TAIL — DRESSING THE HAIR OF THE WOMEN — MUTUAL ASSISTANCE — POWDER FOR THE SKIN, AND MODE OF APPLYING IT — SMALL FEET OF THE CHINESE WOMEN — ORIGIN AND DATE OF THE CUSTOM OF COMPRESSING THE FEET — DRESS OF THE WOMEN — DRESS OF THE MEN — THE "BUTTON" OF RANK — SYSTEM OF EXAMINATION — INGENIOUS MODES OF EVASION — EXCEPTION IN FAVOR OF OLD AGE — THE FAN AND ITS VARIOUS USES — CHINESE LANTERNS — THE "STALKING-HORSE LANTERN" — FEAST OF LANTERNS — THE GREAT DRAGON — CHOPSTICKS, AND THE MODE OF USING THEM — THE CASE OF CHOPSTICKS — FOOD OF THE CHINESE — LIVING CRABS — BIRDS'-NEST SOUP — TEA, AND MODE OF PREPARATION.

WE now come to China, a country of such extent, so thickly populated, and containing so many matters of interest, that justice could not be fully done if an entire volume were devoted to it. We will therefore restrict ourselves to a selection of those particulars in which the Chinese appear to offer the greatest contrast to Europeans.

The appearance of the Chinese possess many of the characteristics of the Tartar, both nations being different branches of the same great family. The Chinese, however, are, as a rule, of a less determined and manly cast than the Tartars, and have about them a sort of effeminacy which accounts for the conquest suffered at their hands.

One of the chief peculiarities in a Chinaman's appearance is his "tail." This mode of dressing the hair was imposed upon the Chinese by the Tartars, and has remained in full force ever since. The Tae-ping rebels, however, viewing the "tail" as an ignominious sign of conquest, refuse to wear it, and allow the whole of their hair to grow.

With the loyal Chinese, however, the tail has become quite an institution, and they regard it with the same sort of reverence which is felt by an Arab, a Turk, or a Persian for his beard. It is scarcely possible to punish a Chinaman more severely than by cutting off his tail, and, though he may

supply its place with an artificial tail curiously woven into the hair, he feels the indignity very keenly. Sometimes, when two men are to be punished severely, they are tied together by their tails, and exposed to the derision of the public.

The tail bears some resemblance to the scalp-lock of the American Indian, but it includes very much more hair than is comprehended in the scalp-lock. The Chinaman shaves the hair from his forehead and round the temples, but leaves a circular patch of tolerable size, the hair of which is allowed to grow to its full length. Sometimes, if the patch be not large enough to nourish a sufficient quantity of hair to produce a good tail, it is enlarged by allowing more and more hair to grow at each successive shaving. On an average, the head is shaved once in ten days and no one would venture to go into good society unless the hair of his head were clean shaven. As for his face, he has so few hairs upon it, that he does not trouble the barber very much with his countenance.

Owing to the position of the tail, a man cannot dress it properly without aid, and, chiefly for this purpose, the peripatetic barber has become quite an institution in China. All the materials of his trade are carried at the ends of a bamboo pole, which the barber carries in yoke fashion

across his shoulders, and, when required, he sits to work on the customer.

Very little is known of the barber in the primitive times, but by one such half-pence, or kind. There is a penny, and cost, perhaps, expensive and, but, as a rule, set up in the six or seven living by his supply of black ink, ment the tails locks of real hair, artificial tails by nature.

The custom in which to These are pious stitious ideas, the world, his collector, who his basket on basket are combed from and made into the short piece are used as being inserted seed or plant universal practice wearing a tail very great, and exceed seven.

The right among the Chinese of the hat is a mark the tail to hang any one who is an equal with hanging down, be thought as an Englishman lady's drawing moving his hair are at work, the cherished tail so as to get it if a man of sup- happen to pass tails at once.

During the common that the English ance of Chinese trouble themselves tails hung down were twisted Accordingly,

across his shoulders. When his services are required, he puts down his load, arranges his simple apparatus in a few moments, and sets to work upon the cherished tail of his customer.

Very little capital is required to set up a barber in trade. There is the razor, a most primitive triangle of steel, two inches long by one inch wide, which cost, perhaps, three half-pence, or twopence if it be of the best kind. There is the linen strop, which costs a penny, and a bamboo seat and table, which cost, perhaps, twopence each. There is one expensive article, namely, the brass basin, but, as a rule, a Chinese barber can be well set up in trade at the expenditure of about six or seven shillings, and can make a good living by his business. This sum includes a supply of black silk, wherewith to supplement the tails of his customers, and a few locks of real hair, with which he can supply artificial tails in cases where they are denied by nature.

The customer always holds a sort of basin in which to catch the clippings of hair. These are preserved, not from any superstitious ideas, as is the case in many parts of the world, but are put aside for the hair collector, who makes his daily rounds with his basket on his back. The contents of the basket are carefully utilized. The long hair combed from women's heads is separated and made into false tails for the men, while the short pieces shaven from men's heads are used as manure, a tiny pinch of hair being inserted into the ground with each seed or plantlet. In consequence of the universal practice of shaving the head and wearing a tail, the number of barbers is very great, and in 1858 they were said to exceed seven thousand in Canton alone.

The right management of the tail is, among the Chinese, what the management of the hat is among ourselves. For example, it is a mark of respect to allow the tail to hang at full length, and any one who ventured to address an equal without having his tail hanging down his back would be thought as boorish as would an Englishman who went into a lady's drawing-room without removing his hat. When the people are at work, they always coil the cherished tail round their heads, so as to get it out of the way; but if a man of superior rank should happen to pass, down go all the tails at once.

During the late war in China, the common people soon found that the English, in their ignorance of Chinese customs, did not trouble themselves whether the tails hung down their backs or were twisted round their heads. Accordingly, Oriental-like, they

took advantage of this ignorance, and, though they would lower their tails for the meanest official who happened to pass near them, they made no sign even when an English general came by. However, one of the English officers discovered this ruse, and every now and then one of them used to go through the streets and compel every Chinaman to let down his tail.

The tail is never entirely composed of the hair of the wearer. Sometimes it is almost wholly artificial, a completely new tail being fixed to a worn-out stump, and, as a general rule, the last eighteen inches are almost entirely made of black silk. Besides being a mark of fashion, the tail is often utilized. A sailor, for example, will tie his hat to his head with his tail when the wind rises, and a schoolmaster sometimes uses his tail in lieu of a cane.

Absurd as the tail looks when worn by any except a Chinese or Tartar, it certainly does seem appropriate to their cast of countenance, and it is to be doubted whether the Tartar conquerors did not confer a benefit instead of inflicting an injury on the Chinese by the enforcement of the tail.

The hair of the women is not shaven, but, on the contrary, additions are made to it. While they are unmarried, it hangs down the back in a long queue, like that of the men; but when they marry, it is dressed in various fantastic forms. There is a very fashionable ornament in China, called the "butterfly's wings." This is a quantity of false hair made in fanciful imitation of a huge butterfly, and fastened to the back of a woman's head. Fashions, however, vary in different parts of China, and even in the same locality the women are not tied to the absolute uniformity which distinguishes the hair of the men. One mode of hair-dressing which is very prevalent makes the hair look very much like a teapot, the long tresses



MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

being held in their place by a strong cement made from wood shavings. Another mode of hair-dressing which prevails in Northern China is thus described by Mr. Fleming: "Here it is dressed and gummed in the form of an ingot of sycee silver, which is something in shape like a cream-jug, or an oval cup, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, with a piece scooped out of the edge at each side, and with bright-colored flowers fastened by, or stuck about with skewers and pins, that stand out like porcupine quills. Though their necks be ever so dirty, and their faces not much better, yet the hair must be as exquisitely trimmed and plastered, according to the local rage, as that in a wax model seen in a London barber's shop-window."

In the accompanying illustration two women are shown, who render aid to each other in arranging their hair after the "top-pot" fashion. In the households of Chinese women, dressing-cases are considered almost the chief requisites of life. In the drawers are the combs, pins, and paint for the cheeks and lips, and the white powder which is rubbed into the skin. This powder is made from white marble, which is broken small with a hammer, and then thrown into a tub in which revolve two stones turned by a buffalo, just like the wheels which are used in making gunpowder. The coarsely ground mass is then transferred, together with water, to a second mill, in which it is reduced to a mixture like cream. This creamy substance is then levigated in a succession of tubs, the sediment of which is taken out and returned to the mill, and the remainder is allowed to settle, the superfluous water drawn off, and the sediment pressed, while still moist, into cakes.

When used it is not only rubbed on the skin, but actually worked into it with string, which is placed on the hands in a sort of cat's-eradle, and worked backward and forward until the required effect is produced. This powder is also used to give rice a factitious whiteness. The coarser portions are employed for making whitewash and whitening mortar.

Many of the Chinese of both sexes are remarkable for the great length to which they allow their nails to grow. This is supposed to be a sign of rank or literary occupation, inasmuch as the nails would be broken by any laborious work. For this purpose, they are kept carefully oiled to prevent them from being brittle, and are further preserved by being enclosed in tubes which slip over the end of the finger. These tubes are sometimes of bamboo, sometimes of silver, and a few of the most precious minerals.

The feet of the Chinese women are often more strangely decorated than their heads. A vast number of the women have their feet cramped by bandages into a state which renders them little better than mere pegs on

which to walk, or rather totter. It is not only the rich who are thus deformed, but the poorest often have their feet cramped. The operation is begun at a very early age, so that the feet of the full-grown woman may not exceed in size that of a child of five or six. Bandages are bound firmly round the foot in such a way as to force it into an arched shape, the heel being pressed forward and the ball of the foot backward, while the four middle toes are bent under the foot, and so completely squeezed into its substance that they almost lose their identity. In fact, the member is made artificially into a club-foot, which, repugnant as it may be to European eyes, is the delight of the Chinese, who call it metaphorically by the name of "golden lily."



CHINESE WOMAN'S FOOT AND MODEL OF A SHOE.

(From my collection.)

Clay models of these "golden lilies" are sold at many of the shops; and as they are very accurate imitations of the foot, and it is almost impossible to induce a Chinese woman to remove the bandages and exhibit the member, a representation of one of these models is here given. The gait of the woman is necessarily reduced to an awkward waddle. There is no play of the beautiful machinery of the human foot, and the wearer of the "golden lily" walks exactly as she would do if she had no feet at all. Indeed, her gait is even more awkward, inasmuch as the weight of the body is thrown forward upon the great toe, than which nothing can be imagined more opposed to the real intention of the foot.

Fast walking is impossible with these feet, and running is out of the question, the women being obliged to support themselves by holding to walls or other objects, or to balance themselves by holding out their arms at

right angles when walking. The woman generally of furniture appearing to be she is not com- difficulty in the tunately, the Chinese dwell which are n have noticed can ascend st always holds descends.

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Utterly hide coveted by all, it try to look achieve by ma of wood, putti and fastening the real and remarks that a in the night, w ing firmly on h of hobbling a dle which she By a similar r parts on the st but the peculiar it with such pe not in the sece that they are n

Of the origin is known, thou which attempt legend, for exa press of China some three tho having club fo husband to impo his female subj that a certain en chamber of a co her feet, which The emperor ac off the fore-par render them mor Another legend, attributes the c named Le-yuh, condemned to se in the infernal his own hands women.

The dress of according to the the season of the detail, which wo it is sufficient to s dress is similar,

right angles to their bodies. Indeed, even when walking quietly in the house, the woman generally leans on the various articles of furniture as she passes them, the act appearing to be instinctive, and one of which she is not conscious. Stairs are of course a difficulty in the way of "golden lilies." Fortunately, there are not many stairs in a Chinese dwelling-house, the living rooms of which are mostly on the ground floor. I have noticed that a small-footed Chinawoman can ascend stairs easily enough, but that she always holds by the banisters or wall as she descends.

The deformity in question does not end with the foot. As the toes and ankles are deprived of motion, the muscles which work them, and which form the calf of the leg, gradually dwindle away for want of use, so that from the ankle to the knee the leg is scarcely thicker than a broomstick.

Utterly hideous as is this deformity, it is coveted by all, and those who do not possess it try to look as if they did. This they achieve by making an artificial "golden lily" of wood, putting it into a fashionable shoe, and fastening the contrivance on the sole of the real and serviceable foot. Mr. Milne remarks that a nurse, if called up suddenly in the night, will make her appearance walking firmly on her full-sized bare feet, instead of hobbling along with the fashionable waddle which she has been exhibiting by day. By a similar ruse, the boys who enact female parts on the stage imitate not only the feet but the peculiar walk of the women, and do it with such perfection that no one who was not in the secret would have the least idea that they are not what they pretend to be.

Of the origin or date of the custom nothing is known, though there are various legends which attempt to account for both. One legend, for example, attributes it to an empress of China named Tan-key, who lived some three thousand years ago, and who, having club feet by nature, induced her husband to impose the same deformity on all his female subjects. Another legend states that a certain empress was discovered in the chamber of a courtier, and laid the fault on her feet, which carried her against her will. The emperor accepted the excuse, but cut off the fore-part of her feet in order to render them more subordinate for the future. Another legend, which is a very popular one, attributes the custom to a certain prince named Le-yuh, who in consequence was condemned to seven hundred years' torture in the infernal regions, and to make with his own hands one million shoes for the women.

The dress of the Chinese varies greatly according to the rank of the individual and the season of the year. Without going into detail, which would occupy too much time, it is sufficient to say that the principle of the dress is similar, not only among different

classes, but with the two sexes, the coat and trousers being the principal articles, modified in material and form according to circumstances. The dress of a mandarin or noble, and of his wife, may be seen in the illustration on the 1437th page. The richness of material and beauty of work displayed in some of these dresses are really marvellous. They are generally of the most delicate silks, and are covered with embroidery of such harmonious coloring and exquisite workmanship as no country can equal.

It is not, however, the richness of dress which denotes rank among the Chinese. The symbol of social status is simply a spherical "button," about as large as a boy's playing marble, placed on the apex of the cap. The different colors and materials of the buttons designate the rank; the "blue ribbon" being a plain red coral button. The possession of these buttons is an object of high ambition for the Chinese, and its value is increased by the fact that there is no hereditary rank in China, and that the coveted button must be earned, and can neither be purchased nor given by favor.

It can only be gained by passing through a series of examinations, each increasing in severity, and no candidate for high rank being permitted to compete unless he can show the certificate that he has gained the rank immediately below it. The examinations are conducted in a building expressly made for the purpose. It has double walls, between which sentinels are continually pacing. The gates are watched in the strictest manner, and each candidate is locked into a tiny cell, after having undergone the strictest search in order to ascertain that he has not carried in any scrap of writing that may help him in the examination.

The examiners themselves are conveyed from a distance, and surrounded by troops, so that no one can approach them; and so careful are the officers who conduct the examination that the examiners are not allowed to see the original passages written by the candidates, but only copies made by official scribes. When they have passed a paper as satisfactory, the original is produced, the two are compared, and not until then does any one know the name of the writer, which has been pasted between two leaves.

The precautions are most stringent, but the ingenuity exercised in evasion sometimes conquers all the barriers set up between a candidate and external assistance. Sometimes a man, already a graduate, will manage to substitute himself for the candidate, write all the essays, and contrive a second change on leaving the place, so that the real candidate takes up the substituted essays. Sometimes a friend within the building will learn the subject of the essays, write them in tiny characters on very thin paper, enclose the paper in wax, and drop it

into the water which is supplied to the candidates. One man of peculiar daring hit on the plan of getting a friend to tunnel under the walls of the college, and push the required documents through the floor of the cell. Should any such attempt be discovered, the candidate is at once ejected, and disqualified from a second attempt.

The Chinese have good reason to be ambitious of the honors of a button, as even the very lowest button exempts the wearer from military service and from arrest by the police. The bearer of this coveted symbol becomes at once one of the privileged classes; he wears an official costume when he likes, and is qualified to enter as candidate for still higher honors. Such privileges are worth much trouble to obtain, and accordingly the rejected candidates will enter the examination year after year, even until they are gray-headed. With the respect for old age which is one of the most pleasing characteristics of the Chinese, there is a law that if a man should attend the examinations annually until he is eighty years of age, and still be unable to pass, he is invested with an honorary degree, and may wear the button and official dress *honoris causa*. The same rule holds good with the higher degrees.

The very highest posts in the kingdom are denoted by a peacock's feather, which falls down the side of the cap. The gradations in rank of the feather wearers are marked by the number of "eyes" in the ornament, the summit of a Chinaman's ambition being to wear a feather with three eyes, denoting a rank only inferior to that of the Emperor.

There is one article common to all ranks and both sexes, and equally indispensable to all. This is the fan, an article without which a Chinaman is never seen. The richer people carry the fan in a beautifully embroidered case hung to their girdles; but the poorer class content themselves with sticking it between the collar of the jacket and the back of the neck. Whenever the hand is not actually at work on some task, the fan is in it, and in motion, not violently agitated, as is mostly the case in Europe, but kept playing with a gentle, constant, and almost imperceptible movement of the wrist, so as to maintain a continuous though slight current of air.

Sometimes, in very hot weather, a stout mandarin will quietly lift up the skirts of his jacket, place his fan under the garment, and send a current of cool air round his body; and this done, he drops the skirts afresh into their place, and directs the refreshing breeze over his countenance. Sometimes it is used by way of a parasol, the man holding it over his head as he walks along. Sometimes the schoolmaster uses it by way of a ferule, and raps his pupils unmercifully on the knuckles; and so inveterate is the use of the fan, that soldiers, while

serving their guns, have been observed quietly fanning themselves in the midst of a brisk fire of shot, shell, and bullets.

The materials and patterns of Chinese fans are innumerable. They are made of paper, silk, satin, palm-leaf, wood, feathers, horn, or ivory. Some of them are made so that when they are opened from left to right they form very good fans, but when spread from right to left all the sticks fall apart, and look as if they never could be united again. Those which are made of paper have various patterns painted or printed on them, and thousands are annually sold on which are complete maps of the larger Chinese cities, having every street and lane marked. Those which are made of silk or satin are covered with the most exquisite embroidery; while the horn and ivory fans are cut into patterns so slight and so delicate that they look more like lace than the material of which they really are composed. The wooden fans are made in much the same way, though the workmanship is necessarily coarser: the material of these fans is sandalwood, the aromatic odor of which is much prized by the Chinese.

Choice sentences and aphorisms from celebrated authors are often written on the fan; and it is the custom for Chinese gentlemen to exchange autographs written on each other's fans. The price of these fans varies according to the material and workmanship, common ones being worth about four or five for a penny, while a first-class fan will cost several pounds.

The lantern is almost as characteristic of the Chinese as the fan, inasmuch as every one who goes abroad after dark is obliged by law to carry a lantern, whereas he need not carry a fan unless he chooses. These lanterns have of late years become very common in England, the subdued light which they give through their colored envelopes having a very pretty effect at night, especially in conservatories. There is a wonderful variety of these lanterns, some of them being most complicated in structure, enormous in size, and hung round with an intricate arrangement of scarlet tassels. Others are made of a balloon-like shape, the framework being a delicate net of bamboo, over which is spread a sheet of very thin paper saturated with varnish, so that it is nearly as transparent as glass. Figures of various kinds are painted upon the lantern, and so great is the sale of these articles, that many artists make a good living by painting them. Generally, when a man buys a lantern, he purchases a plain one, and then takes it to the painter to be decorated. The name of the owner is often placed upon his lantern, together with his address, and sometimes the lantern is used as a representative of himself.

Many of the lanterns shut up flat, on the principle of the fan; some of them open out

into cylindrical or oval shapes.

One of the "stars" is the "star" only used for the flame, and contains a set revolving the flame, and are led to a of men, women, which move the wheel r this lantern work, the most complete of order.

So complete carrying be China, when our fire in a driven out, away in all lantern in the of the enemy.

In connection brated Feast. In the lantern that used, and bring out the lantern" was The chief Dragon. The of a number beer barrel, within it. are sometimes single Dragon neighbor, so distance from enormous 1 the other is sions.

This Dragon and villages as it goes bearers come movement b different joi tival is held the Dragon various faint the attenda have heads they are al weapons. T and dwarfs, shoulders o by the robes boys whose which the in do the bear their faces.

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into cylinders, and some into spherical and oval shapes.

One of the most ingenious of these articles is the "stalking-horse lantern," which is only used for festivals. It is of large size, and contains several tapers. Above the tapers is a horizontal paddle-wheel, which is set revolving by the current of air caused by the flame, and from the wheel silk threads are led to a series of little automaton figures of men, women, birds, beasts, etc., all of which move their arms, legs, and wings as the wheel runs round. A good specimen of this lantern is really a wonderful piece of work, the threads crossing each other in the most complicated style, but never getting out of order.

So completely is the Chinaman a lantern-carrying being, that, during our war in China, when a battery had been silenced by our fire in a night attack, and the garrison driven out, the men were seen running away in all directions, each with a lighted lantern in his hand, as if to direct the aim of the enemy's musketry.

In connection with this subject, the celebrated Feast of Lanterns must not be omitted. In this remarkable ceremony, every lantern that can be lighted seems to be used, and the Chinese on this occasion bring out the complicated "stalking-horse lantern" which has just been described. The chief object, however, is the Great Dragon. The body of the Dragon is made of a number of lanterns, each as large as a beer barrel, and having large candles fastened within it. Nearly a hundred of these joints are sometimes used in the construction of a single Dragon, each joint being tied to its neighbor, so as to keep them at the same distance from each other. At one end is an enormous head with gaping jaws, and at the other is a tail of proportionate dimensions.

This Dragon is carried through the streets and villages, and has a most picturesque effect as it goes winding along its course, the bearers contriving to give it an undulating movement by means of the sticks to which the different joints are attached. A similar festival is held in the autumn. Accompanying the Dragon are a number of men dressed in various fantastic ways, as representations of the attendants of the gods. Some of them have heads like oxen, others like horses, and they are all armed with curious pronged weapons. Then there are simulated giants and dwarfs, the former being carried on the shoulders of men whose legs are concealed by the robes of the image, and the latter by boys whose heads are received into the hats which the images wear. In neither instance do the bearers trouble themselves to conceal their faces.

Various ceremonies of a like nature are enacted, of which no description can be given for want of space.

Of the Chinaman's social habits none has been more widely known than the use of the "chopsticks," or the two little rods by means of which the solid food is eaten. This is not the Chinese name, but is one invented by foreigners, who have employed the term as a sort of equivalent for the "kwai-tsze," or nimble-lads, as they are very appropriately termed by the Chinese. Originally they were simply two slips of bamboo, but now they are of wood, bone, ivory, or sometimes silver. Two pairs of chopsticks in my collection are nearly ten inches in length, and about as thick at the base as a small goose-quill, tapering gradually to half the thickness at the tip.

Much misunderstanding prevails as to the use of the chopsticks, many persons supposing that they are held one in each hand, after the manner of knives and forks in Europe. These curious implements are both held in the right hand after the following manner: One of them is taken much as a pen is held, except that, instead of being held by the thumb and forefinger, it passes between the tips of the second and third fingers. This chopstick is always kept stationary. The second chopstick is held lightly between the thumb and forefinger, and can be worked so as to press with its tip against the point of the other, and act after the manner of pincers.

The adroitness displayed by the Chinese in the use of these implements is worthy of all admiration. I have seen them pick up single grains of rice with the chopsticks, dip them in soy, and carry them to the mouth with perfect precision; and, indeed, after some few lessons, I could do it tolerably well myself. In eating rice after the usual manner, the tips of the chopsticks are crossed, and the rice lifted with them as if on a spoon. If, however, the man be very hungry, he does not trouble himself about such refinement, but holds the bowl to his lips, and scoops the rice into his mouth with a celerity that must be seen to be believed. In point of speed a spoon would be nothing compared with the chopstick.

The reader must understand that the Chinese never carve at table, thinking that to do so is an utterly barbarous and disgusting custom. The meat is brought to table ready cut up into small morsels, which can be taken up with the chopsticks. The only use made of a knife at table is to separate any small pieces of meat that may adhere together; and for this purpose, a narrow, long-bladed knife is generally kept in the same sheath with the chopstick.

As a rule, every Chinaman who can afford so cheap a luxury has his chopstick-case hanging from his girdle. The case is made of different materials, such as shagreen, tortoise shell, and ivory. Specimens of the two latter kinds of case are in my collection. The ordinary case contains the two chop-

sticks, the knife, and a flat ivory toothpick. Sometimes, however, a wealthy man will carry a much more complicated set of table apparatus. Besides the usual chopsticks, the knife, and the toothpick, there is a spoon for eating soup, a neat little quatrefoil saucer for soy, and a peculiar two-pronged fork, with its prongs united in the middle by a floriated ornament.

As to the food of the Chinese, it varies according to the wealth of the individual, so that a man of property would not think of eating the food which the poor man thinks luxurious. In fact, it is much the same as with ourselves, so that it is impossible to make the dietary of one station the sample for that of the nation in general. There are, perhaps, one or two articles of food which ought to be casually mentioned. One, which is not generally known, is rather graphically described by Mr. Milne: "Like other Chinese, he" (*i. e.* a Chinese officer named Le) "invited me to dine with him on an early day after our acquaintance was formed. On this occasion I met at his table with a peculiar dish, which I had never seen under the roof of any other host, though I was informed that it was not a monopoly of Mr. Le's taste.

"When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crabs had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down, such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony.

"Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with one. With two I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, who had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiment of this nature."

The celebrated birds'-nests, which the

Chinese convert into soup, are not, as some persons seem to think, made of sticks, and straws, and wool, but are formed from the gelatinous substance obtained by masticating a sort of seaweed. The nests are transparent, as if made of gelatine, and when placed in hot water they dissolve as readily. The nest, when dissolved, is very much like the well-known "Irish moss," or carrageen; and I fully believe that, if the Chinese were to obtain the seaweed itself, and prepare it like the nests, it would answer every purpose. I possess specimens both of the seaweed and the nest, and, after tasting both, have found them to be identical in flavor and consistence. And, as the seaweed might be obtained for about ten shillings per hundred-weight, and the finest kind of nest costs eight hundred pounds for the same amount, the importation of the seaweed instead of the nests from Java might be a good speculation.

With regard to the great staple of the country, namely tea, very little can be said here. In the first place, the public is very well informed on the subject, and, in the next, the tea question is so large that it would occupy far too great space. The mode of preparing tea differs much from that practised by ourselves. Instead of allowing the tea to be made and then to stand for a considerable time, the Chinaman puts a little tea into a cup, pours boiling rain-water on it, inverts the saucer over it, so as to prevent the aroma from escaping, and drinks it immediately, using the saucer as a strainer whereby to keep the tea-leaves out of his mouth. As to adulterating the tea with such abominations as cream and sugar, he would be horrified at the idea. The Chinese never use milk for themselves, though of late years they have learned to milk their buffaloes for the service of the foreigner, and they consume sugar in almost every shape except in tea.

We who use either of these accessories cannot understand the true flavor of tea, the aroma of which is as much destroyed by such admixture as would be that of the choicest wine. Even those who do not spoil their tea in the usual manner can seldom know what the best tea is, because it is never sent to this country. Not in China can a foreigner purchase it, as it is not made for general sale, but is reserved for "cumshaws," or presents.

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CHAPTER CLIV.

CHINA — Continued.

WARFARE.

WEAPONS OF THE CHINESE — BREECH-LOADING CANNON — VARIOUS FORMS OF THE JINGALL — CHINESE ARTILLERYMEN AND THEIR MAGAZINE — BOWS AND ARROWS — THE REPEATING CROSS-BOW AND ITS MECHANISM — CONSTRUCTION OF THE ARROWS — CHINESE SWORDS — THE DOUBLE SWORD, AND MODE OF USING IT — TWO-HANDED SWORDS — CRUELTY OF THE VICTORS — VARIOUS MODES OF TORTURE — KNEELING ON THE CHAIN — THE CANGUE — FINGER AND ANKLE SQUEEZING — USE OF TORTURE IN MONEY-GETTING — THE LARGE AND SMALL BAMBOO — MODE OF EVADING IT — EXPOSURE IN A CAGE — THE HOT-WATER SNAKE — CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS — SUICIDE BY ORDER — STRAGGLING — CRUCIFIXION PREFERRED TO BEHEADING — EXECUTION OF A THIEF — SAWING ASUNDER — CONDUCT OF THE MANDARINS — THE "UMBRELLA OF A THOUSAND PEOPLE" — THE ROBE OF HONOR — TRANSFER OF RANK.

WITHOUT going into the question of warfare in China, we will mention one or two of the characteristic weapons.

Fire-arms have apparently been known to them for ages, but in all the years that we have been acquainted with China, no improvement has been made in these weapons, the cannon, the jingall, and the hand-gun being as rude and ineffective as they were two centuries ago. The cannon are little more than thick tubes of iron, mostly hooped to strengthen them, and of various lengths and bores. As to preserving any exactness of size in the bores, the Chinese care little for it, and if the ball is too small to fit the cannon, they wrap it up in cotton and then push it upon the powder. Wadding is thought to be needless in fire-arms. It is rather remarkable, however, that the Chinese have used breech-loading cannon from time immemorial. Each of these guns is supplied with several separate chambers, which can be kept loaded, and dropped one by one into the aperture of the gun as fast as they can be fired.

Clumsy as may be the jingall, it appears to be the most efficient of the Chinese fire-arms. It looks something like a duck-gun, and is supposed to carry an ounce ball, though the missiles sent from it are generally of a very miscellaneous character. Some of these guns are pivoted and fixed on tripod stands, while others are either sup-

ported on the shoulder of an assistant gunner while the firer takes aim, or rest upon two supports which are pivoted to the stock not very far from the muzzle of the gun. Of the manner in which the jingall is fired, Captain Blakiston gives a very amusing account, the whole proceeding having a very ludicrous aspect to an English artillery officer.

"We explained to them that we should like to see some practice with their artillery, on which the bombardier, as he seemed to be, went to the powder magazine, which was an old sack carefully tied up and lying under a bed in the hut, and brought forth the charge in a tea-cup. Then he mounted on a stool, and poured the powder in at the muzzle; the jingall was thumped on the ground, and with a long bamboo, which served as a ramrod, they rammed the powder home. A little of the already soft powder was then mealed, and the touch-hole filled with it.

"One man then held on tight to the butt, while another, coming out with a hot poker, discharged the weapon, the effect of which in noise and smoke was marvellous; but the poor fellow who was doing the marksman was knocked heels over head backward. He seemed, however, quite accustomed to that sort of thing, for, picking himself up in a minute, he performed what I certainly took for the *coup d'état* of the whole pro-

ceeding. Suddenly swinging round the jingall on its pivot, he applied his mouth to the muzzle, and blew violently down it, which sent the remaining sparks flying out of the vent, and then swung it back into its former position, by which manœuvre he nearly knocked my companion off his legs.

"The piece was then left with its muzzle inclined well upward, so that any rain which might fall would trickle nicely down the barrel and accumulate at the breech. The picket seemed to be without any shot for their jingall, for we tried to get them to put one in, so that we might fire across the bows of our junks, in order to test the courage of the boat coolies. Probably shot are not used in the warfare of the interior: our after experience was favorable to this supposition."

Captain Blakiston rather maliciously adds, that the picket was placed there for the purpose of giving an alarm by running away as soon as any body of rebels might come in sight.

I possess a specimen of the jingall. It is exactly seven feet in length, and is, in fact, nothing more than a heavy iron tube mounted on a stock, and supplied with the rudest imaginable arrangement for the match. Altogether, I think that the risk of firing it would be rather greater than that of being fired at with it.

As for the bow and arrow, they are substantially the same as that which has been described when treating of the Tartars, the weapon having been taken up by the Chinese, and its use carefully learned after the same fashion as has been mentioned.

The most characteristic Chinese weapon with which I am acquainted is the repeating crossbow (shown on page 1425), which, by simply working a lever backward and forward, drops the arrows in succession in front of the string, draws the bow, shoots the missile, and supplies its place with another. The particular weapon from which the drawings are taken was said to have been one of the many arms which were captured in the Peiho fort.

It is not at all easy to describe the working of this curious bow, but, with the aid of the illustration, I will try to make it intelligible.

The bow itself is made of three strong, separate pieces of bamboo, overlapping each other like the plates of a carriage-spring, which indeed it exactly resembles. This is mounted on a stock, and, as the bow is intended for wall defence, it is supported in the middle by a pivot. So far, we have a simple crossbow; we have now to see how the repeating machinery is constructed. Upon the upper surface of the stock lies an oblong box, which we will call the "slide." It is just wide and long enough to contain the arrows, and is open above, so as to allow them to be dropped into it. When in the

slide, the arrows necessarily lie one above the other, and, in order to prevent them from being jerked out of the slide by the shock of the bowstring, the opening can be closed by a little wooden shutter which slides over it.

Through the lower part of the slide a transverse slit is cut, and the bowstring is led through this cut, so that the string presses the slide upon the stock. Now we come to the lever. It is shaped like the Greek letter π the cross-piece forming the handle. The lever is jointed to the stock by an iron pin or bolt, and to the slide by another bolt. Now, if the lever be worked to and fro, the slide is pushed backward and forward along the stock, but without any other result.

Supposing that we wish to make the lever draw the bow, we have only to cut a notch in the under part of the slit through which the string is led. As the slide passes along the stock, the string by its own pressure falls into the notch, and is drawn back, together with the slide, thus bending the bow. Still, however much we may work the lever, the string will remain in the notch, and must therefore be thrown out by a kind of trigger. This is self-acting, and is equally simple and ingenious. Immediately under the notch which holds the string, a wooden peg plays loosely through a hole. When the slide is thrust forward and the string falls into the notch, it pushes the peg out of the hole. But when the lever and slide are drawn backward to their full extent, the lower end of the peg strikes against the stock, so that it is forced violently through the hole, and pushes the string out of the notch.

We will now refer to the illustration. Fig. 1 represents the bow as it appears after the lever and slide have been thrust forward, and the string has fallen into the notch. Fig. 2 represents it as it appears when the lever has been brought back, and the string released.

A is the bow, made of three layers of male bamboo, the two outer being the longest. B is the string. This is made of very thick catgut, as is needed to withstand the amount of friction which it has to undergo, and the violent shock of the bow. It is fastened in a wonderfully ingenious manner, by a "hitch" rather than a knot, so that it is drawn tighter in proportion to the tension. It passes round the end of the bow, through a hole, and then presses upon itself.

C C show the stock, and D is the slide. E is the opening of the slide, through which the arrows are introduced into it, and it is shown as partially closed by the little shutter F. The lever is seen at G, together with the two pins which connect it with the stock and the slide. H shows the notch in the slide which receives the string. I is the pivot on which the weapon rests, K is the handle, and L the place whence the arrows issue.

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If the reader should have followed this description carefully, he will see that the only limit to the rapidity of fire is the quickness with which the lever can be worked to and fro. As it is thrust forward, the string drops into its notch, the trigger-peg is set, and an arrow falls with its butt just in front of the string. When it is drawn sharply back, the string is released by the trigger-peg, the arrow is propelled, and another falls into its place. If, therefore, a boy be kept at work supplying the slide with arrows, a constant stream of missiles can be poured from this weapon.

The arrows are very much like the "bolts" of the old English cross-bow. They are armed with heavy and solid steel heads, and are feathered in a very ingenious manner. The feathers are so slight, that at first sight they appear as if they were mere black scratches on the shaft. They are, however, feathers, projecting barely the fiftieth of an inch from the shaft, but being arranged in a slightly spiral form so as to catch the air, and impart a rotatory motion to the arrow. By the side of the cross-bow on Fig. 2 is seen a bundle of the arrows.

The strength of this bow is very great, though not so great as I have been told. It possesses but little powers of aim, and against a single and moving adversary would be useless. But for the purpose for which it is designed, namely, a wall-piece which will pour a series of missiles upon a body of men, it is a very efficient weapon, and can make itself felt even against the modern rifle. The range of this bow is said to be four hundred yards, but I should think that its extreme effective range is at the most from sixty to eighty yards, and that even in that case it would be almost useless, except against large bodies of soldiers.

Of swords the Chinese have an abundant variety. Some are single-handed swords, and there is one device by which two swords are carried in the same sheath, and are used one in each hand. I have seen the two-sword exercise performed, and can understand that, when opposed to any person not acquainted with the weapon, the Chinese swordsman would be irresistible. But in spite of the two swords, which fly about the wielder's head like the sails of a mill, and the agility with which the Chinese fencer leaps about and presents first one side and then the other to his antagonist, I cannot but think that any ordinary fencer would be able to keep himself out of reach, and also to get in his point, in spite of the whirling blades of his adversary.

Two-handed swords are much used. One of these weapons in my collection is five feet six inches in length, and weighs rather more than four pounds and a quarter. The blade is three feet in length and two inches in width. The thickness of metal at the back is a quarter of an inch near the hilt,

diminishing slightly toward the point. The whole of the blade has a very slight curve. The handle is beautifully wrapped with narrow braid, so as to form an intricate pattern.

There is another weapon, the blade of which exactly resembles that of the two-handed sword, but it is set at the end of a long handle some six or seven feet in length, so that, although it will inflict a fatal wound when it does strike an enemy, it is a most unmanageable implement, and must take so long for the bearer to recover himself, in case he misses his blow, that he would be quite at the mercy of an active antagonist.

Should they be victorious in battle, the Chinese are cruel conquerors, and are apt to inflict horrible tortures, not only upon their prisoners of war, but even upon the unoffending inhabitants of the vanquished land. They carry this love for torture even into civil life, and display a horrible ingenuity in producing the greatest possible suffering with the least apparent means of inflicting it. For example, one of the ordinary punishments in China is the compulsory kneeling bare-legged on a coiled chain. This does not sound particularly dreadful, but the agony that is caused is indescribable, especially as two officers stand by the sufferer and prevent him from seeking even a transient relief by shifting his posture. Broken crockery is sometimes substituted for the chain.

The most common punishment in China is that of the cangue, a sort of moveable pillory. A piece of wood, some four feet square and nearly four inches in thickness, has a hole in the middle, through which the culprit's head is passed. The machine opens with a hinge, and when closed is locked, and a placard designating the offence is pasted on it. As long as the cangue is worn, the unhappy delinquent cannot feed himself, so that he would be starved to death were he not fed by casual contributions. Fortunately, it is considered a meritorious action to feed a prisoner in the cangue, so that little risk of actual starvation is run, and the principal terror of the cangue lies in the pain caused by carrying such a weight upon the neck and shoulders. This instrument is often worn for weeks and sometimes for three months, which is the extent of its legal use.

Finger squeezing is another torture which is frequently used. Four pieces of bamboo are tied loosely together at one end, and a string passes through the other ends, so arranged that by drawing it they can be pulled closely together. The fingers are introduced between the bamboos, and by pulling at the string they can be crushed almost to pieces. This torture is often employed by the mandarins, when endeavoring to extort money from persons whom they suspect of concealing their wealth. The ankles are squeezed

after a similar fashion, only in this case the bamboos are much larger. Both these modes of torture are shown in the illustration on the next page.

Most of the so-called minor tortures, *i. e.* those which are not directly aimed at life, are employed for the purpose of extorting money. The fact is, the mandarins who are set over districts only have a limited term of office, and may, indeed, be transferred at any time. As during their term of office they have to make up a certain sum demanded by their superiors, and have also to keep up considerable state on a nominal salary, it follows that they oppress the people to the utmost of their power, looking upon them merely in the light of tax-producing animals. It is, therefore, no wonder that a Chinaman of any ability strives for literary rank, and the privilege of wearing the button, which exempts him from arrest except by Imperial order.

Beating with the bamboo is another common punishment. There are two kinds of bamboo for this purpose, the small and the large; the latter being capable of producing death if used with severity. Indeed, even the lesser bamboo, if the blows be struck with the edge, instead of the flat, bruises the flesh so completely as to bring on mortification, of which the sufferer is sure to die in a few days. This punishment is chiefly used by the peculative mandarins, in order to extort money, and is employed for men and women alike; the only difference being that the man is thrown prostrate on the ground, while the woman suffers in a kneeling posture.

A man of forethought, however, never suffers much from the bamboo, and, if possible, nothing at all. In the former case, he bribes the executioner, who strikes so as to produce a very effective sounding blow, but in reality inflicts very little injury. In the latter case, he bribes a man to act as a substitute, and, just as the first blow is about to be struck, some of the officers, who are also bribed, get between the judge and the culprit, while the latter rolls out of the way, and the substitute takes his place. A similar ruse is enacted at the completion of the punishment. It may seem strange that any one should act as a substitute in such a business; but in China men care little for their skins, or even for their lives, and it is possible to purchase a substitute even for capital punishment, the chief difficulty being not to bribe the substitute, but to find enough money to bribe all the officials, who must act in concert.

Powerful as they may be, the mandarins have not all the power of life and death, though they can inflict punishments which practically lead to the same result. Mr. Milne mentions a case of this kind. Two men had been arrested in the act of robbing a house during a fire. This is rightly held to be the most heinous kind of theft, and is generally punished with decapitation. The

mandarin of the district had not the power to inflict death, but contrived to manage that the men should die. Accordingly, he had two tall bamboo cages made, placed a man inside each, and tied him by his tail to the top bars of the cage. The cages were placed in the open air, in charge of officers, who would not allow any communication with the offenders. The natural consequence was, that privation of food, drink, sleep, and rest of any kind, together with exposure to the elements, killed the men as effectually as the sword of the executioner.

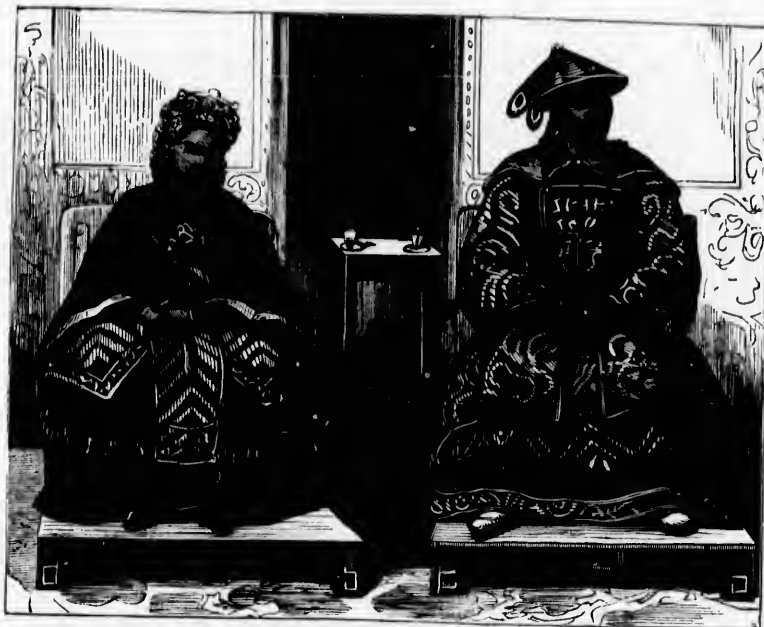
A modification of this mode of punishment is by covering the top of the cage with a board through a hole in which the head of the sufferer passes. It is, in fact, a fixed cangue. The top of the cage is adjusted so that the man is forced to stand on tiptoe as he is suspended by the neck. His hands being bound behind him, relief is impossible. This mode of punishment is shown in the last figure but one, on the right-hand side.

The other figures speak for themselves, except that of the kneeling figure with snakes coiled round his body. These snakes are tubes of soft metal, fashioned in the shape of snakes with open mouths. They are coiled round the naked limbs and body of the sufferer, and boiling water is then poured into them, producing the most horrible torture.

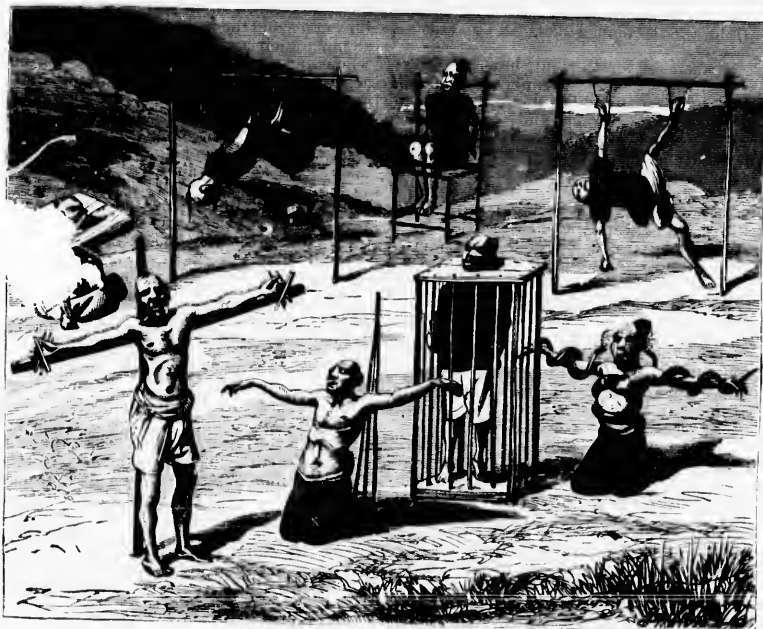
As to capital punishments, they are inflicted in various ways. The mode that is thought to be the least terrible is the command to commit suicide, because in that case they can avoid the mungling of the body, and so make their appearance in the spirit world whole and entire. This is a privilege only accorded to officers of very high rank, and is conferred upon them by sending the "silken cord." No cord is really sent, but the mandate implies the instrument of death. When it is received, the doomed man takes some of his nearest relatives and most valued friends to his house, fastens the silken cord to a beam, places himself on a stool, passes the noose round his neck, and then leaps off the stool, and so dies. Officers of lower rank, when they see that they will probably be condemned to death, generally anticipate their sentence by hanging themselves on their own responsibility.

For criminals of no status, strangulation is the mode of death most preferred. It is accomplished in a manner exactly resembling the Spanish garrote. The criminal stands with his back to a post, through which a hole is bored at the level of his neck. The two ends of a cord are passed through the hole, the loop embracing the man's neck. The ends are then twisted round a stick, and, by a few rapid turns of the stick, the man is killed. The rapidity of the process is such that Mr. Lockhart mentions an instance where he and a friend saw a file of soldiers coming along, carrying a pole and a pinioned man in a basket. They stopped, lashed the





(1.) MANDARIN AND WIFE. (See page 1420.)



(2.) MODES OF TORTURE. (See page 1436.)

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pole to an upright post, took the man out of the basket, tied him to the pole, and strangled him before the foreigners could find out what they were doing. The strange part of the business was that the officials had bribed the apparent culprit and his friends, as they wanted to make the foreigners believe that he was an opium smuggler, and that they were doing their best to stop the trade. Truly it is a strange country.

To beheading the Chinese have the strongest aversion, because they shrink from the idea of appearing headless in the next world, and they will therefore do all in their power to avoid it. A most remarkable instance of the extent to which a Chinaman will go to avoid decapitation is given in the following extract from a letter to an Indian newspaper. The man was a well-known and most abandoned criminal, who with his wife had been arrested.

"On his trial before his judge he refused to criminate himself, although repeatedly scourged until his back was raw. If a female witness fails in giving satisfactory evidence in a court of justice, she is beaten with a leather strap across the mouth. His wife, desirous of sparing her husband, refused to give evidence, but after two or three applications of strap her courage gave way. She confessed his guilt. The prisoner was then sentenced to decapitation,—deemed by the Chinese to be the most severe of punishments, because they imagine that if a man leaves this world minus any of his members, he appears in the same condition in the next. The culprit, therefore, prayed to be crucified instead of being beheaded.

"The cross was of the Latin form, the foot being inserted in a stout plank, and the criminal, standing on a board, had nails driven through his feet, and his hands stretched and nailed to the cross-beam. His legs were fastened to the cross with an iron chain, and his arms bound with cords, and on the cord round his waist was inserted a piece of wood on which was written his name and offence; a similar piece on his right arm contained his sentence, namely, to remain on the cross night and day until he died; another on his left arm had the name of the judge, with his titles and offices.

"The criminal was nailed to the cross inside the Yamun in the presence of the magistrate, and then carried by four coolies to one of the principal thoroughfares leading from the city, where he was left during the day, but removed at night inside the prison for fear of his friends attempting to rescue him, and again carried forth at daylight in charge of two soldiers. He was crucified at noon on the Wednesday, and Mr. Jones conversed with him at five in the evening. He complained of a pain in the chest, and thirst. On Thursday he slept for some hours, when the cross was laid down within

the jail compound. No one was allowed to supply him with food or drink, and during the day there was quite a fair in front of the cross, people being attracted from a distance, and the sweetmeat vendors driving a large trade.

"On Saturday he was still alive, when the Taotal was appealed to by a foreigner to put an end to the wretch's sufferings, and he immediately gave orders that the vinegar should be administered, which he expected would produce immediate death; but the result was otherwise, and at sunset, when the cross was taken within the jail, two soldiers with stout bamboos broke both his legs, and then strangled him."

It is no matter of wonder that the woman confessed her husband's guilt, for the face is sometimes beaten with a hard leather strap until the jaws are broken, and the whole of the lips fall from them. In all probability she was quite as guilty as her husband, so that she was not altogether deserving of pity.

Decapitation is always conducted with much judicial solemnity, and, as a rule, is restricted to certain seasons of the year, when large batches of criminals are executed. There are, however, occasional exceptions to the rule. The instrument employed is a sword made expressly for the purpose. It is a two-handed weapon, very heavy, and with a very broad blade. The executioners pride themselves on their skill in its management, and, in order to show their powers, will draw a black-link line round a turnip, and sever it at a blow, the cut never passing on either side of the line. Before a man is admitted to be an executioner, he is obliged to prove his ability by this test.

The criminal is carried to the place of execution in a bamboo cage, and by his side is the basket in which his head will be removed. He is pinioned in a very effective manner. The middle of a long and thin rope is passed across the back of his neck, and the ends are crossed on the chest, and brought under the arms. They are then twisted round the arms, the wrists tied together behind the back, and the ends fastened to the portion of rope upon the neck. A slip of paper containing his name, crime, and sentence is fixed to a reed, and stuck at the back of his head. See illustration No. I, on page 1451.

On arriving at the place of execution, the officials remove the paper, and take it to the presiding mandarin, who writes on it in red ink the warrant for execution. The paper is then replaced, a rope loop is passed over the head of the culprit, and the end given to an assistant, who draws the head forward so as to stretch the neck, while a second assistant holds the body from behind; and in a moment the head is severed from the body. The head is taken away, and generally hung

up in a bamboo cage near the scene of the crime, with a label announcing the name and offence of the criminal, and the name of the presiding mandarin by whose order he was executed. In some places these heads are unpleasantly numerous. In many cases the rope and assistants are not employed.

There is even a lower depth of degradation than mere beheading. This is called "cutting into small pieces." Before striking the fatal blow, the executioner makes long but not deep cuts on the face and in all the fleshy parts of the body, taking care to avoid the chief blood-vessels, so that when the culprit is released by the loss of his head, he may enter the next world not only without a head, but with scarcely any flesh on his bones.

The last of the punishments which will be mentioned in this work is that of sawing asunder, a punishment which of late years has been but rarely inflicted, and we may hope is dying out, though in reality it does not cause nearly as much pain to the sufferer as many of the minor punishments. The mode in which it is performed may be seen from an anecdote related by Mr. Fleming, in the work which has been already quoted. There was a distinguished Imperial officer named Sun-kwei who was taken prisoner by the rebel leader Kih-yung. Knowing the ability of his prisoner, the rebel leader offered to spare his life on the condition that he would accept a command in his army. Sun-kwei flatly refused to do so, saying that as he was defeated he must die, for that to take service against his emperor was impossible. Bribes, threats, and promises were of no avail, and at last Kih-yung ordered his prisoner to be sawn asunder.

The executioners began to exercise their dreadful office, but with all their endeavors could not make the saw enter the body of their victim, who only jeered at them for their ignorance in not knowing how to saw a man asunder. At last Sun-kwei was good enough to instruct them in their business. "You dead dogs and slaves," said he, "if you would saw a man asunder, you should compress his body between two planks; but how could you know it?" The men followed his advice, and sawed him and the planks asunder at the same time, he never relenting, but scoffing at them to the last moment.

It is with some reluctance that I describe, however briefly, these horrible scenes, but to pass over them would be to omit some of the most characteristic traits of this strange people. Those who know the Chinese nation will be aware that I have touched the subject very lightly, and that the most revolting modes of punishment have not been,

and for obvious reasons cannot be mentioned at all.

Although the mandarins are generally hated by those over whom they are placed, there are exceptions to the usual rule, and men are found who resist the temptation of extorting money from the people,—a temptation which is rendered the stronger because a mandarin who can report that his district has paid a very large sum into the Imperial treasury is sure of promotion, and if he has "squeezed" a large tribute out of a district that previously had paid but a small sum, he may almost reckon on obtaining the coveted peacock's feather, with all its privileges.

When an honest and kind-hearted mandarin vacates his post at the expiration of his term of office, the people subscribe to present him with an umbrella of state, called "The Umbrella of Ten Thousand of the People." It is made of red silk and satin, with three rows of flosses, and bears upon it the names of the chief donors written in golden characters. When he takes his formal leave of office, the umbrella is carried in procession by his attendants, and he is followed for a certain distance by those who presented it.

The highest honorary reward of this kind that can be given is an outer garment made of the same material as the umbrella, and also decorated with the names of the principal donors. This robe of honor is carried in procession, hung within a kind of pavilion that all may see it, and accompanied by a band of music. Such a robe is very seldom presented, and the recipient naturally values it very highly.

While treating of honorary rewards, one particular kind must be mentioned. If a man distinguishes himself greatly, and feels that he is under great obligation to some person who has no real claim on him, he will solicit some high title from the emperor, and then ask permission to transfer it to his benefactor. Thus it has frequently happened that a man, without any rank of his own, has taken upon himself the education of a young lad of promising abilities, and has been afterward rewarded by finding himself raised even to a higher rank than that of his *protégé*. Sometimes, when a man who has been thus educated is presented to a higher title, the emperor bestows on his benefactor the lower rank from which he has been raised. Thus it will be seen that in this country every incentive is employed to promote education among the people, and that not only the educated man obtains the reward which his powers have earned, but that those by whom he was educated have their share in his honors.

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CHAPTER CLV.

CHINA — Continued.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

OPIMUM SMOKING—SINGULAR RESULT OF THE HABIT—MODE OF USING THE OPIMUM PIPE—TOBACCO SMOKING—THE WATER PIPE—WEIGHTS AND MEASURES—THE STEELYARD AND ITS USES—BOAT-LIFE IN CHINA—CORMORANT FISHING—FISH SPEARING—CATCHING FISH WITH THE FEET—THE DUCK BOATS—AGRICULTURE—MODE OF IRRIGATION—CHINESE MUSIC AND INSTRUMENTS—A SKILFUL VIOLINIST—CHINESE SINGING—ART IN CHINA—PORCELAIN—CARVING IN IVORY AND JADE—MAGIC MIRRORS—RESPECT TO AGE.

WE will conclude this subject with a short account of the miscellaneous manners and customs of the Chinese.

Among the chief of their characteristic customs is opium smoking, a vice which is terribly prevalent, but which is not so universally injurious as is often stated. Of course, those who have allowed themselves to be enslaved by it become gradually debased, but the proportion of those who do so is very small, though, by the terrible sight which they present, they are brought prominently into notice. It seems, moreover, that the quantity consumed at a time is not of so much importance as the regularity of the habit.

Let a man once fall into the way of smoking opium, though it be but one pipe, at a certain hour of the day, that pipe will be an absolute necessity, and he takes it, not so much to procure pleasure, as to allay the horribly painful craving from which he suffers. In fact, a man destroys his health by opium smoking in China, much as a drunkard does in England, not so much by taking immoderate doses occasionally, but by making a habit of taking small doses repeatedly. From such a habit as this very few have the courage to break themselves, the powers of their mind being shattered as well as those of the body.

A confirmed opium smoker really cannot exist beyond a certain time without the deadly drug, and those who are forced to exert themselves are generally provided with some opium pills, which they take in order to give them strength until they can

obtain the desired pipe. An anecdote illustrative of this practice is narrated by Mr. Cobbold in his "Pictures of the Chinese":—

"A small salesman, or pedler, was seen tolling along with great difficulty through the gates of Ningpo, as if straining every nerve to reach some desired point. He was seen to stagger and fall, and his bundle flew from him out of his reach. While many pass by, some good Samaritan comes to him, lifts up his head, and asks what is the matter, and what he can do for him. He has just strength to whisper, 'My good friend, please to untie that bundle; you will find a small box in the centre; give me two or three of the pills which are in it, and I shall be all right.' It was soon done; the opium pills had their desired effect, and he was soon able to rise and pursue his journey to his inn."

This most graphically describes the extreme state of exhaustion which comes on if the usual period of taking the pipe has passed by. The pedler thought, no doubt, he had strength just to reach his inn, where he would have thrown himself upon a bed and called for the opium pipe; but he miscalculated by a few minutes his power of endurance, and the pills (often resorted to in like cases of extremity), when supplied him by his friend, perhaps saved him from an untimely end. Very similar scenes have happened to foreigners travelling in sedan chairs through the country, the bearers having been obliged to stop and take a little of the opium, in order to prevent complete exhaustion. A long hour or more, in the

middle of the day, has frequently to be allowed, nominally for the sake of dinner and rest, but really, in some instances, for the opium pipe.

The pipe which is used for smoking opium is not in the least like that which is employed for tobacco. The stem is about as large as an ordinary office-ruler, and it has a hole near one end, into which the shank of the bowl is fixed. The bowl itself is about as large as a Ribstone pippin, and nearly of the same shape, the bud representing the tiny aperture in which the opium is placed, and the stalk representing the shank which fits into the stem. These pipes are made of various materials, some being mere bamboo and wood, while others have bowls of the finest porcelain, and the stem richly enamelled. My own specimen has the stem twenty inches in length, and an inch and a half in diameter, the bore not being large enough to admit an ordinary crowquill. The bowl is of some light-colored wood, well varnished, and covered with landscape scenes in black lines. Although it has not been in use for many years, it still smells strongly of opium, showing that it had been saturated with the fumes of the drug before it came into my possession.

The mode of using it is as follows: The smoker has a couch prepared, together with a little lamp, and his usual supply of the prepared opium. He lays his head on the pillow, with a long, needle-like implement places over the aperture of the bowl a little piece of the opium, about as large as a mustard seed, holds it to the flame of the lamp, and, with a long and steady inspiration, the whole of the opium is drawn into the lungs in the state of vapor. The smoke is retained for a few seconds, and then expelled. The generality of opium smokers are content with one pipe, but the votary of the drug will sometimes take as many as twelve in succession before he is completely under the influence of the opium. As he finishes the last morsel of opium, the pipe falls from his hand, and he passes into that dreamland for which he has bartered everything that makes life precious.

The terrible scenes which have so often been related take place for the most part at the opium shops, places which are nominally illegal, but which carry on their trade by payment of periodical bribes to the ruling official of the place. In Tien-tsin alone there were upwards of three hundred of these shops, in which opium could be purchased or sold wholesale, or could be refined for smoking, and consumed on the premises.

There is only one redeeming point in opium smoking, namely, that it does not produce the brutal scenes which too often take place in the gin palaces of this country. Mr. Fleming remarks of this vice: "If opium smoking is a great evil among the Chinese people, as it is no doubt, yet they

endeavor to hide it, they are ashamed of it, and it offends neither the eyes nor the hearing by offensive publicity. It is not made a parade of by night and by day, neither does it give rise to mad revels and murderous riots. Its effects on the health may be more prejudicial than our habits of alcohol drinking, but yet it is hard to see any of those broken-down creatures that one reads about."

Indeed, the Chinese themselves, who are apt to drink more than they ought of a fiery liquid called saushu, say that the spirit is far more injurious than the drug.

We will now see how the Chinese smoke tobacco. The pipe which is ordinarily used has a very little bowl of brass, at the end of a slight stem about as large as a drawing pencil. The bowl is scarcely large enough to hold the half of a boy's playing marble, and is almost exactly like the Japanese pipe, which will be presently described.

A pipe that is very much in fashion, especially with the women, is a kind of water-pipe made of brass, and enlarged at the bottom so as to stand upright. The enlarged portion is filled with water, through which the smoke passes, as in a hookah. The little brass tube which serves the purpose of a bowl can be drawn out of the body of the pipe, so as to be charged afresh; and in most cases each pipe is supplied with several bowls, so that they can be used successively as wanted. Only three whiffs are taken at a time; and indeed the quantity of tobacco used is so small, that more would be almost out of the question. For this pipe, tobacco is prepared in a peculiar manner, a minute quantity of arsenic being mixed with it.

One peculiarity about the Chinese is their almost universal employment of weight as a measure. With the exception of objects of art, nearly everything is bought by weight, and the consequence is, that the most absurd modes of increasing the weight are often employed. Fowls and ducks, for example, are sold alive by weight, so that the dishonest vendor has a habit of cramming with stones before he brings them to market. Fish are also taken to market while still living, and are improved in appearance by being blown up with bellows, and in weight by being crammed with stones. Through the lips of each fish a ring is passed, so that it may be at once taken from the water and hung upon the hook of the balance. Nor is the fish dealer particular as to the sufferings of the creatures which he sells, and he has not the least hesitation in cutting off a pound or two in case his customer does not wish to purchase an entire fish.

In these transactions the Chinese do not use scales, but employ a "steelyard" balance, made of various materials and various sizes, according to the object for which it was intended. That which is

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meant for ordinary market use is made of wood, and is marked at regular distances by small brass studs, so as to designate the exact places on which the weight should be hung. Those which are intended for finer work are of ivory.

It is kept in a case, which looks something like two wooden spoons laid upon each other, so that their bowls enclose any object placed between them. They are united by a rivet or pivot, which passes through the ends of the handles, enabling them to be separated at will by drawing them sideways. In order to prevent them from coming apart needlessly, a ring of bamboo is plaited loosely round the stem, so that when it is slipped toward the bowl, the two halves of the case are kept together, and when it is slid to the end of the stem, they can be separated. In one of the halves of the bowl a large hole is scooped, in which the pan of the balance lies, and a smaller hole is cut for the reception of the weight. The steelyard itself lies in a groove cut along the inside of the stem. The reader will see that when the apparatus is closed, it lies very compactly, and can be stuck into the girdle ready for use at any moment.

The "yard" of this balance is of ivory, and is longer and more slender than the chopsticks which have already been described. In my specimen it is eleven inches in length, and the sixth of an inch in diameter in the thickest part. Three distinct sets of marks are made upon it, and there are three separate fulcra, so that when the weight exceeds the amount which can be measured with one fulcrum, the second or third fulcrum can be used with its own set of marks.

The arrangement of these marks is a fertile source of dispute among the Chinese. There is no standard by which all the balances can be regulated, but each dealer has his own balance, and his own arrangement of the gradations upon it. The natural consequence is, that quarrels take place with every purchase. A vast amount of time is wasted upon disputes which might easily be avoided, were the government to establish a standard balance, by which all others might be graduated. Time, however, is not of the least importance to a Chinese, and as a prolonged bargain has a positive fascination for him, it is probable that such a regulation would not be popular, and would indeed be evaded in every mode which Chinese ingenuity could invent. The larger steelyards have a hook whereon to hang the article to be weighed, but those which are intended for weighing small and valuable objects are furnished with a shallow brass pan, attached to the end of the balance by four silken threads.

The extraordinary economy which distinguishes the Chinese is characteristically shown in the population which crowds the rivers near the principal towns. A vivid

picture of Chinese boat-life is given by Mr. Tiffany, in his "American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire." After describing the various kinds of boats that he has seen, he proceeds as follows:—

"We have passed through several miles of boats, and have not seen the quarter of them. It is, indeed, impossible to give an idea of their number. Some say that there are as many as seventy thousand of them at the city of Canton alone. But let us be content with forty thousand. Then fancy forty thousand wild swans, closely packed together, floating on some wide pond, and mostly restless, and you would say that they would cover many acres of their element. Now, by the enchantment of imagination, convert the pond into the roaring Peking River, the swans into boats of every shape and size, the notes of the birds into the yells, the shrieks, the piercing voices of the river people, and you may have the actual scene before you.

"And all these boats, miles upon miles, from border to border, are densely packed with human beings in every stage of life, in almost every occupation that exists upon the shore that they seldom trespass upon; and there they are born and earn their scanty bread, and there they die. The boats are moored side by side, in long-reaching thousands, so that the canal which they form stretches to a point in the distance. In the Shancem quarter, above the foreign factories, they form large squares and avenues. Forty thousand floating tenements would, under any circumstances, be considered a singular sight, but here the swarming occupants give them the appearance of a mighty metropolis."

It seems strange that so vast a population should live on the river, within pistol shot of the land, and yet that the greater number of them, from their birth to their death, have never known what it is to put a foot on the shore. When one of the older boatmen does so for the first time, he can hardly walk, the firm land being as difficult for him to tread as the deck of a tossing vessel is to a landsman.

Though the smallest of all the vessels that traverse a Chinese river, the sampans are perhaps the most conspicuous. They are rather small boats, drawing but little water, and for the most part propelled by two women, one sitting in the bow with her oar, and the other stationed in the stern, working the huge implement, half oar, half rudder, by which the boat is at once propelled and guided. Many of the boat-steerers are quite young girls, but they manage their craft with wonderful skill and power, hardly ever touching another boat, no matter how many may be darting about the river, and, with one mighty sweep of the huge scull, sending the boat clear of the obstacle from which escape seemed impossible but a second

before. To the eye of a foreigner, the boat-women are more pleasing in appearance than their sisters of the land, inasmuch as their feet are allowed to assume their proper shape, and exposure to the air and exercise take away the sickly, pasty complexion which often distinguishes the better-class women on shore, and is heightened by the white powder with which they persist in disfiguring themselves.

Some of the mandarin boats present the greatest possible contrast to the little sampans. They are, in fact, floating palaces, decorated in the most picturesque and sumptuous manner, and furnished with every luxury that a wealthy Chinaman can command. They often have thirty or forty oars of a side, are gaily bedecked with flags and brilliant lanterns, and mostly carry several cannon, together with abundance of fire-arms, in order to deter the pirates, who would be likely to swoop down upon an unarmed vessel, kill the passengers, and seize the boat for their own purposes.

In connection with the river life of the Chinese may be mentioned the various modes of fishing. The most celebrated method is that in which the fish are caught by cormorants. The fisherman has several of these birds, which are trained to the sport, and indeed are bred from the egg for the purpose, and sold at high prices when fully trained. The man goes out in a boat or on a raft, accompanied by his birds, and when he comes to a favorable spot, sends them into the water. They immediately dive, and dart upon the fish, which they are taught to bring to the boat.

Should the fish be too large, the man generally takes both fish and bird into his boat by means of a net at the end of a handle; and often when a bird has captured a very large fish, and is likely to lose it, one or two of its companions will come to its assistance, and by their united efforts hold the fish until their master can come up. A ring is put loosely round the throats of the birds, so that they cannot swallow the fish even if they desire to do so; but a well-trained cormorant will no more eat a fish than a well-trained pointer will eat a partridge. Each time that the cormorant brings a fish to the boat, it is rewarded with a mouthful of food, generally a mouthful of eel, its master raising the ring to allow it to swallow.

Fishing with cormorants is almost invariably carried on at high tide, and near bridges, as fish always love to congregate under shelter. At such times the bridges are always crowded with spectators watching the feats of the cormorants.

The raft on which the fisherman stands is made of five or six bamboos, about twenty feet in length. Now and then a cormorant which has not completed its course of training is so delighted when it catches a fish, that it swims away from its master as fast as

it can. The fisherman, however, can propel his light raft faster than the cormorant can swim, and soon brings the truant to reason. This sport has recently been introduced into England, and bids fair to be successful.

Though caring little for sport, and pursuing game merely for the "pot," the Chinese employ one or two methods of fishing which have the sporting element in them, — *i. e.* which give the quarry a fair chance of escape. Such, for example, is fish spearing, which is practised after rather a curious manner. The fisherman generally takes his stand upon a low bridge, and is furnished with a trident spear and a decoy fish. The decoy fish is prepared by lacing a strip of wood to either side of its dorsal fin, and to these sticks a slight line is fastened.

All being prepared, the fisherman takes his place on the bridge, drops the decoy into the water, and ties the end of the line to a stick like a fishing-rod, while he holds the three-pronged spear in his right hand. As large a fish as the sportsman can procure is used for the decoy; and as it swims about, its fellows come up to it, apparently attracted by its peculiar movements. As they come within reach, they are struck with the trident, and deposited in the fisherman's basket.

A very inferior kind of fishing is carried on in places where the bed of the river is muddy. The fisherman wades into the river up to his knees or deeper, and every now and then strikes the surface of the water violently. As he does so, the fish which love such localities dive under the mud, where they are felt and held down by the bare feet of the man. As soon as he feels the wriggling of a fish under his foot, he stoops down, often having to plunge entirely under water, draws the fish from under his foot, and drops it into his basket. It is evident that only small fish can be caught by this method. I have tried it myself, and found that after a little trouble it was easy to catch any quantity of small flounders and similar fish, — too small, indeed, to be of any use, except to the thrifty Chinese, two of whom will buy a duck's head and divide it for their dinner.

Among other river industries may be mentioned the system of duck feeding that is there carried on. Vast quantities of ducks' eggs are hatched by artificial heat, and are purchased, when only a day or two old, by the persons who make their living by feeding and selling the birds. One favorite mode of duck feeding is to keep the birds in a boat fitted up for the purpose, and to take the boat along the banks of the river. At low water the keeper lets out the ducks, which find abundance of food in the multitudinous creatures that swarm in the mud, and when he thinks fit, he recalls them by a signal. As soon as they hear the signal,

they hurry seems rather knows that blow from

The char well shown operations, ful, not only knowledge reason of t bestowed n weed is all which ough the rows of hands and and working every root. disagreeab in mud, as under the the harsh conceived.

The water crop is means. If enough to his task is to erect a These are a — *i. e.* an wheels, and inclined tra worked by feet, support bamboo. Apparatus is

At the Milne obs energies of to the utmost convinced o in securing both young frame, trea ming together Boys six y well with mount the ground to v hands; and compressed the mill, st ing time w were tudole was there e they fought with which and with t blazing sun earth, no undulating as it waved who are for the natural as the met scantily att trousers, at

they hurry to the boat with an alacrity that seems rather ludicrous, unless the spectator knows that the last duck always gets a sharp blow from a switch.

The characteristic thrift of the Chinese is well shown in their various agricultural operations, which are marvellously successful, not only on account of the real skill and knowledge possessed by the Chinese, but by reason of the systematic and ceaseless labor bestowed upon the various crops. Not a weed is allowed to absorb the nutriment which ought to go to the rice, and between the rows of plants the laborer creeps on his hands and knees, searching for every weed, and working with his fingers the earth round every root. Taken alone, this is hard and disagreeable work, but, as the rice is planted in mud, as sharp stones are often hidden under the mud, and as leeches abound in it, the hardships of a rice-weeder's life may be conceived.

The water which is so necessary for the crop is mostly supplied by mechanical means. If the agriculturist is fortunate enough to have land near the river or canal, his task is comparatively easy. He has only to erect a certain number of water-engines. These are almost all on the same principle, — *i. e.*, an endless chain passing over two wheels, and drawing the water through an inclined trough. The wheels are generally worked by men, who turn them with their feet, supporting themselves on a horizontal bamboo. A larger and more complicated apparatus is worked by a buffalo.

At the smaller wheels all labor, as Mr. Milne observes: "In working them the energies of every household appeared taxed to the utmost vigor, as if each individual felt convinced of the necessity of his personal aid in securing a good and plentiful crop. I saw both young and old leaning on the same frame, treading the same wheel, and humming together their rustic song as they trod. Boys six years of age kept the step very well with men of fifty, and if too small to mount the wheel, they were placed on the ground to work the paddles with their little hands; and women, too, whose tiny and compressed feet disable them from treading the mill, stood at the feet of the men, keeping time with their hands. . . . None were indolent. There was no cessation, nor was there exemption from labor; and, while they fought among the thorns and thistles with which the ground had been cursed, and with the sweat of the brow under a blazing sun sowed, weeded, and watered the earth, no murmurs were heard, save the undulating sound of the husbandman's song as it waved over the field." Those women who are fortunate enough to possess feet of the natural size work as hard in the field as the men do, and are then almost as scantily attired, a wide and short pair of trousers, and a wide hat to shelter them

from the sun, being all the clothing they care for.

Though the earth be poor, the Chinese agriculturist forces it to bear, for every substance which can serve as manure is carefully saved for that purpose. Not only do the Chinese dispose of all the refuse of their houses and streets in the fields, but, as we have seen, even the little scraps of hair that are shaved from the head are saved and used as manure. Indeed, it is only by means of this exceeding economy that the inhabitants of so densely populated a country can sustain life.

Our concluding notes on Chinese life must be few and short.

According to their own ideas, they are as much adepts in music as in the other arts and sciences, which, as they believe, have placed them at the very summit of humanity. They have a tolerable variety of musical instruments, the most common of which is the San-hien, a sort of three-stringed guitar, with a very long neck and a very little cylindrical body. The strings are of silk, and are struck with a thin slip of bamboo at the end of the finger. Then, as a type of stringed instruments played with a bow, may be mentioned the Urh-heen, or two-stringed fiddles, the sounds of which are generally very disagreeable, — that is, when produced for Chinese ears; but when the player desires to imitate the characteristics of European music, he can do so very perfectly, as is shown by Mr. Fleming: —

"In one of the most thronged streets I was, on one afternoon, elbowing my way along, exploring the 'Heavenly Ford,' when the sound of a violin playing a well-known waltz fixed my attention in a by-lane; and there, instead of a hairy Briton flourishing a bow over a Cremona, was a blind beggar eliciting those pleasant notes with as great precision and tone from the rude and weighty mallet-shaped urh-heen, as if he had been all his public life first violin at the opera."

The same traveller remarks of the vocal music of the Chinese, that "a Chinaman rehearsing a song looks and gives utterance to such goat-like bleats, that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he is laboring under a violent attack of chronic whooping-cough, combined with intermittent seizures of hiccough, — the 'dying falls' of the inhuman filsetto at the end of each



MOUTH ORGAN.

verso finishing in the most confounding hysterical perturbations of the vocal chords."

There are several Chinese wind instruments. For instance, there is a clarinet, called Shu-teh, an instrument with a very loud and piercing note, and a peculiar "mouth-organ," in which are a number of pipes. One of these instruments, drawn from a specimen in my collection, is shown on page 1445. It contains sixteen pipes, of different lengths, arranged in pairs. Some of the pipes, however, are "dummies," and are only inserted to give the instrument an appearance of regularity. The length of the pipes has nothing to do with the pitch of the note, as they speak by means of brass vibrators inserted into the lower end, exactly like those of harmoniums. The pipes are bound together by means of a horn band that passes around them. When it is used, the player blows into the projecting mouth-piece, and with his fingers stops or opens the apertures in the pipes. The tone of this instrument is not pleasing to European ears.

Strange as Chinese music seems to us, and unpleasant as are the odd and unexpected intervals of their melodies, the art is evidently cultivated among the people, and there is scarcely a house without its musical instrument of some kind. In the evening, according to Mr. Fleming, "in passing through the narrow streets, one is sure to hear from the dimly lighted houses the squealing, incoherent, and distorted vibrations tumbling out on the night air with a spasmodic reality and a foreignness of style that at once remind the listener of the outlandish country he is in." The preference of the Chinese for the strange, wild, abrupt intervals of their own music is not, as the reader may see, merely occasioned by ignorance of a more perfect scale, but is the result of deliberate choice on their part. They have no objection to European music. On the contrary, they are pleased to express their approbation of it, but with the proviso that it is decidedly inferior to their own.

From Music we turn to Art. In their own line of art the Chinese are unsurpassed, not to say inimitable. Ignorant of perspective as they may be, there is a quaint force and vigor about their lines that is worthy of all praise, while their rich softness of color can scarcely be equalled. From time immemorial they have been acquainted with the art of color printing from wooden blocks, and some of their oldest examples of color printing are so full of life and spirit,

despite their exaggeration of gesture, and their almost ludicrous perspective, that the best English artists have admired them sincerely.

Of their porcelain, in which they simply stand alone, it is impossible to treat fully in such a work as this, as the subject would demand a volume to itself. Their carved work in ivory is familiarly known throughout the greater part of the civilized world. In many of these carvings the object of the artist seems to have been, not to develop any beauties of form, but to show his power of achieving seeming impossibilities. Among the best-known forms of Chinese carving may be reckoned the sets of concentric balls, which are cut out of solid ivory, or at least are said to be so made.

There is quite a controversy about the mode of cutting these balls, and even those who have spent much time in China, and are thoroughly acquainted with the arts and manufactures of the country, disagree on this subject, some saying that the balls are really cut from solid ivory, and others that each ball is made of two separate portions, which are joined very artificially by cement, and can be separated by steeping in boiling water. Of the two explanations I am rather inclined to believe the former, as none of those who say that the balls can be separated seem to have tried the experiment for themselves. The mode of cutting these curious



SPECIMENS OF CHINESE ART. (From Sir Hope Grant's Collection.)

specimens of art is said to be by boring conical holes from the circumference of the ball to its centre with a spherical piece of ivory, and the detaching each ball in succession with curved tools.

The jade carvings. This material is naturally soft and, as it is hard, coming articles made by the Chinese are still belonging to the work. The imitation of formed from which hangs same piece of the same specimen of the patient in. The second jar behind it.

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The jade carving of China is also celebrated. This material is remarkable for the beautifully soft polish which can be given to it, and, as it is a rare mineral and exceedingly hard, coming next in that respect to the ruby, articles made of jade are valued very highly by the Chinese. In the accompanying illustration are shown a number of jade carvings belonging to Sir Hope Grant, who kindly allowed me to have them engraved for this work. The bowl in the front is carved in imitation of a water-lily, the handle being formed from the flower-stem. The ring which hangs from the handle is cut from the same piece of jade. Just behind it is a jar of the same material, which is a wonderful specimen of carving, and admirably shows the patient industry of the Chinese worker. The second small bowl in the front, and the jar behind it, are also of jade.

The elegant jar which occupies the centre of the group is a splendid specimen of enamel, and beside it is a large piece of *lapis lazuli*, on which is engraved a poem written by the emperor himself.

The celebrated Summer Palace or Yuen-ming-yuen, which was sacked and burned by the English and French forces, was filled with splendid specimens of jade carving, some of which are shown in the preceding illustration. There are three kinds of jade, the cream-colored, the clear white, and the bright green. This last is the most esteemed, and is so valuable that a single bead, not so large as a boy's playing marble, is worth a pound, or even more. Some necklaces made of these beads were sold after the destruction of the Summer Palace, and though they only contained about a hundred and fifty beads, a hundred and twenty pounds were given for them, the Chinese commissioners thinking that they were sold at a very cheap rate. The Chinese name for this jade is "feh-tsui."

One of the most remarkable instances of Chinese art is the magic mirror. This article is a circular plate of metal rather more than a quarter of an inch thick, having its face smooth and highly polished, and its back dark and ornamented with various patterns, among which four Chinese characters are conspicuous. These characters are in honor of literature, and seem to be generally employed for the decoration of these mirrors.

When used simply for the purpose of reflecting the face, the mirrors present nothing worthy of notice, but when they are held to the sun, and the beams thrown upon a white surface, the whole of the characters on the back are shown in the reflection. The mirror will even show its powers when used with a lamp, but the sun is required to bring out the characters clearly. A small but excellent specimen of this mirror was presented to me by Dr. Flaxman Spurrell, and always excites great admiration wherever it is shown. Not

the least trace of any figure is to be found in the face of the mirror, and the higher the polish given to the face, the clearer is the representation of the figures on the back.

Several theories have been promulgated respecting the mode of making these extraordinary mirrors, the most probable one being that the characters and patterns on the back are made of a harder and more condensed metal than that of the rest of the mirror, and that, when a high polish is given to the face, the difference of the metal is not perceptible, except by the mode in which it reflects light.

There is much to say respecting the customs of the Chinese. The small space, however, which remains will not permit us to treat fully of such wide subjects as religion, marriage, and disposal of the dead, and that they should be cursorily treated is impossible. We will therefore conclude with one of the most pleasing traits in the Chinese character, namely, the respect paid to old age.

According to Mr. Milne, "The sacred regard which Chinese pay to the claims of kindred secures to the patriarchs of respectable families ample support in the advanced and helpless stage of their pilgrimage; and charity often relieves poor septuagenarians whose relations may be unable to supply them with comforts or necessities at their mature age. In China one's feelings are not harrowed with the sad spectacle of an aged parent discarded by his children, and left to perish, unattended and unursed, under a scorching sun, or on the banks of a rolling river. But you will see the tottering senior, man or woman, who has not the means to hire a sedan, led through the alleys and streets by a son or a grandchild, commanding the spontaneous respect of each passer-by, the homage of every junior.

"The deference of the *polloi* to the extreme sections of old age is manifest likewise from the tablets and monuments you may any day stumble upon, that have been erected by public subscription to the memory of octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians. Nor is the government backward in encouraging this, but the reverse. Hence I have often seen very aged men and women in the streets, arrayed in yellow, *i. e.* imperial, robes, the gift of the emperor, in mark of honor, and out of respect to their gray hairs." The reader will remember that an honorary degree is given to competitors who have reached an advanced age.

On one occasion, the emperor called together about four thousand old men at his palace, entertained them with a banquet, at which they were served by his own children and grandchildren, presented each of them with money and a yellow robe, and conferred upon the oldest of the assembly, a man aged one hundred and eleven years, the rank and dress of a mandarin.

Family festivals are held, something like the silver and golden wedding of the Germans, to celebrate each decade of life; and so important do the Chinese consider these festivals that they are often held by children even after the death of their parents, the only difference being that they have somewhat of a funeral cast, white, the color of mourning, being substituted for red, the color of joy. On those occasions the children offer gifts, and no present is thought to be more grateful to the recipient than a very handsome coffin. All Chinese who can afford it purchase during their lifetime a coffin as handsome as their means will permit, and so, should they not have been able to purchase this their last resting-place, their children think themselves honored by taking the purchase into their own hands. These coffins are nearly square, are made of immense thickness, and are so carefully cemented that the body may be kept in them without needing burial.

Filial respect is inculcated into the Chinese with their earliest breath, and their youthful minds are filled with legends of pious children. For example: Wu Mang was the son of parents who were too poor to possess mosquito curtains. So at night Wu Mang used to allow the mosquitoes to feed upon

him, hoping that they would prefer a young boy to aged people. Wang Liang lost his mother, and had a step-mother who disliked him. Still he behaved to her as though she had been his own mother, and once, when she wished for some fresh fish and the river was frozen, Wang Liang went to the river, took off his clothes, and lay on the ice, hoping to melt it. Suddenly, in reward for his filial conduct, the ice opened, and out leaped two fine carp, which he took to his step-mother. Again, Lao, when he was seventy years of age, dressed and behaved like a child, in order that his parents should not be troubled, when he was with him, with the idea of their own age.

In every town or village, the oldest persons are treated with the greatest consideration, not on account of their rank or wealth, but of their age. Every one gives way to them, they have the best places in the theatres, are brought forward at every public spectacle, and are indulged in every possible way. Such has been the custom from time immemorial in this great nation, which was civilized when the inhabitants of England were naked savages. The oldest civilized nation in the world, they have honored their fathers and their mothers, and their days have been long in the land.

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CHAPTER CLVI.

JAPAN.

DRESS — ART — AMUSEMENTS.

POSITION AND NAME OF JAPAN — APPEARANCE OF THE JAPANESE — DRESS OF THE MEN — USE OF SLEEVES — HAIR-DRESSING — COURT DRESS — THE TATTOO AND ITS USES — A STREET SCENE IN JAPAN — DRESS OF THE WOMEN — ARRANGEMENT OF THE HAIR — THE ANCIENT HAIR-PINS — USE OF PAINT — BLACKENING TEETH AND PULLING OUT EYEBROWS — MR. OLIPHANT'S OPINION UPON THE CUSTOM — DISREARD OF CLOTHING — THE PUBLIC BATHS — HOMERIC SIMPLICITY — JAPANESE DRAWINGS — TRAVELLING IN JAPAN — A LADY ON HORSEBACK — JAPANESE RIDERS — THE GAME OF MAIL — HORSE ACCOUTREMENTS — A SINGULAR HORSESHOE — THE NORIMON, OR PALANQUIN — FASHION OF THE POLE — THE CANOO, OR CHAIR — A NOBLE IN HIS NORIMON — ATHLETIC POWERS OF THE JAPANESE — THE LADDER BALANCING, TOP SPINNING, AND BUTTERFLY TRICK.

THE Empire of JAPAN extends over a vast cluster of Islands, of different sizes, situated on the north eastern coast of Asia. There are nearly four thousand of these islands, but the kingdom practically consists of three chief Islands, Niphon, Kfou-siou, or Kew-sew, and Sikok, or Sitkokk. The first of these islands gives its name to the entire empire, our word Japan not having even a Japanese origin, but being a corruption of the Chinese rendering of the word Niphon, i. e. Land of the Sunrise. As might be inferred, it is within the island of Niphon that the capital, Jeddo or Yedo, is placed.

The complexion of the Japanese is yellowish, with a little brown, and in many cases is no darker than that of a Portuguese or southern Italian. The eyes are small, and not so much sunk in the head as those of the Chinese; the hair is black, straight, and coarse, and the nose, though thick, is well formed. Their stature is about equal to that of ordinary Europeans, and their limbs, though not large, are often very powerful, a slightly-made Japanese being able to lift easily a weight which a stalwart Englishman would find a heavy burden.

The dress of the Japanese is very peculiar, and well suited to their features and complexion. Although it has about it something of a Chinese aspect, it is as distinct from the Chinese as is the character of the two people. As in China, the dress consists of much the same articles with both sexes, that of the

women differing from male apparel chiefly in the comparative length of the robes and the mode of dressing the hair. A male Japanese may or may not wear trousers, his liberty in this point being absolute, sometimes amounting to a practical dispensation with all dress whatever.

The chief articles of male dress are robes of differing lengths, one being worn upon the other, until a man will sometimes carry four or five robes at once. They are girt round the waist with a broad sash, so that if the wearer wishes to remove his dress, he has only to loosen the sash, and draw his arms out of the sleeves, when all the garments fall to the ground together. The sleeves are very large, and, being partly closed at the ends, are used as pockets, in which are carried various little articles of portable property. In the sleeves, for example, are carried the squares of white paper which serve as pocket handkerchiefs, and which are always thrown away when used; and in the same convenient receptacle the Japanese guest will carry off the remains of the feast to which he has been invited, such being the custom of this strange country.

The material of these robes differs according to the wealth and quality of the wearer, some being of simple cotton, while those of the higher classes are made of the finest silks, and ornamented with the device or arms of the family, embroidered on the breast and back of the outer robe.

The hair of the men is dressed in a very singular manner. The front and temples of the head are shaved, as in China, and the remaining hair is made into a tail, as is the case with the Chinese. The hair, however, is not allowed to grow to its utmost length, and to hang down the back, but is made into a short queue, about three inches in length, and as thick as the finger, and is turned up over the top of the head. Generally the head is bare, but it is sometimes covered with a hat. The hats differ much in shape. That which is in general use is nearly flat, and is fastened to the head by six strings, two of which pass under the chin, two are crossed at the back of the head, and two more are passed under the nose. A hat thus fastened gives to the head a very singular aspect, making the face look as if it had suffered from a severe accident, and was covered with bandages. Some hats look like beehives, and entirely conceal the features, and are worn by outlaws, or "lonins," and disgraced nobles. Sometimes the men pass a piece of stuff over their heads in such a way as to hide the forehead and chin, and only to leave the eyes, nose, and mouth exposed; and in winter they throw over the hat a piece of cloth, which is tied over the nose so as to shield that member from the cold blasts.

Men of consideration also wear a scarf over the shoulders, its length being regulated by the rank of the wearer, and thus serving to indicate the amount of courtesy which is due from one man to another. When two Japanese gentlemen meet, they bow until the ends of the scarf touch the ground. It is evident, therefore, that the man who, in virtue of his rank, wears the longest scarf, has the less distance to bow.

In addition to the ordinary costume, the dress of ceremony has two extraordinary additions. The first is the "kami-samo," respecting which the Japanese are exceedingly punctilious. It consists of a piece of stuff which is folded back over the shoulders in a fan-like form, and gives a most extraordinary and awkward look to the wearer. Courtiers wear another article of dress which is exactly opposed to our customs.

In European courts the nether garments are abbreviated, and only come to the knee; in Japan the custom is reversed. When the nobles appear before the emperor, they wear a pair of trousers with legs fully twice as long as those of the wearer, so that in walking they trail a yard or so on the ground. Walking in such garments is an art which can only be attained by long practice, and which, even when learned, is nothing more than an ungainly shuffle, threatening every moment to throw the courtier on his face. The attitudes which are assumed by fashionable courtiers are so absurd that the Japanese picture books abound in caricatures of noblemen at court. The object of this curious

custom is probably to give the wearer of the court dress an aspect as if he were kneeling instead of standing.

Men of the better classes always appear in public carefully dressed, but those of the lower orders consider themselves sufficiently clothed if they have a mere strip of cloth like the "languti" of India. Coolies, for example, laborers of various kinds, post-runners, etc., wear nothing but the cloth strip while at work.

Mr. Oliphant, in his "Narrative," mentions this fact in connection with the custom of tattooing, which is carried out in Japan to as much perfection as in Polynesia. "Some, however, denied themselves the benefit of dress, apparently for the purpose of exhibiting the brilliant patterns in which their skins were tattooed. One man had a monster crab on the small of his back, and a pretty cottage on his chest. It is rather fashionable to have scarlet fish playing sportively between your shoulders. The scarlet tattooing presents a very disgusting appearance. The skin looks as if it had been carefully peeled off into the required pattern."

"On a really well-tattooed man there is not an inch of the body which does not form part of a pictorial representation. If the general effect is not agreeable, it is perfectly decent, for the skin ceases to look bare, or like skin at all; it rather resembles a harlequin's costume. It must be dreadful to feel that one can never undress again. Yet what anguish does not the victim undergo, in order to put himself into a permanent suit of red dye and gunpowder!" The Japanese are very fond of their children, and in summer time a man may often be seen in the streets, wearing nothing but the cloth strip, and carrying in his arms his infant child, who has no clothing whatever.

Sometimes a man will appear in a costume which even seems more absurd than the almost entire nudity which has just been mentioned, and will walk about in a hat, a short jacket, and nothing else but the cloth.

In an illustration on the next page, the artist has shown a number of the ordinary costumes as they appear when the wearers are gathered round a ballad-singer. The most conspicuous figure is that of a Samourai or Yaconin, an armed retainer of a nobleman, swaggering along with the two swords emblematic of his office, and his features nearly hidden under his hat. The men wearing the extraordinary piebald dresses are a sort of street constable, who accompany a man of rank on his journey, and who jingle an iron rod laden with rings, in order to warn people to get out of the way of the great man. The other figures of men are arranged so as to show the mode of dressing the hair, and one or two varieties of costume.

The general appearance of the women's



(1.) DECAPITATION OF CHINESE CRIMINAL. (See page 1440.)



(2.) THE STREET BALLAD-SINGER. (See page 1450.)

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dress is well shown by a figure opposite to that of the Samourai. The dress is almost exactly like that of the men, except that the materials are generally finer, and the sash which confines the garments to the waist is very broad, and gathered up into a large and peculiar knot, almost exactly like the "panier" of European fashion. Both sexes wear stockings made like mittens, and having a separate place for the reception of the great toe. Without this provision they would not be able to wear the peculiar sandals and clogs of the country, which are held on the foot by a Y-shaped strap, the fork of which passes between the great and the second toe. The clogs that are worn by the women very much resemble those of the Malays in general shape, and, awkward as they look, are easily manageable after a little practice. Some clogs in my collection elevate the foot of the wearer six inches above the ground, but I have found that walking, or rather shuffling, in them is not at all difficult.

The chief distinction between masculine and feminine attire lies in the hair. Whereas the men shave nearly the whole of the head, the women allow their hair to grow, and even add to it when they do not possess a sufficient amount to produce the extraordinary forms into which they twist their locks. Various fashions of hair-dressing prevail in different parts of the country, but in all cases the women take extraordinary pains with their heads, and twist their hair into elaborate and fantastic patterns, which scarcely any European hairdresser could equal.

Hair-pins are very fashionable, not so much for the purpose of confining the locks in their places, as of mere adornment. The pins are of enormous size, seven or eight inches in length, and half an inch wide, and are made of various substances, such as tortoise shell, carved wood, and ivory. Some of the most characteristic hair-pins are made of glass. They are hollow, and nearly filled with some colored liquid, so that at every movement of the wearer an air bubble runs from one end of the pin to the other. Sometimes a woman will wear a dozen or more of these pins in her hair, so that at a little distance her head looks as if a bundle of firewood had been stuck loosely into it.

Having pleasing features by nature, it may be expected that the women do their best to disfigure them by art. The soft pale brown of their complexions is made ghastly and hideous by white paint, with which the face, neck, and bust are thickly covered. The natural pink of the lips is rendered disgusting by a layer of red paint, the white teeth are blackened, and the eyebrows are pulled out. This style of adornment belongs only to the married women, so that a really pretty girl will in a few hours transform herself into a repulsive hag.

Mr. Oliphant, in the work which has already been mentioned, gives rather a humorous reason for this strange custom. "The first impression of the fair sex which the traveller receives in a Japanese crowd is in the highest degree unfavorable; the ghastly appearance of the faces and bosoms, thickly coated with powder, the absence of eyebrows, and the blackened teeth, produce a most painful and disagreeable effect. Were it not for this abominable custom, Japanese women would probably rank high among Eastern beauties, certainly far before Chinese."

"All Japanese writers whom I have read upon the subject affirm that to have no eyebrows and black teeth is considered a beauty in Japan, and that the object of the process is to add to the charms of the fair one. The result of my inquiry and observation, however, rather led me to form an opposite conclusion."

"In the first place, young ladies do not, as a rule, neglect any opportunity of improving their looks; but no Japanese young ladies, even after they are 'out,' think of taking this method of increasing their powers of fascination; they color their lips and cheeks, and deck their hair, but it is not until they have made a conquest of some lucky swain, that, to prove their devotion to him, they begin to blacken their teeth and pull out their eyebrows."

"He, privileged being, is called upon to exhibit no such test of his affection: on the contrary, his lawful wife having so far disfigured herself as to render it impossible that she should be attractive to any one else, seems to lose her charms for her husband as well. So he places her at the head of his establishment; and adds to it an indefinite number of handmaidens, who neither pull out their eyebrows nor blacken their teeth. Hence it seems not difficult to account for the phenomenon which is universally admitted, that while Japanese wives are celebrated for their virtue, their husbands are no less notorious for their licentiousness."

While upon the subject of dress, we must not pass unnoticed the extraordinary ideas which the Japanese have on the subject. Possessed as they are of much taste in dress, and having certain complete costumes for various ranks, it seems very remarkable that they are utterly indifferent to clothing considered in the light of covering. They attach no sense of indelicacy to exposure of the person, and men, women, and children may be seen bathing exposed to the sight of every passer-by.

Even their public baths, though some of them have two doors, one for men and one for women, are common to both sexes, and in those baths which are specially set apart for women the attendant is often a man. Sometimes there is a partition, about breast

high, to separate the sexes, but the usual baths have no such refinement. The baths are merely shallow pans or depressions in the floor, in which the bathers sit while they pour over themselves abundant supplies of hot and cold water. Baths of this nature are attached to all the "tea-houses," so that travellers can refresh themselves with a bath, in true Homeric style, before they take their meals. And, in Homeric style also, the attendants are women. The baths are known by a dark blue strip of cloth which hangs like a banner over the doorway. Europeans, when they first visit the country, are rather surprised when they pass along the streets to see a whole family "tubbing" in front of their houses, or, when they pass a public bath, to see the inmates run out to look at the strangers; but they very soon become used to such spectacles, and think no more of them than do the Japanese themselves.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, in dealing with this subject, and illustrating it by a Japanese drawing representing a bath tenanted by a man, a boy, and five women, makes the following remarks: "Men and women steaming in the bathing-houses raise themselves to the open bars of the lattice fronts to look out, the interior behind them presenting a view very faithfully represented in the following sketch by a native artist.

"In reference to which, I cannot help feeling there is some danger of doing injustice to the womanhood of Japan if we judge them by our rules of decency and modesty. Where there is no sense of immodesty, no consciousness of wrong-doing, there is, or may be, a like absence of any sinful or depraving feeling. It is a custom of the country. Fathers, brothers, and husbands all sanction it; and from childhood the feeling must grow up as effectually shielding them from self-reproach or shame, as their sisters in Europe in adopting low dresses in the bath-room, or any other generally adopted fashion of garments or amusements. There is much in the usual appearance and expression of Japanese women to lead to this conclusion. Any one of the real performers in the above scene, — a bathing saturnalia as it may appear to us, — when all is over, and the toilet completed, will leave the bath-door a very picture of womanly reserve and modesty."

Certainly, no women can be more decently clad than those of Japan, as we may see by any of the multitudinous native drawings; and that they should attach no sense of decency to the dress, or indecency to its absence, is one of the many strange characteristics of this remarkable and enigmatic country.

The travelling dress of the women is little more than their ordinary costume, *plus* a large flat hat, which serves as a parasol. Japanese picture books abound with illustra-

tions of women travelling, and, multitudinous as they are, each has always some characteristic point, and no two are exactly alike. Sometimes we see the women sauntering quietly along the river bank, sometimes they are being carried across the river on the shoulders of men, or, if they be of importance, in "norimons" or chairs borne by six or eight coolies. Some of the drawings depict women as sitting in boats, as being caught in a heavy snow or rain storm (see illustration), as walking by moonlight, and as they appear when riding.



The attitude and general appearance of a female equestrian in Japan differ considerably from those of an European. Side-saddles are unknown, the fair rider perching herself upon a saddle which lifts her high above the back of the animal, concealing her body downward, holding on tightly by the front part of the saddle, and, in fact, giving herself a look very much resembling that of a gayly attired monkey on horseback, as shown on the next page. This mode of riding is even followed by the opposite sex, the retainers of the high nobles sitting in their lofty saddles in very much the same attitude as that employed by the women, and being in consequence absolutely useless, except in looks, as cavalry.

Yet, when they choose, the Japanese can ride tolerably, as is shown by the fact of a game which is played among them, in which the competitors are all mounted. In this game the players have to contend against very great disadvantages. In the first place, the horses which they bestride are wretched animals, mere rough ponies, and the accoutrements are so clumsy, that it is a wonder

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how the horse can be guided at all. According to our ideas, a horse is guided by the pressure of the leg and the touch of the rein, but the Japanese saddles render such guidance impossible.

The former mode is prevented by the shape of the saddle, which has large flaps of stiff leather hanging so low that the heel or knee of the rider has no effect upon the animal; and the latter mode is nearly as impossible as the former, by reason of the bit and the fashion of riding. The bit is a mere light snaffle placed loosely in the month, and the reins are used, not so much for the purpose of guiding the horse, as of keeping the rider in his seat. The horsemen grasp a rein tightly in each hand, and so hang to the bit. The natural consequence is, that the mouths of the horses are nearly as tough as the leather saddle-flaps, and the animals always go with their noses in the air, so as to counteract the perpetual haul on the bridle.

The game which is played under these untoward conditions is a sort of mall. A large space is marked out, and at each end is a curtain. At some few feet from the ground a circular hole is cut in the curtain. Each player is furnished with a long-handled, small-headed racket, almost exactly resembling that which is employed by the North American Indians in their ball play, described on page 1324. The object of the game is to pick up the ball from the ground with the racket, and to throw it through the hole. In order that there may be no doubt whether the ball has really passed through the hole, a net is hung loosely on the opposite side of the hole, and receives the ball. The players arrange themselves in two parties, distinguished by colors, and the chief point of the game is to pursue the opponent as he is galloping triumphantly toward the goal, and knock the ball out of the racket just as he is going to throw it through the hole.

The stirrups used by the Japanese are very curious in shape, and not at all like the ordinary models. Their general outline resembles that of the letter S, the foot being thrust into the opening as far as it will go. The comparatively small stirrups used by Europeans are as troublesome to the Japanese as would be the tiny triangular stirrups of Patagonia to an English rider.

The strangest part of horse equipment in Japan is, however, the shoe. Our idea of a horseshoe is a metallic plate to protect the horse against hard ground. The Japanese shoe is made of plaited straw, and is, in fact, nothing more than a straw sandal tied to the foot, giving it a very clumsy appearance. As may be imagined, their shoes never last very long, and on a stony road are soon cut to pieces. The rider, therefore, takes a supply of shoes with him, and renews them as fast as they are worn out. Indeed, a journey is often roughly calculated as a distance of so many shoes.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the horse is seldom used in travelling. None but a poor noble will condescend to ride from one place to another, as it might be supposed that he could not afford the retinue which is required to carry him. Sometimes a nobleman will condescend to ride in public, but then his horse must be held by two grooms, who tug continually at the poor animal's mouth, and shout continually, "Chai! chai!" i. e. gently, for haste is always thought undignified by the Japanese, and a person of consideration would suffer a great infraction of dignity if he allowed himself to hurry over the road.

For those who can afford so expensive a luxury, the usual mode of conveyance is a sort of palanquin called a Norimon. It is a square cage, hung from a pole, and carried by four men, two in front and two behind. For Japanese travellers this is a very comfortable conveyance, but for Europeans,

who are not accustomed to the crouching attitude so characteristic of the Japanese, even a short journey in a norimon is a source of torture, the unfortunate passenger finding great difficulty in getting into the machine, and, when the journey is over, almost as much difficulty in getting out again, his limbs being stiff and cramped by the position into which they have been forced.

The pole of the norimon is stout, and very long; and it is a matter of rivalry between young and fashionable men to have their norimon poles as long and as profusely decorated as possible. When the coolies carry the norimon, they hoist it on their shoulders at a signal from their master, and step along at some three miles an hour.



In many parts the coolies much resemble the palanquin bearers of India, but are in this respect superior, that they travel in silence, and do not weary the soul of their master by the perpetual grunts and moans with which the Indian bearers are accustomed to lighten their journey.

Uncomfortable as is the norimon, there is a popular conveyance which is even more painful to European limbs. This is called the cango, and it bears about the same relationship to the norimon as a wheelbarrow does to a carriage. Indeed, if the reader can imagine the wheel, the legs, and handle of a wheelbarrow to be removed, and the body of the machine to be hung from a pole, he can form some idea of a cango. In the norimon the inmate has to crouch, in the cango he has almost to tie himself in a knot. Yet the Japanese limbs are so supple, that cango employers travel for many successive hours without being in the least oppressed by the attitude which they are compelled to assume. Cangos are largely used in Japan, and are indeed what cabs are to Londoners, the norimons supplying the place of carriages.

When a great noble or Daimio travels, he always uses the norimon, partly because it is the most luxurious conveyance which he knows, and partly because it gives him an excuse for displaying the strength of his retinue, which is about the only mode of ostentation known to the Japanese. The norimon is preceded by some of the men called Samourais, or Yaconins, *i. e.* men who are permitted to attach themselves to his service, and thereby to gain the privilege of wearing two swords. As their master passes along, they continually utter the word "Shitanirio!" *i. e.* kneel down, whereupon every one that hears it must at once prostrate himself on the ground, or remain erect at his peril. The most serious quarrels that have arisen between strangers and the natives in Japan have originated in this custom, the strangers either not knowing the custom, or refusing to comply with it lest they should compromise the dignity of their nation. Refusing to obey such an order is sure to cause a quarrel, and is likely to end in loss of life, as the Yaconins who give the order to kneel are always ready to enforce obedience with their swords.

Around the norimon is a crowd of servants, each wearing his master's badge on his back, and each armed according to his rank. Some led horses generally accompany the procession, so that the great man may ride when he is tired of the norimon, and a number of coolies bear umbrellas covered with waterproof cases, and large boxes on poles. These boxes are almost invariably empty, but are conventionally supposed to contain the stores of baggage without which so great a man could not be expected to stir. Superior officers in norimons, and inferior officers on horseback, accompany the

procession, for which a passage is kept by a number of men fantastically dressed in harlequin-like suits of various colors. Each of them carries a long iron rod, to which are attached a number of rings made of the same metal. As they walk they strike the end of the rod against the ground at each step, so that a clashing sort of jingle is produced, and strikes awe into the people.

That the Japanese should be such poor horsemen is very singular, considering the marvellous perfection to which they have brought other athletic exercises. As "aerobats" the performers are far superior to those of any other nation, performing the most audacious and apparently impossible feats with an absolute precision which quite removes any idea of danger.

Until the Japanese gymnasts came to this country, we were inclined to treat the accounts of travellers as exaggerated, but they proved to be capable of performing any feats which our professional athletes could achieve, and many others which they never even dreamt of attempting. For example, nothing seems much more difficult than for a man to lie on his back and balance on the soles of his feet a ladder thirty feet high. But when we add that to the top of the ladder a second ladder was attached at right angles, like the top of the letter F, and that a boy went up and down the ladder, and even crawled to the end of the cross piece and there hung by his instep, while the ladder was balanced on the soles of the reclining man's feet, we appear to be romancing rather than relating a fact. Yet this astonishing performance was repeated day after day, and nothing was more wonderful than the elaborate perfection and finish of the performance. The heavy ladder was placed on the upturned feet, and in a moment it was as steady as if it had been planted in the ground. Though, owing to the cross-piece, it was considerably inclined, its steadiness was not impaired, and even when the boy ascended and descended it, causing the centre of gravity to be continually altered, there was not the slightest wavering perceptible.

So with the other feats achieved by these remarkable performers. Everything was done with the deliberation which forms an essential part of the Japanese nature, but there were no needless delays, and whether the man was balancing the ladder on his feet, or whether he was spinning tops and making them act as if they were rational beings, or whether he was making two paper butterflies flutter about as if they were real insects, the same quiet perfection characterized the whole of the performance, and every feat was done with such consummate ease that it looked as if it really required no skill at all. The extraordinary life which the Japanese performers contrive to infuse into inanimate objects is almost incredible.

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Had not the feat been actually seen, it would be scarcely possible to believe that a top could be spun, and then launched off to perform the following feats without being even touched:—

It ascended an inclined plane to a temple, the doors of which were closed. It knocked open one of the doors, entered the temple, waited inside some time, and then knocked open another door at right angles to the former, and emerged. It then went over an inclined bridge, entered another temple, and went up stairs, emerging at an upper story. It then proceeded along an inclined plane standing at right angles to the temple, and passed over a drawbridge, which was immediately lifted, leaving a gap over which the top had to pass in order to get back again. However, by the losing of a catch, the top was flung over the gap, and went on as gayly as ever, finishing with entering a third temple, ringing a bell inside, coming out again, and running over two more bridges into the hands of the spinner, having traversed some forty feet, besides the work in the temples.

The same man spun a top upon the edge of a sword, making it pass from one end of the blade to the other. He flung the top in the air and threw the string at it: the top caught the middle of the string by the peg, wound itself up, and was again flung into the air, spinning faster than before. It was then caught on the slender stem of a pipe,

along which it ran as if alive, was passed behind the back, and caught again in front, and lastly, was received upon the hem of the sleeve, made to spin up the garment, over the neck and shoulders, and down the sleeve of the opposite side. It was also made to spin upon a slight string stretched from the wall, and to pass backward and forward as long as the spinner chose.

Some of these tops required no string, but were merely spun with the hand; they could be taken up and put down again, still spinning, or they could be stood on their heads and still spin, or they could be built into a perfect edifice of tops, three or four spinning upon each other, sometimes each leaning in a different direction, and then being brought upright by a touch of the ever-ready fan. The concluding feat was a very curious one. Some thirty feet above the heads of the spectators was hung a model of a temple, from which depended a string. The chief top-spinner then took a small but very heavy top, wound up its string, and flung the top in the air, drawing back the arm so that the top came flying into his hand. He went under the temple, gave the pendent string a half-turn round the peg, and away went the top into the temple, bursting open its doors, and flinging out a quantity of rose leaves, which came fluttering down round the top as it descended the string, and fell into the hands of the performer.

CHAPTER CLVII.

JAPAN — *Concluded.*

MISCELLANEOUS CUSTOMS.

SUMPTUARY LAWS — SYSTEM OF ESPIONAGE — THE DUPLICATE EMPIRE — POWERS OF THE TYCOON AND MIKADO — THE DAIMIOS AND THEIR RETAINERS — THE TWO SWORDS — LONINS, OR OUTLAWS — JAPANESE FENCERS — DEFENSIVE ARMOR — ARCHERY — THE HAPPY DESPATCH — PUBLIC EXECUTIONS — ARCHITECTURE — REASONS FOR ITS FRAGILITY — PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE — SIMPLE HABITS OF THE JAPANESE — AMUSEMENTS AND GAMES — WRESTLERS — THEATRES IN JAPAN — CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF PLAYS — THE TEA-HOUSES AND THEIR ATTENDANTS — JAPANESE ART — THE PORTABLE INKSTAND — THE CRANE, HERON, AND STORK — THE SNOW-CLOAK — SILK MADE BY NOBLES.

In Japan there is a tolerably strict code of sumptuary laws, certain modes of dress and the power of carrying certain weapons being denied to all except the privileged classes. We will, therefore, take a hasty glance at the different ranks in Japan.

With regard to all official ranks a duplicate system exists throughout the kingdom. At the head of the government there are two emperors, — the civil emperor, or Tycoon, and the spiritual emperor, or Mikado. The former of these potentates (whose title is sometimes spelled as Siogoon) is the real administrator of the empire, although he is nominally inferior to the Mikado, an inferiority which is carefully marked by certain visits of ceremony paid to the Mikado, but is not allowed to proceed beyond mere etiquette.

Indeed, the powers of the Tycoon himself are practically limited; though theoretically unbounded, and the government is in fact exercised by the nobles, through a double council, one of which is chosen by the emperor, and the other selected by the nobles from themselves. Every man who is employed in the duties of government has his duplicate, or "shadow," as he is called; he is subject to espionage on every side, and is himself a spy on others.

This system, uncomfortable as it may appear, has its advantages. According to Mr. Oliphant: "One most beneficial result arising from this universal system of espionage — for it extends through all classes of society

— is the entire probity of every government employé. So far as we could learn or see, they were incorruptible. When men can neither offer nor receive bribes; when it is almost impossible, even indirectly, to exercise corrupt influences, there is little fear of the demoralization of public departments of the state. In this respect Japan affords a brilliant contrast to China, and even to some European countries. So long as this purity exists, even though purchased at the cost of secret espial, there can be little cause to fear the decadence of Japan."

It is as well to mention in this place that the word Tycoon, or Tai-kû, is not of Japanese but of Chinese origin, and that it came into use through its insertion in an official document, the unlucky minister who employed it having in consequence fallen into disgrace and poverty. The name of Tycoon is never applied to him by the Japanese, who use instead the title which has been conferred upon him by his nominal superior, the Mikado.

The Mikado, or spiritual emperor, is held in the greatest veneration, and many of the honors paid to him are almost identical with those which are rendered to the Grand Lama of Thibet. He is too sacred to touch the earth with his feet, and is carried on men's shoulders on the rare occasions when he moves from one part of the palace to another. Outside of he never goes. He is too holy to wear any garment twice, or to use any article a second time, and, should

any one venture to wear or use a garment or utensil sanctified by his touch, he would bring down on himself the vengeance of heaven. Consequently, every garment that he has worn or every wooden utensil which he has employed is burned, and those which are made of earthenware are broken.

A similar rule extends to his wives, of whom he has twelve, one of them being the head wife or queen. A curious piece of etiquette is practised by the wives of the Mikado. All other women dress their hair into fantastic shapes, but the Mikado's wives are obliged to allow their hair to flow at length down their backs. In consequence of the innumerable restrictions to which he is subjected, the Mikado generally becomes tired of his comfortless rank, and resigns in favor of his heir.

Next come the Daimios or nobles, who, as among ourselves, are of different ranks, and who are the real rulers of the country. The difficulties which foreigners have experienced in Japan have almost invariably been caused by the Daimios, who fear that their position as feudal nobles may be endangered by the introduction of foreigners into the country. The greater Daimios are as formidable as were the great barons of early English history, and in like manner keep vast numbers of armed retainers. There is a general idea that in Japan every man wears a pair of swords. This is far from being the case, as none are permitted to wear even one sword unless he be in the service of the State. Even the wealthiest merchant may not wear a sword unless he is enrolled among the retainers of a Daimio, and, as the privilege is a great one, it is purchased for a certain annual sum. This indirect tribute is a lucrative source of income to the Daimios, and enables them to maintain the enormous retinue with which they are surrounded.

The higher classes in Japan are privileged to wear a garment called the "hakkama." This is much like the huge petticoat trousers of the French Zouave, and is indeed a very full and abundantly plaited petticoat, sewed together in the middle, and gathered in at the knees. The wearers are inordinately proud of this garment, and, though one of the unprivileged classes may purchase the right to carry a sword, no expenditure of money will enable a man to wear the hakkama.

The most troublesome of the retainers are the Yacouins or Sanourais, men who have been admirably described by Sir Rutherford Alcock in his "Capital of the Tycoon":—

"All of a certain rank are armed with this formidable weapon projecting from their belt; swords, like everything else in Japan, to our worse confusion, being double, without much or any obvious distinction between military and civil, or between Tycoon's officers and Daimios' retainers. These

are the classes which furnish suitable specimens of that extinct species of the race in Europe still remembered as *Suashbucklers*,—swaggering, blustering bullies; many cowardly enough to strike an enemy in the back, or cut down an unarmed and inoffensive man; but also supplying numbers ever ready to fling their own lives away in accomplishing a revenge, or carrying out the orders of their chief.

"They are all entitled to the privilege of two swords, rank and file, and are saluted by the unprivileged (professional, mercantile, and agricultural classes) as *Sama*, or Lord. With a rolling straddle in his gait, reminding one of Mr. Kinglake's graphic description of the Janissary, and due to the same cause,—the heavy, projecting blades at his waist, and the swaddling clothes round his body,—the Japanese Samourai or Yacouin moves on in a very ungainly fashion, the hilts of his two swords at least a foot in advance of his person, very handy, to all appearance, for an enemy's grasp. One is a heavy, two-handled weapon, pointed and sharp as a razor; the other short, like a Roman sword, and religiously kept in the same serviceable state.

"In the use of these he is no mean adept. He seldom requires a second thrust with the shorter weapon, but strikes home at a single thrust, as was fatally proved at a later period; while with the longer weapon he severs a limb at a blow. Such a fellow is a man to whom all peace-loving subjects and prudent people habitually give as wide a berth as they can. Often drunk, and always insolent, he is to be met with in the quarters of the town where the tea-houses most abound; or returning about dusk from his day's debauch, with a red and bloated face, and not oversteady on his legs, the terror of all the unarmed population and street dogs. Happy for the former, when he is content with trying the edge of a new sword on the quadrupeds; and many a poor crippled animal is to be seen limping about, slashed over the back, or with more hideous evidences of brutality. But, at other times, it is some coolie or inoffensive shopkeeper, who, coming unadvisedly between the wind and his nobility, is just as mercilessly cut down at a blow."

In some sort of a way, each noble is responsible for the acts of his retainers. Therefore, if any of these men determine upon some act which they know will compromise their master,—say the assassination of some one whom he dislikes,—they formally divest themselves of his protection, and become "lonins," or outlaws, or almost exactly the same as the "masterless-men" of the feudal English days. Each of them carries with him a paper on which his renunciation is written, and to perform such an act is thought extremely honorable. Nearly all the men who murdered Europeans were lonins.

The swords which these men wear in virtue of their rank are most formidable weapons, the temper of the steel, the balance of the weapon, and the slight curve of the edge, being all that can be desired. They are finished with the utmost care, and every part receives the minutest attention. A very beautiful specimen of the shorter sword was presented to me by C. Allen, Esq., of Blackheath. It measures two feet four inches in total length, of which the handle occupies nearly nine inches. This roomy handle of the Japanese sword presents a remarkable contrast with the small and cramped hilts of the Indian weapons. It affords an admirable grasp for the hand, being covered with diamond-shaped patterns of silken cord twisted over a basis of rough skate-skin. The blade is a little more than an inch in width, and even after a stay of many years in this country, is as bright as a mirror and sharp as a razor.

Indeed, for a hand-to-hand encounter, it would be difficult to find a more formidable weapon, even the kookry of India being inferior to it, as being heavier and less manageable. It is equally adapted for thrusting or cutting, and is so effective for the former purpose that one of these swords has been driven completely through a man's body by a single thrust. The balance of the weapon is admirable, and, though it is somewhat unsightly, it can be managed with perfect ease.

The amount of labor that has been bestowed on this particular weapon is really astonishing. The effect is not in the least obtrusive, and it is only by close examination that its beauties can be seen. The blade is left entirely without ornament, its excellence being shown by its high polish and sharp edge. But, with the exception of the blade, every portion of the weapon has its ornament. On the guard is represented a buffalo grazing under a tree, the groundwork being of bronze, and the leaves of the tree and the herbage being gold. Between the silken cords of the hilt and the skate-skin are inserted two beautifully executed models, in bronze, of a bow and arrows, the feathers of the arrows and wrappings of the head being gilt. One of these models is inserted on either side of the hilt, which is terminated by a richly engraved bronze ornament.

In the upper part of the sheath is kept a small knife, somewhat similar in shape to that which is kept in the chopstick-case of the Chinese. The handle of the knife is bronze, and is adorned with the figure of a crayfish, beautifully wrought in gold, together with a banner and one or two other devices. The sheath itself is a wonderful piece of workmanship. At a little distance it looks as if it were covered with dark-brown leather; but a closer inspection shows that it is entirely covered with a minute and

delicate pattern that looks as if it had been traced with a needle's point, and must have cost the artist a very considerable expenditure of labor.

The larger sword is made after precisely the same pattern, except that it is four feet in length, and must be used with both hands. With one of these swords a Japanese will strike off a limb at a single blow; and so sharp are they, that an executioner, in beheading a criminal, scarcely raises the sword a foot for his stroke. The Japanese swordsmen practise the use of their weapon by means of sham swords, with which they fence, the combatants padding their limbs and sides, and covering their faces with wire masks. They have a very dangerous cut, which is made by the mere motion of unsheathing the sword, and takes effect at a distance where an inexperienced person would think himself safe.

So good is the temper of these weapons, that a Japanese has been known to sever a thick iron bolt with a single blow, the edge of the sword not showing the slightest indication of the severe test to which it had been put. The Japanese name for the large sword is "ken"; that of the shorter, "kattan."

Defensive armor was at one time much worn by the Japanese, though at the present day the introduction of improved firearms has caused them to abandon armor, except for purposes of show. A complete suit of Japanese armor is shown on page 1469. It is made of multitudinous plates hung upon cloth, and profusely ornamented by gilding. Though very light, it is strong enough to resist the blow of the long sword, though it is worse than useless against rifled fire-arms. Indeed, had it not been for the recent disuse of protective armor, we should scarcely have been able to procure a suit; but, finding their suits of mail to be practically useless, the Japanese nobles very generously presented many of them to their foreign guests, and allowed others to be sold.

The oddest part of the suit is the helmet, with its appendages. The fantastic crest is very light, being made of exceedingly thin material, covered with gilding; and is so slight that a blow with a stick would crush it. Perhaps the reader may wonder at the beards which apparently depend from the chins of the soldiers. The fact is, the helmet is furnished with a very complete visor, shaped like a mask, which covers the whole of the face, and is decorated with a large gray beard and mustache, in order to strike terror into the beholders.

The bow is a favorite weapon with the Japanese, who expend nearly as much labor upon it as they do upon the sword. It is mostly jappanned in black, and adorned with various decorations. Some of these bows are very powerful, and are strung in

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rather a peculiar manner, the archer placing the lower end of the bow on the ground, and grasping the upper end with his right hand. He plants his right foot on the middle of the bow, bends it with the united powers of his foot and right hand, and with his left slips the string into its place. The arrows are made like those of China, but, in accordance with the national character of the people, are more highly finished.

One of the strangest weapons used by the Japanese is the war fan. Like the Chinese, the Japanese are never without the fan, and are obliged, by force of long habit, to take it into battle. The fan which is kept for this purpose has its sheath made of iron, and is of very large size, so that if the warrior be surprised without his sword, he is sure to have his fan ready by way of a club. These fans are decorated with the national emblem, a red sun on a black ground.

In connection with the Japanese weapons must be mentioned some of their modes of punishment. The first is the celebrated Hara-kiri, or Happy Despatch, and consists of suicide by ripping open the abdomen with two cuts in the form of a cross. Only the upper classes are privileged to perform the Happy Despatch, and to them it is in reality a privilege. If a Japanese official has failed in some duty, or committed some act which is likely to call upon him the anger of his superiors, he applies for permission to perform the Hara-kiri. At the appointed time, he assembles his friends, dresses himself in white, as a token of innocence, gives an entertainment, and makes a speech upon the position in which he is placed. He then takes the fatal knife, and as he raises his clothing for the purpose of inflicting the wounds, a good swordsman comes behind him, bearing a two-handed sword or "ken." The victim begins the Hara-kiri, but, as soon as he has made a slight incision, his head is swept off, so that death is not the result of the horrid wounds in the abdomen.

Sometimes, however, when time presses, the victim is obliged to perform the Hara-kiri as he can, and in that case dies from the self-inflicted wounds. For example, in several cases where assassination has been attempted, and notably in the celebrated attack on the British Legation, when the would-be assassins were chased on the succeeding day, it was found that three of them had committed the Hara-kiri, two of whom were already dead, but one was still living and was captured. In these cases the weapon used for the purpose is the shorter sword, or "katana."

When a man has committed the Hara-kiri, he is supposed to have died an honorable death, and so to have earned for himself a reputation as a brave man. His family are proud of him, and his memory is revered. But should he lose his life by the

hand of the executioner, his whole property is confiscated, his family falls under ban, and his name is held as infamous. It will be seen, therefore, that the Hara-kiri is really a very great privilege, especially among a people so entirely indifferent to life as the Japanese.

Public executions are very simply carried out. The criminal is taken to the spot on a horse, and when he arrives, is bound, and made to kneel on the ground over a hole which is to receive his head. The executioner, who uses the "ken" above named, arranges the culprit's head in the proper position, and, apparently without any effort, decapitates the man with a blow. The old traveller Purchas very neatly expresses the mode of execution by a single word. After narrating the preliminaries, he states that the criminal "holds out his head, presently wiped off."

Crucifixion is employed by the Japanese as well as by the Chinese, and is mostly reserved for high treason. Minor punishments are not much in vogue, inasmuch as a theft above a certain sum entails the penalty of death, and so does a theft of a smaller sum if repeated. Flogging and banishment are sometimes employed as punishments. The dreadful tortures to which the earlier Christian missionaries and their converts were subjected appear to be reserved for political and religious offenders.

The architecture of the Japanese is rather peculiar. Owing to the physical condition of the country, and its liability to earthquakes, the houses are not remarkable for size or beauty. Private houses are never of any great height, a little exceeding forty feet being the utmost limit. They are built of wood, and, wherever possible, are only one story in height. They have a very ingenious mode of dividing their houses into rooms. Instead of using permanent walls for that purpose, they prefer folding screens made of wood and paper, so that they can alter at will the size and shape of the rooms.

The floors are covered with mats, which serve also as measurements. They are beautifully made of straw and rushes, are several inches in thickness, and by law obliged to be exactly of the same dimensions, i. e. one "kin," or seven feet four and a half inches in length, and half as much in breadth. The window frames are movable, and, instead of glass, are filled with oiled paper, mica, and the translucent shell of the great pearl oyster. The partitions of the houses and all the posts are curiously varnished and painted, and the Japanese, essentially a cleanly people, are very careful in keeping the interior of their houses in the best possible order. Like many Orientals, they always remove their sandals before entering a house, and no one even enters a shop without slipping off his shoes.

The roof is also of wood, and is generally composed of thick boards, which are kept in their places by wooden pegs, or by heavy stones laid upon them. The ends of the roof project considerably beyond the walls, so that they protect the doorways from the sun. On the roof of each house is kept a tub full of water, and near at hand is a broom, so that, in case of a fire, all the wooden roofs are at once drenched with water. The extremely inflammable nature of the materials renders this precaution needful; and, in addition, there are cisterns and tubs kept in the streets, together with tolerably effective fire-engines.

The furniture of the houses is on the same simple plan as the edifices themselves. A Japanese, no matter what his rank or wealth, has but little furniture. From the highest Daimio to the ordinary workman, the furniture of the houses is much the same. The room is bare, and floored by mats; a few shelves hold some cups and saucers, and there are generally several small trays on stands. This, with a few coverlids and a small pillow, made of wood and having a padding on the top, constitutes the furniture of the living-room. As to the kitchen, one or two small movable stoves, a few pans of metal, and some brooms, are all that are needed.

The Japanese cannot in the least understand why their Western visitors should encumber themselves with such quantities of furniture, which, to them, are not only useless, but absolutely in their way. They need neither tables, chairs, sideboards, nor bedsteads, and care nothing for large and handsome rooms.

Some years ago, when preparations were made for the reception of a British Consul in Hakodadi, it was almost impossible to find any place that could accommodate him. However, after much trouble, a locality was found. After the arrangements had been made, the Japanese Governor rose, took Sir R. Alcock by the hand, and led him through a corridor to a little room, or rather closet, nine feet by six, and quietly remarked that in that room his successor would be installed.

Sir R. Alcock has some very pertinent remarks on this subject: "As we slowly wended our way through the streets, I had full opportunity of observing the absence of all the things we deem so essential to comfort, and which crowd our rooms almost to the exclusion, and certainly to the great inconvenience, of the people who are intended to occupy them, as well as to the detriment of the proprietor's purse.

"If European joints could only be made supple enough to enable their owners to dispense with sofas and chairs, and, *par consequent*, with tables; and we were hardy enough to lie on straw mats, six feet by three, stuffed with fine straw, and beautifully made with a silk border, so as to form a sort of

reticulated carpet for rooms of any size; the solution of that much-debated question, the possibility of marrying on 400*l.* a year, might certainly be predicted with something like unanimity in favor of matrimony. The upholsterer's bill can never offer any impediment to a young couple in Japan.

"Their future house is taken, containing generally three or four little rooms, in which clean mats are put. Each then brings to the housekeeping a cotton stuffed quilt, and a box of wearing apparel for their own personal use; a pan to cook the rice, half-a-dozen larger cups and trays to eat off, a large tub to bathe and wash in are added, on the general account: and these complete the establishment."

Such being the simplicity of the house and furniture, it is evident that loss by fire—an event by no means uncommon—is not nearly so severe as is the case with us. The Japanese have, however, a very sincere dread of fire, and at the end of every principal street there is an elevated station, furnished with a bell, by means of which information can be given as to the part of the city in which the fire rages, so that all can go to assist in extinguishing it. Fires are of almost daily occurrence, and whole streets are levelled at a time. The Japanese take these fires as a matter of course, and look on the destruction of an entire quarter with characteristic equanimity. Indeed, they calculate that, taking one part with another, Yeddo is burned down once in every seven years; and so they build their houses with the least possible expense, considering them to be sooner or later food for fire.

Of the amusements of the Japanese only a very short account can be given. First among them must be placed the calm and contemplative amusement of the pipe, in which the Japanese indulge largely. The pipe which they use is very small, the bowl being scarcely large enough to contain a moderately sized pea. The tobacco is very mild, something like Turkish tobacco, and it is smoked by drawing the vapor into the lungs, so that the whole of the tobacco is consumed at one inhalation. The ashes are then turned out of the pipe, which is replaced in its case, and the smoke is leisurely exhaled. A Japanese will smoke thirty or forty such pipes in a morning.

Games for children are almost identical with those used in England: the ball, the shuttlecock, the stilt, the kite, and the hoop, being all common toys. As for adults, they have dice, the theatre, the wrestling matches. The dice are prohibited by law, and therefore they are made so minute as to be easily concealed. A pair of dice and their box are so small that they can be concealed between the tips of two fingers, the dice being barely the tenth of an inch in diameter, and the box just large enough to hold them.

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performances. The wrestlers are the strangest imaginable beings, being fattened to the last possible degree, so that they seem incapable of any feats of activity. Yet one of these elephantine men took in his arms a sack of rice weighing a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and turned repeated somersaults with as much ease as any light and unencumbered gymnast could do. The wrestlers are kept by the Daimios, who are very proud of them, and fond of exhibiting their powers. Each wrestler is supplied with several attendants, and clad in magnificent garments, the privilege of wearing two swords being also accorded to them. When they perform, all their robes are removed, leaving them in the wrestler's garb, a fringed apron, embroidered with the cognizance of their patron.

In wrestling, they try, not only to throw their antagonist, but to push him out of the arena, a man who is forced beyond the boundary being held as vanquished. One of these encounters is vividly described by an American traveller.

"They were, in fact, like a pair of fierce bulls, whose nature they had not only acquired, but even their look and movements. As they continued to eye each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing as it were with impatience, and then, stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of the earth, and flung it with an angry toss over their backs, or rubbed it impatiently between their massive palms, or under their stalwart shoulders. They now crouched down low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon one another, and watching each movement, when, in a moment, they had both simultaneously heaved their massive frames in opposing force, body to body, with a shock that might have stunned an ox.

"The equilibrium of their monstrous persons was hardly disturbed by the encounter, the effect of which was barely visible in the quiver of the hanging flesh of their bodies. As they came together, they had flung their brawny arms about each other, and were now entwined in a desperate struggle, with all their strength, to throw their antagonist. Their great muscles rose with the distinct outline of the sculptured form of a colossal Hercules, their bloated faces swelled up with gushes of red blood, which seemed almost to burst through the skin, and their bodies palpitated with savage emotion as the struggle continued. At last one of the antagonists fell with his immense weight upon the ground, and, being declared vanquished, he was assisted to his feet and conducted out of the ring."

The theatres much resemble those of the Chinese, the building being a mere temporary shed, and the parts of the women taken by young lads. The plays last for some two hours, and the Japanese have a very odd plan of arranging them. Suppose that five plays

are to be acted in a day: the performers go through the first act of the first play, then the first act of the second play, and so on, until they have taken in succession the first act of every play. They then take the second act of each play, and so on until the whole is concluded. The object of this custom is, to enable spectators to see one act, go away, and come again in time for the next act. Often, however, the spectators remain throughout the entire day, and in that case refreshments are openly consumed. It is also thought correct for ladies to change their dress as often as possible during the day, so that there is as much change of costume in front of the stage as upon it. In these plays there is generally a considerable amount of love-making, and a still greater amount of fighting, the "terrific combat" being an acknowledged essential of the Japanese stage.

Perhaps the most characteristic and most perplexing institution of Japan is that of the Tea-house. In many points the whole tone of thought differs so much in Japan from anything that we Westerners have learned, that it is scarcely possible for two so diverse people to judge each other fairly. We have already seen that nudity conveys no ideas of indecency to a Japanese, the people having been accustomed to it from infancy, and thinking no more of it than do infants. In the tea-houses we find a state of things which in Europe would be, and rightly, stigmatized as national immorality: in Japan it is taken as a matter of course. These tea-houses are situated in the most picturesque spots, and are furnished with every luxury. The extraordinary part of them is, that the attendants are young women, who are sold for a term of years to a life of vice. They are purchased by the proprietors of the tea-houses, and instructed in various accomplishments, so as to make them agreeable companions. No sort of infamy attaches to them, men of high rank taking their wives and families to the tea-houses, so that they may benefit by the many accomplishments of the attendants.

When the term of servitude is over, the girls retire from their business, and may re-enter their families without losing the regard of their relatives. Many enter a Buddhist order of mendicant nuns, but the greater number find husbands. It is one of the most startling characteristics of this strange people that institutions such as this should exist, and yet that female virtue should be so highly valued. No sooner does one of these girls marry, than she is supposed to begin her life afresh, and, no matter what may have been their previous lives, no wives are more faithful than those of the Japanese. The only resting-point in this mass of contradiction is, that, though the girls incur no shame for the course of life into which they have been sold, the keepers of the tea-houses

are looked upon as utterly infamous, and no one of respectability will associate with them.

That the men should resort to such places is no matter of surprise, but that they should be accompanied by their wives is rather remarkable.

Sometimes the husbands prefer to go without their wives, and in that case the ladies are apt to resent the neglect. The accompanying illustration is copied from a Japanese book in my collection, and is a good example of the humorous power which a Japanese artist can put into his work. The engraving tells its own story. Two husbands are going off together, and are caught by their wives. The different expressions thrown into the faces and action of the tenants are admirably given,—the surprise and horror of the one, who has evidently allowed his wife to be ruler in the house, and the dogged determination of the other to get away, are rendered with such force that no European artist could surpass the effect.

a square bowl closed by a lid. The bowl contains India ink, and into the hollow stem the pen is passed. When not in use the pen is slipped into the stem, and the lid is closed and kept down by twisting over it the string which hangs from the end of the case, and which is decorated with a ball of agate.

One reason for the excellence of Japanese art is, that the artists, instead of copying from each other, invariably go to nature for their models. They have teachers just as we do, but the great object of these professors is to teach their pupils how to produce the greatest effect with the fewest lines. Book after book may be seen entirely filled with studies for the guidance of the young artists, in which the master has depicted various scenes with as few lines as possible. One of these books is entirely filled with studies of falling rain, and, monotonous as the subject may seem, no two drawings are in the least alike, and a separate and forcible character is given to each sketch. An-



CAPTURE OF THE TRUANTS.

We cannot take leave of this remarkable people without a few remarks upon the state of art among them. The Japanese are evidently an art-loving people. Fond as they are of the grotesque in art, they are capable of appreciating its highest qualities; and, indeed, a Japanese workman can scarcely make any article of ordinary use without producing some agreeable combination of lines in color.

Even the pen, or rather the brush, with which they write is enclosed in an ingenious and decidedly artistic case. The case is made of bronze, and consists of a hollow stem and

other book has nothing but outlines of landscape scenery, while some are entirely filled with grass-blades, some bending in the wind, others beaten down by rain, and others flourishing boldly upright. The bamboo is another favorite subject; and so highly do the Japanese prize the skill displayed by a master, that they will often purchase at a high price a piece of paper with nothing on it but a few strokes of the brush, the harmony of the composition and the balance of the different lines of beauty being thoroughly appreciated by an artistic eye.

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of nature, they are marvellously apt at expressing attitude, whether of man, beast, or bird. They never have any difficulty in disposing of the arms of their figures, and, no matter what may be the action, there is always an ease about it which betrays the artist's hand even in the rudest figures. Among living objects the crane appears to be the special favorite of the Japanese, its popularity being shared, though not equalled, by the stork and the heron.

These birds are protected both by law and popular opinion, and in consequence are so tame that the native artists have abundant opportunities of studying their attitudes, which they do with a patient love for the subject that is almost beyond praise. No figure is so frequently introduced in Japanese art as the crane, and so thoroughly is the bird understood, that it is scarcely possible to find in all the figures of cranes, whether cast in bronze, drawn on paper, or embossed and painted on articles of furniture, two specimens in which the attitude is exactly the same. With us, even the professional animal painters are apt to take a sketch or two, and copy them over and over again, often repeating errors as well as excellences, while the Japanese artist has too genuine a love for his subject to descend to any such course. Day by day he studies his living models, fills his book with sketches taken rapidly, but truly, and so has always at hand a supply of genuine and original attitudes. In order to show how admirably the Japanese artist can represent the crane, I have introduced below drawings of some beautiful specimens in Sir Hope Grant's collection.

The reader cannot fail to perceive the consummate knowledge of the bird which is displayed in these figures, while the perfection of the work and the delicate finish of the detail are almost beyond praise. Nothing can be more true to nature than the three attitudes there shown. In one case, the bird stands upright and contemplative on one leg, after the manner of its kind. In the second instance, the bird is standing on a tortoise, and, as the neck is thrown into action, both legs are used for support. Then, in the flying bird, whose body serves as a censer, the attitude of the outspread wings and outstretched legs is just as true to nature as the others, all the attitudes having been undoubtedly taken from nature.

The porcelain of the Japanese is singularly beautiful, and sometimes is adorned with ornaments which may be reckoned under the head of "conceits." For instance, a cup will be adorned with a representation of pleasure boats on the river. With a needle the tiny windows of the boats can be raised, when a party of ladies and gentlemen drinking tea are discovered inside the boat. Sometimes a little tortoise may be seen reposing quietly at the bottom of the cup, until the hot tea is poured into it, when the creature rises to the surface, shaking its head and kicking with its legs as if in pain from the hot liquid.

In Japanese pictures certain curious figures may be seen, looking as if human beings had been wrapped in a bundle of rushes. This strange costume is the snow-cloak of the ordinary Japanese. For mere rain the Japanese generally wear a sort of overcoat made of oiled paper, very thin,



CANDLESTICK AND CENSERS. (From Sir Hope Grant's Collection.)

nearly transparent, and very efficient, though it is easily torn. But when a snow-storm comes on, the Japanese endues another garment, which is made in a way equally simple and effective.

A sort of skeleton is made of network, the meshes being about two inches in diameter. Upon each point of the mesh is tied a bunch of vegetable fibre, like very fine grass, the bundles being about as thick as an ordinary pencil where they are tied, and spreading toward the ends. The garment thus made is exceedingly light, and answers its purpose in the most admirable manner. The bunches of fibres overlapping each other like the tiles of a house, keep the snow far from the body, while any snow that may melt simply runs along the fibres and drops to the ground. To wet this snow cloak through is almost impossible, even the jet of a garden engine having little effect upon it except when quite close, while no amount of snow would be able to force a drop of water through the loose texture of the material.

The Japanese silks have long been celebrated, but there is one kind of which scarcely anything is known in England. During Lord Elgin's mission to Japan, a number of rolls of silk were presented to the members of the embassy. They were all in strips about three yards long and one wide, so that they seemed to be useless. They happened, however, to be exceedingly valuable; in fact, absolutely priceless, as no money could buy them. They were made by exiled nobles, who were punished by being sent to the island of Fatsizio, where they spend their time in making these peculiar silks. No one below a certain rank is allowed to wear the silk which has been woven by noble fingers, or even to have the fabric in the house, and in consequence not a piece ever even found its way to the shops.

The subject of Japanese art is most interesting, but we must now close our notice, and proceed to the next people on our list.

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CHAPTER CLVIII.

SIAM.

GOVERNMENT — DRESS — RELIGION.

DUPLEX GOVERNMENT — PERSONAL CHARACTER OF THE KING — THE LATE FIRST KING AND HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS — APPEARANCE OF THE SIAMESE — THE MODE OF ARRANGING THE HAIR — DRESS OF BOTH SEXES — CEREMONIES IN SIAM — AUDIENCE OF A NOBLE — ACTORS AND THEIR COSTUMES — AN ACTRESS IN ROYAL ROBES — THE ARISTOCRATIC ELBOW — PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CRIME — SYSTEM OF PUNISHMENT — RELIGION OF SIAM — THE WHITE ELEPHANT, AND REASON OF THE HONORS THAT ARE PAID TO IT — HAIRS OF THE TAIL — ARCHITECTURE OF SIAM — THE FUNERAL PILE.

IN the empire of SIAM, and its dependent kingdoms, Laos and Cambodia, we find the principle of the duplex rule which we have already seen existing in Japan, though in these cases the distinction between the two kings is merely one of dignity, and has nothing to do with the secular and spiritual element, as in Japan. In Siam, the two kings are mostly near relations, and often brothers; and sometimes, though by no means as a rule, the Second King becomes First King on the death of his superior. Practically, the whole of the royal power is vested in the first King, the secondary ruler being, although enjoying royal rank, nothing more than the first subject in the land.

In China and Japan, the personal character of the king seems to exercise but little influence over the people. This is not the case with Siam, in which country the influence of the king pervades the whole of the realm, and is of infinite importance for good or evil. The Siamese have been very fortunate in the king who lately held the First Throne. As is the custom with the Siamese kings, he spent a series of years in a Buddhist monastery, secluding himself from all society, even from that of his own children. During twenty-seven years he devoted himself to the studies which he thought would fit him for his future office; and when he mounted the throne in 1851, being then about forty-seven years of age, he astonished every one by his learning. He had made himself master of the history and geography of his own country; he was good

enough astronomer to calculate eclipses, and determine the latitude and longitude of a place. He could speak and write English so well, that he was a valued contributor to the scientific journals of Hong Kong, and, on account of his writings, was elected a member of the Asiatic Society. He was a fair Latin and French scholar, was thoroughly acquainted with all the various dialects of Siam and Indo-China, and was also learned in Sanscrit, a language of which he was very fond.

He was always desirous of attracting to him any English people who could give him instruction, and showed his preference for Great Britain by invariably wearing a Glengary cap, except on occasions of ceremony, when he had to wear the heavy national crown; and, strange to say, to judge from several photographic portraits of the King in various costumes, the Glengary cap suits his countenance better than any other head-dress. The full Siamese name of the King was Phra Chomklau chau yu hua; but the Sanscrit form, which he always used, was Somdet Phra Paramendra Maha Mongkut. He generally signed his name as S. P. P. M. Mongkut. His name before he came to the throne was Chau Fa Yai. The death of this wise ruler and accomplished gentleman was a very severe loss to Siam, and was felt even among the scientific societies of Europe.

A portrait of this remarkable man is given on the 1469th page, dressed in the costume which he usually wore. The Glengary cap gives a curiously Europeanized

look to his face; but as, contrary to the habit of the bare-headed Siamese, he constantly wore it, he is drawn with it upon his head. I possess portraits of him in several dresses, but that which he generally wore is selected as being the most characteristic of the man.

His brother, Chau Fa Noi, was by universal consent made the Second King, or Wanhua. When he received the crown, he took the name of Somdetch Piu Kiau Chau yu hua. The choice was in both cases an excellent one, the brothers resembling each other in their love of literature, and their anxiety to promote the welfare of their people by the arts of peace, and not of war.

We will now turn to the general appearance of the Siamese.

They are rather small, but well proportioned, and their color is a warm olive. The hair of the men is shaved, except a tuft upon the top of the head, which is kept rather short; and the hair being black and coarse, the tuft looks as if a short brush had been stuck on the head. According to Siamese ideas, the tuft resembles the closed lotus flower. This tuft is held in the highest esteem; and for any one even to give indications of approaching the head-tuft of a great man, is considered either as a deadly insult or a mark of utter ignorance of manners. When a young Siamese comes of age, the head-tuft is shaved with great ceremonies, the relations being called together, priests being invited to recite prayers and wash the head of the young man, and all the family resources being drawn upon for the feast. The exact moment of the shaving is announced by a musket shot. After the tuft is removed, the lad is sent to the pagodas to be taught by the priests, and many of them never leave these quiet retreats, but enter the ranks of the regular priesthood.

Even the women wear the hair-tuft, but in their case the hair is allowed to grow to a greater length, and is carefully oiled and tended. The woman's head-tuft is said to represent the lotus flower opened. The head is seldom covered, the cap worn by King S. Phra Mongkut being quite an exceptional instance. As for clothing, the Siamese care but little for it, though the great people wear the most costly robes on state occasions. But even the highest mandarins content themselves during the warmer months of the year with the single garment called the Pa-nung. This is a wide strip of strong Indian chintz, generally having a pattern of stars upon a ground of dark blue, green, red or chocolate. When worn, "the Siamese place the middle of this, when opened, to the small of the back, bringing the two ends round the body before, and the upper edges, being twisted together, are tucked in between the body and the cloth. The part hanging is folded in large plaits, passed between the legs, and tucked in be-

hind as before." (See Bowring's "Kingdom and People of Siam.")

Sometimes the men have a white cloth hanging loosely over their shoulders, and occasionally throw it over their heads. When walking in the open air, a broad palm-leaf hat is used to keep off the sunbeams, and is worn by both sexes alike.

There is very little difference in the dress of the sexes. When very young, girls wear a light and airy costume of turmeric powder, which gives them a rich yellow hue, and imparts its color to everything with which they come in contact. Up to the age of ten or eleven, they generally wear a slight gold or silver string round the waist, from the centre of which depends a heart-shaped piece of the same metal, and, when they reach adult years, they assume the regular woman's dress. This consists of the chintz or figured silk wrapper, which, however, falls little below the knees, and a piece of lighter stuff thrown over one shoulder and under the other. This latter article of dress is, however, of little importance, and, even when used, it often falls off the shoulder, and is not replaced. Even the Queen of Siam, when in state dress, wears nothing but these two garments. As a rule, the feet are bare, embroidered slippers being only occasionally used by great people.

The appearance of the king in his royal robes may be seen from the portrait of a celebrated actress on the next page. In Siam, as in China, the actors are dressed in the most magnificent style, and wear costumes made on the pattern of those worn by royalty. To all appearance, they are quite as splendid as the real dresses, for gilding can be made to look quite as well as solid gold, and sham jewels can be made larger and more gorgeous than real gems. The reader will notice that upon the fingers the actress wears inordinately long nail-preservers, which are considered as indicating that the nails beneath are of a proportionate length.

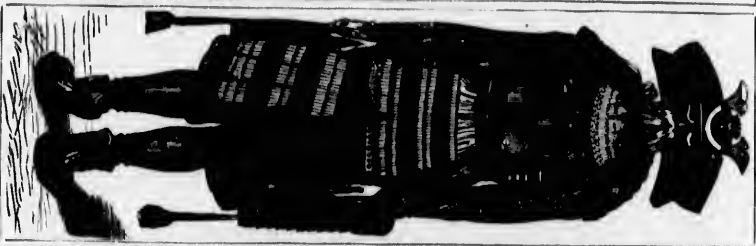
The actors in the king's theatre are all his own women, of whom he has some six or seven hundred, together with an average of five attendants to each woman. No male is allowed to enter this department of the palace, which is presided over by ladies chosen from the noblest families in the land. These plays are all in dumb show, accompanied by music, which in Siam is of a much sweeter character than is usual in that part of the world. Besides the chief actors, at least a hundred attendants assist in the play, all being magnificently attired. The play is continued *ad infinitum*. When any of the spectators become wearied, they retire for a while, and then return, and it is thought a compliment to the principal guest to ask him the hour at which he would like the play to be stopped.

The veritable crown is shaped much like the mock ornaments of the actress. The

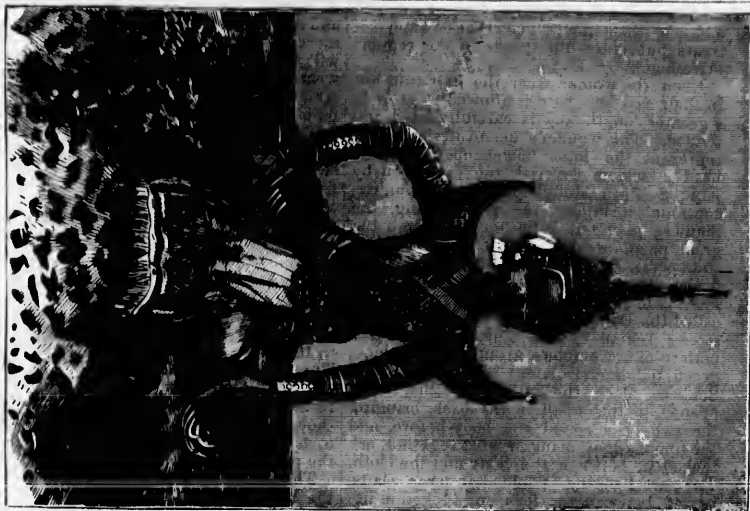
KING OF SIAM. (See page 1467.)



ARMOR. (See page 1469.)



ACTRESS. (See page 1468.)



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King brought for the inspection of Sir J. Bowring the crown used at his coronation. It is very heavy, weighing about four pounds, and is of enormous value, being covered with valuable diamonds, that which terminates the peak being of very great size and splendor. The King also exhibited the sword of state, with its golden scabbard covered with jewels. When the sword is drawn, it is seen to be double, one blade being inserted into the other, as into a second sheath. The inner blade is of steel, and the outer of a softer metal. The handle is of wood, and, like the sheath, is profusely adorned with jewels.

The Siamese are among the most ceremonious people, and in this respect equal, even if they do not surpass, the Chinese and Japanese. Their very language is a series of forms, by which persons of different rank address each other; and, although there may be no distinction of dress between a nobleman and a peasant, the difference of rank is marked far more strongly than could be done by mere dress. It is an essential point of etiquette, for example, that the person of inferior rank should always keep his head below that of his superior.

Should a man of low degree meet a nobleman, the former will stoop at the distance of thirty or forty yards, sink on his knees as his superior approaches, and finally prostrate himself on his face. Should he wish to present anything to his superior, he must do so by pushing it along the ground, and, indeed, must carry out in appearance the formal mode of address in which he likens himself to a worm. Just as the peasants grovel before the nobles, so do the nobles before the king; and if either of them has a petition to offer, he must put it in a jar, and so crawl and push it along the ground as humbly as if he were a mere peasant. Siamese artists are fond of depicting the various modes of approaching a superior, and never forget to indicate the great man by two points. In the first place, he sits erect, while the others crouch; and, in the second, he leans on his left arm, and bends the left elbow inward. This most strange and ungraceful attitude is a mark of high birth and breeding, the children of both sexes being trained to reverse the elbow-joint at a very early age.

As may be expected from the progress of civilization, the Siamese have a tolerably complete code of laws, which are administered by regularly appointed officers. The laws are rather severe, though not much more so than were our own a century ago. Murder, for example, is punished with death; and in every case of murder or suicide, the houses within a circle of eighty yards from the spot on which the crime was committed are considered responsible, and fined heavily. This curious law forces the people to be very

cautious with regard to quarrels, and to check them before the two antagonists become sufficiently irritated to seek each other's life. This respect for human life contrasts strongly with the utter indifference with which it is regarded in China and Japan.

Nobles of very high rank are exempt from capital punishment in one way, *i. e.* their blood may not be shed; but, if guilty of a capital offence, they are put into sacks, and beaten to death with clubs made of sandal wood. Some punishments are meant to inflict ignominy. Such, for example, is that of a bonze, or priest, who is detected in breaking his vow of chastity. He is taken to a public place, stripped of his sacred yellow robe, flogged until the blood streams down his back, and then kept in the king's stables for the rest of his life, employed in cutting grass for the elephants.

Another similar punishment is inflicted on laymen. A cangue is fastened round his neck, his hands and wrists are chained, and he is taken round the city, preceded by drums and cymbals. The worst part of the punishment is, that he is compelled to proclaim his crime aloud as he passes through the streets; and if he ceases to do so, or drops his voice, he is beaten severely with the flat of a sword. Prisoners are mostly employed on public works, and at night they are all fastened together with one long chain.

Of the religion of the Siamese it is impossible to treat, because Buddhism is far too wide and intricate a subject to be discussed in a few pages. There is, however, one modification of this religion which must be mentioned; namely, the divine honors paid to the White Elephant.

By the Siamese, these animals are thought to be the incarnations of some future Buddha, and are accordingly viewed with the deepest respect. The fortunate man who captures a white elephant sends the news to the capital, and in return for the auspicious news is thenceforth freed, with his posterity, from all taxation and liability to military service. A road is cut through the forest, and a magnificent raft is built on the Meinam River, for the reception of the sacred animal. When the elephant reaches the raft, he is taken on board under a splendid canopy, and kept in good temper by gifts of cakes and sweetmeats. Meanwhile, a noble of the highest rank, sometimes even the First King himself, goes in a state barge to meet the elephant, accompanied by a host of boats with flags and music, and escorts the sacred animal to the capital, each boat trying to attach a rope to the raft. When arrived, the animal is taken to the palace, when he receives some lofty title, and is then led to the magnificent house prepared for him, where, to the end of his life, he is petted and pampered and has everything his own way, the king himself deeming it an honor if the sacred beast will condescend to feed out of his hand. On the

head of the elephant is placed a royal crown, his tusks are encircled with precious rings, and a royal umbrella is carried over him when he goes to bathe.

When the animal dies, the hairs of the tail are reserved as relics of a divine incarnation, and the body is buried with royal honors. The hairs of the tail are set in golden handles, profusely adorned with precious stones; and the reader may possibly remember that the First King, Somdetch Phra Mongkut, sent one of these tufts to Queen Victoria, as a priceless proof of the estimation in which he held her. The King also gave the ambassador, Sir J. Bowring, a few hairs from the tail, as a gift about equal to that of the Garter in England, and when, to the great grief of the nation, the elephant died in 1855, the King sent Sir J. Bowring, as a further mark of his favor, a small piece of the skin preserved in spirits of wine.

The color of the elephant is not really white, but a sort of pale, brick-dust red. Albino animals of all kinds are venerated by the Siamese, the white monkey being in rank next to the white elephant. This veneration is so marked that a talapoin—a sort of preaching fakir—who will not condescend to salute the King himself, bows humbly if he should see even a white cock, much more a white monkey.

The architecture of Siam deserves a brief notice. It possesses some of the characteristics of Chinese, Japanese, and Burmese, but has an aspect that belongs peculiarly to itself. Ordinary houses are of comparatively small dimensions, but the temples are often of enormous size, and in their way are exceedingly beautiful. They are full of lofty and gabled roofs, five or six of which often rise above each other, in fantastic beauty, so as to lead the eye upward to the central tower. This is always a sort of spire or pinnacle, which is made of a succession of stories, and is terminated by the slender emblem of sovereignty, namely, an ornament that looks like a series of spread umbrellas placed over each other, and become less and less as they approach the summit. The whole of the tower is profusely adorned with grotesque

statues in strange attitudes, and there is scarcely a square foot which is undecorated in some way or other.

The palaces are built on much the same model, and their gates are often guarded by gigantic figures carved in stone. At the door of the Hall of Audience at Bangkok are two figures made of granite. They are sixty feet in height, and represent men with the tails of fish projecting from the spine. In fact, they are almost exact reproductions of the Assyrian Dagon, as it is represented on the Nineveh sculptures.

The funeral pile on (or rather in) which is burned the body of a king or any of the royal family, is built on the same principle as the temples, and is in fact a temple, though made of combustible materials. There is before me a photograph of the funeral pile which was made for the body of the First King's son, and another of a pile erected for the purpose of consuming the body of his wife. They are very similar in appearance, being temples made of wood and canvas, covered with gilt paper. They are about a hundred and twenty feet in height, and on the photograph, where the nature of the material is not shown, look like magnificent specimens of Siamese architecture.

The central spire, terminated with its royal emblem, rises in the centre, and round it are clustered gables, roofs, pinnacles, and pillars, in bewildering profusion.

The door is guarded by two gigantic statues, and the body lies in the centre of the building, hidden by curtains. On account of the flimsiness of the materials, to all the pinnacles are attached slight ropes, which are fastened firmly to the ground, so that they act like the "stays" of a ship's mast. Inflammable as are the wood, paper, and canvas of which the edifice is made, they are rendered still more so by being saturated with oil, tar, and similarly combustible substances. Vast, therefore, as is the building, a very short time suffices to consume it, and the intense heat reduces the corpse to a mere heap of ashes, which are gathered together, and solemnly placed in the temple dedicated to that purpose.

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CHAPTER CLIX.

ANCIENT EUROPE.

THE SWISS LAKE-DWELLERS.

DISCOVERY OF THE DWELLINGS AND RELICS—MODE OF BUILDING THE HOUSES—POPULATION OF THE LAKES—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE RELICS.

MANY of my readers may be aware of the remarkable discovery that was made in 1853-4, showing that even in Europe there lived, at one time, a race of men having exactly the same habits as the swamp-dwellers of New Guinea, or the lake-dwellers of Maracaibo on the Amazon. During the winter months of those two years, the weather in Switzerland was very dry and very cold, so that the rivers did not receive their usual supplies of water. Consequently, the water in the lakes fell far below its usual level, and this disclosed the remarkable fact that in those lakes had once been assemblages of human habitations, built upon piles driven into the bed of the lake.

These houses, appropriately called "Pfahlbauten," or Pile-buildings, were, as their name implies, built upon piles; and it is a most interesting fact, that not only have the piles been discovered, on which the houses were built, but also fragments of the walls of those houses; many specimens of the weapons and implements of the inhabitants, their ornaments, and even their food, have been brought to light, after having been buried for centuries beneath the water.

The resemblance, not to say the identity, between many articles found under the waters of the Swiss lakes and those which are still used by savage tribes of the Western hemisphere is absolutely startling; and not the least remarkable point about the relics which have just been discovered is, that several of them are identical with inventions which we fondly deem to be modern.

The chief part of these lake-dwellings was constructed during the Stone period, *i. e.* a period when axes, spear-heads, etc., were made of stone, the use of fire being unknown. This is proved by the quantity

of stone weapons and implements which have been found in the lakes. That various improvements have been made in the architecture is also shown by the difference in details of construction.

From the relics that have been discovered, it is easy to see what these lake-dwellings must have been. They were built on a scaffolding made of piles driven into the bed of the lake, and connected with cross-beams, so as to make the foundation for a platform. Upon this platform the huts themselves were built. They were mostly circular, and the walls were made of wattle, rendered weather-tight by the clay which could be obtained in any quantity from the bed of the lake.

The reason for building these edifices is analogous to the feeling which induces military engineers to surround their forts with moats filled with water. In those primitive times, man waged an unequal war against the wild animals, such as the bear, the wolf, and the boar, and in consequence, these lacustrine habitations proved to be strongholds which such enemies could not assault. It is natural, also, that persons thus threatened should congregate together, and in consequence we find that in one lake alone, that of Neufchâtel, a population of some five thousand had congregated.

A vast number of relics of this bygone age have been recovered from the lakes, and are of absorbing interest to the anthropologist. In the first place, the original piles have been discovered, still standing, and several have been drawn, in order to ascertain the depth to which they were driven. Portions of the wattled walls of the huts have also been found, together with great numbers of stone implements, denoting a very early age. Great quantities

of pottery have also been found, the crescent being a favorite ornament, and several utensils of a crescentic shape having been discovered.

Then, as time went on, men improved upon their earlier works, and took to metal instead of stone, as examples of which may be mentioned the wonderful series of metallic objects that have been found in the lakes. There are axes, spears and arrow-heads, necklaces, bracelets, and hair-pins, and — most remarkable — there is the very article that was patented some years since as the "Safety Pin" for nurseries.

As to the food which these people ate, we have abundant evidence in the way of bones

belonging to various animals, and — strangest of all — specimens of bread have been discovered. As may be supposed, the bread in question was of the coarsest possible character, the grains of corn being roasted, slightly ground, and then pressed into lumps, which may by courtesy be termed cakes. Even fruits have been found ready cut and prepared for consumption, the apple being the most plentiful of these fruits. Seeds of different fruits, such as the plum, the raspberry, and the blackberry, have been found, together with the shells of hazel and beech-nuts, showing that all these different fruits were used for food in the olden times now so long passed away.

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