

Confucius might have been a great man, he did not exercise an influence which, in the words of a previous speaker, "authors of other religions might envy," because his philosophy had produced the absolute stagnation of upwards of 260 millions of people. The characteristics of those people appeared to be stereotyped, and perhaps it was fortunate for the rest of the world that such was the case; for what would happen if those inhabiting China were endowed with the same spirit of ambition and progress as the 36 millions of the British Islands, the inhabitants of which ruled over 300 millions in other parts of the world, and gradually introduced among them the influences of European civilisation?

*A Journey from Mossamedes to the River Cunéné, S.W. Africa.*

By the Earl of MAYO.

(Read at the Evening Meeting, June 11th, 1883.)

Map, p. 50t.

I LEFT Liverpool in s.s. *Benguella* on the 27th of June, 1882. Mr. H. H. Johnston was with me, and my servant, Paul Kelly. We arrived at St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on June 9th, and found we were too late to catch the Portuguese steamer going south to Mossamedes; but through the kindness of the Admiralty at home, I was enabled to get a passage in H.M.S. *Rambler*, and on June 22nd we dropped anchor in Little Fish Bay, off Mossamedes. Mossamedes is a pretty little town, built of white stone, on the shores of the bay, with an esplanade of palm-trees running along in front of the houses. The country to the east and south is a complete desert. We found that waggons had come down to meet the Portuguese steamer that had arrived here from Lisbon on the 8th, but had again gone up the country; so here we were, stranded on the coast, with no possible means of reaching, except by walking, the new Boer settlement Humpata, which I intended to make my *piéd-à-terre*. That very afternoon I despatched letters to Humpata to three people there, entreating them to send down waggons to take us into the interior, with our goods and baggage.

While waiting for our means of starting into the interior we made a little trip to the river Bero, lying north of Mossamedes, the valley of which is most fertile, supplying Mossamedes with fruit and vegetables, cotton, Indian corn, bananas, sugar-cane, cassada, oranges, &c. We only stayed one night in the valley of Bero, where we were most hospitably entertained at a Portuguese fazenda.

After this, as there was no chance of the waggons coming down yet a while, we decided to make a journey to the river Coroca, which lies south of Mossamedes, the route being along the coast. Accordingly, having borrowed a small bullock-cart and hired six oxen, on the 27th June, at a quarter past two in the afternoon, we started.

Turning our backs on the little town of Mossamedes, we crossed the level tract of desert, and ascending the high ground reached an open plateau. The route then lay across a dry stony tract, and the course was nearly due south. One first crosses a plain covered with prickly euphorbia of stunted growth, and further on, as it becomes more arid and more desolate, quantities of that extraordinary plant, the *Welwitschia*, are seen, and a few tufts of scorched grass. During the march there were no animals noticed; perhaps a black and white crow or a lark might flit across the track; all else was desolation.

We travelled all night, walking, and riding by turns in the little bullock-cart, which jolted one's bones most dreadfully, and the morning of the 28th June still found us plodding over the desert. Before the sun rose, the whole landscape was enveloped in *cacimbo* or mist, which is so peculiar to these latitudes. The mountains of the Serra de Chella might be seen far away in the east.

The route on the 28th was diversified by crossing a few dry water-courses, and the ground gradually fell until we entered a narrow gorge, which was desolate, sandy, and arid. About two o'clock in the day we came across the dry bed of a lagoon, a portion of which to the west of our route was filled with water, with a house on the far side; this was one of the farms on the river Coroca. The day ended by my going to one farm and my companion, Johnston, to another. We had been marching from half-past two one day until sunset the next—a terribly fatiguing journey, with little or no rest in the jolting cart.

No water is procurable on the route between Mossamedes and the Coroca for either man or beast, nor is any fodder to be obtained during the dry season. There is a shorter route closer to the sea-shore, but the sand is too heavy for waggons. The river Coroca, on which the farms are situated, rises in the spurs of the Serra de Chella, and here takes a sudden bend to the north, afterwards flowing nearly due west to the sea, which, in a straight line from the farm at which I stayed, is about 14 or 15 English statute miles. We used to get fresh fish brought up from the sea, at Porto Alexandre, by the Croque natives, for our breakfast.

There is a lagoon, lying east and west, about two miles in length, close to the fazenda São João do Sul. It has not been marked in any former maps, although it has been known to the Portuguese for centuries. Of course this lagoon, which is supplied by springs, and never dries up, plays a very important part in the cultivation of the Coroca farms. It is not the river Coroca itself which supplies the water to the farms, but the lagoon, for during the dry season the Coroca is simply a sandy bed, with no water visible. I fixed the position of the Fazenda São João do Sul, lat. 15° 54' S., long. 12° 4' E., on the right bank of the river Coroca, and find it agrees with Capello and Ivens. Except

around the lagoon, all is a desert. This is indeed a sandy and dry country. Herds of zebra are found some 15 miles away; while here I shot a springbok, ducks and teal on the lake, purple porphyrio and jacana, and I saw numbers of grey geese. We returned to Mossamedes by the same route, and scarcely half an hour's walk from Mossamedes I saw five springbok (*Gazella euchores*).

On July the 8th the three waggons I had been waiting for arrived from Capangombe, and on the 9th we started for Humpata, via Capangombe and the Sierra de Chella. The tribe that people this region, that is from Mossamedes to Capangombe, at the foot of the Sierra de Chella, are Mundombes. They have a language of their own, belonging to the Bantu family. They are not good or expert hunters, as some writers have described them. One could scarcely call a man a good hunter who uses nothing but a bow and an arrow, and generally misses his game. They are large cattle-keepers, and are the native porters who carry travellers' luggage as far as the top of the Sierra de Chella, above Capangombe.

We trekked from the river Bero, half a mile from Mossamedes, where the oxen were, at 5.30 A.M. on the 10th. The main road turns due east and ascends a sandy hilly veldt. There is no water until one reaches Giraul; then the oxen have to be driven nearly a mile and a half to the water. After leaving Giraul, there is an ascent by a well engineered winding road; one indeed might imagine oneself on one of the post roads on the Alps. The perpendicular faces of the high masses are covered with an efflorescence of almost pure sulphate of magnesia. This formation is succeeded by massive basalt. This narrow slip of basalt is followed by quartzose rock. This changes to quartzose granite, and in some places to fine-grained porphyry. At this time of the year but little vegetation was to be seen, and all the landscape had a burnt and cindery appearance. After the ascent from Giraul, one arrives at the second plateau. A large plain lies in front covered with granite boulders. The granite formation of this district is very peculiar.

The next stop is Pedra Grande, so called from a large peaked mound of solid granite. On the left-hand side of the road deep cavities in a massive rock hold water during most of the dry season, but at this time of the year there was not a drop, and a deserted, roofless house lent a ghastly appearance to the desolate scene.

In African travel it must be remembered that where there is no water one has to travel continuously, and the big waggon and tired oxen go lumbering and jolting along. We rested here and cooked some food in the deserted house, and then on again to Capangombe.

After leaving Pedra Grande, the road winds among rocky hills. More vegetation is met with, and a more mountainous country is passed; numbers of springbok were seen, some standing on their hind legs, cropping the short umbrella-shaped mimosa bushes. Pedra Provi-

dencia is passed, and in the cleft of a rock, on the right of the road, good fresh water is found, but it is so deep down and the aperture is so small that the oxen cannot get at it.

Our next stop is at the Munhino. In this district there are some few farms on each side of the road, and in fact we are in the land of cotton and cultivation. The vegetation that fringes the river Munhino, which during the dry season is simply a streamlet, is dense, and game is abundant. Koodoo (*Strepsiceros kudu*) and other antelopes are found. In the rainy season, elephants are sometimes seen.

At last, on July 13th, we reached Capangombe. There is a small Portuguese fort here, which is simply a barrack square surrounded by a wall; there is a store with little in it, and the Portuguese who keeps the store contracted to send our luggage by means of the Mundombes to the top of the mountain—a labour which we learned would take some seven days. The Serra de Chella now rose straight before us, and in the distance, nearly due east from the fort, we could see the gorge in the mountain up which winds the path.

I walked up to the top of the mountain and camped, in order to receive over the baggage as the Mundombes day by day toiled up with it. I may mention that Capangombe is an unhealthy place; the Boers who visit it as a rule get fever. My servant Kelly was very bad with it some six days. The thermometer at 3 P.M. at Capangombe stood at  $77\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  and at night  $49^{\circ}$  Fahr.

Erickson's Camp is the Boer name for the camping-place at the top of the Serra de Chella; I made its altitude 5400 feet above the sea; the thermometer marked  $71^{\circ}$  during day, and during the night  $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Fahr. This is the mean of different readings. I fixed the position of this place as in lat.  $15^{\circ} 8' S.$ , long.  $13^{\circ} 40' E.$  I passed a dull week here, being most of the time completely alone. The lowest reading registered while in South Africa was at this camp on July 27th, viz.  $31^{\circ}$ . There was a frosty rime on all the baggage piled round the little tent when I woke in the morning. I saw numbers of francolin partridge here.

I passed from Capangombe to the summit of the Chella three times. The views were truly splendid. After leaving my little camping-place, the winding rocky path discovers at a sharp turn the second plateau lying at one's feet and visible through the high bluffs that form the practicable gorge in the mountains. The little barrack square at Capangombe is easily discernible and the hot mist veiling the landscape lends distance to the outline of the hills and mountains stretching towards Pedra Grande. The path down is wet with a mountain stream in which water-cress grows in abundance, birds are chattering everywhere, before the morning sun has lighted up the gorge. The box tree is found at this high altitude, and also buttercups; and as one descends, a little waterfall, to the right of the path, tumbles over the rocks amidst long creepers and dense vegetation. Rubber gum of a poor description

is gathered in the little glen which is now reached. This valley is some two miles long and scarcely half a mile broad from cliff to cliff; about the centre of it is a small farmstead called Chella, where excellent bananas, and the best oranges in the province of Mossamedes are grown; they can be had for the asking.

Passing through this fertile spot I came upon a rocky path where a flock of pluto monkeys were seen scuttling away to the dense bush, and I very nearly stepped on an African cobra, which raised its hooded crest and hissed and glided away. On reaching the foot of the gorge one finds the farm of Bruque, where cotton is chiefly grown, after which a walk along the dusty waggon road through a forest of trees, and the wall of the barrack of Capangombe soon comes in sight.

The waggons that had brought us from Mossamedes remained at the foot of the mountains. The oxen were driven up to Humpata, and on July 27th appeared again with three other waggons. We reached Humpata from Erickson's Camp about 11 at night, the disselboom or pole of one of the waggons breaking *en route*, delaying us. The cost of bringing our goods from Mossamedes to Capangombe, all included, was 45*l*. No oxen died on this route as they very often do.

Humpata, the new Boer settlement, had been established some eighteen months when I arrived. The Boers, with their wives, children, and cattle, had trekked from Pretoria in the Transvaal, and took seven years' wandering to reach this place. They were already living in comfortable little thatched cottages, with stone and mud walls, and all were most kind, obliging, and hospitable. Taking them all round, a finer set of men I had rarely seen; without doubt, during that terrible seven years' journey it was a case of the survival of the fittest. The whole account, written by Mr. W. W. Jordan, is given from a Cape journal in my report on Ovampoland, now in this Society's Library. The little cottages at Humpata are scattered about on rolling downs. To the north mountains rise up, and to the south the ground gradually falls till near Huilla, which is on the second plateau. The temperature is the same nearly the whole year round, and a healthier place I cannot well imagine. Two streams water the many Boer farms lying around, and a cleverly constructed canal with many branches brings water within reach of all the cottages and gardens.

On July 31st we left Humpata for the river Cunéné. The first thing that happened was that one of the waggons stuck in a muddy irrigation channel just outside Humpata; we had to dig it out. We reached Huilla the next day. It is a Portuguese military station situated in a fertile valley with a muddy and deep stream running down it; the position is fixed by Dufour in 15° 2' 4" S. lat. This is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Mission, and here I had the pleasure of meeting Père Duparquet, who has given to the world so much information on the river Okavango and the tribes of Ovampoland. The Mission at

Huilla is flourishing; they are building a college for pupils from St. Paul de Loanda, and Huilla is a healthy and pleasant place to reside in. The tribes that inhabit the country around Humpata, Huilla, and three days east of Huilla, Jau, Quita, and Hahé, are Munhanecas and Quipongos. They are great robbers, and speak a dialect belonging to the Bantu family. They are cultivators, tilling the soil in common; they keep some cattle, and move the site of their villages and cultivation every now and then as the ground becomes poor and worked out. They are armed with the usual poisoned arrows, assegais, and knobkerries, and those that can afford it have a Portuguese flint musket, the usual common trade pattern. They are dirty, and I should say never wash themselves; much like the oxen they tend, they are wanting in either great virtues or excessive vice. In fact, I may say that these characteristics apply to all the tribes I met in this my first journey in South-western Africa.

The Portuguese military post at Huilla is manned by twenty-five black soldiers, natives of Loanda. All the soldiers are drawn from that part of Portugal's colonies, and they run away when a gun is pointed at them. Since the Boers have come into the country all has been quiet. There really was not much fighting or war before they came. There are two small avenues of eucalyptus trees at Huilla planted by the Portuguese.

On Aug. 2nd we left Huilla and stopped at the Quinpampanini river, called by the Boers Commandant's Drift. This is the last Portuguese farm before reaching Humbé near the Cunéné. All now is bush, forest, mountains, and native villages. The road descends from Huilla, and winds through a forest of many species of wild fig-tree. At Commandant's Drift, on the right bank of the stream, there is a dense bush forest stretching south. This stream lower down is called by the Boers the Honey River, and they say numbers of rhinoceroses are found in the neighbourhood. I saw koodoo, eland, duikerbuck, and waterbuck. There are small crocodiles in the river, the water of which is beautifully clear, running over a rocky bottom. Bagrus and small fish abound in this stream. I consider this place to be eminently fitted for a permanent camp during the dry season. The Portuguese farmer supplies excellent vegetables, eggs, and fowls, and game on the river bank and down the river is fairly plentiful.

On Aug. 6th we left, travelling on through the bush till we reached the open district of Hahé, a rich corn country. Here we laid in a store for my two mares. Zebra became plentiful after passing the cultivated tract. We still travelled on through mopani scrub and over sandy, stony soil. We had some little sport, and a Boer who was with us shot a zebra near a halting-place which the Dutch call Palmett Fountain.

On Aug. 11 we were approaching again the same river, called at this part the Gambos river. At the Drift the river is about 25 feet wide and

4 feet 6 inches deep during the dry season. I saw a large herd of eland (*Oreas Canna*) on the marshy plain through which the river winds, but did not get one. A most beautiful group of very large mimosa trees, one of the many species found in Africa, stand on each side of the track before coming on to this plain. The next day I shot an eland.

On Aug. 15th we moved along the waggon track, through leafless mopani scrub. We stopped for breakfast in a field of Indian corn, cultivation having commenced again. Mr. Johnston and the Boer rode to Gambos Fort, a Portuguese military stockade on the right bank of the little river which we have never been far from since leaving Huilla. After leaving the vicinity of Gambos Fort we passed a conical shaped rocky hill covered with bush, called by the natives Otchivemba Mountain. It stands west of the track, between the river and the road, as one goes south. This mountain is a great landmark coming up from the Cunéné, and is seen nearly two days' journey distant.

On August 18th, having ridden on in front of the waggons, I shot two doe impala antelopes (*Aepyceros melampus*). I got back to the halting-place after dark, and as the Boer advised me not to fetch the meat that night, I let it lie. The next morning, on the waggons passing the spot, scarcely a vestige of the antelopes was to be seen; the hyenas and jackals had devoured everything, even the hoofs, and a torn ear and the trampled sand alone showed what a meal they must have had.

On the 21st we arrived close to the hunting-ground. A number of Boer waggons passed us, having been down to the Cunéné to kill hippopotamus for the sake of their fat, which they make soap of. On this day I moved on to Owithya, which was to be my permanent camp during the most of the hunting season. All the country on leaving the river is excessively dry and parched, although pools and pits of water are scattered about, which are much frequented during the dry season by elephant and all other game. On the 22nd I shot a duikerbuck antelope (*Cephalophus mergens*); both this and the steinbuck (*Nanotragus tragulus*) are excellent and tender meat, but rather dry at this time of the year.

In one of the pools of the stream, near my camp at Owithya, I caught two Bagré (*Bagrus*), a siluroid fish which attains in the large rivers of Africa a huge size, sometimes six feet long. One of those I caught weighed 3 lbs. I also caught a number of carp-like fish, about half a pound each. There was any amount of game in this country, which stretches towards the mountains, a continuation of the Serra de Chella. I killed giraffe, koodoo, gnu, duikerbuck, steinbuck, zebra, hyena, Roan antelope, wart-hog, also numbers of francolin, guinea-fowl, and sand-grouse. We heard lions roaring at night-time, but never saw one.

While here I made a trip with one waggon to Fenter's pits, and went out shooting with his sons; they killed two bull elephants the morning of the day I joined them. This country is sandy, with large patches of

mopani bush. Around our camp were numbers of baobab trees, and a beautiful grove of these enormous and, at this season, leafless giants of the forest lay due west of the tent. The red orb of the setting sun going down amongst these was a glorious sight. I also went over to Erickson's camp; this was close to the track and the route cut by my hunters through the bush, and was rocky and bad travelling. There are water-pits on the way, where one stops for the night. I found two Englishmen staying at this camp, as well as Albert Erickson, Mr. Axel Erickson's brother. We went shooting together, and exchanged hospitalities at our separate camps; in fact it was a very pleasant time. Game was in abundance, and the climate very healthy.

This is the first year any white men have penetrated into this district. The tribe inhabiting the part near the mountains are Chibiquas; they are essentially hunters and cattle-keepers, having originally migrated some 150 years ago from south of the Cunéné. They belong to the Damara race, intermixed with Ovampos and other tribes before mentioned; and they speak a language resembling that of the Ovampos.

This year the Hottentots made a raid across the Cunéné, broke up the Chibiquas' stockaded village, and now this latter tribe are scattered about among the villages and country nearly reaching to Gambos fort. I came across a large party of them when hunting; they were camped in a circle, and living in round gipsy huts made of boughs and leaves, there being a screen of the same materials in the centre of the encampment, which I imagined to be the main guard, as numbers of the men's weapons and poisoned arrows were hung up. They were a little shy of a white face at first, but my Ovampo boy set matters right, and I dismounted and examined their impromptu guard-room.

They had some very curious flat-headed iron instruments with which they prod at the elephant, severing the muscles above the hind feet, and so bringing the beasts to a stand-still, when they kill them with assegais. I saw no firearms of any description amongst them. They were indeed the savage pure and simple, both men and women wearing beads and the usual small leather apron round their loins; beyond this they had nothing on. The men were fine-looking fellows, the women ugly.

One day, when at Erickson's camp, I rode over to Bird Fountain and climbed up a rocky coppie or hill, to see the view. To the north the mountains of the Serra de Chella stretched far away towards Bruque and Capangombe; under my feet lay the dense and thorny African bush, with rocky hills cropping up here and there to the west; and on my left the country got more dry and desert-like, and the flat-topped hills, so peculiar to the sandy district near the sea-shore, were visible. It was the first year the eyes of the white man had gazed on this unknown country, the home of the elephant, the ostrich, and the oryx. All the landscape had a dry and parched appearance.

About October 12th we had our first thunder shower, signs of rains

beginning, and the number of Hottentots and Griqua hunters gathered round my camp at Owithya, began moving away to snigger quarters. Most of these men were in Mr. Axel Erickson's employ, and the grass being good and water plentiful my camp this year was the centre of operations; at one time there were nearly two hundred white men and black, their wives and families included.

On October 14th the Boer appeared from Mossamedes with my mails, and on the 18th we started for Humbé and the river Cunéné, recrossing the little river, the road keeping close to its banks, over hard and dry ground with deep cracks on its face. My servant killed a fine specimen of the *nhamba*, a deadly snake, which was occupied in trying to slay a small squirrel in a high mimosa tree.

Before reaching Humbé we passed a Portuguese settler's home; this district is thickly inhabited by Ovampos, who are little different from those living south of the Cunéné; in fact, as Père Duparquet stated to me, he cannot see any difference between the tribes near the north bank of the Cunéné and those living south in the so-called Ovampoland. I have seen natives from the south: they are the same in dress, language, and manners and customs. These North Ovampos speak a dialect of the Damara language, and cultivate each hereditary farm separately and not in common like the Hahé and Huilla natives; they will not willingly sell their land; they possess plenty of cattle and goats, and take care of the natural fruit trees of the country, which, with Indian corn, form their staple food. Indian corn is the food of all races in this part of Africa. Boers, and the poorer Portuguese eat large quantities of it. Bananas and oranges are a cultivated luxury, and the poorer natives seldom get meat, except as hangers on to a European camp, where they become hewers of wood and drawers of water and return in a short time to their villages strong and well loaded with the dried meat of antelopes, giraffes, &c., which they have saved up. I found all natives during my journey quite peaceable, very much frightened of the horses, for before the Boers came into the country, some eighteen months ago, they had never seen a horse; a mounted man makes them run away, but they are now beginning to be accustomed to these animals, especially the villagers living near the waggon track in which we are travelling, and which is the one made by the Boers on their journey from the Transvaal to Humpata. This district so thickly inhabited is covered with large baobab trees.

On the night of October 19th, by the light of the full moon, we drove our waggons into Humbé (fixed by Dufour in 16° 50' S. lat.), camping under a large wild-fig tree in a mealie field, not far from the Roman Catholic mission-house. The next day I went to see Fathers Hogan and Lynch, who have charge here; they were much pleased to get papers and news from England. On the 22nd we left Humbé to go up the Cunéné towards Ekamba, for hippopotamus and Lechwe antelope

shooting; we travelled by moonlight and camped amidst some thorny trees covered with white sweet-smelling flowers; there were little or no leaves on the trees. We moved on the next day to a long narrow lagoon where five hippopotami were disporting themselves. I shot near here two large crested cranes; they were excellent eating. We travelled along a grassy plain which borders the banks of the river, which swarms with crocodiles, and is about here not 40 yards wide. During the rainy season the whole of this plain is inundated, the high-water mark being clearly discernible around the trunks of the trees. The waggon track keeps close to the thick forest, which borders the plain and runs parallel with the river. On leaving Humbé, at this time of the year, one sees vast herds of native cattle, which are driven from the villages situated in the bush, to graze on the new grass which is now beginning to spring up. There are numbers of pools and small lagoons on the plain, which swarms with Egyptian and spur-winged geese, red-billed teal, duck, blue crane, and crested crane. After leaving the cattle district, herds of Lechwe antelope (*Cobus Leche*) are seen; this rather rare species swims like water rats with its nose just above water, on the least alarm rushing into the thick reeds which border the river bank; their feet are longer than those of the impala, and they are considered a much shyer animal; their meat is good eating. I shot two does and two bucks while on the Cunéné, and unluckily my boys lost the fine horns of the buck; I brought home, however, three skins of this beautiful antelope. One of the two hippopotami which I shot at a lagoon on this plain, was yoked next morning to a full span of oxen and towed ashore; the oxen trekked him right out of the water, the boys shouting and sitting on the huge carcass as it scraped along over the grass. The flesh is like coarse pork and the fat excellent. The natives of the adjacent village of Ovampos had a great feed and little was left for vultures or jackals.

The Cunéné is a much smaller river than many would imagine from its appearance on the map, and the reports that have been received of it. A good deal further up the river from where I was, Mr. Jordan informed me that it was navigable, but at the place where I saw it, and at that season, it certainly was not navigable for large boats. At its mouth there is a bar, which totally prevents any vessels from entering the river. In fact, a Portuguese naval officer who was employed about five years ago in exploring that part, told me that it was scarcely passable on a plank. Some 70 miles above its mouth there are rapids, I might almost say cataracts, and much further up there are large falls, evidently where the river pierces the continuation of the Serra de Chella. Little is known of the river between Humbé and its mouth. The Boers have visited this part, and say that hippopotami are plentiful, and elephants are found in numbers among the rocks and mountains along its banks. Hunters this year penetrated through the mountains to within about

30 miles off the large cataracts, and the horses being unshod, their hoofs were completely worn down, and they had to hunt on foot. For further information as to the mouth of the river, I may refer my readers to a journey of Fernando da Costa Leal in 1854, recorded in Petermann's 'Mittheilungen,' vol. iv. (1858) p. 412; and also the Portuguese Expedition of 1878, reported in the Lisbon 'Boletim da Sociedade de Geographia,' 2a Serie, No. 1 (1880), p. 1. It is a great pity that the river cannot be entered from its mouth, as it would open up that part of the country to a great extent.

While we were on the banks of the Cunéné the rains began, and heavy thunder showers during the day soaked everything through and through. I here lived in my waggon, and did not pitch a tent at all. The natives used to bring us round orange-coloured fruit of a species of strychnos. They were excellent eating, and, mixed with dried apples, made a good tart.

On Oct. 30th we moved up to the chief's village at Ekamba. He lived with his wives in a cluster of houses within two rings of stockades. After some delay he received us, and we found him a particularly shaky old gentleman, much addicted to trade rum. The women of this tribe wear a most curious arrangement of the hair above the ear, stretching it in a circle so that it has the effect of a large butterfly on each side of their head. The chief paid me a visit on the following day, and I gave him an Enfield rifle.

Both the hippopotami mentioned were shot from one of the two Berthon collapsible boats which I brought with me. The boat was capable of holding two people comfortably, as well as guns and ammunition.

After stopping at the chief's village some three days, we moved back towards Humbé, on our old track. The rains had now really begun; the grass one could almost see growing, and all around was becoming quickly green and rank. I deemed it prudent to leave the river, as the waggon boys, who always bivouac, were getting wet through of a night, which means fever and ague.

On Nov. 11th I rode into Humbé, intending to bring my waggons back to Mossamedes in time to catch the December Portuguese mail for Lisbon. However, I was laid low with severe fever and rheumatism at Humbé from the effects of a wetting while shooting on the Cunéné. All colds turn to fever in this climate. The Roman Catholic missionaries nursed me with the greatest care, and quinine soon set me right again.

On Nov. 25th I left Humbé convalescent for the coast. The rains had now begun in earnest. The face of the country was completely changed. The mopani bushes were covered with their bright emerald green leaves, and the forest had become dense and dark; beautiful flowers decked the grass, and the delicate amaryllis hung in clusters, the waggon crushing them as it lumbered along.

I will not repeat myself as to the journey back; suffice it to say, that two hired Ovampos ran away, and at Gambos river one of the waggon boys was down with bad fever, so I had only a man and a boy to drive two span of oxen. The lions got in amongst the oxen one night, but the boys lighted fires and drove them away.

I find the following entry in my journal:—"Franz still ill. Shalckveldt, my head waggon-driver, says he feels bad; if he goes down we are done"; as then the only person to drive and tend twenty-eight oxen would have been a boy of eighteen (Henry). After many delays and stoppages, waggons sticking, and then having to be unloaded, wet nights, and damp firewood, we reached Commandant's Drift, and fresh eggs and fresh vegetables were indeed a great luxury. On our arrival at Huilla I found the missionaries had nearly completed their college. Some eleven or twelve pupils have already arrived there from St. Paul de Loanda. The bishop of Loanda was shortly expected.

On the 14th November, after being drenched through and through by a heavy tropical shower, I rode up to Mr. W. W. Jordan's store at Humpata. I was glad enough to get back to a house and some little comforts, in fact as much as the kindly Boers and their wives could offer me. The waggons arrived the next day.

My journey back to Munhino from Humpata was by a different route, through the wildest part of the mountains. A fairly engineered road is being made by the Portuguese Government for the use of the Boers and their waggons when going to the coast. This new route as far as Munhino has abundance of water and grass for oxen, cattle, and horses, all of the best description. Game is not plentiful, and the mountains are quite impracticable on horseback off the road.

I think it may be interesting to future travellers to know the casualties, accidents, and sickness that happened to my party during my South-West African journey. On the return journey from the Coroca, one of the bullocks succumbed, but I believe did not die. At Capancombe, on the way to Humpata, my servant Kelly was very ill with intermittent fever, but quinine and change of air to the high plateau soon cured him. While hunting at Owithya, my chestnut mare, Pop, fell with me and broke her neck. We also lost one ox from sickness here. On the Cunéné I caught cold which turned to rheumatism and severe fever; but on moving away from Humbé, which is rather unhealthy, I soon got well. Shalckveldt, my head waggon-driver, and Franz, another waggon-driver, had for a short time severe intermittent fever on our way to the coast. On their arrival at Humpata, on the third plateau, they soon got well. None of these cases lasted more than ten or twelve days in their bad form. I found calomel in five or six grain doses, followed by quinine, to be the best remedy.

The total length of my journey in South-West Africa outward was

516 English miles; and I was ten months and two days away from Liverpool.

The following discussion ensued on the conclusion of the foregoing paper:—

Mr. FRANCIS GALTON said few persons present could have looked forward to the results of Lord Mayo's journey with greater interest than he (Mr. Galton) himself did, because it was his fate some thirty years ago to be travelling very near the same district, and in his exploration of Ovampoland and Odonga he reached a point about five days' journey from Humpata. During that journey, being familiar with the vast desert of Western Africa, the idea of an ever-flowing river filled his imagination, and he looked upon it as the great bourne to be reached, though he was not fated to reach it. His interest in the country had been kept up by many facts. One was the death of his companion, Mr. Andersson, who returned to the country and travelled there on many occasions. He reached the Cunéné worn out with disease and there died. The river was also reached by Mr. Hugo Hahn, a missionary, to whom he (Mr. Galton) was indebted for many acts of kindness. Mr. Green, a well-known elephant hunter, travelling from the south, also got as far as the river, and so had many others, but in no case had a full description of the river been given—such a description as no doubt Lord Mayo would give in a fuller account of his journey. There were many points of extreme interest in Lord Mayo's paper. The first was the confirmation of Sir Roderick Murchison's well-known theory of Central Africa being a basin bounded by high ramparts, through which the various rivers broke. Lord Mayo found two great chains, one 2000 feet high, and the other higher. As the height of the second was only obtained by an aneroid it would be advisable to hesitate before accepting the particular height mentioned, which seemed to be excessive. Of course it was well known that aneroids were liable to play all kinds of tricks, but if Lord Mayo's instrument after being tested in England was proved to have no index error the calculation must be accepted. The existence of the ramparts to the north and the south was previously known, and Lord Mayo had supplied the missing link. The two ranges converged into one further south, and at Walvisch Bay only a single ridge could be noticed—an ascent of 4000 feet leading to the higher plateau. Allusion was made in another part of the paper to the mist on the lowlands. The peculiarity of this coast was that a south polar current, chilled by the melting of the polar ice, passed upwards and hugged the coast. It was a fact that had long been known to navigators, and one which was brought very forcibly home to his own knowledge; because he happened to be one of the Council of the Meteorological Office, and on one occasion it fell to his lot to superintend the discussion of a vast number of observations that traced that current distinctly upwards. The cold was so much greater on the coast than inland that when he (Mr. Galton) returned to Walvisch Bay from the interior, at a time of the year when the sun was vertical at midday, he shivered with cold during the night, and in the daytime had to be well wrapped up. The water was exceedingly cold for the latitude, and the existence of the mist which Lord Mayo had spoken of showed that the same climate extended to Mossamedes. What became of the polar current afterwards he could not say, but it disappeared by degrees. Wherever that current flowed there was an abundance of fish, and it appeared from the paper that there was a plentiful supply of fish south of Mossamedes. It was a matter of extreme interest to him to hear of the change that had come over the country since the days when he knew it by hearsay. Dutch Boers had now found their way to Humpata. They were a marvellous race, with great power of acclimatising themselves; for certainly the Dutchmen seemed to live and thrive and multiply in regions where the English race did not thrive so well. Possibly the fineness of the men met with at Humpata was

partly due to the same cause that makes the Mormons such a fine-looking race. As a rule the Mormons were not recruited from the most stalwart persons in England, but they went through very great difficulties in reaching their destination, the weaker men died out, and no doubt the survivors were the strongest representatives. Probably the same sort of thing might account for a stalwart Dutch population being permanently fixed at Humpata. Another point that was new to him was the strong hold the Portuguese seemed to have in the country up to the Cunéné, their forts being scattered about the country, and the Catholic Missions seemed fairly established on the Cunéné itself. He had long looked upon this country, which was between 300 miles wide and 180 or 200 miles deep, as being one of the most interesting countries to explore, and he had no doubt that many facts of still greater interest remained to be discovered towards the source of the Cunéné, where the land was still higher, where immense rivers flowed in all directions, and where, no doubt, there was that greater vigour of life that might be expected in mountainous districts. He wished to pay a tribute to the well-deserved success of Lord Mayo. His journey was not undertaken rashly. Before he went he obtained from the best authorities all the materials he possibly could, and the information was printed for private circulation in a small book which formed most agreeable reading. Having laid his plans thoroughly well, he had in the short space of ten months from the time of leaving England to his return thrown very important light on a most interesting geographical subject.

Sir BARTLE FRERE said that Lord Mayo's paper had thrown an interesting light upon some of the important migrations of late years. The Trek Boers were seven years in passing from the Transvaal to the place they now occupied in Portuguese territory, but their travels might be traced still further back. Probably there were very few of the men among them whose fathers or grandfathers were not within living memory inhabitants of the lower part of Cape Colony. Consequent upon the emancipation of the slaves the Boers first of all travelled in a north-easterly direction towards what is now the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and some of them reached as far as Lake Ngami. No doubt there were other gentlemen present besides Mr. Galton who recollected how Dr. Smith and General Frederick Cotton met the principal settlement of the Trek Boers not very far from the present Diamond Fields in Griqualand West. They were then moving northward. Owing partly to their desire to get as far as possible into the free wilderness, and partly to political causes, they turned north and settled in the Transvaal, where they remained for some years, till, being dissatisfied with the Government which they had themselves set up, they determined to seek the fertile country of which they had heard from elephant hunters, beyond Lake Ngami. It was some time before they ventured to cross what had been properly called the Great Thirst Land, and Mr. Vanzyl, when he was afterwards at Cape Town, attributed his success to the knowledge he had obtained of the best seasons for crossing the desert. Lord Mayo had mentioned how the great fall of rain immediately changed the whole face of the country, and enabled the Trek Boers to move with their large herds of cattle and their waggons over a country which, for nine months in the year, was utterly impassable. In this way about 300 successfully reached the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami, but many more perished by the way. In some cases almost entire families were lost, but at last about 700, including the 300 who had first crossed, reached the western borders of the desert, and turned towards Damara-land, and followed nearly the same track as Mr. Galton did about thirty years before. Finding that they were then in the neighbourhood of other Europeans who had come from Walvisch Bay, they moved northward, and about three or four years ago first crossed the Cunéné river. There was some little difficulty at first in arranging matters with the Portuguese Government,

but everybody must rejoice to hear that after all these wanderings they had firmly settled down in Portuguese territory. As a people occupying the country, and not as single travellers, they had travelled a distance of between 3000 and 4000 miles, within the recollection of many now present at the meeting. Movements such as these must in time produce great results in Africa. It must be remembered that temperate Africa did not end at the Tropic, but extended along the highlands far towards Central Africa. It was no doubt the solitary traveller or hunter who first led these families to follow their fortunes northward into the wilderness. No better illustration of the results thus produced could be found than in the fortunes of Mr. Erickson. When he (Sir Bartle Frere) was at the Cape, he was assured, on the authority of Mr. Erickson's partner, that he who as a young man started as an assistant to Andersson the traveller, had at that time sixty waggons in the field, each waggon with not less than sixteen pairs of oxen, with one or two men of European blood as hunters leading some ten or twelve native hunters, all engaged in collecting ivory and ostrich feathers, and other products of the wilderness, such as the skins of antelopes, which abounded there. He had good reason to believe that at that time the firm of Erickson had a capital of not less than 200,000*l.* employed between the Orange river and the Cunéné. Looking at these facts, there could be no doubt that there was a great future before the countries of South Africa, and the Society must feel greatly obliged to those who, as Lord Mayo had done, gave them graphic accounts of the regions they visited.

The CHAIRMAN (Sir Henry Rawlinson) asked Lord Mayo to give them some more information as to the nature and extent of the Portuguese authority. The paper mentioned a small garrison of twenty-five soldiers. That did not indicate any very consolidated authority. What was the relative position of the Boers and the Portuguese? Was autonomy allowed to the former, or were they entirely subject to the Portuguese?

The Earl of MAYO, in reply, said there was a rather strong fort at Mossamedes mounting a certain number of muzzle-loading guns, and the usual garrison of black soldiers, which, as he said before, always ran away. There were very few white soldiers, but some of the non-commissioned officers were white men. A great many of the inhabitants of that part of the country were *degradados*—men in exile from their own country. Some of them were murderers, and a great many of them thieves. When they got out there they seemed to lose all their former energy, and to relapse into ordinary farmers, though they did not farm very well. With regard to the Boer settlement at Humpata, the Boers were certainly under the criminal laws of Portugal, but they were allowed to carry on their own religious services and manage their own marriages. There was a Portuguese commandant or chef at Humpata, appointed by the Governor of Mossamedes, who was under the Governor of St. Paul de Loanda. His name was Senhor Paiva, and he was married to Commandant Botha's daughter. The Portuguese on the coast imagined that the Boers were being too well treated, and they found an excuse for recalling Paiva, but he had been reinstated. The Boers had no advantage in the way of duties on the coast. Those duties were excessive, and in fact the Portuguese had completely ruined any chance of fair trade by the fearful duties which they imposed. He himself took out some cotton goods, and the duties on them were one-third of their invoiced price. The Portuguese were very friendly to the Boers, and were very glad of their help when there was any row with the natives, because the Boers did not run away. Mr. Jordan, who kept the store at Humpata, found it cheaper to drag his goods in waggons from Walvisch Bay rather than to pay the excessive duties at Mossamedes. However, he believed the Portuguese home Government were going to make some efforts to reduce the duties, and if they did they would greatly

improve the country, as a more beautiful and fertile region could not well be imagined.

In answer to a question by a FELLOW, with regard to the power that the Portuguese had of enforcing their jurisdiction over the Boers, the Earl of MAYO said they simply allowed them to settle in Portuguese territory. The Boers were not stronger in numbers than the whole of the Portuguese in the province of Mossamedes. The Portuguese farmers were naturally a little jealous, because the Boers grew better wheat than they themselves did. At Mossamedes they imported their corn from Lisbon, but Mr. Jordan hoped that the Boers would grow sufficient for all their wants.

Sir HENRY LEFROY asked whether the Boers managed to take a minister of any kind, or a schoolmaster with them in their seven years' wanderings, and what their social condition was in regard to contracting marriage and training up their families like civilised people?

The Earl of MAYO said that, in order to get married, they had to go to the Commandant and declare themselves, and a record was kept of the marriage. They had no clergymen, but there were elders. On Sundays they held services, and engaged in psalm-singing. They had no schoolmaster, but some of the elder people had now established a school at Humpata. They were Calvinists, and would not send their children to the Roman Catholic missionaries; but they had a certain amount of schooling among themselves. They were not very well educated. They did not teach their children reading, writing, or arithmetic in a very systematic manner, but they knew their Bible thoroughly. They were exceedingly moral and well conducted.

The CHAIRMAN, in concluding the discussion, said the last observations of Lord Mayo and Sir Bartle Frere were of considerable interest, not merely in reference to that particular part of Africa, but also to the great questions now being agitated on the Congo, where Portuguese jurisdiction and Government, if established, might be supposed to be conducted very much on the same principles as further south. It was said to be likely that a conflict of jurisdiction would arise between the Portuguese and the French and the International Exploration party, and it was interesting to know what their relative positions were in regard to the science of government. Lord Mayo had given them a very good example of the method in which amusement could be combined with science. He had shown them how a traveller might devote himself to sport, and at the same time collect information of the greatest value both to the geographer, the naturalist, and the general student. They were all very much indebted to him for his kindness in reading the paper.

#### *Discovery of an Ancient Map in Iceland by Baron Nordenskiöld.*

On the 10th of July Mr. R. H. Major received the following letter from Baron Nordenskiöld, written in Swedish, and dated Reikiavik, June 10th, 1883:—

“Highly honoured Colleague,—Just when I had steam up to leave Reikiavik the spring of one of my chronometers broke. I went ashore to get a new spring put in, and while I waited I received the information that an old map was in the possession of one of the inhabitants of Aaden. I went immediately to him, and found that the map consisted of a fragment of a chart resembling Zeno's. The fragment comprises a piece of Greenland with the names Gui, Cher, Boier, Ther; Iceland

No. VIII.—Aug. 1883.]