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WORLD TRAVELS

A full descriptive narrative of personal travels in almost every land and sea, and among most of the peoples, both civilised and savage, of the entire world

BY

CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE

AUTHOR OF "AMONG WILD TRIBES OF THE AMAZONS," "SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN," "THROUGH CENTRAL AMERICA," "THE REAL SOUTH AMERICA," "THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL," "MODERN SOUTH AMERICA," ETC., ETC.

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FALKLAND ISLANDS
PATAGONIA
TIERRA DEL FUEGO
CHILE
JUAN FERNANDEZ ISLANDS
BOLIVIA
PERU

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WORLD TRAVELS

CHAPTER I

THROUGH LOWER NUBIA

THE Nile, in its 3,500 miles' course from the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa to the Mediterranean, passes through many lands, the home of queer races of mankind. There is first the irrigated areas of the Delta and Lower Egypt, and the vast deserts of Upper Egypt, through which I had already passed on the way south from Cairo to Assouan. This great river then wanders across the little-known sandy wastes of Lower Nubia into the Sudan, and, still farther south, its waters become lost amid the 40,000 square miles of the great *Sudd*, or Central African swamp. Below this amazing region lie the jungles of the Southern Sudan and of Uganda. To the south of Assouan, however, this great highway of the ages traverses, for a little over 200 miles, a stretch of country possessing many features peculiar to itself.

Lower Nubia lies between the two great cataracts of the Nile. The first of these is situated at Assouan; on this stands the barrage transforming the territory into a huge storage reservoir. The second spans the river at a point just south of Wadi Halfa, northern-

most town of the Sudan—a land almost as large as British India. Means of communication in Lower Nubia are confined to the river, as the railway system of Egypt terminates at Assouan (Shellal), and that of the Sudan does not begin until Wadi Halfa is reached.

Leaving the little Nile-side docks of Shellal in one of the comfortable steamers of the Sudan Government, I commenced the second stage of my journey into Central Africa. Scarcely had the great Assouan Dam passed astern before the famous Temple of Philæ appeared from out of the shimmering waters of the Nile. Although partially flooded since the erection of the great barrage, which impounds the waters necessary for irrigating the fields of Upper Egypt, the massive columns of Philæ, rising from the sunlit river with a background of desert and palms, certainly form one of those exquisite pictures for which Upper Egypt is justly famous. Near by are the granite quarries of the ancient builders, which I had already visited from Assouan, and wherein lies the unfinished obelisk of huge size still attached to the living rock from which it was being hewn when, for some mysterious reason, work ceased.

Almost immediately began a river cruise of exceptional charm and interest through the rocky defiles and sandy deserts of Lower Nubia—the frontier of bygone empires, Egyptian, Ethiopian and Roman —with its 4,000 years of known history wonderfully preserved through the centuries in carved and coloured stone. Proceeding south through scenery both diversified and interesting, with every desert sunset a changing panorama of orange and purple light, the banks of the Nile were fringed with the vivid green of cultivated fields and palms, often rising

from watery beds. Here and there were native villages perched on rocky ground above the narrow strips of verdant sedge. The Nubian night also is a marvellous phenomenon. The desert lies silver white, with every rock silhouetted in sharp outline by the brilliant moonlight.

At intervals the winding river opened up a panorama of mountains sweeping in from the horizon, soft and beautiful in colour; then came a rugged mass of rock thrown up sheer from the river, and backed by hills, tier upon tier, barren and forbidding. Again the fertile tract, natives hauling water from the river for their crops by means of *shadufs*, others threading their way on foot and on donkeys along the banks. Native *gyassas* with their broad sails straining in the wind came gliding past, and at the back of all were humped masses of yellow sand, golden in the sunlight.

This is the historic "Land of Kush." In bygone times Nubia was inhabited by a race similar to that which then peopled Lower Egypt. This wild southern desert was regarded by the Pharaohs mainly as a caravan route for the importation of such prized commodities as slaves, gold, ivory, ostrich feathers and the skins of wild animals. Then came an invasion by tribes from the south. The establishment of a definite Nubian civilisation was followed by the partial reconquest of the country by the Pharaohs of Egypt, and the building of many beautiful temples dedicated to the gods of Isis. All this happened about 4,000 years ago, and yet these same pillars and courts stand to-day, beautifully carved and coloured, almost untouched by the ravages of time.

In turn the country came under the dominion of Egyptian, Ethiopian and Roman rulers, during the border warfare of the ancients, each of whom left some evidence of the art and culture of time and race —pages of history which were turned as the steamer proceeded south towards Wadi Halfa. In religion, too, there were dramatic changes. The gods of Egypt gave place to those of pagan Rome, and several centuries after the advent of Christianity this great religion made its way south into the desert tracts of Lower Nubia. Temples were converted into Christian churches, but slowly the great faith of the East prevailed, and the Crescent supplanted the Cross. It is, however, known that a Christian kingdom survived on the banks of the Blue Nile until well into the Middle Ages.

All these changes have given to the Lower Nubia of to-day its unique interest. The passage through the rocky Gorge of Kalabsha was most impressive, and in the near-by temple built by the Emperor Augustus there were reliefs with colours as brilliant as at the time they were first applied to the stone. Then came the model-like little Temple of Dendur, at which the steamer stopped for the night, and a short distance away the ruins of the Byzantine fortress of Sabagura. In places the Nile ran between gigantic sandstone cliffs and past clumps of palms, acacias and henna bushes. Occasionally, the sand-seas of the continent-wide Sahara triumphed over the stone ramparts of the river and rolled down in golden glory to the limpid waters of the Nile.

In the Temple of Siboua numerous sculptures were found some years ago, representing Rameses II. making offerings to the gods. On the walls I noticed

many representations of the same monarch who, it will be remembered, was not only the great builder of temples but also the most warlike of the Pharaohs and the oppressor of the Israelites. In this temple several of the mural engravings have been defaced or plastered over by the early Copts, who used Siboua for Christian services. There is also an altar surrounded by a semicircular wall which bears coloured reliefs of the Apostles.

It is interesting to note here that in a number of the temples of Lower Nubia the reliefs were coated with whitewash during later Christian times, and that this covering has had the effect of preserving in a marvellous way the original colours placed on these pictures thousands of years ago. To add to the variety there are also Nubian castles of hoary antiquity ; Roman fortresses, such as that of Kasr Ibrim, and glimpses of the vast sandy wastes of the great Sahara.

Shortly before reaching Halfa the steamer called at the famous Rock Temple of Abu Simbel. Here, on the west bank of the river, are situated the most interesting monuments in Nubia. The chief object of attraction is undoubtedly the great temple built by Rameses II. to commemorate his victory over the Cheta in North-East Syria, and to act as a warning to the conquered Nubians of the power of the Pharaohs. For grandeur and magnificence it is second to none in all Egypt. The temple is entirely excavated in the solid rock to a depth of 185 feet, and the surface of the stone, which originally sloped down to the river, was cut away for a space of about ninety square feet to form the front of the temple. It is ornamented by four colossal statues of Rameses II.,

sixty-five feet high, seated on thrones, and in admirable proportion. The reliefs on the walls are still good, and depict the king dealing summarily with his enemies, storming a Syrian fortress, and a campaign against the Hittites in a realistic series, one of which portrays the Egyptian camp and another the king in his chariot, surrounded by the enemy.

Shortly after leaving Abu Simbel, and about 190 miles south of Assouan, we crossed the frontier into the Sudan and approached the little flower-bordered quayside of Wadi Halfa. The variegated hues of the colour-washed houses, each rather different from its neighbour, form a charming introduction to this vast and still primitive land, where the incessant cry of *backshish*—so irritating in Egypt—is no longer heard. Wadi Halfa has many attractions, including a most comfortable little rest house, or really hotel; a desert camp, run by a picturesque old sheikh under the eye of the Government, where the traveller can experience the sensations of Sahara days and nights, and the wild scenery of the great cataract.

My first day in the Sudan was spent in one of the most luxurious trains in the world—"The Desert Mail"—crossing a seemingly endless waste of sand, broken only by a maddening procession of black stone hills, rising gaunt and steep from the lifeless, waterless plain. Far and wide over the Nubian desert the sand was being blown like fine rain, although the sun beat down with pitiless fury on this virgin, untamed flank of the great Sahara. There are few places in the world more savage and cruel in aspect than this northern zone of the Sudan, entered, after the long journey of nearly 900 miles across

Egypt, at the historic little riverside town of Halfa, the terminus of the Nile steamer service from Assouan.

The mirage, with its alluring lakes of cool, placid water, is the one relieving feature in a landscape which, during midday, seems intent upon burning itself into the memory for life. Relief comes when the sun sinks behind the bare hills, tingeing the desert orange, red and purple. At night this dead land lies silver white under a brilliant moon, its curious hillocks of stone are sharply defined against the sky of bright stars, and over all there broods the silence and the mystery of the wide open spaces of the earth. No longer does the scene dazzle and sear, for the Nubian nights are soft and full of shadows. At times the desert winds are cool, or even cold, according to season, and occasionally one sees, far away on the rim of the sand, the fire of a Bedouin encampment.

On the following afternoon I was again by the sacred waters of the Nile, on the tree-bordered embankment at Khartoum, with the sun sinking behind the tall palms in a blaze of gold and crimson glory over the great native city of Omdurman and the hills of Kerreri. For the next week I was busily engaged in the preparations for my first journey into Equatorial Africa.

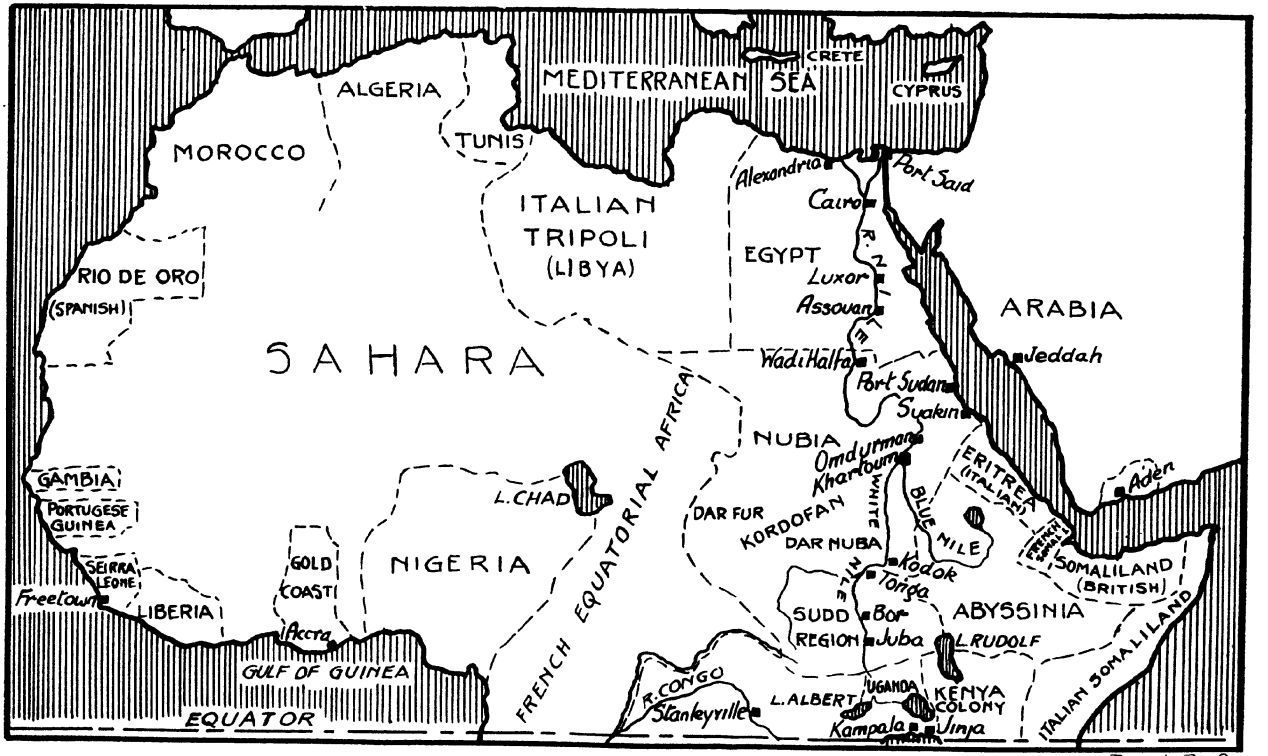
CHAPTER II

WHITE AND BLACK CAPITALS OF THE SUDAN

KHARTOUM, the modern capital of the Sudan, bears little resemblance to the old town founded in the year 1822 by the sons of Mohammed Ali during their expedition south from Egypt. This Arab town, which was described in the middle of the last century as a "wretched place," nevertheless grew rapidly as a trading centre, and was, in some measure, responsible for the great tragedy with which the name of Khartoum will be for ever associated.

In the year 1884 General Gordon was sent to the Sudan to evacuate the Egyptian garrisons which had been more or less hemmed in by the widespread Mahdist rebellion. On reaching the city Gordon found himself unable to contemplate the sacrifice of the civilian population which would result from a withdrawal of the garrison, and he elected to remain. The tragedy which followed is too well known to need repetition. It is sufficient to say that after sustaining a prolonged siege, the city was captured a little before sunrise on January 26th, 1885, and General Gordon was killed on the steps of the palace.

During the succeeding twenty-three years, old Khartoum was almost completely destroyed. Some of the masonry and woodwork was used to build the



NORTH AFRICA AND THE SAHARA

Facing page 8—3.

new Dervish capital of Omdurman, situated across the Nile, less than three miles distant. Among the population, those who survived the massacre were carried away into slavery.

Old Khartoum, at the time of the reconquest of the Sudan by the late Lord Kitchener, was a mass of ruins, and the consequent absence of population was largely responsible for the spacious lines on which the present city is planned. It is a place of abiding peace. Waving palms and cool, shady gardens afford a welcome relief after the long journey across the Nubian Desert.

There is much of interest in this city of the African wilds. First come the remains of Gordon's old palace, now forming the residence of the Governor-General. The fine corridors of this building are adorned with relics of bygone stirring days. High up on the wall near the entrance is a brass plate which marks the spot where, on the stairs of the older building, General Gordon was killed.

It is, however, the wonderful gardens which now constitute the main attraction. Here, amid the waving palms, is still flowering the rose tree planted by Gordon. At one end of the three-miles-long avenue, on the banks of the Blue Nile, is the Memorial College, and at the other end the Zoological Gardens, containing an excellent collection of the fauna of the country. At the Gordon College, where education is dispensed to the young natives of the Sudan, there is an interesting museum of antiquities and also of biological and physiological specimens. Then there is the native village, with the different shaped huts peculiar to many tribes.

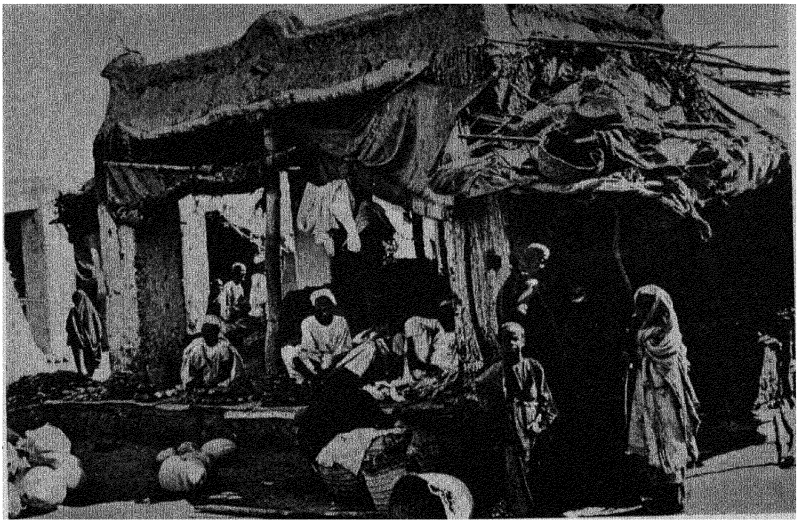
My sojourn in Khartoum resulted in several

surprises: the first was the comparative coolness of the atmosphere during the winter months, which is due to its elevation of over 1,000 feet above sea-level and the prevailing northerly breeze; the second was the rare appearance of the mosquito, and thirdly, I marvelled at the beautiful situation of this town on the shores of the Blue and White Niles. Khartoum derives its name from the Arabic words meaning "Elephant's Trunk," so called on account of the shape of the peninsula on which it is built.

When the sun dipped below the palms of the Mogren Point—dividing the Nile into its two main branches—and cast gold and pink glows on the rippling waters of the world's finest river, distant lights twinkled, like fireflies in the blueness of the night, far away towards the battlefield of Kerreri. It was my first glimpse of the great native city of Omdurman, the home of 100,000 people of all the races of North Central Africa, with few European dwellings among its miles of square native houses and its wonderful *sûks*, or markets.

It is a town built almost entirely of sun-dried mud, and it stretches for seven miles along the shore of the great river—a seemingly endless vista of scorched dwellings, immense and tortuous. It possesses an atmosphere which is both Arabic and barbaric, peculiar to this one great and purely African metropolis. A bridge now connects it with the European town of Khartoum, but at the time of my visit it was necessary to take either a carriage or donkeys in order to ride in its sandy streets.

Up to about thirty years ago nearly all the slave trails of Central Africa led to and from this great market. The river bank at Omdurman slopes gently

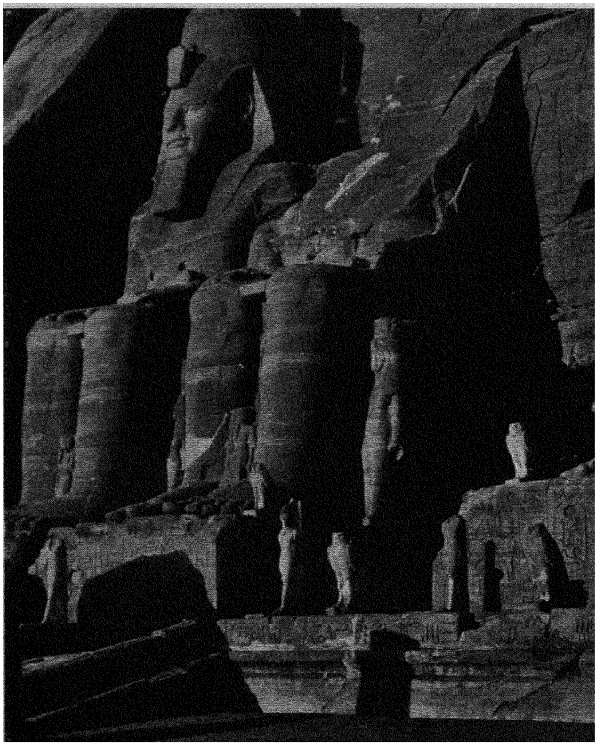


A NATIVE SHOP—OMDURMAN

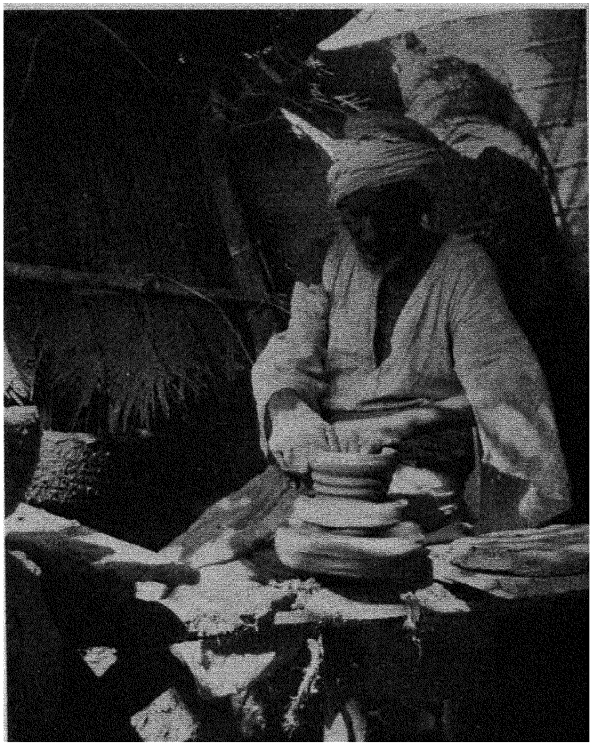


BUYING AND SELLING GRAIN IN THE MARKET—OMDURMAN

Facing page 10—3.



A ROCK-HEWN TEMPLE. A GOD IN STONE—
ABU SIMBEL



NATIVE POTTER AT WORK—ATBARA

down from the busy grain market to the water's edge. A curious spectacle is afforded by the contrasted colours of the two rivers, the murky white stream running side by side with the clear blue of its greatest tributary past the long lines of squat mud buildings lining the banks. On gaining the shore, through a motley throng of sheikhs and others, some in flowing white robes, turbaned, fat, and smiling, others in green and austere of countenance, among a multitude in dirty rags, there is a noticeable difference in both types and faces. A score of different races have their own quarters in this great city. A few minutes' ride and one is among the curious collection of straw shanties forming the grain and gum market; then, after passing through the south gate—for Omdurman is a walled city—the mosque square is reached.

The outward aspect of this town, with its miles of square, flat-roofed, mud-walled houses, and its lines of laden, vicious camels, has changed but little since the Khalifa established it as his capital and spread terror far and wide over North Africa. In the vast walled square of the mosque is the Khalifa's Palace, built with bricks obtained from Gordon's residence in Khartoum. It was outside this low dwelling, which stands as it was on the day when the prophet and his bodyguard fled before Kitchener's avenging army, that the head of General Gordon was displayed in fanatical triumph to the people of this great city.

I was surprised to see in the courtyard of the Khalifa's Palace, to which I was admitted by one of his old retainers, still dressed in the motley of the Dervish army, Gordon's coach, very dilapidated and uncared-for in appearance, and but ill-protected

from the blistering sun. Here, also, is the Khalifa's coach, obtained through the Emperor of Abyssinia, which was carried by slaves across the desert to Omdurman. By the side of this palace, wherein can be seen the sword of this Dervish king, and a collection of arms from the battlefield of Kerreri, is the house occupied by Lord Kitchener after the famous battle which broke the Dervish power and gave to Britain and Egypt this vast addition to their territory in North Africa.

In the wide mosque square, the scene of much cruelty and bloodshed less than forty years ago, there is also the partially dismantled tomb of the Mahdi. It was here that a greater part of the population of Omdurman were daily gathered for prayer during the Mahdia, and it was from a low, mud-walled hut, not far from the Khalifa's house, that Colonel Slatin, when a prisoner, saved his life by appearing each day at sunset and turning devoutly towards Mecca in silent prayer. This gave the impression that he was a true follower of the Prophet, even in times of grave peril. Rudolf von Slatin Pasha, one of the most interesting figures in the drama of the old Sudan, died in 1932.

A broad road, flanked by the seemingly interminable greyish-brown walls, leads to the *sûk*, or market, consisting of mile after mile of streets and shanties in which each trade retains its own locality and whose merchants are in many cases of the same race. Apart from the curious products of the whole interior of Africa, which can be purchased in the bazaars of Omdurman, the most noticeable feature is the entire absence of those indescribable odours which render every minute uncomfortable, and often

unhealthy, in the markets of most native cities. There is here, also, an absence of shouting and extravagance of gesture. There are no importunate sellers of wares, and one may watch in peace the ivory carvers, with primitive wooden wheels worked by the feet, fashioning bracelets, necklaces and other ornaments from the tusks of elephants killed in the great jungles of the south ; the silversmiths at work on the curious pieces of filigree ; the leather merchants, sewing by hand bright red slippers with pointed toes ; the armourers making curious and often elaborate swords, spears and daggers, for the nomads of the deserts are seldom seen without arms in their hands.

In the smaller native towns farther south, at Wad Medani, El Dueim, Kosti and Sennar, rising above the low, matting-covered booths in the *sûks*, there is generally a forest of moving, glittering spears, carried by the nomadic tribesmen of the surrounding country who have come in to do their shopping. Here and there one sees the scarlet leather scabbard of a sword, and on many a brown muscular arm is a short-bladed dagger, encased in lizard skin, and held above the elbow of the left arm by a band, where it is ready for quick use ; but of these things more will be said in due course, for they belong to the wild, wide and sandy plains of Kordofan, the land of the evil eye, where, in one exciting moment, I learned the quick temper of these armed and highly superstitious warriors of the plains.

Outside the walls of Omdurman, which, when the sun sinks in fiery tropical glory over the wastes of sand, stretching away north, south, east and west for hundreds of miles, is turned from a collection of dull, greyish-brown buildings into a city of blood and

fire, lies the historic battlefield of Kerreri (Omdurman). The lonely monument erected to the memory of the 21st Lancers is passed on the ride out to Jebel Surgham. From this point of vantage a wonderful bird's-eye view of the theatre of battle is obtained. It was near to this hill that Osman Digna's army lay hiding in a *khor* when charged by the gallant 21st.

My guide in Omdurman—and nowhere is such a mixed blessing more necessary than in the labyrinth of passages and streets of a large native city—was an old slave of the Mahdi, who, as a boy, had been sold in the market of Abu Hamid for the sum of ten pounds. With the approach of Kitchener's army he had, however, escaped, joined a native regiment, and returned as one of the victorious troops to the scene of his slavery. Since these auspicious occasions, however, his views of life generally had become more commercialised, and his idea of a suitable recompense for my short lease of his service bore no comparison to the earlier freehold price of the same.

While in Omdurman, gaining a close insight into native life and customs in the *deims* of some twenty tribes, I met the son of the old Mahdi, the white man's most implacable enemy in Africa, but whose reign was by no means as cruel as that of the Khalifa, his appointed successor. Sir Said A. El Mahadi, K.C.V.O., to give this son his full name and title, is a man of middle age and fine physique, who is still referred to as " the Mahdi of the Sudan," and is the recognised spiritual leader of a number of tribes scattered over a wide area of country. His principal interest appears, however, to centre in Omdurman and in a thickly populated spot, 170 to 181 miles up the White Nile, called Aba Island. It was here

that the father of the present Mahdi followed the trade of boat-building before taking up his religious crusade. Here also occurred his first engagement with Government troops. Aba Island is about twenty-eight miles in length and is well wooded and thickly covered with native *tukls*. At a place called Faṣhishoya can still be seen the ruins of the Mahdi's house. His son has built a new residence on the island, besides having at least two large houses in the heart of Omdurman.

Unlike his father, the new Mahdi does not spurn Western ways, although he still dresses in flowing silks. On the day appointed for my visit I was met by his secretary and driven through the city to his official residence in one of the few motor cars in Omdurman. The Mahdi received me in a typical Arab apartment, and while discussing affairs in the Sudan I was handsomely regaled with tea *à l'Anglaise*. There is all the fire of the old fanatic in the restless eyes of his son, and the same elocutionary powers. I was shown a golden sword made in the *sûk* of this native city which was the replica of one sent to His Majesty King George V.

In the Omdurman *sûk* there was a suit of chain armour from Darfur, reputed to be a relic of the crusades. The skins of wild animals, the mud-brick walls, the matting booths, the queer wares of a native mart, all combine with the black and brown faces of the thousands of tribesmen, which even a trained ethnologist would find it difficult to classify, to form an almost unique picture of primitive life in the Central Africa of the twentieth century.

CHAPTER III

AN OLD SLAVE PORT

AFTER remaining at Khartoum for a short time as the guest of the Government, I crossed the picturesque Red Sea hills to Port Sudan. From this rapidly growing maritime centre I visited the old slave port of Suakin, where no white man now resides. In order to reach this place I travelled in a fast motor car having wheels adapted to run over the ordinary railway lines. This little vehicle certainly provided me with more than one thrill, and in places travelled at a speed of a mile a minute.

For the first few miles the line crosses the flat, sandy, but grass-covered plain which intervenes between the sea and the hills. Here parties of fuzzie-wuzzies, or wild Hadendoa tribesmen, with bushy hair and carrying either short swords or long thin spears and circular hide shields, were seen riding on camels to and from the distant jagged line of purple hills. The speed increased, and the little car rattled over a bridge. The wind roared past and only with the aid of a chin-strap could the essential solar topee be kept on my head. So great became the speed that the line ahead appeared to rise up in imaginary inclines. It was like travelling on the buffers of an express engine.

In an incredibly short space of time the Red Sea

hills were entered, and the car curved to the south after dashing through Sallom Junction. Here and there small herds of gazelle were surprised or a party of wild-looking spearmen crouched beside the line. The scenery was unexpectedly strange and fascinating, and presented a rapidly changing panorama of hills intersected by dried-up water-courses, thick grass and thorny shrub.

All the signals and points were worked for the passage of my little car which became a train in miniature. To the uninitiated this alone was interesting, for the line is a single one and the Staff system is in vogue. Handub is the next station, and when this had been passed the line ran straight across a plain covered with camels which had been brought from the arid interior to fatten on the grass.

Repeated blasts on the motor horn were necessary to clear the track of these wandering animals, and occasionally the brakes had to be applied with alarming suddenness to prevent a collision with one that had placed itself across the metals and refused to be moved.

A picnic basket was the most important item among the goods being carried by this little train, and it certainly struck me as Gilbertian when the driver stopped in the middle of the track and laid out on the grass a dainty lunch among the half-wild camels and hyenas. The radiator in the front of the rail car after a run of twenty miles at top speed would have delighted the heart of any butterfly or moth collector, for the bodies of insects who had been unable to escape covered the metal flanges.

The approach to Suakin was heralded by a ring of blockhouses and forts, erected by the British forces

when the Dervish hordes under Osman Digna fought their way up to the very walls of the town, then the seaward gate of the Sudan and the end of the old caravan road across the desert from Berber.

Almost within sight of the town are the battlefields of El Teb and Tamai, where the fathers of the tribesmen we passed on the wayside hurled themselves against the British squares. Many who fought in these battles are still living a nomadic life among the Red Sea hills and come into Suakin to do their shopping armed with spears and swords of elaborate design.

The road into the old slave port, when the little station and the rail car had been left, led through two gates and over a glaring white track flanked on both sides by the Red Sea, for Suakin is a walled and an island city. First comes Kitchener's Gate and then the older one named after General Gordon; between the two is a road which resembles a drawbridge over a moat.

Suakin is a compact mass of white stucco and stone, minarets and cupolas, dilapidated and tortuous alleys and bazaars, surrounded by the deep blue of the Red Sea. The tall, white houses with the *mesh-rebiya* work over the windows speak of an old Arab or even Moorish town. The great caravanserai by the edge of the dhow harbour tells of a time when an endless line of laden caravans and bands of pilgrims from all parts of Africa, tired and dust choked by the long desert road, rested before taking ship across the Red Sea on the last stage of their journey to Mecca.

For several centuries this picturesque little town was one of the principal ports for the transhipment of

slaves from Africa to Arabia. Even now many of its inhabitants are not above suspicion. Standing on the balcony of the old palace, once the headquarters of Lord Kitchener, when Governor of this wild region, I noticed a gleam of white far out on the azure sea. It was the hull of a British warship permanently employed watching the movements of dhows along this coast of evil reputation.

Suakin is a pathetic town of the past. Its trade in slaves has gone, and modern commerce has established itself at Port Sudan. A little cotton comes across the desert from Tokar ; a few pilgrims board the gaily painted dhows for Jeddah ; wild armed and semi-naked Hadendoa tribesmen roam its dilapidated streets, crude leather-work, quaint swords and spears and bright-coloured baskets are shown in its tumble-down booths, and not a single European dwells within its walls.

The balconies of the old and almost deserted palace overhang the blue waters of the harbour. From the turreted roof the lines of white surf breaking on the coral reefs far out at sea are clearly visible, while in the shadows below are the narrow, crazy streets, the mosque and the tumble-down old Arab houses with the green trellis-work shutters of their harem apartments.

Towards evening its white towers and walls are tinged with crimson by the wondrous sunsets over the Red Sea hills. Few towns, even in the romantic East, can compare with Suakin for colour and atmosphere.

CHAPTER IV

AMONG SAVAGE TRIBES IN KORDOFAN

TO continue this account of my wanderings south, across Central Africa to the Victoria Nyanza, it will be necessary to go over some of the ground and reiterate a few of the more important incidents described in greater detail in one of my previous books.*

After leaving Khartoum by Government steamer on the White Nile all trace of civilisation was soon lost. The broad river meandered between low, sandy banks, and was alive with waterfowl. At El Dueim, an important Arab town some 130 miles south of Khartoum, I first learned of the fear of the evil eye which exists among the Baggara Arab tribes of Kordofan. The charms worn round the arms and necks of even children to ward off evil had, of course, attracted my notice many miles back in the Kordofan Desert, but I did not then realise the influence which this superstition exercises over the lives of these people.

Having left the river bank and wandered through the native town into the desert beyond, I was watching a caravan of laden camels being prepared for its long and almost waterless march into the interior, when I noticed a number of children playing in the

* "Savage Life in the Black Sudan."

sand. Thinking that a good picture could be secured, I got out my camera and levelled it at the little group. Almost instantly there were howls of rage from the wild-looking men engaged in loading the camels. At the moment I did not realise the danger, and continued to approach the children with the object of getting them all into the photograph. One, a girl, who was evidently the eldest, and wore a crescent-shaped gold nose-ring as well as two immense silver anklets, picked up a frightened little infant and started to run away with it.

In a moment I found myself facing several nasty-looking spears, with dark, hawk-like faces glaring at me. Many of the older men gesticulated and shouted. I am convinced that only my expression of genuine surprise saved me. My Arabic vocabulary consisted of a few words, and these I employed to some purpose, for the shining blades were slowly raised, but not even the sight of silver piastres would tempt these desert people to overcome their superstitious belief in the evil eye of the camera so far as to pose for their photographs, or even allow me to take a snapshot of the camel-train.

Just before reaching the headquarters of the Shilluks, near Kodok, nearly 500 miles south of Khartoum, the forests closed in on the now weed-filled stream, except where grass swamps formed patches of vivid green against the sombre trees. Contrary to general belief, the forests of Equatorial Africa—here at their northernmost limit—contain but few palms. Almost every mudbank hereabouts supports one or more greenish-grey, yellow-striped crocodiles, basking in the tropical sun, yet with evil,

luminous eyes half-open, and jaws ready to snap at any incautious man or beast who may come suddenly through the tall grass fringing the river bank. Every mile of water has its school of ponderous hippopotami, who swim about with their huge heads and bulging eyes well above the surface, but ears alert for the first sound of danger. Occasionally one of these huge mammals will open wide his jaws and yawn into the hot, humid air. The red mouth and large flat-topped teeth can be clearly seen 200 yards away.

On arriving at Kodok I landed, with cameras, baggage, tent, and equipment, in the very centre of the Shilluk country—one of the most curious and little-known native kingdoms in the world. These people have from time immemorial been ruled by a *ret*, or king, whose dominion extends over an area of country along the west bank of the Upper White Nile, between Kaka and Tonga. No exact area of the Shilluk kingdom can possibly be given here, because inland from the rivers the country is only semi-explored. There is in this belt of Central African territory, which extends from about nine to eleven degrees north of the Equator, over 1,300 villages, composed entirely of conical straw and mud *tukls*, or huts, containing, at a rough estimate, about 40,000 savages.

Unlike most native tribes, every man, woman and child among the Shilluks gives unquestioned allegiance to the *ret*, and, through a system of espionage, every act or happening, however trivial, throughout the whole country is immediately reported to the king, who resides at the little village of Fashoda, some six miles inland from Kodok.

The Shilluks may be considered as giants, for they

vary from six to seven feet in height, and are usually very slim, exceptionally long-limbed and muscular. They have glossy black skins of satin-like smoothness, and they clothe themselves with a single piece of rust-coloured cloth tied on the right shoulder. The women wear a similar covering, but the children are usually completely naked.

The Shilluk warrior is never seen outside his *tukl* without a long spear, having a broad, leaf-shaped blade, and an ostrich feather tuft near the butt end. These spears are always kept scrupulously clean. In addition to this long, stabbing weapon, two small throwing spears are usually carried. When at war with their neighbours, the Dinkas—as at the time of my arrival in their country—a special club also forms part of the warrior's equipment.

What struck me most about these queer natives, when I landed on the west bank of the Upper Nile 2,200 miles from the mouth of this great river, and watched the little Government steamer which had brought me into the heart of a savage land steam slowly into the Equatorial haze, was, undoubtedly, the elaborate method of hairdressing among the men, and the plain, almost bald appearance of the women. This reversal of a custom usual among uncivilised as well as civilised peoples caused me to begin my investigations at this point, and I was initiated into one of the most curious and yet disgusting customs it has ever been my lot to witness.

The local barber is a most influential and respected person in every Shilluk village, because his office is hereditary, and his work second in importance only to those of fighting and cattle-breeding. On my

second day among these natives I visited the *tukl* of this local magnate, and watched the manner in which all the curious coiffures I had seen were fashioned.

The victim, for although the hairdressing operation is both painless and voluntary I can call him nothing else, squatted on the ground, happily for me, outside the *tukl*, but nevertheless in the hot, steamy atmosphere of 102 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. His disarranged hair was then thoroughly washed in the urine of a cow, during which operation vermin literally swarmed over the head and shoulders of the sitter as well as over the hands and arms of the savage hairdresser. When this process had been completed, the hair was allowed to steam in the hot sun for about half an hour. It is unnecessary to say here that while this drying process was taking place the atmosphere in the near vicinity was by no means ambrosial.

When only a thin film of noxious vapour arose from the half-dry head, the barber commenced preparing the ingredients used for neatly forming the hair in the chosen style. Into a large earthenware bowl he placed a mixture of swamp-mud, cow-dung, gum-arabic and urine. This mess was stirred and pounded until it became a thick sticky paste, which was worked into the hair while warm and moist.

There was a certain crude skill in the way in which the disgusting mass of hair was then fashioned into a kind of halo, because this had to be done by expert fingers while the pomade was drying and hardening in the scorching sun heat. All stray hairs which would have detracted from the neatness of this remarkable coiffure were cut off with a sharp knife as soon as the reeking head had dried sufficiently for

this purpose. The neck, face, shoulders, arms and body of the sitter were then carefully washed, to erase drips and stains, in the liquid mentioned.

The hair was finally dusted over with burnt cow-dung ash, mixed with red earth to give it the exact tint required. It appears that two heads are usually dressed alike, so that one man can see and admire his own coiffure by looking at that of another. Certainly a most ingenious method of overcoming the disadvantage of having no mirrors.

It is the custom for young men to have their hair dressed before courting or buying a wife, and also a day or so previous to one of their weird, girl, war, rain, death or Nyikwang dances. This particular conceit forms one of the principal items of expenditure of the Shilluk—payment being made to the barber in sheep, goats, cattle, fish-hooks or spears. Owing to its cost, great care has to be taken not to allow any irritation of the scalp to cause unseemly scratching, which would quickly disarrange this elaborate head-dress. To provide for this very natural contingency, short sticks are placed through the hair before it becomes a semi-solid mass of mud. These can afterwards be left in the holes so made and judiciously used to allay irritation, or for castigating the unruly and increasing guests.

The greatest discomfort caused by this custom of fantastic hairdressing undoubtedly occurs every night, when the men are compelled to sleep with their *necks only* supported by wood rests, so as to avoid an awful awakening in the morning, with the pride and glory of the night before hopelessly crushed and misshapen.

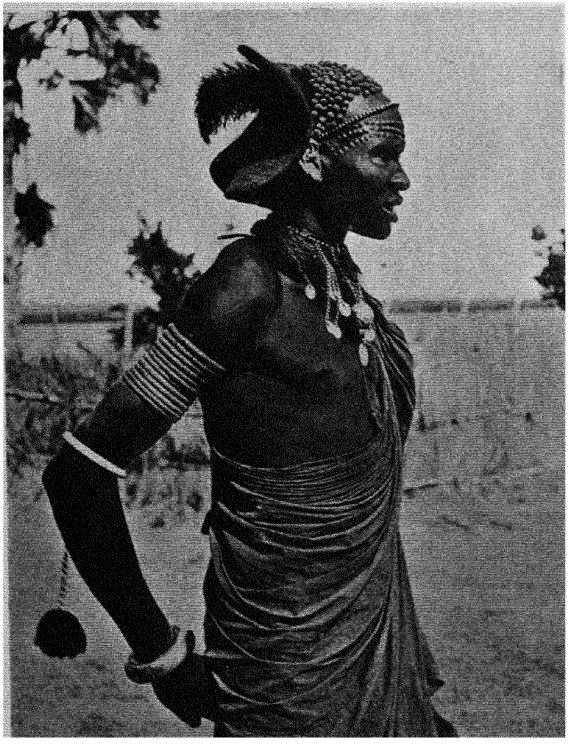
How different is the lot of the Shilluk girl. Tall and slim, with unusual grace, glossy black skin, large

bright eyes and only about a dozen tight little curls at the back of her bullet-like head to worry about. Yet there are few more laughing, joyous crowds of young men, as well as of women and children, than are to be seen moving about any of these villages when the toil of the day is over.

There is, however, another and more cruel side to the character of these people, which only came to my notice after I had been moving about among them for some considerable time. Young Shilluk boys have to undergo a truly barbarous initiation ceremony before they can join in a war-dance or accompany their elders on a raid or hunt. The skin of the forehead is slashed with a sharp knife by the witch doctors, and according to the way in which each class, or batch, of boys endures the pain, so they are given the name of some typical animal. The Leopard Clan signifies a class which crouched for the operation and whose character should be fierce and prone to stealthy attack. Similarly, the Cobra Clan writhed with the pain and dashed away into the jungle without waiting for the washing of its wounds.

A curious phenomenon of the grass plains, away back from the rivers, in this portion of Africa, is the black whirlwind. While trekking far inland the shelter of the forest had scarcely been left when I noticed three dark columns, like mammoth telegraph poles, reaching from the earth to the sky and moving erratically across country.

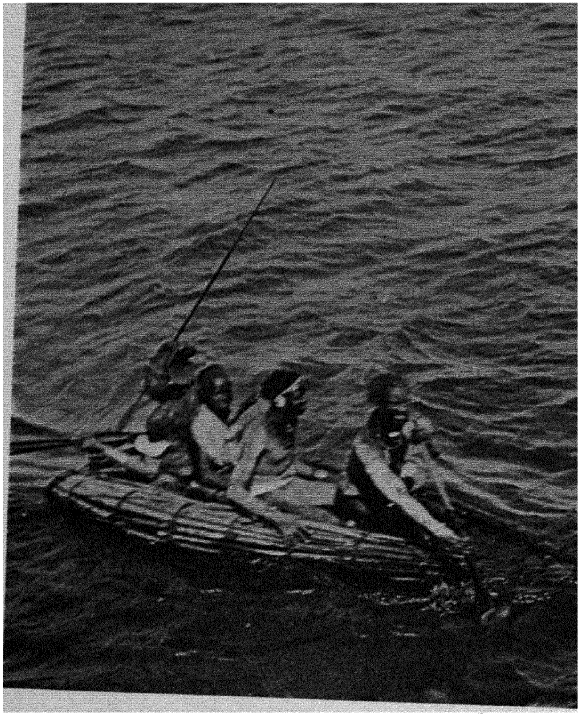
My Shilluk carriers immediately dropped their burdens and went down on their hands and knees. After a few moments they rose up and solemnly



A SHILLUK YOUTH



NATIVES HANDLING COTTON IN THE GEZIRA, CENTRAL SUDAN



SHILLUKS IN AN AMBACH CANOE IN THE SUDD REGION OF THE UPPER WHITE NILE



IN AN AFRICAN SWAMP
Sudd and Papyrus bordering the Upper White Nile.

explained that *Jok* (god of the Shilluks) walks in these black whirlwinds so that he cannot be seen. The real cause, however, is the widespread burning of the grass during the dry season. Then along come the miniature whirlwinds, whisking the black ash high into the air. Farther north, on the Bayuda and Nubian Deserts, these same winds create what are there called Sand Devils.

In latitude 9° 48′ N., between the villages of Kodok and Fashoda, there is a muddy little creek, which is the Sacred River of the Shilluks. This small stream plays an important part in the life and history of this native kingdom. Its waters have received the blood of many sacrifices, while on its banks assemble thousands of savage warriors for the coronation ceremony of these African kings.

The *ret*, or king, is chosen by the hereditary sub-chiefs from among the children of royal descent, and, on being installed, comes from Fashoda, with his bodyguard of spearmen, to the south bank of the Sacred River. A great assembly of all the tribes takes place. Thousands of armed warriors come thirteen and fourteen days' march, while the attendance of all the sub-chiefs and their retainers is compulsory. A forest of raised spears greets the king's arrival, then the assembled multitude kneels down while this black potentate takes his seat on a leopard skin. After the presentation of a white bull and a semi-naked slave girl, the really interesting part of the ceremony commences. The king is first partially bathed in hot water and then in cold, so that he may never be too cold or too warm. He is then treated rudely and must patiently submit, so that he may always be humble. Next, he is worshipped by the

whole assembly, because he is the son of Nyikwang, the super-god. His feet are thrust into coarse sandals of hippopotamus hide, and in these he must walk, so that he may understand poverty and suffering. The raw meat of gazelle and hippopotamus is then placed before him by slaves, so that he may always have plenty and yet eat sparingly. Finally, three boys run dramatically towards him with spears reversed, so that the points are against their breasts, and the king must press the shafts of these weapons sufficiently to cause blood to trickle down the naked black bodies, signifying that he will rule firmly and yet humanely.

After leaving Shilluk-land I journeyed south into the country of the Dinka tribes. These people are scattered over a wide area; some inhabit the east bank of the White Nile, around the village of Melut and the Sobat River, while another group live a miserable existence in and around the great *Sudd*, or Swamp, which extends for several hundred miles southwards from Lake No.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Dinkas is the elaborate head-dress and necklace of coloured beads, in which blue and white predominate, worn by the young men as a symbol of wealth. Later in life (after marriage) these personal ornaments are usually exchanged for cattle. Occasionally one sees the *afjok*, or ivory bangle, which signifies that the wearer has killed at least one elephant with his spear.

The Dinkas are large cattle-owners, and the reason why they so seldom dispose of any of the herds they own was made known to me one morning while in a cattle zariba, or enclosure.

I noticed a number of young men hobbling the legs of a huge bull, and curiosity drew me close to the scene of operations. When the beast had been rendered incapable of mischief, the point of a short spear was suddenly plunged into a vein in the animal's neck. Thick, red blood spurted from the wound. Bowls were filled with the reeking liquid, and finally a leather tourniquet, which I had not hitherto noticed among the rolls of fat on the bull's neck, was tightened. The wound was then thickly smeared with a mixture of dung and wet clay, and the beast was left tied up so that the hot sun should quickly dry the plaster and congeal the oozing blood beneath.

When this essential work had been completed, these naked savages smilingly offered me a bowl of blood to drink, but, detecting my ill-concealed look of horror, one of them raised it to his lips, and after drinking a quantity of the repulsive contents passed it on to another.

Whether it was the hot sun or the disgusting sight of blood trickling down the corners of the mouths of these human vampires, I cannot say, but so strong was the feeling of nausea created that I had not only to seek the seclusion of the camp, but also to forego my breakfast.

CHAPTER V

STRANGE SCENES IN THE *DAR NUBA* AND *BAHR EL GHAZAL*

THE country, or *Dar* of the Nubas, which is in Southern Kordofan, comprises a vast level plain of dry and cracked black cotton soil, dappled here and there with patches and hillocks of light yellow gravel. Rising abruptly from this plain are the rugged mountains forming the hilltop strongholds of the fierce Nuba, many of whom remain unconquered and their lofty fastnesses unknown to the white man.

From this it must not be imagined that there is any definite or impressive range. The piles of greyish-brown granite boulders forming these hills, apparently thrown up by some dynamic force from the earth's centre in the days when the world was young, rise abruptly from the bush or tree-covered levels in small isolated groups. Some of the hills themselves are partially covered with an open and almost leafless forest, while others are a mass of bare rock. On and around the summits, which are honeycombed with caves, thousands of Nubas have for generations lived a life of complete isolation from the Arabs inhabiting the plains below.

Each *Jebel*, or hill, possesses its own community, ranging from about 300 to 2,000 people, and, more

curious still, the inhabitants of one hill have little intercourse with those living in the concealed villages and caves on neighbouring masses of rock. The subterranean passages are seldom used as dwellings, but form a last retreat for these queer people when any attempt is made to storm their mountain strongholds.

It is certain that these people were driven from the plains to the north by successive waves of invasion during remote periods of which little is so far known. It is also a most curious fact that emblems of their religious ritual still maintain both the shape and style of those in use thousands of years ago, as portrayed in the delicately coloured decorations of many temples and tombs in Upper Egypt. The more I saw of the Nubas, and the deeper I studied their religious beliefs and customs, the greater became my conviction that they are the inheritors of the ages.

For centuries these people suffered badly from Arab slave raids. During the Mahdia many attempts were made by the Dervish armies to storm their mountain strongholds. Wherever successful, almost the entire population was carried away into slavery. Fortunately, however, many hills succeeded in defying the Mahdi, and now offer a wonderful field for careful research. The two great difficulties confronting the explorer in the Dar Nuba is the natural distrust with which these savages regard all strangers, and the extraordinary fact that each little hill-community speaks a language which is totally unintelligible to most of its neighbours.

The appearance of these people can be seen from the accompanying illustrations. Only the married women wear even the smallest form of covering—

a long, thin apron both back and front. Although my study of Nuba customs produced many surprises, the most startling of all was the strange spiritualistic beliefs and hypnotic practices of this curious mountain race of Southern Kordofan.

A great majority of the Nubas are pagans; only a few who have come under Arab influence profess a kind of Islam. Although certain of their rites and ceremonies place them within the category of heathens, they, nevertheless, believe in a supreme God. This deity they call *Baal*, who is believed to reside in the heavens, but directs all earthly affairs through the medium of the spirits of the ancestors of each community. From the first inhabitants of each hill, or tribe, Baal is supposed to have chosen a number of spirits to watch over the affairs of their earthly descendants. These spirits are called *Arro*, and each tribe possesses at least one of these unseen dictators of its destiny.

The *Arro* dwell in some vague universe above the clouds. In some respects they correspond to the angels of the Christian faith, but their duties are more clearly defined, and they are believed to control even the smallest act in the life of each individual of the community over whose interests they are for ever watching.

Every *Arro*, or guiding spirit, is represented on earth by a medium, who, for some unaccountable reason, is given the Arabic title of *Kujur*.

The office of *Kujur* is not in any way hereditary. On the death of one of these priests, his successor is chosen through a trance, and therefore corresponds to what has become known to civilisation as a medium.

The *Kujur's* trance takes place in public. Any one of the tribe who feels that he is called to the priesthood can come forward for the trial ceremony. By starvation combined with will-power he must throw himself into a trance, and the *Arro* will then take possession of the body or not, as it considers fit. If the medium receives the spirit, he first emits eerie shrieks, and is then given a changed voice and an eloquence to address the assembled tribe.

This appears to correspond to what is generally termed "Divine Inspiration" among civilised communities. The Nubas believe that this combination could only be obtained from a spiritual source. The new *Kujur* is then installed with certain rites, which include the presentation of the iron-ringed and narrow-headed battle-axe of his predecessor. A procession to the *Arro's* house, or hut, during which he is supposed to be still in a state of trance, and usually leans heavily on the assisting arm of the *mek*—signifying royal support in the execution of his office—then takes place in front of the assembled tribe.*

If it is afterwards proved that the trance was feigned, that the wisdom, eloquence and the changed voice and mien were only simulated, the would-be priest and tribal counsellor is disgraced, and can never again enter for the *Kujur's* trance. If, however, the spirit of the *Arro* refuses to take possession of the body offered, then it is considered that the temporal home was either mentally or physically unsuitable, but the act of making the offer is looked upon as piety.

There can be little doubt that during these ceremonies one or more of the applicants are unconscious. Whether or not it is the hypnotic influence

* *Mek*=king.

of the circle of onlookers combined with the exercise of will and starvation on the part of the would-be *Kujur* which produces the desired effect, it is, of course, impossible to say without the conduct of a series of scientific tests, which it is unlikely these savages would tolerate. Curiously, however, all the *Kujurs* whom I met seemed to have a vacant and almost supernatural stare. This may be due to the effect which the more or less frequent production of the semi-conscious state has upon the mentality and physique of the individual. The *Kujurs* of a tribe are called upon to advise the Mek in all important matters. Their advice is given in public while in the supposedly sub-conscious condition. As there are usually one or more *Kujurs* officiating at the ceremony of the trance, it is, of course, possible that they are able to exercise an hypnotic influence on the candidates.

In distinct contrast to the custom of isolation, in both religious and tribal affairs, as well as in language, of one hill, or community, from its neighbours, is the Nuba law of sanctuary. A guest is provided with food and shelter in any household for as long as he cares to stay, and no payment or gift is accepted for this privilege.

Should a guest in sanctuary be murdered during one of the frequent vendettas between one family, or hill, and another, he must be avenged in the same manner as if he was a near relative, although it frequently happens that a guest comes from a far-off hill and is quite unknown to anyone in the village in which he is temporarily residing.

Even more unusual, however, is the giving of

sanctuary to any criminal who may claim it without regard to the hill from which he comes or the crime he may have committed. This law often brings upon the head of a peaceful family all the horrors of a blood-feud, because, according to tribal custom, the relatives of a victim must hunt down the assassin, if they cannot, or do not wish to obtain blood-money from his relatives; and those who have harboured the murderer are compelled to protect or avenge him. Two families who are complete strangers to each other thus go to war over an acknowledged criminal.

The strongest young men in each community are specially trained for the manly sport of wrestling, and they frequently develop quite unusual physique. One village then challenges another, each putting into the ring some ten or fifteen wrestlers. The style is catch-as-catch-can, and the matches take place in the presence of a big and enthusiastic crowd of savages from all the villages around.

Perhaps one of the most noteworthy facts about Nuba wrestling is the control which both sides exercise over their more savage instincts. It very seldom occurs that one of the opponents is killed, or that trouble is started between two communities. In this connection it must be remembered that most of the onlookers are armed with long spears. Broken limbs are, however, frequent, and the wrestlers bind their wrists and often their legs to minimise the risk of these bones cracking under the tremendous strain which these muscular giants are able to put forth and endure.

On the afternoon set for one such contest the

clearing between the huts was filled with the usual throng in their everyday undress. Only the competitors, huge negroes with greased bodies, were distinguished by long fur and feather tails and anklets, giving them the appearance of gigantic birds. Except for these curious decorations they were completely naked, with their heads shaven to prevent any hold being secured on the hair.

Several matches took place at once. As each pair leaned forward and manœuvred for position their tails of fur and feathers rose up behind them, and, together with their extended claw-like fingers, gave the scene the grotesque appearance of a fight between a number of monstrous prehistoric birds. Then one long muscular arm darted out, and the extended fingers secured a grip on the greasy body in front of it. In a moment the two ebony giants were locked in an embrace which would have killed any ordinary white man.

Each little group of wrestlers viewed separately, without its background of eager and excited savages, called vividly to mind the scenes often depicted of barbarian wrestlers in the amphitheatres of ancient Rome. The blue-black shining bodies with muscles standing out in great cords and ridges on arms, legs, neck and back, made these giant fighters, several of whom were seven feet tall, appear to be the embodiment of brute strength.

There was all the savagery of primitive man behind the few tribal restrictions, and blood trickled from patches of skin torn off by the pressure of the fingers, which were dug in deeply to secure a hold on the greasy body.

When one huge competitor was hurled sideways

to the ground by an opponent who appeared to be physically inferior, there was a wild shriek from the tribesmen around. Apparently these wild men recognise that once they have been thrown down they are defeated. When the unfortunate competitor, who seemed none the worse for his apparently awful fall, retreated from the arena, he was greeted by an outburst of what I took—quite wrongly—to be derisive jeers.

When one of the competitors in each of the four matches taking place simultaneously had either been hurled to the ground with varying degrees of violence, or else become locked in what was evidently considered to be a death-grip, the victors competed among themselves for the championship.

It is impossible adequately to describe these exciting contests between black supermen, trained from childhood for fighting, wrestling and the chase. However backward they may be mentally and from the civilised standpoint, they certainly are wonderfully fine physical specimens of humanity, and probably the world's greatest wrestlers.

The only inducement offered to competitors in these wrestling bouts appears to be the local renown obtained by the victors, although the community among whom each contest takes place usually provides a feast and a plentiful supply of the local intoxicant.

The champion wrestlers in these contests are, curiously enough, not fêted by the people of the village, because it is considered that they are above praise. On the other hand, it is the custom of these queer natives to applaud the efforts of those who have made the best stand against the established champion of the day. I was informed that the purpose of this

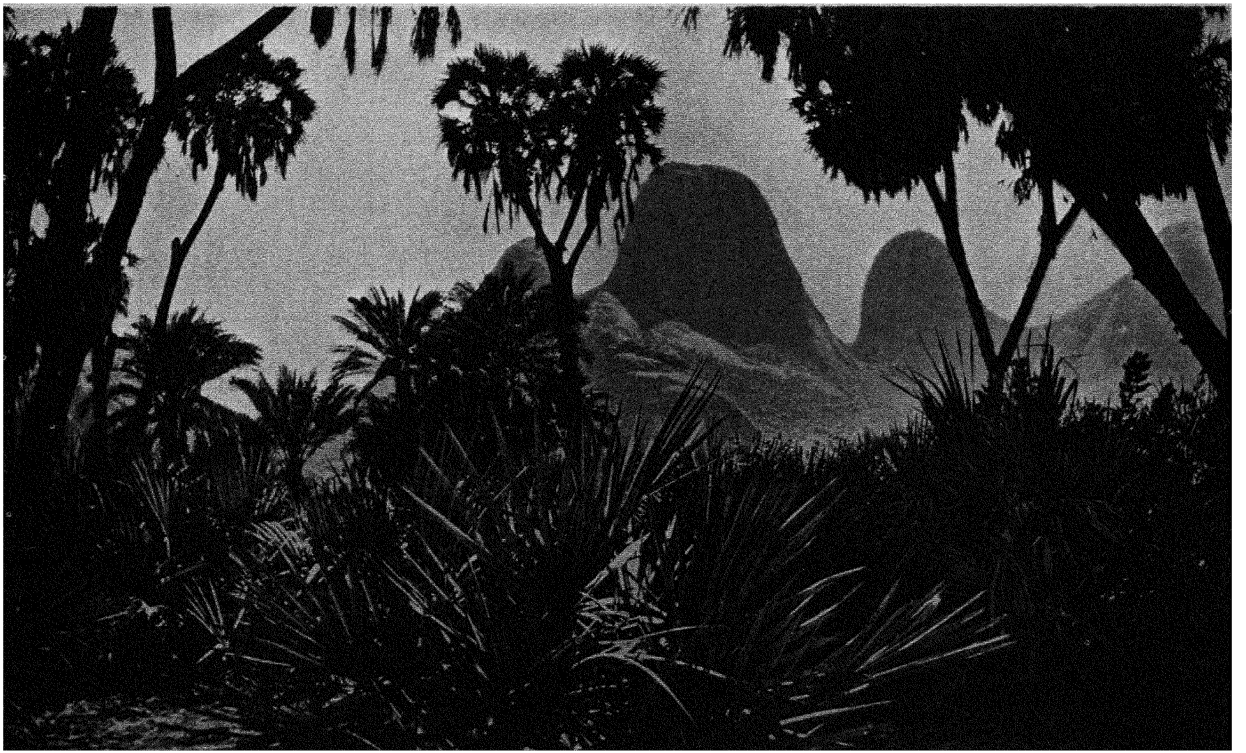
custom is to encourage the Nuba youth to compete against the best wrestlers, who usually make themselves the leaders of the young men of their respective villages.

The Kordofan Desert, on which the scribbled notes for this chapter were made as I passed out of the Dar Nuba, has already been marked as the most practical route for the railway from Cairo to the Cape. The wild lands visited and the savage tribes encountered—what will become of them when the armies of civilisation march across their frontiers bringing them face to face with the problems of a civilised epoch? Time and distance are, however, the enemies of rapid progress, and for many years to come the great dead heart of remote Kordofan will remain undisturbed in its primordial sleep.

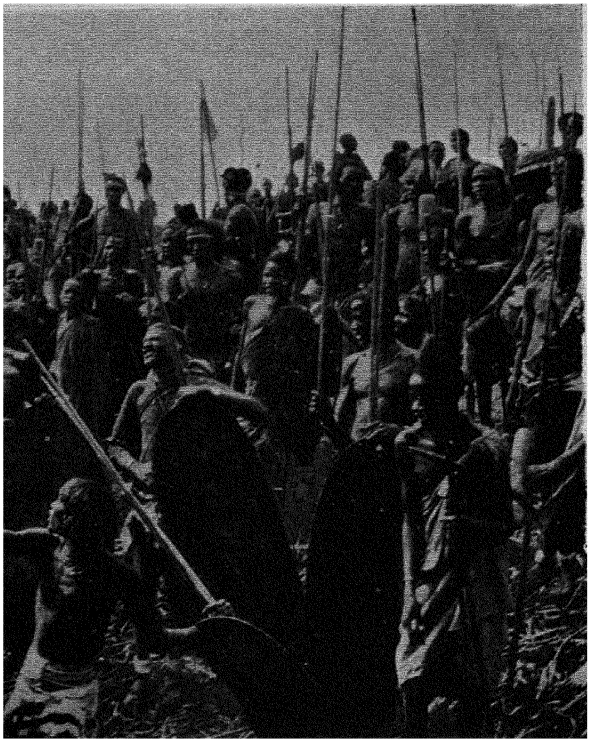
After leaving the Dar Nuba and the Shilluk country, I continued up the White Nile from the little riverside post of Tonga, and learned much about the great Equatorial region to the south which formed the darkest Africa of Stanley, Baker, Gessi, and other famous explorers of a past generation.

Taking a sharp southward turn immediately on entering Lake No, the Government steamer began the 200-mile journey through the sudd. The upper reaches of the Nile at this point resemble a canal cut through tall, reed-like grass. There is no solid river bank, only an immense, horizon-wide expanse of papyrus, with the winding waterway and numerous lagoons cutting into it from many directions. Hippopotami and crocodiles are here so numerous as to be a danger to the frail *ambach* (light wood) rafts of the

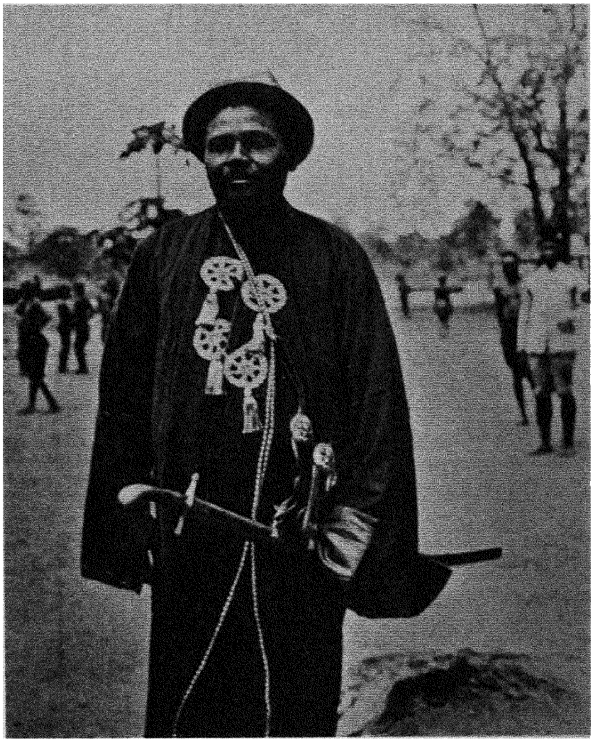
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KASSALA MOUNTAIN
A Cotton-growing District in the Eastern Sudan.



A TRIBAL GATHERING ON THE BANKS OF THE SOBAT RIVER



SULTAN GUNGARA, YAMBIO–BAHR EL GHAZAL

natives. This great tropical morass is the true home of the python, but, much to my surprise, the mosquitoes were comparatively few compared with the millions which undoubtedly breed in this pestilential region during the rainy season.

My fellow-passengers were mostly big game hunters and officials returning from leave, although there were several travellers on board, including two ladies, who were making their way overland to the Cape of Good Hope. They all seemed to enjoy the unique experience of travelling in comparative luxury through a savage land.

The Nuers, who have built their villages along the river edge of the great swamp, are savages of a low type, although they prove wily fighters and go about armed, but completely naked. Shortly after leaving Shambé, firm ground and trees became visible in the distance and elephants were occasionally seen. Just before reaching the village of Bor, I noticed a number of Dinkas fishing in the crocodile-infested waters from their long dug-out canoes, and these had to be paddled hastily to the bank in order to avoid being swamped by the wash from the stern wheel of the steamer.

Inland from the village of Bor there is a mighty herd of elephant, and this country is also excellent for the shooting of lion, rhinoceros, wart hog, gazelle, eland, roan antelope, reedbuck, white-eared cob and hartebeest. The scenery along the river bank now changed, and the vegetation became more tropical in aspect. Banana and pawpaw trees appeared on one or two islands in mid-stream, and the villages were no longer composed of poorly built *tukls*. Tall Bari negroes stood idly about near their well-built huts,

giving the impression that savage life in this part of Africa is a lotus-eating existence.

After passing the administrative post of Mongalla, then Lado, which was the headquarters of Emin Pasha in 1874, and lastly Gondokoro, where Sir Samuel Baker's old station still stands on a raised mound, we reached Juba, the limit of steamboat navigation, at a distance of 1,090 miles from Khartoum and 3,007 miles from the mouth of the Nile.

CHAPTER VI

EAST AFRICAN PANORAMAS

IMAGINE an island of reddish-brown earth, almost obliterated by the vivid green of tropical foliage, set in a vast, nearly landlocked bay of sapphire blue, and framed by the encircling tousled arms of the forest-covered East African mainland, and you will have my impression of Mombasa on approaching it from the sea. Add to this picture low brown cliffs crowned by a mass of white houses with red roofs, a few yellow walls of great age blotched by parasitic growth, a distant minaret dwarfed by imposing buildings with many balconies, a broad and gleaming road, coco-nut palms, purple bougainvillæa, scarlet poinsettia, the leafy branches of great and antique baobab trees—and you will have also some idea of the form and colour of Mombasa town as I saw it first, bathed in the gentle sunlight of the early hours of the tropical morning.

Kilindini Harbour is one of the finest natural anchorages on this coast of the Continent, and may be termed the gateway of East Africa. Coral reefs guard the entrance, and after passing these, the channel leading in from the Indian Ocean is flanked with low, verdure-clad hills. The island is about three miles long by two miles wide; it is almost covered by the buildings of the town and port, and is

connected with the mainland by the Salisbury Bridge. In addition to Kilindini Harbour, or "the deep place," which is on the west side, there is also a busy dhow harbour opposite to old Mombasa town.

Called by the natives *Kisiwa Cha Mvita*—the Isle of War—Mombasa was discovered by Vasco da Gama in the year 1498. Prior to the coming of European explorers this portion of the East African coast had been visited and, in places, colonised by the Egyptians, Persians, Chinese, and Arabs. "For nearly three hundred years, with but few intermissions, a war for supremacy was waged thereafter between the Portuguese and the Arabs." Subsequent to the final defeat and departure of the people of Portugal, the Sultan of Muscat commenced the reannexation of his old African Empire.

A knowledge of these and other historical facts are necessary in order to understand the Mombasa of to-day. Many old ruins of both the Portuguese and Arab periods are scattered over the town. Some idea of the fierce nature of the struggle between these two colonising powers of the Middle Ages may be gained from a still-existing tablet in the wall of that prominent landmark of Mombasa, the old Fort of Jesus. On this stone slab the story is told of how "the Captain Major put to death the rebel Kings and all their principal chiefs, for which services, performed on his own responsibility, he was rewarded by being made a Gentleman of the Portuguese Household, having already received the decoration of the Order of Christ."

I was told that the red stones for this great building were shipped from Portugal, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, about 250 years ago. Eventually the

Arabs stormed this stronghold and massacred the few defenders remaining after a prolonged siege. It is now a prison, over which, curiously enough, flies the flag of the Sultan of Zanzibar, but that is another story.

"The fall of the fortress gave the death-blow to Portuguese dominion on this portion of the East African coast, and it passed into the hands of the Arabs, who, under the Sultans of Muscat, Oman and Zanzibar, maintained it as a slaving ground until the arrival of the British in the latter portion of the nineteenth century.

"In East and Central Africa, Great Britain, unaided by any other Western power, carried on in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties one of the most humane undertakings of modern times. It is difficult accurately to gauge the benefits which have accrued to the enormous native population from the assumption of control and administration by a civilised nation. The slave raids of the coast Arabs and the warlike Masai, combined with the almost continual internal warfare, induced the British Government to grant, in 1888, to the Imperial British East African Company a Charter of administration over the territory leased to it by the Sultan of Zanzibar and the country ceded by various native chiefs.

"For seven years this corporation struggled hard with the difficulties of settling a country which had for centuries been the special preserve of slavers. The work was carried on with insufficient troops to compel the cessation of the terrible internecine warfare and the massacres of the weaker tribes. In 1895 the Chartered Company handed over the administration to the Imperial Government."

"Many were the necessities which induced the British Government to extend their sphere of influence inland. It was found impossible to establish a régime of peace in East Africa unless the interior of the country was also secured; no efficient check could be placed on the slave-raiding expeditions in Egyptian Equatoria unless the northern regions of Uganda were also occupied. The prosperity of Egypt and the Sudan depending upon the Nile, it was deemed necessary to prevent any other European nation from claiming the country around the source of this great river; and the awful tribal warfare in Southern Uganda made the occupation of that country also necessary if British prestige was to be maintained in Africa."

"The march inland was continued in 1894, when Uganda was brought under British protection. The Central African Protectorate, known as Nyasaland, which lies north of the Zambesi, was brought under British influence in 1891; and Tanganyika was proclaimed a Mandatory Territory administered by Great Britain after the great European War." *

With these facts in mind, Mombasa became haloed with the romance of Africa, and I stepped eagerly into its vivid lights and shades. Just outside the town lives an old negro, Matthew Wellington, who is the last survivor of the six natives who carried Livingstone's body to the coast. Mombasa has atmosphere—that indefinable something which is a gift of Nature, and can never be artificially created by man. I felt it the moment I stepped ashore and drove up its glaring white main street. Negresses with red

* Extracts from the East African sections of the "Encyclopædia of the British Empire," edited by Charles W. Domville-Fife.

kerchiefs and vivid spotted skirts, Arabs in flowing robes, Indians with turbans, semi-naked and still only half-civilised Kavirondo tribesmen who had come in over the highlands from the distant shores of Victoria Nyanza, immaculate white-suited and helmeted officials and merchants filled the typically African scene with life. Palms, mohur trees and masses of tropical blooms peeping over sunlit stucco walls with glimpses of blue sea beyond, and the greenest of green jungles, prevented the urbane and elegant hotels with their deep and shady balconies, and the lines of Indian-owned shops, from giving to this sea-gate of a great country even the remotest resemblance to a heavy, stolid and uniform Western town.

From the pretty little Government House, standing on the Bluff facing the entrance to Mombasa Harbour, I made my way to the High Court, where British and Mohammedan laws are administered together, the latter coming nominally under the Wali, who, in accordance with the ten-mile treaty, represents the Sultan of Zanzibar. In the public gardens I wandered between tropical foliage and flowers of many colours, and past the quaintly shaped baobab trees which form prominent features of almost every Mombasa landscape. In the curio shops I bought elephant hair bangles and ivory carvings. Making my way inland I reached old Mombasa, where there are narrow streets, overhanging balconies and a number of finely carved antique doorways. Here I came upon several characteristic scenes. Outside one store there were no less than twelve magnificent elephant tusks, and in another a camel was turning a crude pestle and mortar used for extracting oil from nuts. Although Mombasa has not the striking

Oriental aspect of Zanzibar city, only 150 miles distant across the blue sea, it is full of light and colour—it is bizarre.

At Tudor House, the little hostelry on the opposite side of the island so popular as a port-of-call for Mombasa residents when, in the early hours of the evening, they take a " cooling " by rickshaw or car, I bathed and led the *dolce far niente* life of a tropical idler. After a night in one of the comfortable sleeping cars of the Kenya railway, I awoke one chilly morning to find myself transported from the torrid coast to a temperate zone. All around were the wide hill-dotted plains, 4,000 feet above sea-level, forming the big game country of the Kenya highlands.

" The fresh clearness of the morning air is an invigorating tonic after the heat of the coast; one cannot but appreciate the fascinating and interesting metamorphosis of one's surroundings of the previous day. The railway line forms the boundary of a stupendous game reserve, a splendid natural zoo, and it is apparent that the primitive instinct of the wild has taught the denizens of the reserve that safety lies behind the line of rail. The largest herds are to be seen inside the boundary, but there are many scattered groups on the other side of the line, and it has been observed that on the approach of a motor car or a pedestrian those outside the reserve will promptly make for safety behind the boundary, frequently crossing the line a short distance ahead of the locomotive."

This much I read in a Government publication before reaching the Athi Plateau, where the sight which presented itself is difficult of description. If one could imagine the beasts in the zoological gardens

of Europe loosed on an enormous plain, some conception of this portion of East Africa might be obtained, but the number of game on these plains, which stretch for miles, can only be roughly estimated in thousands. It is astonishing to observe zebra, hartebeest and many species of antelope grazing unconcernedly within pistol shot of the moving train. Giraffe also can be seen when the thorn-bush country is reached. On one occasion I noticed the hurried flight of a herd of antelope, and with the aid of field-glasses detected the presence of lion.

This journey over the middle highlands of Kenya, although somewhat dusty, was entirely devoid of monotony. The hill-dotted plains, with the blue sweep of the horizon, gave place to vast grassy hollows, encompassed by low ranges as the line rose from one lofty plateau to another on its way up from the coast. Although it could not be seen from the train, the Great Rift Valley at one point was running parallel with the railway lines, about twenty miles farther south.

Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony, stands at an elevation of 5,452 feet above sea-level, and enjoys a delightful climate, which is neither too hot nor too cold. The main thoroughfares, Government Road and Sixth Avenue, are lined on each side with fine shops and offices, built, more often than not, of a grey stone. The population numbers about 13,000, of whom 8,000 are Asiatics and only 4,000 are of European origin. The Indian element is an important one commercially, and there is quite a busy little Eastern bazaar. The capital of Kenya is one of those cities where there are but few local sights, and yet it possesses a charm which makes it difficult to

leave when the normal duration of one's stay comes to an end. Nairobi is new, and its people are very hospitable.

Here one usually meets that interesting product of the East African game lands, the white hunter, and learns the meaning of the word "*safari.*" The former is usually a cheery, self-reliant individual, with many years' experience of bush life, the natives, and the movements of big game. He is always a good shot and an excellent companion. A *safari* is a shooting expedition into the wilds. It is generally accompanied by a white hunter, whose duties comprise arranging the equipment and transport, leading his party to the best locality—for big game are migratory—and, more often than not, of taking the charge of wounded beasts or finishing a dangerous animal missed by the novice.

For these risky and comprehensive duties this modern adventurer receives a salary which varies from £100 to £200 a month. Would that I could reproduce here some of the tales told me by these men, but they would lose atmosphere and often point when set out in cold print: a life saved by a quick shot; a weary march through the jungle at night to get medical aid for a sick man; a camp scattered by elephants; a skit on the white rhinoceros of romance—for these animals, I was told, are almost tame and can be easily approached; and tall stories of the peculiar *lutembe*, or friendly crocodiles, of Victoria Nyanza—of which, however, more anon.

There are women in Kenya thoroughly accustomed to *safari* life who, for a consideration, will accompany shooting parties which include members of their own

sex who do not care to be left alone in camp while the hunters are away. They are often excellent shots. From a white hunter I learned that a two months' *safari* into the African "blue" usually costs about £1,500 to £2,000, and a small photographic expedition lasting about two weeks, from £400 to £600.

About thirty years ago the flat plain on which the principal commercial thoroughfares of Nairobi have been built was inhabited only by herds of big game. Even to-day thousands of gazelle, wildebeeste and zebra can be seen from the high ground of the eastern suburbs, so conservative are these animals in their choice of feeding grounds. The aviation field just outside the town is often invaded by these animals, which have to be driven off to make it safe for landing planes.

"Some of the products for which Kenya is justly famous are produced in the adjacent districts. The town is situated on the edge of the rich farming lands, which lie on the slopes rising to the crest of the Kikuyu escarpment, where is produced a considerable proportion of the Kenya coffee crop.

"A short car ride will carry one into the midst of coffee plantations, the orderly lines of trees backed by windbreaks of graceful silver oak or waving wattle, with the dark green of the plant relieved by the lighter shades of the 'foliage' trees, or bananas, interplanted for the purpose of giving shade, make a pleasant contrast; the clean red soil underneath, and the red roof of the homestead with its bougainvillæa-covered porch, provide the final touch to an altogether charming picture, and this is typical of many estates to be found within this area.

"The lower-lying land around Thika, which is watered by the Chania and Thika rivers, thirty miles to the north, is extensively devoted to sisal. Limuru, half-way to the top of the Kikuyu escarpment, has a wide range of agricultural production, including tea."

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT RIFT AND VICTORIA NYANZA

ALTHOUGH unable, while in East Africa, to get as far away from the beaten track as I had planned, owing to the extremely debilitating effect of a sharp attack of dengue fever contracted some weeks before in Port Said, there were at least three places in Kenya which I intended to see, and one of these was the Great Rift Valley. The view, as I gazed down from the summit of the escarpment at a point little more than an hour's journey from Nairobi, formed an unforgettable sight. The floor of the valley, some 2,000 feet below, appeared hazy and bottomless. Hills and dales lying between the two widely spaced buttresses, on one of which I was standing, seemed dwarfed into insignificance.

The Great Rift can be traced from Beira, in Portuguese East Africa, northwards to Lake Nyasa, where it apparently divides into a western and an eastern branch. The bed of the former valley is filled by the chain of Central African lakes, Tanganyika, Kivu, Edward and Albert. The eastern valley resembles an immense gash across the vast spaces of Tanganyika and Kenya to Lake Rudolf, through Abyssinia, across the Red Sea to the Dead Sea, and up the valley of the River of Jordan. It varies in

width from forty to sixty miles, and holds a chain of lakes, including beautiful Naivasha and the soda lake of Magadi, both in Kenya Colony. Later in my African travels I obtained a wonderful view of this curious lake, containing vast deposits of carbonate of soda, which renew themselves from some mysterious source when quantities are removed for commercial utilisation. Seen in the morning light, the surface was a series of blue, pink and mauve-grey patches.

The most interesting portion of the Rift Valley is at the point where it is crossed by the Kenya and Uganda railway. It was from this spot that I gazed down over 3,000 square miles of East African territory. The steep slope of the escarpment is covered with forest and runs out on to a broken plain, rising from which are the craters of several extinct volcanoes. The narrowest part of this valley is filled by the Longonot Crater and the adjoining hills, which almost entirely surround Lake Naivasha. The huge cone of this old volcano rises to an altitude of 9,000 feet. The crater is of considerable depth, and is nearly two and a half miles wide. At some places the rim falls away so sharply on both sides that it is possible to sit on it astride. The interior is very steep and holds a small forest in its depths. There is still a " blow hole " from which poison gases are emitted. The climb, says an excellent little publication issued by the Kenya railways, " is no mean mountaineering *feet.*" This I can quite believe from my own aching limbs after descending and ascending the forest-covered escarpment.

Lake Naivasha is about twelve miles long by nine miles wide. " Numerous hills, including one or two small craters, fill the gap between the distant shore

and the escarpment behind. Homesteads are perched on commanding heights around the lake, adding charm to its beautiful settings. There is no outlet, yet its waters are quite sweet, except, of course, amongst the water-lilies, the home of myriads of wild duck, which fringe its shores. Supposition has it that Lake Naivasha fills a volcanic depression, and this is borne out by the presence of a crescent-shaped island which is popularly supposed to be part of the rim of a submerged volcano.

"A remarkable dry valley, known locally as 'Rider Haggard's Chasm,' cuts through the boundary of rock which confines the lake on the south. The chasm has a broad flat floor, with precipitous sides, varying from thirty feet to 200 feet in height, in places covered with vultures' eyries. It runs towards Longonot, and is evidently an old outlet of the lake at the time when the waters were spread over a larger basin. This cleft in the earth is a pleasant spot; some miles down there occurs hot and cold water springs within a few feet of each other. Rider Haggard laid the foundation of his popular novel 'Allan Quatermain,' in this locality."

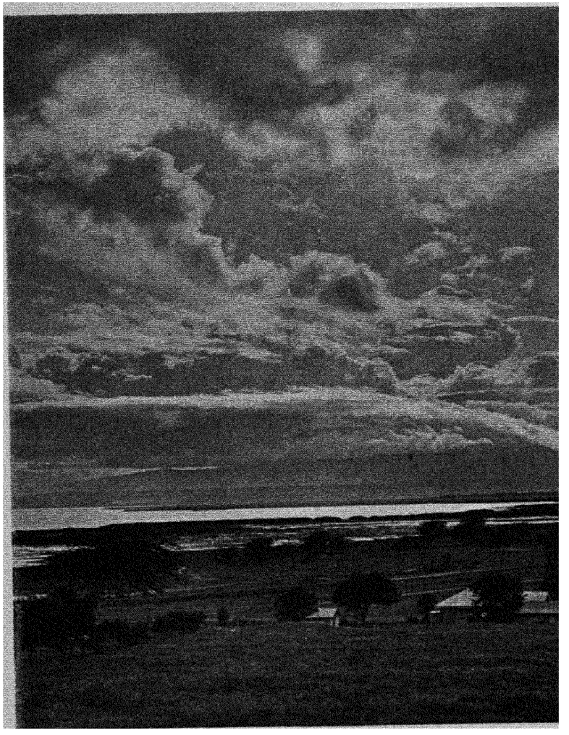
My next stopping-place on the way from Nairobi to the shores of Victoria Nyanza was at Nakuru, a growing little town in the centre of a good farming area. During a walk along the sandy shore of its lake I saw many huge flights of pink and white flamingoes, and an old hippo flounder down a slope from his grassy bed into the waters for a morning swim. From Nakuru I journeyed by motor car towards Kenya Mountain. Twice only has the summit of this 17,040-feet-high giant, which towers above the African plains almost astride the Equator,

been scaled by man, once in 1899 and again in 1929. The view as one approaches it from the Nanyuki road is most impressive.

The little township of Nanyuki is actually on the Equator, but the air in January was quite cool, and log fires were a comfort during the evenings at this high altitude. Mount Kenya has two snow-clad peaks, and its slopes from 5,000 to 12,000 feet are mostly covered with dark forests of cedar, camphor and bamboo, which shelter herds of elephant and buffalo, as well as rhinoceros, leopard, forest hog and other big game. Somewhat nearer to the summit there are square miles of slopes covered with giant heather, and many wild flowers, including the blue lobelia, which stands over ten feet high.

The journey up the mountainside from the Eliu-Chigorio road is accomplished partly by pack animals, through dense forest inhabited by brown monkeys, and along tracks cut out of the steep slope. The keys of the two rest houses are obtained from a native chief whose village lies in the forest about two miles up the mountain track from Chigorio road. The first of these huts is situated at an altitude of 10,000 feet, reached after a fairly easy ascent of twenty-two miles. Next comes a stiff climb along a path leading over shale and past tall bracken, ascending 6,000 feet in four miles. At an elevation of 15,800 feet there is a perpetually frozen lake, on which winter sports are enjoyed by the adventurous few, at a distance of only ten miles from the Equator.

On the way up by the track used for pack animals, when the limit for the day has been reached, a camp is made in a vast cave. Huge fires are kept burning at the entrance, not only to give warmth to those

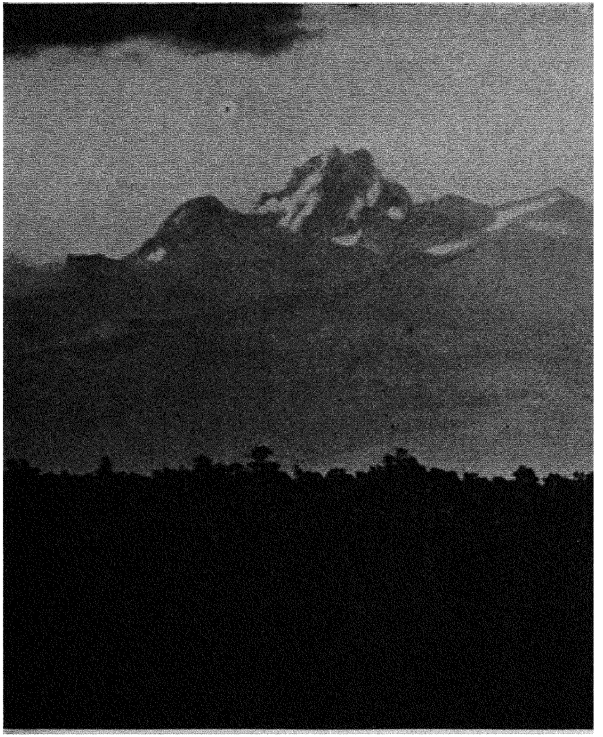


LAKE NAIVASHA
A Beauty Spot in the Kenya Highlands.

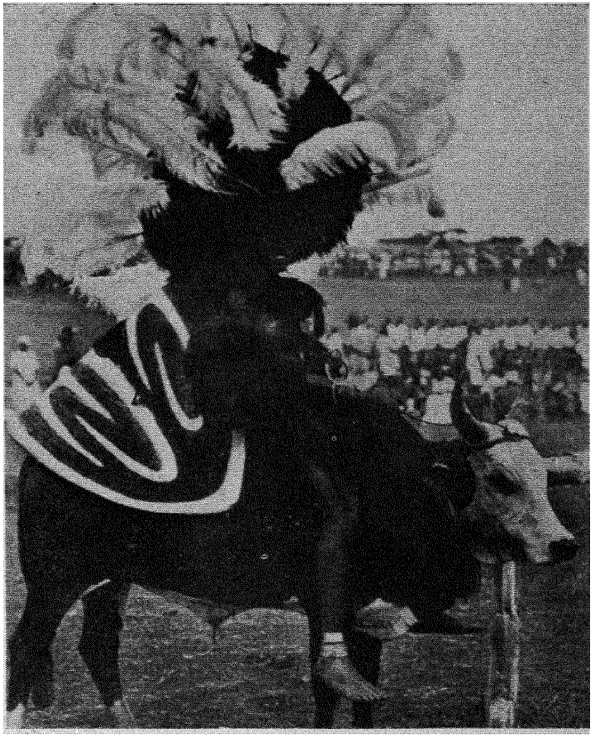


NATIVE DHOW ON VICTORIA NYANZA

Facing page 54—3.



A TELE-PHOTO PICTURE OF MOUNT KENYA



A KAVIRONDO TRIBESMAN IN FULL DRESS
ON A RIDING OX

camped in the interior but also to frighten away wild beasts. From this point it is a stiff climb to the glaciers, of which there are no less than fifteen. The largest one so far explored is the Lewis Glacier.

I was told that during part of the final ascent to these Equatorial regions of perpetual snow and ice, it is necessary to have a native always ahead of the riding ponies and pack animals, beating a drum to scare hungry beasts away from such easy prey. The Alpine region between the peaks has an estimated area of over 400 square miles. Only the most experienced mountaineers should attempt the last climb from the frozen shoulder of the mountain up to one of its icy summits. Even from an altitude of about 16,000 feet, just above the little frozen lake, the views over the wild lands of Africa spread out far below are superb when seen through gaps in the clouds which usually envelop the base of this mountain.

Take a look at the map of East Africa and you will observe that the Kavirondo Gulf is an almost landlocked arm of that great inland sea of the Dark Continent, the Victoria Nyanza. On the north-east shore of this immense gulf stands the busy little port of Kisumu, which I have reached after a climb by railway out of the Great Rift Valley, from Nakuru, by way of the Mau escarpment, where the railway line rises 2,257 feet in a distance of forty-three miles. The actual altitude is 8,200 feet. A few hours later the train drops 3,700 feet, from the cool highlands into the moist Equatorial heat of Central Africa, in one downhill swoop to the Nyando Valley.

It does not take long to realise that Kisumu has a future. Its pier and steamers—all brought overland in sections and assembled on the lakeside—are the

raison d'être for its existence. Judging from the piles of produce brought in from the vast littoral of Victoria Nyanza, they afford an excellent excuse, if such is needed, for the existence of this busy little town, with its tree-lined roads on the slopes rising from the waters of the gulf. There is, however, nothing particularly attractive about Kisumu, unless one is interested in bales of cotton, ivory, coffee or other product of tropical Uganda, situated on the opposite side of the lake. Roaming about the outskirts of the town there is a large herd of impala, which are as tame as domestic animals. In the little bazaar there are many Indian merchants bartering with people from the thickly populated Kavirondo country to the north. Time was when the tribe from which this country takes its name had a reputation for fierceness and cruelty, but those days are now merely a memory, although not many miles away from Kisumu one can still see the local " brave " in full war-paint of ivory and brass.

Although the Kavirondo Gulf is about forty miles in length and twenty in width, it forms but a small indentation along the 1,800 miles of coast-line surrounding Victoria Nyanza. While sitting on the deck of a steamer ploughing her way across the wave-broken surface of this vast sheet of water towards Entebbe, in Uganda, it suddenly struck me how misleading a geographical expression can really be. There is no Lake Victoria, as the school-books tell us, but there is a Victoria Nyanza, which name is truly in accord with its area of 26,828 square miles.

For the first forty miles, while crossing the Kavirondo Gulf, the mountains of the Kisii country and the volcanic peaks of Gembe can be clearly seen,

but after passing through the extremely narrow exit from this gulf, the Victoria fresh-water sea opens out ahead, and only an occasional glimpse is obtained of distant islands and granite rocks along the horizon. Victoria Nyanza is about 250 miles long and 150 wide. Like the more lofty Titicaca, the Galilee of the Incas, situated in the lap of the Peruvian Andes, this African sea is elevated about 3,726 feet above sea-level, and it is the outflow of water over the Ripon Falls, near Jinja on its northern shore, which forms the source of the White Nile, the world's finest river.

CHAPTER VIII

TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

VICTORIA Nyanza is totally dissimilar to the other great African lakes in regard to surroundings. Its coast-line is not nearly so impressive as that of Nyasa, Tanganyika, Kivu, Edward or even Albert, which lie in the western branch of the Great Rift Valley, and are surrounded by lofty hills and impressive cliffs. The shores of Victoria are of a softer character. Wooded hills slope down to the water, and in places there are open and grassy meadows. The shore is generally fringed by tall papyrus, which, during the somewhat frequent gales and consequent rough seas, is uprooted in large masses and blown out into the vast expanse of water. Here they form floating islands until again driven ashore by a contrary wind.

After steaming for nearly a day we were again among islands with the mainland well in sight. It was at this point that I obtained a close view of one of the long native canoes, which at times are seen crossing this immense sheet of water. It consisted of a hollowed tree-trunk with an ornamental bow.

Formerly known to the Arabs as *Ukerewe*, this great African inland sea was first discovered by Speke in 1858, and five years later was visited and described by Sir Samuel Baker. Although the frontier between

Kenya and Uganda had actually been crossed soon after leaving the Kavirondo Gulf, it was not until I stepped ashore in Entebbe, the seat of the British Administration, that my sojourn in Uganda commenced. This little town, situated on a promontory overlooking the lake, is so neat and exact that it would seem entirely out of place even to walk along its tree-lined roads or across its many lawns of well-clipped grass in any less conventional attire than the spotless white ducks, or the more usual shorts and topees, worn by its population of Uganda civil servants.

Every bungalow in this little city of Central Africa is surrounded by tropical flowers and foliage, not the riot of blooms and vegetation usual in a region of heavy rains and hot sun, but having the orderly appearance of suburban gardens. In the centre of the rows of picturesque houses and roads—there are no "streets"—stands the glory of Entebbe, of which every resident is rightly proud. These botanic gardens contain examples of every tree and plant in the prolific vegetable life of Uganda. Most noticeable of all, however, are the varieties of palm, the tree-herbs, and the exquisite plumage of the many birds. Apart from its administrative activity Entebbe dozes in the sunshine, but only twenty-five miles away stands the commercial capital.

While driving along the road to Kampala I obtained a magnificent view of Victoria Nyanza, such a scene as the blasé traveller expects to find only in a picture or cinematograph film. There was an aerial beauty in the opaque blue of the sea and sky, the delicate tracery of the trees, and in the golden sunshine, which caused me to attempt to

catch its elusive charm with the aid of the camera. Here, also, is the home of the tame crocodile. It is said to be over 200 years old, and to be the father of numerous progeny which inhabit the neighbouring islets. This wicked-looking saurian is so friendly that he comes out of the water on being called by the natives, and will accept an offering of fish in quite a well-bred manner. Not far from this road is the site of Lugard's old fort, now a museum standing inside the original moat. A tablet marks the spot where the British flag was first hoisted over Uganda.

I had been told that Kampala would claim more than a passing thought; that "it was the seat of the native government and the commercial capital." Scarcely had its broad main road, with the seven surrounding hills, hazy in the noon glare, been reached, however, before I realised that here was something entirely different. Kampala has an atmosphere peculiarly its own.

"Its teeming native and Asiatic trading population surge within the confines of its bazaar, the life of which, containing as it does so many little shops which individually do not appear to be worth more than the loose change in one's pocket, is, fortunately, only a small feature of the town, for Kampala, in general, is interestingly situated upon seven hills, each carrying its own particular atmosphere and interest."

With the first portion of this statement in the Government handbook I emphatically disagree. The bazaar on the Nakasero Hill lends colour to the town. Although there is little of real value to be purchased, and many of its traders were born in India instead of Africa, it is here that one sees the real life of the civilised native. A town of immaculate bungalows

and stone offices, inhabited by well-dressed Europeans, seems out of place in Central Africa, although, alas, it is the fate in store for many a palm-thatch village.

"Namirembe, the 'Hill of Peace,' although only one of the hills that make up the cincture, and upon which stands the Anglican cathedral, surpasses the rest in height and interest. Seen first by the traveller arriving either from Entebbe or Port Bell, it commands, even at a distance of several miles, a certain amount of homage; when approached more closely, there is found from the platform at its summit a stupendous view of Africa; to the east the pale waters of Victoria, westward the undulating regions towards the Belgian Congo, while at its feet and upon the adjacent hills are seen many other items of interest, and, yet nearer, the little hill of Kampala itself, with traces still of Lugard's earliest fort. It was within sight of Namirembe that the first Christian service was held, on Sunday, July 8th, 1877. On the summit of Rubaga stands a second and no less magnificent cathedral, surrounded by the headquarters of the Roman Catholic missions. The building of this cathedral on the summit of a hill, up which no vehicle could possibly be pulled or propelled, was overcome by each of its native parishioners carrying a brick or article of material from the foot to the top when attending services."

So much for ecclesiastical Kampala. On yet another hill, called Mengo, there is the fine residence of the King of Buganda, and the headquarters of the native government. Surrounded by a fence of reeds, the entrance to these buildings is guarded by a fire which is only allowed to go out on the death of the king. It was at one time the scene of ghastly human

sacrifices and torture. Although the palace itself is modern, tradition dies hard, and in the reed-encircled courtyard are the grass huts of the chiefs and retainers. As I descended from this hill I heard the peculiar soulless throb of the African drum.

On Makerere Hill there is a native school, and on Mulago a native hospital and medical research station. The museum on Kampala Hill contains quite a fine collection of weapons and utensils used by the races of Central Africa.

One of the most interesting journeys in Uganda is from Victoria Nyanza to Fort Portal and the northern end of the Ruwenzori Range, better known as the " Mountains of the Moon." Stanley was the first European traveller to record the existence of this mysterious range, with snows and glaciers covering an area of about 120 square miles, situated in the heart of Equatorial Africa. The Ruwenzori Mountains extend for a distance of thirty miles with a width of about forty miles.

Leaving Kampala by motor car early one morning, while the surrounding hills were still wreathed in mist, we were soon winding along the Toro road, a remarkable piece of constructive work, past tall elephant grass, cotton-fields, papyrus swamps, and through shadowy forests, towards the frontier of the Belgian Congo. Around Mityana are grouped several tea, coffee and rubber estates, although this little place of pretty bungalows is more important as a cotton-buying centre. A few miles farther on some beautiful views were obtained of Lake Wamala, which, although small for Central Africa, has an area of about twenty-five square miles, and appeared to be covered with the great black heads and red mouths of yawning hippos

and the white and pink feathers of innumerable water-fowl.

About 100 miles from Kampala we skirted round the base of Mubendi Hill, and on looking up its forest-clad slopes I could see the Government Sanatorium on the summit, about 1,000 feet above the road. The view from the top of this hill is supposed to be one of the finest in Uganda, but time was precious, and not having properly recovered from the effects of fever, I was deliberately avoiding all unnecessary exertion in the moist Equatorial heat. On this hill there is a witch tree; around this in recent times, less than a generation ago, the black followers of the wicked goddess Nakaima used to congregate and offer up sacrifices at every full moon. It is easy to picture the weird scene which this peculiar hill must have presented before the European came to tame these African wilds.

Through coffee estates and bush country, then among granite hills and along a rough-hewn road above steep valleys we rose slowly to an altitude of 5,000 feet above sea-level on the summit of the Butiti Mountains. Here the air was quite cold, and for a time the country stretching away to the west was shrouded in mist. About midday, however, the film-like clouds rolled away, and for a brief moment, like the reflected rays from a giant searchlight, there appeared, high above the dark forest, the gleaming snows and glaciers of the Ruwenzori peaks. Alas, the view was a distant one, and had scarcely impressed itself upon the memory before it was again obscured by the fog which so frequently envelops these Equatorial snows during the heat of the day.

In the Kibala Forest we heard the distant thunder

made by the hoofs of a stampeding herd of buffalo, which must have broken cover at our approach and been charging over the plain on the other side of this forest, which is only three miles broad where it spans the beautiful Mpanga River. It seemed curious to run through coffee plantations less than fifteen minutes later, and to arrive in picturesque Fort Portal, with its comfortable little hotel, complete with golf-course and tennis courts, within half an hour of a jungle said to be full of big game.

In the early eighties, during the scramble for Africa, Lugard built Fort Portal, one of the most westerly outposts of British East Africa. To-day its one little street of stores and its many bungalows are embowered in flowers. Away above the town the Ruwenzori peaks tower up to the blue skies. About twenty-five miles to the west of Fort Portal lies the Semliki Valley, and from the escarpment above it I obtained a remarkable panorama over the great Pigmy Forest to the purple Congo hills. The Semliki Valley is, for some mysterious reason, shunned by the natives of this region. Perhaps it is because the western slopes of the Ruwenzori Range are inhabited by a particularly fierce race of dwarf warriors, most of whom are barely four feet in height, and who roam in numbers along the edges of the Ituri Forest—which is one of the wettest spots on earth and teems with big game. These intrepid hunters are armed with spears and poisoned arrows, and their presence in this dense jungle is almost impossible to discover until made known by the clipping off of branches by their deadly spears. This type of warfare became known to me later, when I experienced its nerve-racking character during nine months of exploring work in

the Amazon jungle. Even the mysterious Bahima, a race of coffee-coloured giants who still retain a very large measure of absolute independence under their own native king, and inhabit portions of the surrounding country, fight shy of the Pigmy Forest.

Among the foothills and dense forests of the Ruwenzori Range there are the crater lakes of Ndala, which are still regarded with awe by the wild Batoro people who live in the thickly wooded country around. They believe that the spirits of their ancestors dwell in these depths. About ten miles distant from Fort Portal I looked down from a knife-edged ridge at a series of water-filled volcanic craters, 200 feet below. The one at my feet was like a jewel set in the brown earth. Catching the light, it resembled the wing of the Morpho butterfly with its vivid blue-green sheen. Each of these lakes is of a different hue, until the angle of view becomes so great that the more distant resemble gigantic diamonds lying in a bed of moss. Everywhere around there are parrots and birds of bright plumage. In the far distance a streak of light in the line of hazy green forest denotes Lake George, and a blue smudge along the horizon, that of the little-known Congo Mountains. The intervening valleys teem with elephant and other big game, although the rhinoceros seems to be entirely absent.

It was Ptolemy who first called the Ruwenzori Range the " Lunæ Montes," and in view of the history of these peaks, which have been passed almost unobserved by so many explorers owing to the clouds in which they are generally enveloped, it had always presented a problem as to why this romantic title should ever have been applied, and still more why

it has been perpetuated through the centuries. Returning one night from the Ndala region, with a yellow moon shedding a measure of light over the dark forest, the white mist which for days had enveloped the base of Ruwenzori slowly cleared away. There can be no doubt that the Equatorial heat and vapour from the low-lying jungles, and the cold air from the snows and glaciers above, are the causes which produce this middle strata of fog. The night in question was particularly cold for this Equatorial region, and it may have been this which caused the disappearance of the mist. I had grown so accustomed to seeing the mountain obscured, that it was some time after the moon rose that I chanced to look up to where, morning, noon and night, I had waited for this shy peak to show itself in clear outline. Here, at last, was a full explanation of the ancient and romantic name. An ethereal yellow light shone from the purple void above the ebon line of rocks and trees. Beauty, majesty and mystery were all indefinably symbolised in the triple peaks gleaming like burnished gold, high in the heavens, far above the almost unexplored forests of this remote corner of Africa.

The native tribes of Kenya and Uganda are, with few exceptions, comparatively peaceful, and have settled down to agricultural and pastoral pursuits. Those great nomads, the Masai, are no longer dreaded for their warlike powers, although they are still very active in cattle-stealing and occasional intertribal raids. They practise that disgusting custom described in previous pages, the drinking of bull's blood.

The Kavirondo, inhabiting the fertile lands to the north and south of the Gulf which has been named

after them, are now an industrious agricultural people producing large quantities of grain. They still go about almost entirely naked. A little tail is worn at the base of the spine by married women, which gives them a somewhat ludicrous appearance. Although the villages of this tribe are often surrounded by euphorbia hedges, they are no longer required as a defence against the warlike Nande.

Another tribe of Kenya which has given much trouble in the past is the Kikuyu, who, in common with the Masai, will not touch a dead body—even the diseased are given to the hyenas. They use bows and poisoned arrows, and live in beehive-shaped huts of grass. The men hunt and attend to the cattle, while the women do all the manual work, and, to adorn themselves, enlarge the lobes of their ears by adding every year a thick bangle or ring, through holes made in the soft skin.

While crossing Kenya and Uganda one sees almost everywhere the beehive-shaped grass huts, communal granaries and naked piccaninnies of the negroid peoples who have inhabited these countries since the dawn of history. My travels were, however, too restricted in area and too short in duration to allow of a study of the many tribes with whom I came into contact, or to learn much about those who dwell in the more remote areas of forests. One day I may return to these wonderful countries to wander farther afield.

Here is a brief description of the people of Uganda, from which their diverse and interesting character will be apparent. "They vary considerably from the pigmy of the Semliki Valley to the tall Nilotic of the northern districts, of whom the

Acholi of the Gulu and Chua districts are typical; from the Bantu as represented by the progressive Baganda to the cattle-loving and conservative Bahima of Ankole. Many of the tribes mutilate their bodies as a form of decoration by piercing the lips, ear-lobes, knocking out teeth, or sharpening the incisors and cicatrisation. The Bahima practice of regarding fat as a standard of beauty is strange to Europeans, who can see little to attract in a wife who is too fat to walk." *

Before leaving Uganda for the coast, I motored over the fifty-four miles of good roads from Kampala to Jinja, the northernmost port on Victoria Nyanza. A narrow path leads from this place along the high ground overlooking the lake to the Ripon Falls, the source of the Nile. Emerging on to the spine of rock which actually divides this immense inland sea from the world's greatest river—the mother of Egypt and the Sudan—I gazed down at the three lines of tumbling water which were leaving Victoria Nyanza, not just for a 3,000-miles jaunt through swamp and desert to the Mediterranean, but to fulfil the function for which it was created by Nature. Not one drop of the waters at which I was looking, as they passed over the rocky barrier from lake to river, was destined to reach the sea. Some of the 36,000 cubic metres, flowing past every minute in lines of green and white, voicing their protest in a hoarse roar, would evaporate in the great *Sudd* region which I had crossed in the Southern Sudan; a still greater quantity would sink into the earth of the thirsty Nubian Desert, and the remainder, checked by barrages so that it could be used in the right season, would irrigate the fields of the

* *Vide* "Uganda Government Handbook."

Sudan and Egypt, that these, in turn, might yield the cotton of commerce. It is only when one pauses on the brink of such a place as the Ripon Falls that the extraordinarily efficient ways of Nature make themselves manifest.

Just above the falls there is a pool inhabited by so many large crocodiles that some years ago it was found necessary to send an experienced hunter to thin their ranks by accurate rifle fire. Below the falls there is a succession of rapids which disappear round a wooded bend of the newly born river. It is interesting to watch the huge crocodiles in the pool, opening wide their jaws so that the white birds who immediately perch themselves inside may clean the teeth of these lazy saurians, and afterwards be rewarded by a ride up or down stream on their backs. In the waters of the Napoleon Gulf, crocodiles may be seen in large numbers, as well as otters playing in the shallows and water-fowl walking carefully on the huge lilies which fringe the shore. Even in the turbulent waters of the falls, fish leap and play.

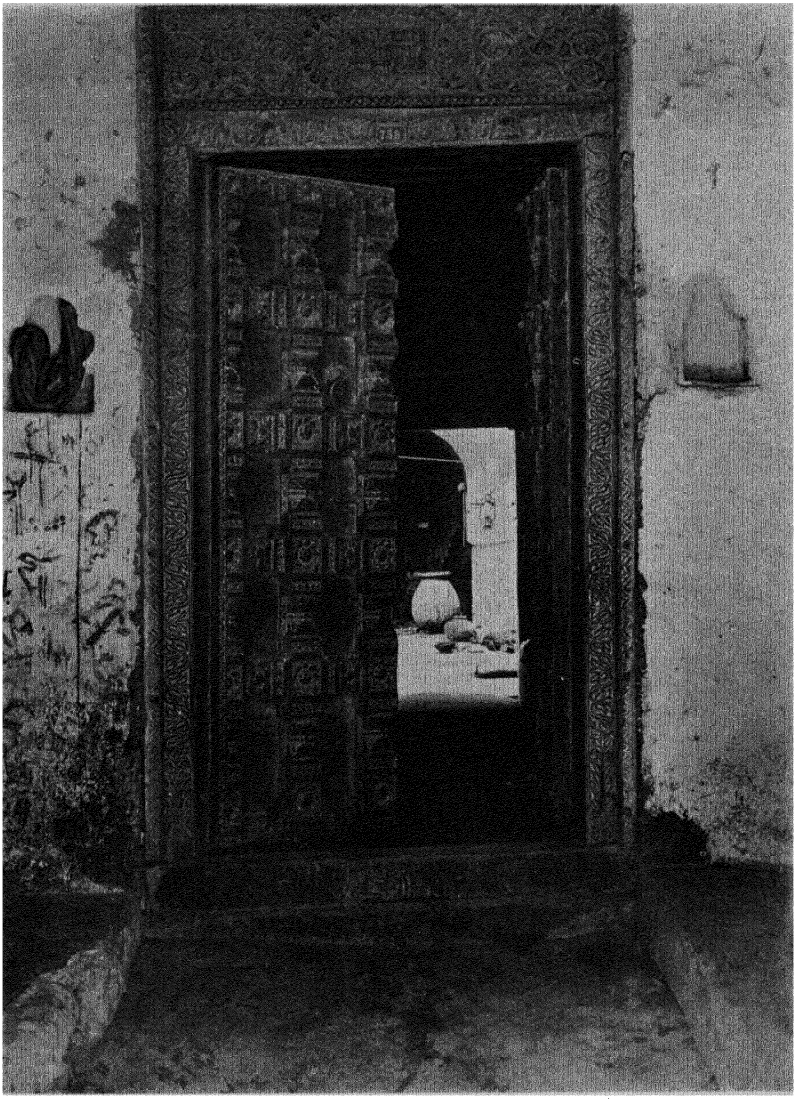
Jinja is a pretty little town situated well above the lake on a hill which has been cleared of forest growth. There are about sixty Europeans who are principally interested in administration, transportation, or in commercial pursuits connected with the cotton-fields around Bukedi. A great bridge now carries the railway across the Nile at a point only a short distance below the falls. A tablet embedded in one of the huge rocks hereabouts recalls the fact that it was the intrepid Speke who, journeying inland from Zanzibar in 1860, discovered the Ripon Falls, and solved the great geographical problem of those days—the source of the Nile.

CHAPTER IX

IN ZANZIBAR

HERE, in Zanzibar, the atmosphere is more of the East than of Africa. The association for so many years of this and the adjoining island of Pemba with the Sultanates of Arabia, has left an Oriental mark which close proximity to the Dark Continent has done but little to efface. They are both spice islands, supplying the world with cloves, and the city of Zanzibar is the largest town along the shores of East Africa.

The interesting history of Zanzibar I gave at some length in a former series of books entitled "The Encyclopædia of the British Empire," and it is far too long and interwoven with the whole story of the eastern half of Africa to repeat here. Sufficient to say that "some little doubt exists as to who was really the first European to set foot in Zanzibar, but the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, visited the island after doubling the Cape of Good Hope in 1498. Early in the seventeenth century, after several futile attempts, the Portuguese succeeded in establishing themselves at this place. In Zanzibar, however, their rule was no more successful than it was elsewhere, and in 1698 the Sultan of Muscat, acceding to the entreaties of the people, dispatched several armed vessels, which succeeded in capturing not only



AN OLD ARAB DOORWAY—ZANZIBAR

Facing page 70—3.



ZANZIBAR

the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, but also the whole East African coast as far south as Cape Delgado, which still marks the limit of the Portuguese sphere on this coast.

"The history of Zanzibar while under the Sultans of Muscat and Oman was principally one of friendship towards Great Britain, coupled with commercial prosperity and depression consequent on fluctuations in the slave trade, and a few rebellions, all of which, since they occurred long before the proclamation of the British Protectorate in 1820, are of little importance." Zanzibar differs politically in nearly every respect from other colonial protectorates of Britain, and is really a feudatory state, similar to those of the Indian Empire, with a native ruler acting on the advice of a British representative.

Scarcely had the East Coast liner, in which I had crossed the 150 miles of sea from Mombasa, passed behind the tiny palm-clad islands and dropped anchor off the glittering white Arab city, with its teeming population of over 100,000, before the decks were converted into an Eastern bazaar. Vendors of carpets, silk shawls, tortoise-shell, jewellery, beads and other Oriental wares, literally rushed the ship from a fleet of brightly painted native rowing-boats directly the gangway was lowered. Being a free port, it is usually possible to obtain better bargains at Zanzibar than anywhere else along the African coast. It must not be assumed, however, that the curios and other objects sold are of local manufacture. They are mostly imported from India, China and Japan. Even the carved ivories often come from the beautiful isles of cherry blossom.

Glancing at the city from the steamer's deck one

sees a medley of white buildings—seeming almost to touch the sparkling sea—clustered on the low-lying and sheltered inner coast of the island. There is the unmistakable glare of tropical sunshine and the vivid lights and shades. It is a city of stucco and palms, with a certain irregular picturesqueness and an atmosphere of indolent Oriental life which makes its thoroughfares and bypaths not altogether uninteresting. The honours of this city of the Orient are shared by the British Agency, a fine white building on Shangani Point, which projects into the harbour, and the old palace of the Sultan, now occupied by the Government offices—a substantial building, surrounded by thin columns supporting frescoed terraces and lit at night by brilliant electric lights.

Passing through the maze of narrow streets, which are often rendered quite artistic by overhanging balconies and some beautifully carved antique wood doorways, I found myself back in the cobbled main street, among the fine curio shops, all of which seemed to be owned by Indian merchants. Looking round one of these establishments I was amazed to find the new and the ancient, the genuine and the spurious, mixed in the unassorted mass which certainly presented a colourful spectacle of the arts and the industries, not of Africa, but of the Far East. After a long search for something typical of Zanzibar, I contented myself with a tobacco bowl, made from the carved tusk of a rhinoceros, and a curious receptacle contrived from the foot of an elephant, which were at least characteristic of East Africa.

While sightseeing in the Arab town I was shown the state barge of the Sultan, an ancient Arab cemetery, and, of course, the famous milestone

which stands amid the trees in the open space just beyond the town. On it are marked not only the distances from Zanzibar city to the more important villages of the island, but also to London !

Zanzibar is a great missionary centre and has several churches in addition to its mosques. Standing on the site of the old slave-market, and with its altar above the whipping-post, is the Anglican cathedral. I was shown a crucifix over the pulpit made from the wood of the old tree standing on the shore of Lake Bangweolo, beneath which is buried the heart of Livingstone.

Apart from the dhows in the harbour and the essentially Eastern bazaars, it is the people themselves who add a note of colour and interest to Zanzibar. In the whole of this island there are less than 300 Europeans among 170,000 Swahilis, 20,000 Arabs and 15,000 Indians. Across the Darajani Bridge is the teeming native town of Ngambo, and here, in the hot spice-laden atmosphere, I passed between rows of huts made of palm thatch and adobe. Many of the natives wore three bright-coloured pieces of twisted paper fixed in their ears, and the cotton dresses of the negresses were of the most brilliant hues. The fashionable colours at the time of my visit were purple and orange, although a few of the younger girls seemed to prefer red with immense white spots. Everywhere there were baskets of fruit and birds in wooden cages. Over the heavy roof-thatching of many of these huts the fronds of vivid green palms swayed gently in the tepid breeze against a background of cerulean blue.

While in the heart of this teeming city I was drawn to the scene of a native dance by the incessant

throb of an African drum. The performance was very poor, although it seemed to be appreciated by the ring of black smiling faces and the rows of white teeth which encircled the buxom and gyrating figures. Two old negresses, squatted on the dusty ground, were beating tomtoms with such maddening regularity and energy that I was glad to make my way out of the sweltering heat in the interior of the semi-dark and barn-like hut in which the performance was taking place.

A drive out to Bububu led through many miles of clove and coconut *shambas*. First planted in 1790, the clove has prospered exceedingly in Zanzibar and also in the neighbouring island of Pemba, although this immense industry has been threatened during recent years by the cultivation of cloves in Madagascar. To give some idea of the clove-growing industry in these two islands it is only necessary to say that sixteen million pounds of this spice are annually exported, which is equal to all but a fraction of the estimated supply of the entire world. The produce of every clove plantation in both islands must be taken to the local custom-house, where a small tax has to be paid before it can be bought for export by Indian and foreign firms. Coconut palms are usually planted round the cloves, and banana as well as cassava are grown by nearly all the shamba people, or plantation natives. A clove garden makes quite a picturesque sight. The trees vary from ten to sixteen feet in height, and are covered with leaves from their pointed tops almost to the ground. Vivid green grass often grows beneath the trees, giving these spice plantations the aspect of a park.

A drive across the island reveals some of the tropical

beauties of the Zanzibar landscape. The road winds over low hills, often covered with wild cloves, from which beautiful views extend across palm-filled valleys to distant golden streaks of sunlight on the Indian Ocean. Curiously, there are no poisonous snakes, and the only game that one sees while roaming about the country is the little Zanzibar gazelle. The people of this island seem to be a happy lot. The Swahilis, who form the bulk of the population, are a mixture of Africa and Asia, with a decided predominance, in character and appearance, of the people of the former continent. I can give no closer description, because the term " Swahili " includes African and Arabian half-breeds as well as blacks of all the coast tribes from Somaliland to the Zambesi. The majority of these are freed slaves. Zanzibar was one of the most important centres for the trade in black ivory previous to its final abolition in 1897.

CHAPTER X

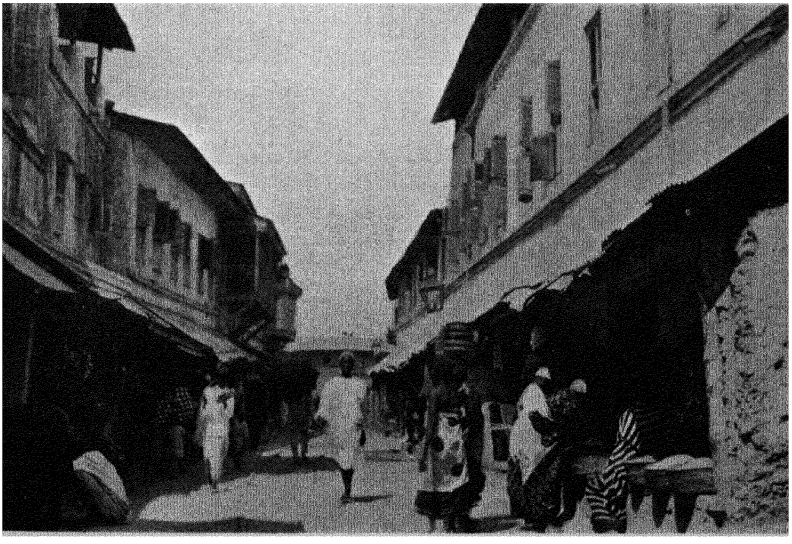
TANGANYIKA TALES

FROM Zanzibar I crossed the forty-eight miles of intervening sea and landed again on the mainland of Africa, at Dar-es-Salaam, or "the Haven of Peace." There is no place that I know on the east coast of the continent so picturesquely situated as the capital of Tanganyika. There is fascination in the mere entering of the harbour, for the ship heads for a long thick belt of coconut palms, and only at the last moment is a narrow passage revealed between a vivid white beach, a palm-clad spit of land and the frangipanni-embowered signal station. When this has been negotiated one is in a large landlocked harbour with a white beach of coral sand and green banks topped by waving palms, between and among which white and ochre-coloured houses thrust their red roofs. It is a fascinating sight in the hot sunshine with the placid harbour reflecting the blue sky, and all the colours intensified in the clear air.

It so happened, however, that we entered this landlocked bay just before the brief twilight of the tropics, and I came on deck after dinner to find the little stone landing-stage away across the calm water on the palm-fringed shore-line festooned with twinkling electric lights. Later on the moon rose and formed a pathway of silver across the placid waters of this

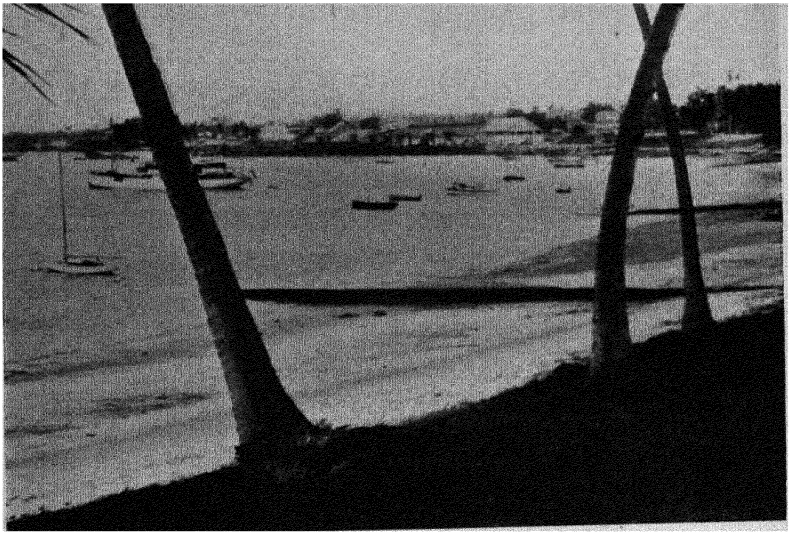


CUTTING SISAL, TANGANYIKA

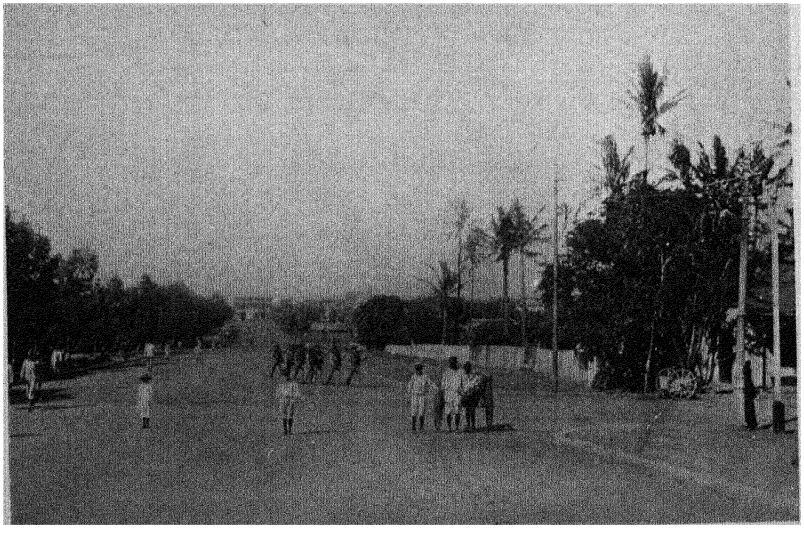


NATIVE STREET—ZANZIBAR

Facing page 76—3.



DAR-ES-SALAAM—TANGANYIKA



LOURENÇO MARQUES—PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

African lagoon. The tall palms were silhouetted against the curious purple sky of the tropical night.

Going ashore on the following morning, I soon found myself between the flame trees of Acacia Avenue, with its shops full of curios, silks and ivory. It was late in December, and the trees were masses of scarlet blossoms. They formed a magnificent sight wherever I went in this town, and gave me the impression that Dar-es-Salaam at this time of the year should be visited by any artist who desires to capture something of the elusive tropical beauty and colour which is East Africa.

Leaving this little central avenue, with its peculiarly attractive shops and flamboyant trees, I passed out of Africa into India. Dar-es-Salaam has been invaded by the Sikh, the Hindu, the Pathan and other of the peoples of the great Asiatic peninsula. Everywhere one sees Indian children with their curious frocks and velvet caps, silk merchants and tailors, photographers and tinsmiths, all from the hills or plains of India, and it is quite easy to imagine oneself in Bengal or the Punjab.

Passing out of " India " and its bazaar, where camels are still used to grind the oil from the palm kernels by walking round a pestle and mortar, I left behind the rancid smell of cooking *ghee* and entered the lines of thatched native huts beneath the shade of tall palms. Crude cooking utensils were scattered about the clearings, and the naked piccaninnies played happily on the brown earth patterned by sunlight and shadow. I walked among these huts, where cleanliness was the order of the day, and peeped into their semi-dark interiors—but Africa was not at home. I found them carrying and toiling in

the noon heat, while sleek Hindus dozed in their smart little shops.

Taking a rickshaw I drove round the island, for Dar-es-Salaam is encompassed by the aquamarine waters of its coral lagoon. Long stretches of sandy beach, fringed by waving coconut palms, help to make this place fulfil one's ideas of a tropical paradise. I noticed white children with their native nurses playing happily on these coral sands. Beneath the coconut trees native boys were engaged in a strenuous game of football, while, from one point, a little steamboat was carrying a cargo of European residents across the clear waters of the lagoon to a coral-protected beach, where bathing in the surf of the Indian Ocean is said to be quite safe, in spite of the sharks with which the waters abound. Passing the Gymkhana Club with its tennis courts, golf-course, and other sports grounds, I arrived at Government House, a fine building, constructed during the German occupation, standing on a grassy slope overlooking the blue sea.

Tanganyika, politically, is one of those curious products of the Treaty of Versailles. It belonged to Germany but was forfeited after the Great War, and is now administered by Great Britain under a mandate from the League of Nations. Although I did not penetrate farther inland than a few miles from Dar-es-Salaam, it may be of interest to give here an account of this country's associations with the great explorers of the nineteenth century. " Two Germans, Kraft and Rebmann, returned from an expedition into the interior in 1849, and were scoffed at by an incredulous world when they told of snow-capped peaks under the Equator. They also brought back

reports of a great lake in the heart of Africa. The British sent Speke and Burton to verify their reports. They left the coast opposite Zanzibar in June 1857, and following the slave route—the route that is closely followed by the railway to-day—made their way through Unyamwezi to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. On their way back, Speke struck north from Tabora and discovered Victoria Nyanza, and, as he believed, the source of the Nile. Arriving back in England he met with the usual scepticism and criticism from the armchair geographers at home, whose pet theories were upset by his discoveries, so he returned to Africa with Grant in 1862. They saw the Nile flowing out of Victoria Nyanza and followed the great river down to Egypt. In the Sudan they met Samuel Baker and his wife, who had come out in search of them. The Bakers had discovered another of the great lakes, Albert Nyanza, and the blank spaces in the map of Central Africa began to fill up.

" Shortly after this, in 1866, Dr Livingstone arrived in Africa and was for four years exploring in the region south and south-west of Lake Tanganyika. As no news of him reached the outside world for over two years, anxiety was felt at home as to his safety. It was left, however, to an American newspaper proprietor, Mr Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, to finance an expedition to find, and succour, if necessary, Dr Livingstone. This expedition was placed under the leadership of one, Henry Morton Stanley, who, in the succeeding twenty years, was to write his name in bold characters across the map of Central Africa.

" Starting from Bagamoyo in 1871, Stanley made his way to Tabora, the largest native town in

Tanganyika, and then the centre of trade in slaves and ivory. It had been founded by the Arabs about 1852. When Stanley arrived he found one of the usual wars in progress between the Arabs and a chief, Mirambo, as a result of which he was detained at Tabora for three months, and treated as an honoured guest by the Arab leaders. The house in which he lived is within a few miles of Tabora Station, and the site of the ruins, from which the general outline of the building can be clearly made out, is marked by an obelisk.

"From Tabora, Stanley proceeded to Lake Tanganyika, having to make a big detour to the south owing to the disturbed state of the country, and eventually reached Ujiji, where, on the lake shore, the historic meeting with Dr Livingstone took place on November 10th, 1871. Dr Livingstone had arrived at Ujiji on October 16th from the Lower Congo, and expected to find supplies awaiting him, but these had been sold for ivory by his Arab agent, who had 'divined on the Koran' that Dr Livingstone was dead. He was worn out with his travels and in a very low state of health. The arrival of Stanley, therefore, with fresh supplies was providential.

"At the time of the meeting, Dr Livingstone had been five and a half years in Central Africa. He had discovered Lakes Bangweolo and Moero and various lakes on the Congo River system. He had traced the Lualaba River flowing northward over seven degrees of latitude, and was convinced that it was the Nile. Stanley pressed him strongly to return home for a rest, but, thinking that a further six or seven months would clear up the question of the source of the Nile beyond all doubt, he decided first to complete the work to which he had put his hand.

"With Stanley, however, he undertook the exploration of the northern half of Lake Tanganyika, after which they returned to Tabora together and occupied Stanley's old house. Here they remained for the best part of a month, when they finally parted, Stanley to hurry down to the coast to arrange the dispatch of stores for Dr Livingstone, and the latter to wait at Kwihara (Tabora) until these arrived, when he set out on what was to be his last journey in Africa. The circumstances of his lonely death not long after, and the manner of the return of his body to England in the charge of his black servants, captured the imagination of the public, and, more than anything else, gave an impetus to missionary endeavour in these lands. The publication of his journals in which he exposed the horrors of the slave trade, roused public indignation against this inhuman traffic.

"Other English explorers followed, notably Lieut. Cameron, R.N., and Elton, who died and was buried at Manyoni in 1877. Stanley also returned in 1874, when he crossed Africa from east to west, and circumnavigated Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika. It was during this journey that he sent home from Uganda the letter which resulted in the first missionaries being sent to that country, which eventually led to the establishment of a British Protectorate in Uganda." *

German explorers made their way into East Africa, concluded treaties with the native chiefs and, in 1887, owing to the support of Bismarck, obtained a charter to administer the territory now known as Tanganyika. Several serious native rebellions occurred, but were suppressed after years of guerrilla

* Extract from "Tanganyika Railway Publication."

warfare. Then came the Great European War, and its consequences to victor and vanquished.

Leaving Dar-es-Salaam with a deeper feeling of regret than that experienced when any other place in this portion of East Africa had passed into the Equatorial haze, I voyaged down through the Mozambique Channel, between the mainland and Madagascar, to Beira, in Portuguese East Africa.

It was the wet season on this coast. For many hours the rain descended like a grey curtain, and the air was heavy with moisture. Then the hot sun burst through the lurid banks of cloud, which rolled away seawards, and Beira steamed.

Important because of its trade with Rhodesia and Nyasaland, to both of which it is connected by railway, Beira as a town is a poor place. In its long main street I was ankle deep in stagnant water and mud, until I succeeded in getting one of the little trolleys which run on tramway lines and are drawn by native boys. Apart from the English Club and the fairly comfortable hotel, there is little of interest beyond the busy harbour and wharves at the swampy, sandy mouth of the Pungwe River. It was just outside Beira that I noticed an immense number of giant dragon-flies. At certain times of the year bull-fights are arranged for the 16,000 whites, half-castes, Asiatics and natives who dwell in this half-built African settlement in the territory of the Portuguese *Campanhia de Moćambique.* The Cheringoma Plateau, a region of dense forests interspersed with open plains, lying between Beira and the Zambesi River, is one of the most easily reached haunts of big game in the whole of South Central Africa.

In distinct contrast to my leave-taking of Dar-es-Salaam, it was with relief that I once again felt the sea-breeze after the reeking heat of Beira. Some 400 miles farther south at Lourenço Marques, the chief city and port of Portuguese East Africa, I was back again in civilisation and revelled in the comforts of the Polana Hotel with its delightful bathing beach below the garden-like cliffs.

The geographical position of Delagoa Bay, on the shores of which Lourenço Marques has grown up and prospered exceedingly during quite recent years, makes it the natural gateway for the Transvaal. It is less than 370 miles distant by railway from Johannesburg and the gold-mining and industrial centres of the Rand. Its population consists of about 8,000 whites and from 10,000 to 12,000 Asiatics and natives. Here, as elsewhere along the east coast of Africa, there are a number of Indian shopkeepers.

Coming from Beira I had not expected to find the beautiful roads, broad tree-lined avenues, and artistic houses of Lourenço Marques. Although Portuguese-Colonial in atmosphere, many of its principal buildings have been erected by British companies with large interests in the Union of South Africa. Below the red cliffs and the vivid green vegetation there is a fine stretch of sand on to which come the big white-crested rollers of the Indian Ocean. A shark-proof bathing enclosure, with a pavilion and a café, makes a portion of this beach very popular during the months from May to September with holiday makers from the Transvaal. There is an excellent service of electric tramways to and from all parts of the town.

The streets in the business quarter, near the Rua

Araujo, are mostly arcaded by the simple process of building the second storey of every shop and house over the sidewalks, and supporting the projections with light steel columns. Along the boulevards leading from the town to the suburbs, such as in the Ponta Vermelha and the Polana, several lines of trees shade the pavements. Lourenço Marques is the only town in Africa with a Chinese Temple and resident priest. Here, as in every South African town, there are a large number of kiosks in the streets from which newspapers, magazines, cigarettes and sweets are sold. The Botanic Gardens and the Museum constitute the only places which the guide-book traveller will feel himself compelled to visit.

Leaving Lourenço Marques, which, being Portuguese and of Latin appearance, has something peculiarly reminiscent of South America in its ensemble, the next dramatic change of scene came with the Union of South Africa.

CHAPTER XI

CAPE TOWN—"*TAVERN OF THE SEAS*"

CAPE rollers, blue-green hills of water, had been passing under the ship all night, to the monotonous accompaniment of creaking timbers, yet the Southern Cross was brilliant in the heavens above, and there was only a capful of warm wind. The morning dawned fine, and the sea grew less. Suddenly a flat-topped mountain, wreathed in filmy cloud, appeared out of the azure haze. It was my first glimpse of Table Mountain, and of the Bay which forms the gateway to the Union of South Africa.

Slowly we approached the rock-strewn coast, and Cape Town assumed form and colour. When seen from the blue waters of the bay, with the city rising in tiers up the lower tree-covered slope of the flat-topped giant forming the background, and flanked by the Devil's Peak on one side and the Lion's Head on the other, the picture is certainly one of exceptional beauty. In the Southern Hemisphere the seasons are reversed, and on this summer morning of late December, Cape Town was bathed in soft yellow sunshine.

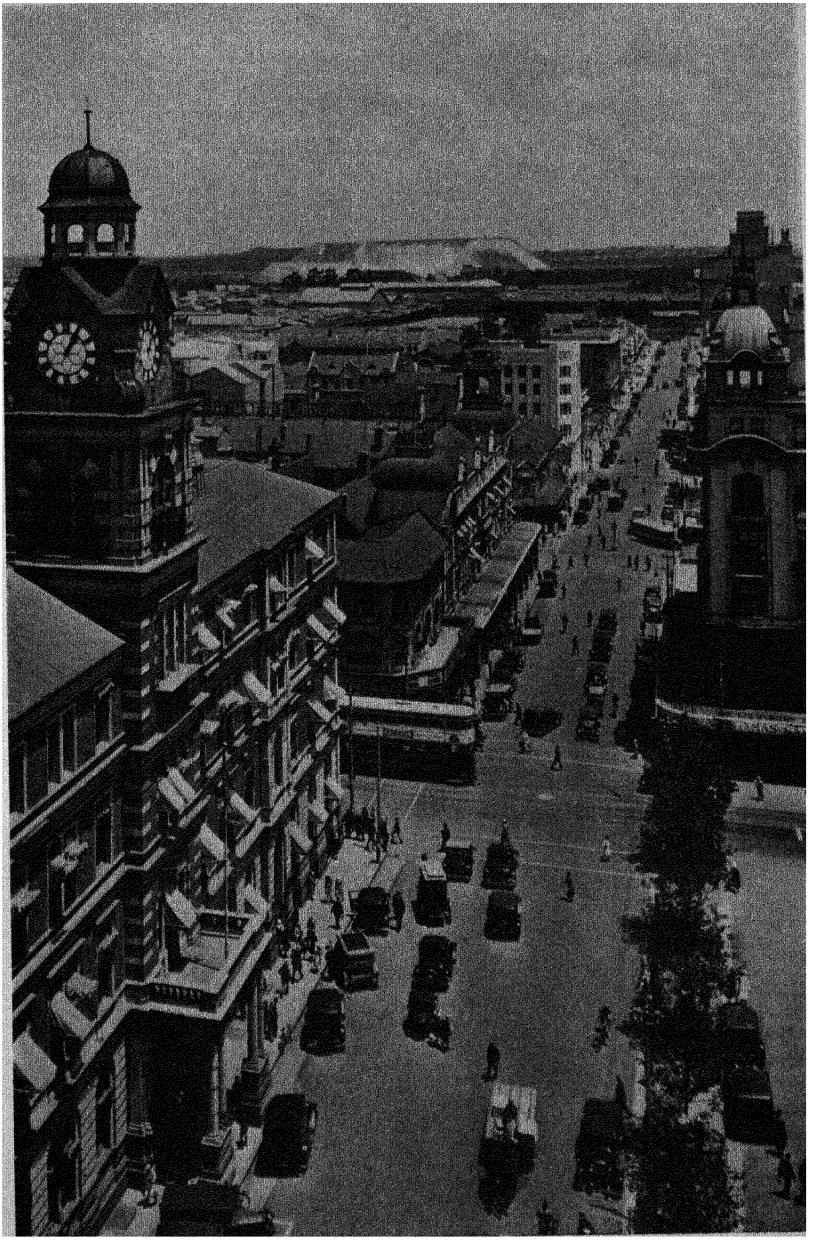
After getting settled at the Mount Nelson Hotel I made my way downhill to the business centre of the city, around Adderley Street. When the coast

road which encircles the wide peninsula is left, nearly all thoroughfares and streets can be classified as either uphill or downhill in this twin capital (with Pretoria) of the Union of South Africa.

Although it is a city of about 120,000 Europeans and 90,000 people of other races, including both Asiatics and natives, covering an area of sixty square miles, and traversed by over 300 miles of streets, it is better to be specific rather than general. There is still in Cape Town, founded by Johan van Riebeeck in 1652, and one of the oldest cities in the British Empire, a sufficiency of things ancient to add a note of history and romance to its great commercial arteries, and its picturesque mountain, sea and forest drives.

Adderley Street is the shopping centre of Cape Town, and it is from this broad and busy central thoroughfare that all things on wheels seem to take their departure. It is the centre of city life. At the lower end of this street there is the Bay and the Promenade Pier, with its orchestral amphitheatre and its bathing pavilions. The world over, piers are so much alike, however, that I shall not describe this excellent example of the species. Even the view of Table Bay from the Observation Tower at the sea end I shall entrust to the official handbook of the city of Cape Town.

"Below lies beautiful Table Bay; its purple-green waters are almost still, save for the tiny wavelets that lap the shore. The sky above is a clear deep blue, and the everlasting hills glow in the effulgence of a glorious South African sunset. The towering cliffs and precipices of Table Mountain and Lion's Head, like Titan mirrors, reflect the ruddy glow, except where dark shadows scarp their sides. The



RISSIK STREET—JOHANNESBURG



ADDERLEY STREET—CAPE TOWN

gentle slopes of the foothills are clothed in shades of green, splashed here and there with the red roofs of *Oranjericht.* Away to the left the Tigerberg looms out, and the deeply serrated mountains of the Hottentots' Holland—like some giant wave chart in the rhythmic scheme of Nature—raise their snowy peaks with a transient Alpine grandeur."

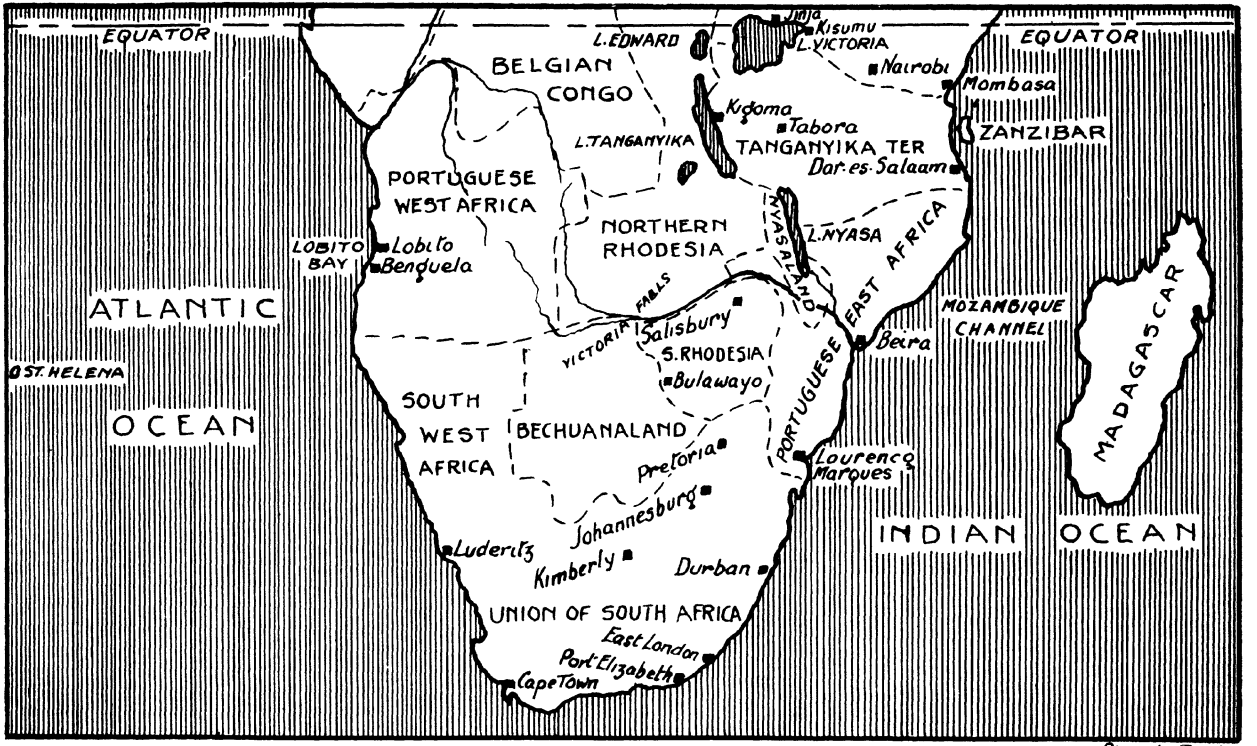
In summer there was, however, no sign of snow on these peaks, and the scene reminded me far more of California than the Alps. The most striking feature is undoubtedly the great mass of rock, with almost perpendicular sides, known as Table Mountain, which forms a background to the city. I ascended the 3,582 feet by means of the aerial railway, and the view from the summit, far and wide over the Cape Peninsula to the distant pile of black rocks, the "Good Hope" of the early voyagers, in its setting of sapphire sea—which Sir Francis Drake called "the most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw"—was compensation indeed for the easy journey by swaying car suspended by a steel hawser above a sheer precipice.

It is at the top of Adderley Street, with its noise and turmoil, that one steps out of the present into the past. Here are the public gardens on one side of a shady avenue and the grounds of Government House on the other. The atmosphere is of Cape Town long ago. Mr C. Graham Botha, the Chief Architect of the Union, has given an interesting picture of these gardens in bygone times. "They once formed part of the vegetable gardens laid out by Commander van Riebeeck more than two and a half centuries ago, to produce the necessary food for the scurvy-stricken seamen of the Dutch East India Company."

" When the place was used as a vegetable garden, the authorities were constantly troubled by garden thieves. Stringent laws and penalties were imposed. In the first ten years of its existence the culprit who damaged the shrubs or robbed the gardens was liable to 100 lashes and twelve months' hard labour. Another law laid down a sentence of two years in chains. In 1657 only high members of the Government and captains had the privilege of walking in the company's gardens."

Another curious part of Cape Town I discovered on the slopes of Signal Hill, where there are many relics of the older settlement of the Cape. Quaint severe-looking houses with raised steps, curved parapets, old-fashioned doorways, and multi-paned windows. They are now the homes of the Malay Colony, and form a maze of narrow streets which cannot have changed much since the dawn of the eighteenth century. It is one of the few remaining parts of old Cape Town, and is now thickly populated by Asiatics. Whenever there is a religious festival in the Moslem calendar this portion of the city and around the Mosque presents a scene of gaiety and Oriental colour, so unlike the Anglo-Dutch atmosphere elsewhere.

A South African writer has said that " Everybody speaks English, but Dutch is freely used in the home and parliament, in the church, law courts and a section of the press. French is no longer current, and the descendants of the Huguenots approximate nearer to the Dutch than to the British. At the Cape, as this part of South Africa is colloquially called, there are thus two predominant European types. Each exerts a notable influence on the country, but out-



SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA

Facing page 88—3.

wardly, at least, both types are so alike that whatever their essential difference, they are not obvious to the newcomer."

A racial peculiarity that does, however, at once impress itself is, that out of a population of about 250,000, nearly half is of Malay or Bantu descent. This colour element, together with the sunny and vivacious atmosphere, the mountain setting, and a foliage of southern richness, combines to give Cape Town an air that is foreign but cordial. It has been rightly called "The Tavern of the Seas."

One of those sun pictures which add so much to the miles of stone and brick forming modern Cape Town, I obtained one Saturday morning in front of the fine Post Office buildings in Adderley Street. Each week-end coloured vendors line the pavements with a brilliant display of Cape flowers—great masses of vivid hue, blazing in the southern sunshine. These blooms are gathered on the mountain slopes and in the woods around, for they are nearly all wild flowers, and afford some indication of the natural beauty of the Cape landscape. Another entrancing glimpse of Cape Town I obtained from the De Waal Mountain road in the dusk of early evening. Hundreds of feet below the myriad lights of the city twinkled like fire-flies in a purple void.

The most historic building, and the oldest existing to-day in the whole of South Africa, is the Kasteel de Goede Hoop, built in 1666 to replace an earth fort, with a single stone tower, erected by Johan van Riebeeck in 1652. The bastions of this early fortification were given the same names as the four ships then in Table Bay, the central keep being called after the smaller vessel, the *Goede Hoop*. The walls, old gates,

the ravelin and, above all, the main entrance to the Kasteel, built of Cape sandstone to replace the original earthworks, can be seen to-day. The bell of this castle has rung out the passing hours for well over two centuries.

In the South African Museum there are a number of so-called *Post Office Stones*. They record the visits of early European navigators to Table Bay. The dates on these stones are from 1485 to 1632. Many of them served the purpose of pillar-boxes. Beneath them letters were left for passing ships. On one of these stones I noticed three inscriptions, the first of which reads: "John Roberts, commander of the *Lesser James*, arrived the 8th December, departed the 26th, 1622. Look with this line for letters."

The building in which many of the household treasures of old Cape Town have been preserved is called the Koopmans-De Wet Museum. In this historic old house, which originally belonged to a Dutch sea captain, are stored furniture, plate, old china and articles of vertu, from which it is possible to picture the lives of the early pioneers in this "half-way house to the Indies."

Perhaps the most interesting sight in the vicinity of Cape Town is the fine old Dutch mansion, Groote Schuur, with its quaint interior, its stately avenue of trees, and its old-fashioned gardens so dear to the heart of its late owner, Cecil John Rhodes, the maker of Rhodesia. Built upon the foundations of a barn in which the old Dutch East India Company stored their grain, it was bequeathed by Rhodes as a residence for the first and subsequent Prime Ministers of a United South Africa.

The library of Groote Schuur contains, in addition

to the bound typewritten copies of all the Roman and Greek classics in the British Museum, many objects of interest, historic and otherwise. Here will be seen the flags which the Rhodesian pioneers carried when the rule of Lobengula in Mashonaland was abolished in favour of the enlightened and progressive administration of the Chartered Company. Some splendid examples of Oriental china are to be found in this apartment, and in the cabinets are displayed many interesting relics of Rhodesia, among which may be enumerated the phallic implements from Zimbabwe, a carved wooden dish bearing the signs of the Zodiac; also, from the same locality, soapstone birds, small pieces of gold decoration and gold studs which, possibly, formed a portion of the adornment of the temples of Zimbabwe in the remote days in regard to which much has yet to be unravelled. The silver elephant given to Lobengula by the Tati Concession Company, discovered in the ruins of the royal kraal at Bulawayo, is also preserved in this room.

A short climb from Groote Schuur, on the slopes of Devil's Peak, brought me to the old teak seat which was so often used by Cecil Rhodes. "It is easy to understand why the great spirit that quenched its thirst for breadth of vision in the far-flung vistas of the World's View in the Matopos should select this mountain spur for reverie." I looked down from the forest-clad slope at the waters of the Atlantic in Table Bay, and at those of the Indian Ocean in False Bay, while the horizon was broken by the towering peaks of the Hottentots, and I thought, with Cecil Rhodes, that no finer view could be found.

In this lofty spot stands a classic temple in grey

granite, approached by broad terraces of steps, flanked by bronze lions and headed by a replica of Watt's " Physical Energy "—the mounted rider, strong and tireless, for ever searching the vast sweep of the northern horizon with shaded eyes. In the shadow of the temple behind rows of tall granite columns is a characteristic bust of Rhodes, the dreamer and doer, with brooding gaze fixed on the far north, and above the figure the simple inscription : " To the Spirit and Lifework of Cecil John Rhodes, who loved and served South Africa." Strong and simple in conception and design, it is a dignified and fitting memorial to the man and his work. To-day, on the lower slopes of Groote Schuur, one of the many ambitions of Rhodes is materialising in the new University of Cape Town.

CHAPTER XII

SURFING BEACHES TO DIAMOND-FIELDS

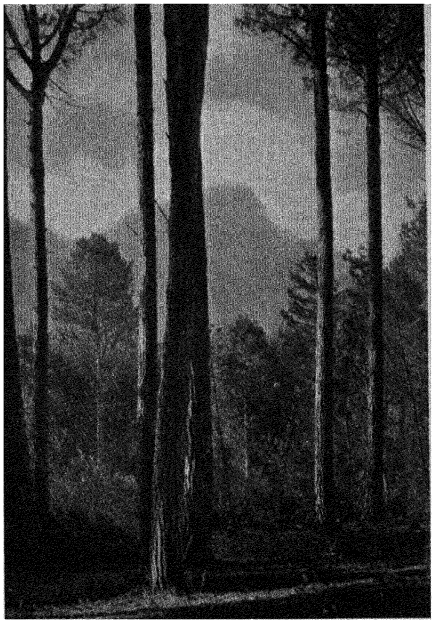
THE Cape peninsula is justly famous for its mountain roads. One of the finest of these skirts the ocean from the city to the Cape of Good Hope. While driving over this route I followed, first, the edge of the boisterous South Atlantic and then the surf-lined waters of the Indian Ocean, passing Camp's Bay, the imposing range known as the Twelve Apostles, quaint little Hout Bay, and so through the heart of the mountainous end of the African continent, returning along the edge of False Bay to the favourite seaside resorts of Glencairn, Fish Hoek, Kalk Bay, St James and Muizenberg.

By this route the whole of the Cape Riviera came under observation, and many were the beautiful views I obtained of mountain, rock and sea, from pine, fern and flower-bordered roads. At an interview given to the *Cape Argus*, on leaving the sea-coast capital of South Africa for the Veld, the diamond-fields and the Rand, I publicly expressed the opinion that the Cape Riviera would become the playground of the new Africa if a comprehensive policy of development was inaugurated, such as that which made the Côte d'Azur in the days of Lord Brougham.

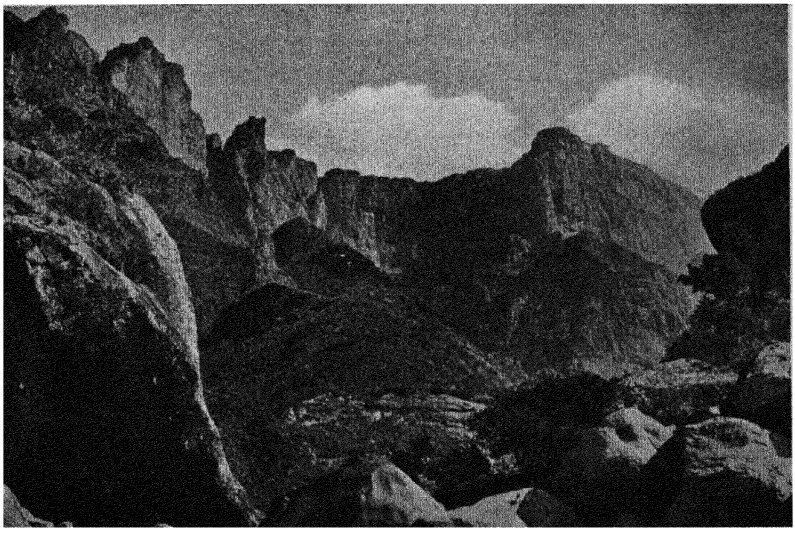
The Muizenberg, which appeared at the extremity of this Riviera only sixteen miles from Cape Town, was a somewhat heterogeneous mass of white buildings —hotels, villas and cafés—facing a crescent of gleaming sand, with lines of snowy foam rolling in from a sapphire sea. A bathing pavilion and promenade, equal to the finest in Europe, intervened between the sands and the town, but there was a lack of uniformity, and an apparent need for a definite scheme of artistic development before enterprise and ignorance combined to spoil this Waikiki beach of the Southern Hemisphere.

The climate in summer is warm yet invigorating. The mountain roads are bordered with trees, a scrubby growth, and many beautiful wild flowers. Surf-bathing can be enjoyed under ideal conditions. It is the custom to use light surf-boards, and to come careering in from the open sea on one of the immense rollers which carry the rider several hundred yards. Although the conditions for this sport are ideal, care has to be taken that they do not include a breath-taking toss from a misplaced board, or a crack on the head through absent-mindedness when attempting to swim in the area of the surf-riders.

A curious feature of the Cape Riviera is the difference in the temperature of the sea water on the Indian Ocean side of the peninsula. At Muizenberg it is seventeen degrees warmer than in Table Bay. At the smaller resort of St James there is a Marine Biological Station, where specimens were shown to me of all the fish peculiar to the waters around the Cape of Good Hope. This little place, which practically adjoins Muizenberg, is particularly free from dust, the curse of the Cape peninsula during an easterly



THE DEVIL'S PEAK—CAPE TOWN



THE DRAKENSBERG MOUNTAINS—NATAL

Facing page 94—3.



MUIZENBERG

"buster." Kalk Bay has fine scenery, a bathing pool where, however, the amenities were rather primitive at the time of my visit, and it is also the sea angler's paradise. An old fisherman at this little place told me such graphic stories of his battles with immense sharks out in the bay that I had decided not to bathe, before he explained that these tigers of the sea never come inside the line of breakers.

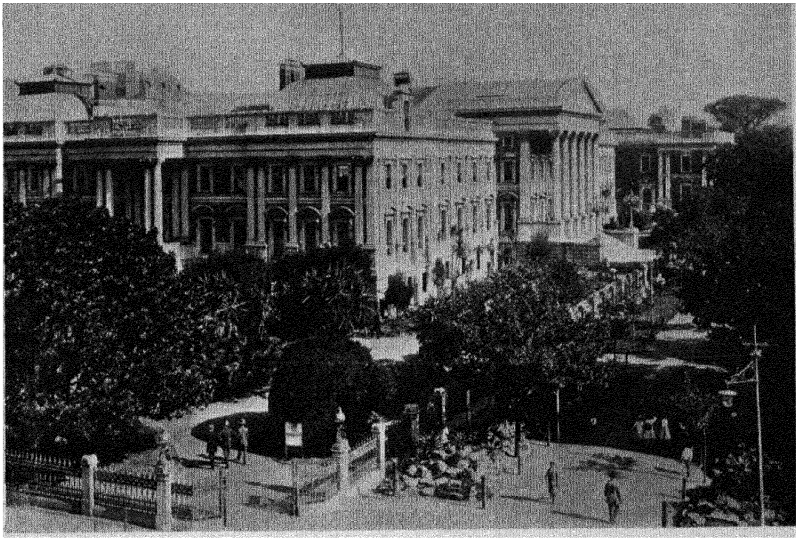
On the Atlantic coast of the Cape peninsula there is first, Sea Point, with two miles of promenade ; then Clifton, with its hotels and bungalows perched on rocks, just beyond the reach of the sea ; and finally, Camp's Bay, which is particularly noted for its picturesque coast and mountain scenery. It can be reached by tram car from Cape Town. In one direction the track is cut out of the mountain side, and in the other it passes through a cleft in the wall of rock. Here and there are leafy bowers and mountain glens, while far below there is the sparkling blue ocean.

One of the features which makes South Africa so attractive as a place of residence is the possibility of obtaining warmth and sunshine during all seasons of the year. When it is winter-time in Cape Town it is the summer season in Natal, and this applies especially to Durban. Here there are palm-bordered seaside promenades, surf-bathing beaches, adults' and children's bathing and paddling pools, rickshaws drawn by Kaffir boys gaily decorated with horns and streamers, and a climate yielding daily sunshine, while the Cape is swept by chilly winds. Behind Durban lies the famous Valley of the Thousand Hills, and scenery almost as remarkable in every direction. Natal forms one of the most beautiful provinces of the Union.

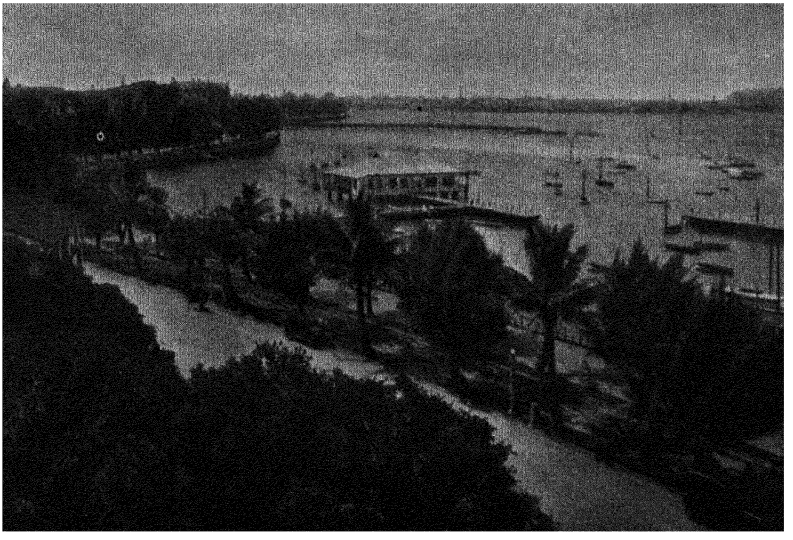
A journey of about 1,000 miles, performed in comfort aboard the fine Union express, carried me from Cape Town up through the wild scenery of the Hex River Pass, where the line loops and climbs in an amphitheatre of impressive giants and finally debouches on to the waterless karoo. After travelling over the dusty surface of this South African semi-desert for many miles, and seeing little else besides a few emaciated sheep and goats tended by ragged and dust-begrimed natives, I came to the conclusion that the karoo should be seen at night during the dry season, when it lies cold and blue beneath the sky of bright stars or bathed in the soft radiance of the kindly moon. At every station crowds of natives thronged the platforms, selling luscious peaches and other fruit from great baskets. Then came Kimberley and its diamond-fields.

With the aid of a permit from the great De Beers Mining Corporation, which appears also to provide an hotel resembling an English country mansion, I was able to inspect the mines and the native compounds. The diamond-fields are encircled by fences and lines of barbed wire entanglements. There are guards and patrols who are in telephonic communication with the posts which have been established along the outer circumference of the fields.

After presenting my authority I was passed through these defences and taken in tow by a most courteous official. Putting on a white overall and cap to take the drippings and splashes of blue mud when moving about the workings, I followed my guide to a lofty platform, and watched a gigantic bucket on wheels, about the size and shape of a small railway engine, lowered down a steep incline at high speed, checked

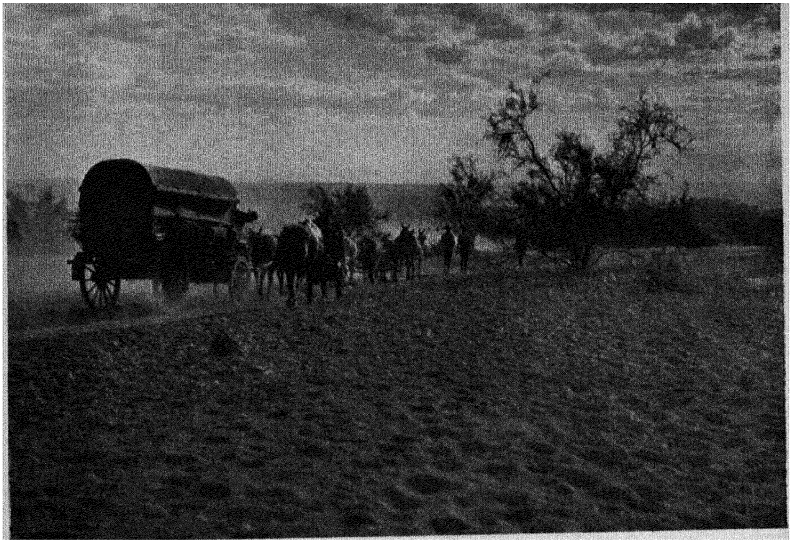


HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—CAPE TOWN

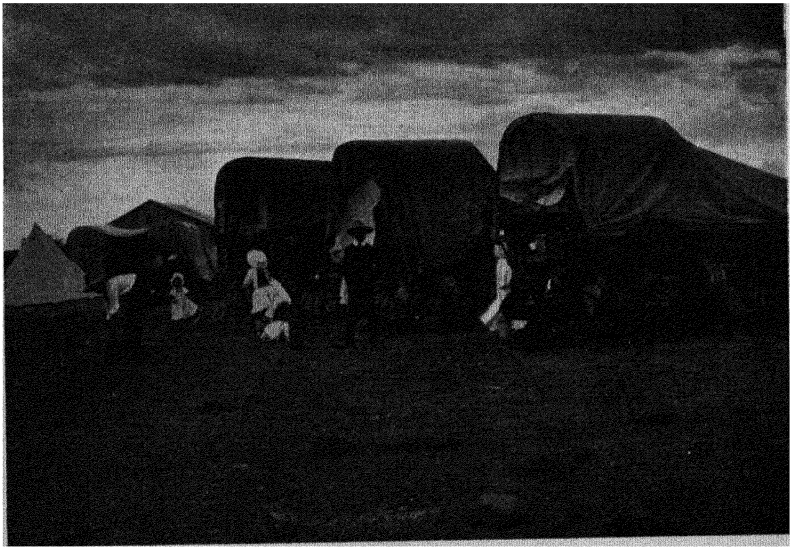


ESPLANADE—DURBAN

Facing page 96—3.



TREKKING IN S.W. AFRICA



THE OUTSPAN

momentarily to enable it to fill when it had plunged under water at the bottom of the shaft, and then equally as swiftly raced up the steep incline to empty again. I cannot attempt either the "whys" or the "wherefores" of much that was seen. Blue mud eventually delivers the dull, glassy looking diamonds down long troughs. These are sorted by experts, and in one room I saw gems worth many thousands of pounds being divided into piles with the utmost precision. The reason for the precautions against intruders at once became apparent.

There is an old saying that "familiarity breeds contempt," and I can truthfully say that the sight of piles of unpolished gems made me reflect on the curious psychology of men and women who covet their possession. That this same attitude of mind is rapidly engendered by the sight of a plethora of gold, rubies, emeralds and pearls, I discovered later in the gold city of Johannesburg, in Alaska, Burma, and in the oyster lagoons of distant Japan.

There was more of human interest in the native compounds, which can only be described as an ethnological zoo. I was amazed at the cleanliness, the order, the provision made for treating sickness, combating epidemics, and in providing for the small wants and amusements of the thousands of native labourers, recruited all over South Central Africa. In the dispensary I was told that serious illness is comparatively rare, although great anxiety was felt when an influenza epidemic passed over South Africa. In contrast to the life of the native on the gold-fields farther north, those in the compounds of Kimberley are never allowed outside the enclosure during the year or two of their voluntary service. The compounds

are complete native cities and are connected with the mines by airy subterranean galleries. Many natives return to their villages on the Zambesi and elsewhere in the African interior and purchase several wives, after two years of work in the mines. Quite a number subsequently return for a further period of service after reverting to the wild life of jungle and plain.

CHAPTER XIII

OVER THE HIGH VELD TO JOHANNESBURG

FROM Kimberley I crossed the lofty grass plains of the High Veld, a lush-green at this time of the year, and broken only by the blue-grey outline of innumerable kopjes. To-day there are but few of the ox-waggons so characteristic of the old Transvaal. "What the camel caravan was to the development of North Africa, and the canoe to Canada in the early days, the straggling ox-teams and great tent-waggons were to South Africa before the railway; and the cohorts of the transport riders boasted many a picturesque personality."

"Life for the transport rider was bright at times. It was good to idle awhile beside the wild clematis, when the eastern horizon reddened, and the smoky orange of sunrise lit the arboreal beauty of the kloofs, and having mixed its pigments and tinted all the hills, softening yet strengthening their outline. Then the oxen would stand yoked, and it was time to go. By the next dawn a dozen contingencies might have arisen. Lions might have been fought off. A rampant rhinoceros, running amok, might have charged the camp. Veld fires, by their smoke judged to be distant, might unexpectedly have swept round a hill, threatening swift death, and taxing every energy to ward them

off. It is only occasionally when one meets an old pioneer that one realises how great a change has come over South Africa in the last forty years. Modernity has overtaken the Transvaal. Life became tuned to a higher key after gold was discovered in payable quantities at Barberton, and especially when, in 1886, it was discovered in undreamt-of quantities on the Witwatersrand." *

While reading the story of the old Transvaal, of the *Voortrekkers* who moved northwards from the Cape and Natal in 1836, of their struggles with the natives, of their dependence upon the Bible for literature, and of the life of the South African pioneer —a romance almost without parallel—the Union express glided into Johannesburg, past the great flat-topped and sun-bleached slag heaps, and close to the head-gear of the greatest gold-field in the world.

Little more than fifty years ago Johannesburg was a mass of wood and corrugated iron shanties; to-day it is one of the great cities of the world. Beautifully laid out, it stands on a number of small hills, and enjoys a climate rendered quite temperate by an altitude of 5,800 feet, although situated within three degrees of the tropical zone. Johannesburg has grown into a large and prosperous city with extraordinary rapidity. Its first municipal council was elected in 1903, when the area was only nine square miles, and now I see it stretching around for eighty-two square miles, with 800 miles of roads, and the homes of over 300,000 people. It is a great thing to be the only city of importance in the centre of a gold-field producing each year from £40,000,000 to £60,000,000 worth of the precious metal.

* "Travel in South Africa," by O. Zachariah.

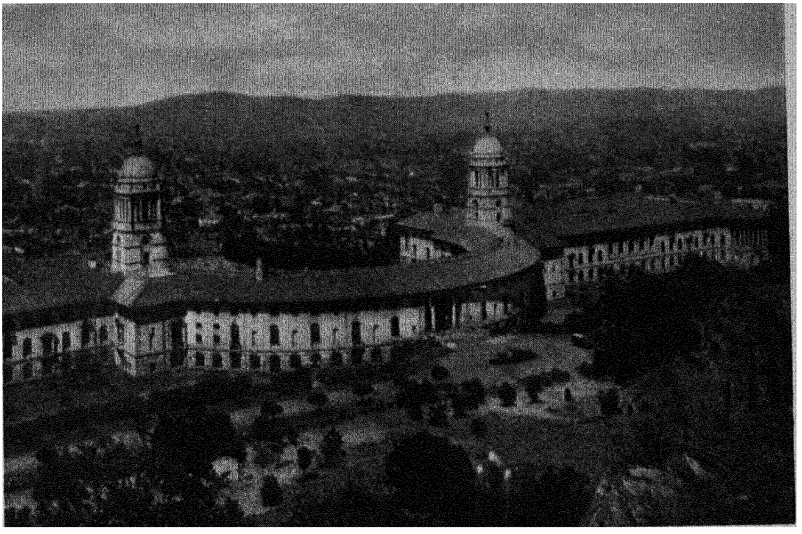
Before looking at this city let us turn back the pages of history—history that is little more than old news. "Journeying from the Cape Colony about the middle of last century, pioneers, shortly after crossing the Vaal River, came upon a low-lying ridge of hills, which, from the silvery streams coursing down the southern slopes, they called the *Witwatersrand*, meaning 'ridge of white waters.' At first nothing was found to attract men to this ridge, which consequently remained desolate and unsought, the habitat of small game and a lonely field for occasional prospectors. One day, however, the news was broadcast that gold had been discovered there, and within a year the Rand had become world-famous.

"Whilst tracings of ancient workings on the northern side of the Witwatersrand indicate that, to some extent, gold was mined in this district at a very early period, the honour of re-discovering the Rand gold-fields may be said to be due to Messrs E. P. and H. W. Struben, who, in 1884, commenced prospecting near what is now known as Krugersdorp. On September 18th of that year they struck a rich vein on a Dutch farmer's land about twelve miles west of the present Johannesburg, and set up a five-stamp battery. Though the Confidence Reef, as it was called, proved to be merely a quartz vein, and not the real Main Reef, which was located in 1885, it formed the beginning of the greatest gold-field in modern history."

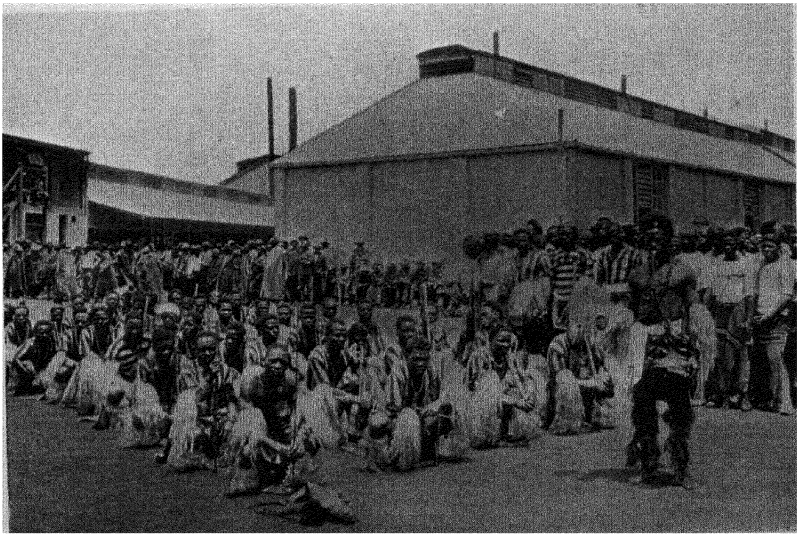
The effect upon the average human being of an entirely modern city without a single historic building is either to attract or to repel, and I readily admit that Johannesburg was to me a pleasant surprise. I had imagined a town on a hot and dusty plain, crude,

flamboyant and arrogant. Instead of which I found a city of artistic buildings, gardens and old trees, climbing up and over several green hills, with its amusements not of the riotous, shameless kind that one associates with the pleasure-centre of a gold-field, but restrained and of good taste. In Commissioner Street, Pritchard Street, Market Street, Fox Street, Loveday Street or other of the principal thoroughfares, some of which are partly arcaded, there is little beyond the native population to distinguish this city from any of its great European contemporaries—except, of course, a more sunny climate. My stay in the city was long enough to enable me to enjoy the amenities of a marvellous country club, the views from the zigzag on the Munro Drive, the Lion Terrace at the Zoo, the brilliant spectacle afforded by the Johannesburg Summer Handicap on the Turffontein race-course, and the other amenities of a city which prides itself on its artistic possessions as much as on the yellow bars which appear in a steady stream from the stamps of its hundred miles of gold-fields.

The process whereby gold is mined on the Witwatersrand forms a study of great interest. "The descent into the main shaft is made by a skip, or cage. From the shafts, or levels, smaller horizontal tunnels are excavated one above the other, with an average dividing distance of 250-300 feet. The various levels are connected with one another by means of 'winzes' or 'raises.' It is in these sections of the mines that the operation termed 'stoping' is conducted. Holes, which eventually are charged with powerful explosives, and subsequently fired with fuses, are drilled into the reef either by hand or air-driven

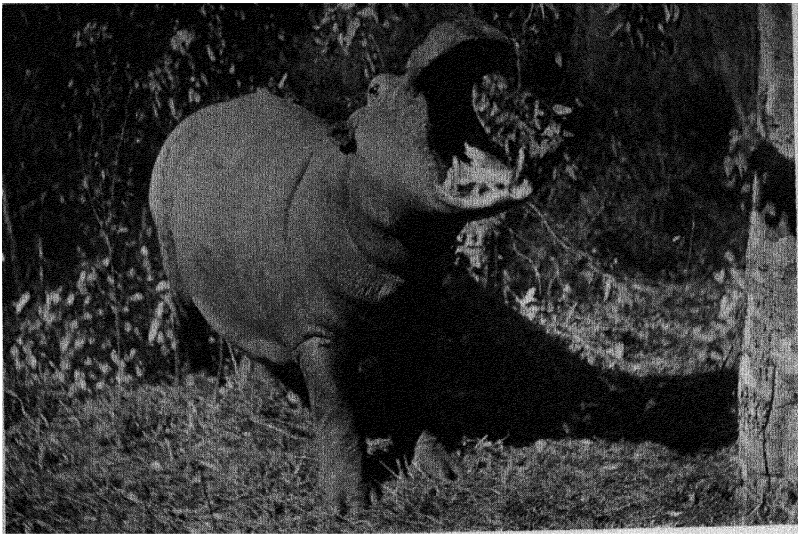


UNION BUILDINGS—PRETORIA

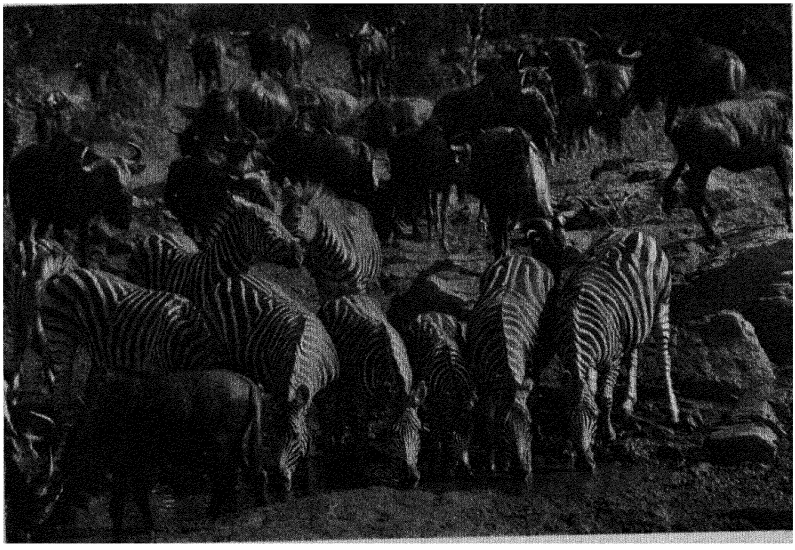


NATIVE DANCE IN RAND GOLD MINE

Facing page 102—3.



SOUTH AFRICAN HIPPOPOTAMUS



ZEBRA AND WILDEBEESTE IN KRUGER NATIONAL PARK

tools, principally the latter. The rock thus brought down is loaded into trucks, passed on to the levels, and emptied into chutes which convey the ore into elevators plying up and down the main shafts.

" In some parts of the Rand the levels are several thousand feet below the surface, and it is necessary to ventilate these depths by means of compressed air appliances operating in the mines themselves. Underground one comes upon numerous drives, tunnels, and drifts which are most confusing in their labyrinthine arrangement, and ' cross-cuts ' which penetrate the reef at right angles enable one to examine closely the formation holding the small grains of gold, which, however, are rarely visible to the naked eye. The shining crystals of pyrites and quartz grains are often mistaken by the uninitiated for visible gold.

" The gold reef extends to depths of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet below the surface, although no shafts exist at these levels. The deepest mines on the Rand are the Village Deep, 7,400 feet, and the City Deep, 7,000 feet.

" Underground each man proceeds upon his allotted duties with sang-froid. The natives load their trolleys or drill holes in the rock to the regular accompaniment of a chanted refrain. In this way they work in unison, but the strange sound of their song in the depths of the earth is somewhat weird when first heard. The skips and cages flashing up and down the shafts, the broken ore rumbling through chutes, the tinkling sounds of hammers and drills striking the rock, the dull thuds and inexplicable noises, certainly have a lasting impression on the mind."

Within easy motoring distance of the busy city of

gold and commerce stands quiet, well-laid-out Pretoria, with its fine Government buildings, the administrative headquarters of the Union. With the Victoria Falls in still far-distant Rhodesia to be reached and explored before the onset of the rainy season, I found myself compelled to cut short the time spent in and around historic Pretoria. Then came the crossing of the dry and sandy wastes of the Kalahari Desert, the native reserves and low bush veld of Bechuanaland, and the crossing of the frontier near the little station of Ramaquabane into Southern Rhodesia.

CHAPTER XIV

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN RHODESIA

ONE day in Bulawayo I stood beneath the *Indaba Tree*, where Lobengula, the last King of the Matabele, had his royal kraal and dispensed the iron-handed justice inherited from his Zulu ancestor, the great *Chaka*. I had come up by the Zambesi express from the Transvaal—one always refers in this way to the journey north—and was surveying the world around from the grounds of Government House, situated at the end of a long avenue of trees, about three miles north of Bulawayo, the principal commercial town in Rhodesia.

Nothing but a light breeze, rustling the grass and leaves, disturbed the serenity of the morning in this land of the broad horizon where the spirit of man is free. The sun shone down on the white house built by Cecil Rhodes on the site of Lobengula's kraal, but I saw nothing of this building, with its intimate memories of a great maker of nations, nothing of the majesty its simple lines and flag should have conveyed as the emblems of Imperial power. I remembered only the great Zulu warriors beside whom I had stood when a small and I am afraid a very impressionable boy—the stories to which I had then listened so eagerly about those hardy Englishmen of the Pioneer Force who had fought their way into

Matabeleland and Mashonaland in the glorious days of African adventure.

Far and wide the view extended over Southern Rhodesia, with *Thabas Induna* in the near distance. On this hill a massacre of head-men was carried out by order of this last Zulu king. Away in another direction the sunlight flashed on the white roofs and walls of Bulawayo, which, about forty years ago, was the centre of one of the most powerful native kingdoms in the old Africa, fast passing away before the inexorable march of civilisation. So powerful were the trained *Impis* that it was considered in those days quite beyond the range of the colonial resources of Africa to cope with these armies of a barbaric chieftain. On that plain below, now sprinkled with houses and crossed by roads, 20,000 savages took part each year in the great dance of the Matabele nation. Although beyond vision, not so far away northwards towards Mashonaland as to be out of mind, flowed the Shangani River, the scene of the heroic last stand of Major Alan Wilson and his men, one of the closing episodes in the early struggle for Rhodesia. What is history now to the younger generation of Englishmen seems but old news to those who can remember, through the veil of greater wars, those stirring days which surrounded the birth of the youngest member of the British family of nations.

Anyone walking down Main Street to-day would have some difficulty in realising that Bulawayo, or *Gubulawayo*, was literally " The Place of Killing " a little over forty years ago. This broad business thoroughfare, with its central statue of Cecil Rhodes, its buildings of stone, and its lines of motor cars, offers one of the best examples of the rapid march of

civilisation in the Dark Continent. Yet this street is only one of the forty thoroughfares which divide this modern town, with a population of 8,000 whites and 11,000 natives, into a series of rectangular blocks. Quite a number of the buildings are of the peculiar red stone found in the neighbourhood.

The name of Rhodesia signified romance for so many years that it surprised me to find the social side of life so well catered for in this young city. Fine schools, a cathedral, a swimming bath, polo grounds, race-course, theatres, clubs and newspapers, all speak volumes for the energy and confidence in the future possessed by its citizens. The railway from the Cape reached this point on the veld, after its long journey over the 1,362 miles of the South African interior, on October 19th, 1897. Everything that Bulawayo is to-day has been accomplished in the comparatively few intervening years.

The bronze statue of Cecil Rhodes, which cannot be called altogether imposing, nevertheless symbolises this Colossus of the old South Africa in the characteristic pose of looking for ever towards the north. It was Rhodes' dream to build a railway exclusively through British territory from the Cape to Cairo. About this statue an amusing story is told. When first erected the natives regarded it with awe and foreboding, because the following season was a particularly dry one. This they ascribed to the fact that Rhodes is portrayed without a hat. It would surely never rain on the bare head of the maker of Rhodesia. A great deal of thought has to be given to the form which such an innovation as a statue shall take when it is to be erected in a still primitive land like Africa. Although actuated by the highest artistic motives,

the sculptor may portray something disturbing or ridiculous to the native mind. A similar example to that of Rhodes in the town which he created occurs at the opposite end of the continent. The Kitchener statue in Khartoum portrays the conqueror of the Sudan astride a gelding—much to the amusement of the desert Arabs, who look upon such tame animals as suitable mounts only for women and children.

Near to that central point in the commercial section of Bulawayo, where Main Street is crossed by Selborne Avenue, I came upon Norman arches and monastic-like cloisters in the centre of this essentially modern town. The cloister garth contains the Cenotaph, commemorating those who fell in the World War; surrounding it are the captured guns. Another monument which conveys a message is that recording the names of those who died in the Matabele Rebellion of 1896. Looking down this list I noticed the mingling of the English and Dutch names on the plain stone panel.

From Bulawayo I drove out in a few hours into the great silence of the Matopo Hills. Although the huge sheet of water impounded by a dam, constructed to irrigate Cecil Rhodes' Matopo farm, makes a wonderful picture when illuminated at sunrise and sunset by the tints which are a peculiarity of this portion of Africa, it is the wild beauty and mysterious loneliness of these great rounded hills and age-old boulders which is so impressive. To the founder of Rhodesia they offered the "View of the World." Sir Leander Starr Jameson, the "Dr Jim" of the nineties, also lies at rest awaiting the great Réveillé. On the summit of one of these hills, and in the shadow cast by an immense boulder, there is a single marble slab

upon which is engraven, " Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." My eye wandered, undisturbed by a single living thing, over the miles of tumbled granite hills around, and I felt that peace which comes only in the great open spaces of the world.

A short distance from where the remains of the country's founder lie buried stands the monument erected to Alan Wilson and his gallant comrades who were massacred by the Matabele on the Shangani River. Here, again, the inscription is simple but impressive, " To brave men. There were no survivors."

About fourteen miles west of Bulawayo are to be found the remains of an old civilisation, about which little is definitely known. The Khami ruins, covering an area of over two square miles, consist of twelve distinct remains which appear to represent the four periods of what is known to South African archæologists as the Zimbabwe architecture. They are assumed to be of Phœnician origin. About this early culture I was, however, to learn more in later travels through Rhodesia. At Khami, which consists very largely of walls and mounds, I was told that implements and utensils had been found proving that these ruins were known to the Portuguese missionaries of the sixteenth century.

Rider Haggard chose the mysterious ruined city of *Great Zimbabwe*, in the south-east corner of Southern Rhodesia, as the scene of the adventures described in three of the most famous of his works of fiction. Reading these on the actual scene, I found the residence of " She who must be obeyed " on Zimbabwe Hill, and " the dead city " in the ruins of the near-by valley. Perhaps in these brilliant

stories of romance, written by one who knew South Africa well, there is more of truth than is usual in works of fiction. Certain it is that they make Zimbabwe live again and lift it from the rut of controversy, speculation, and seemingly impenetrable mystery. These ruins are the remains of an old city which, during various periods, was the home of a vast population. Who these people were, Bantus or Asiatics, it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty. Expert opinion differs so completely as to be almost valueless.

Previous to exploring these ruins I made a pilgrimage to the original grave of the Shangani Patrol, before the remains of these gallant pioneers were removed to the mausoleum in the Matopo Hills. As I gazed at the simple mound and the brass tablet, the *value of adventure and heroism*, as racial characteristics, came to me with peculiar insistence. Perhaps it was the last line of the inscription which set me thinking of the past and the present in South Africa —". . . the remains of Alan Wilson and those who fell with him at Shangani fighting for the expansion of the Empire, in December 1893."

The earliest Portuguese and Dutch writers associate the Great Zimbabwe ruins with King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and, generally speaking, there is considerable reason for thinking their suppositions were not far from the truth, even if not wholly correct. In this valley of Zimbabwe there are the ruins of an ancient city, a temple and a citadel covering many acres.

The characteristics of these buildings are that nothing but granite blocks and dry masonry work were employed. No mortar or cement was used except in

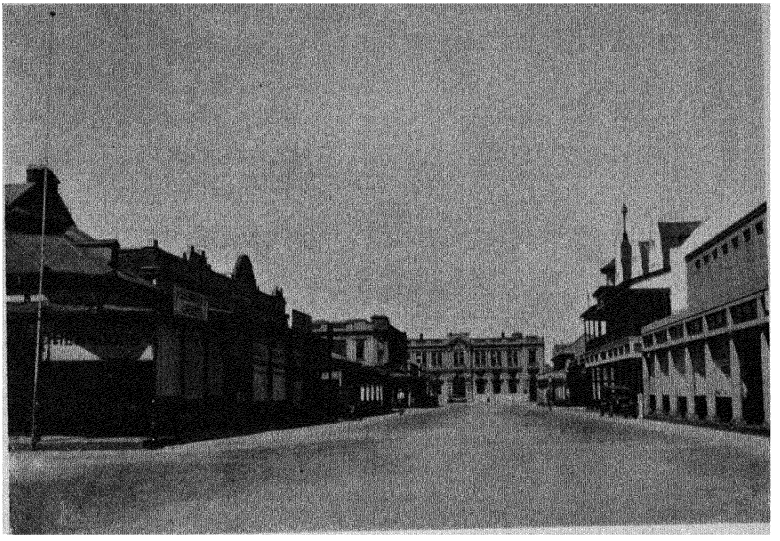
laying floors and steps, or in dados running round the interior lower faces of the walls. The granite blocks utilised were about nine by seven inches. Practically all the features are rounded, while very few are angular. To give a detailed description here of the walls, temples, passages and other evidence that this place once formed an African metropolis, would not only occupy undue space, but it would exhibit the same lack of understandable continuity as the buildings themselves, and also the sameness of these structures. There is something, however, about the main temple which sheds a somewhat lurid light on the religion and culture of which Zimbabwe is the symbol.

"The plan of the temple is elliptical, and the walls, which average from twenty-two to thirty-two feet in height, are wide at the base and narrowed on the summit. The thickest walls are fifteen feet wide at the base and ten feet wide at the summit. This lean-back of the sides of the walls lends to the building a most striking appearance. The total length of passage-ways within the Temple is 360 feet, while the circumference of the exterior is 830 feet, and of the interior 770 feet.

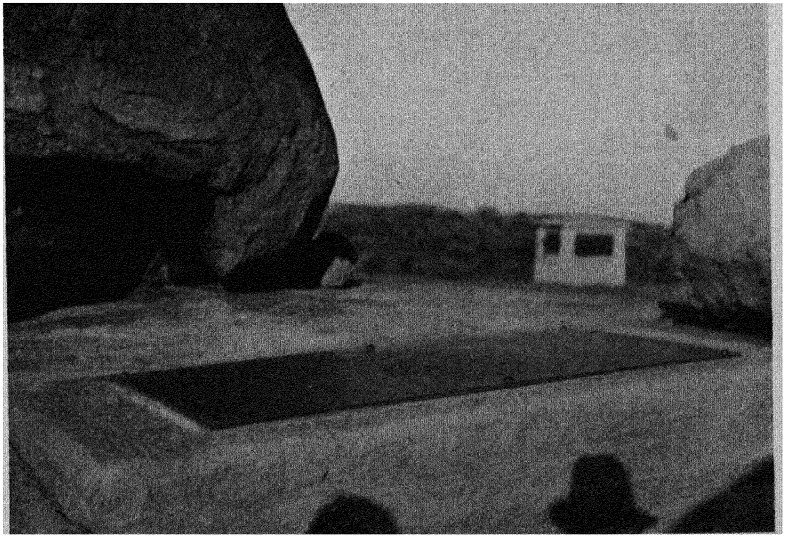
"No single one of the many scores of ruins of the oldest type in Southern Rhodesia gives any sign of ever having possessed a roof. At the Zimbabwe Temple—the most intact and best preserved of any of these structures—there are absolutely no evidences of it ever having been roofed. The very large area enclosed, the irregular size, and the structural protuberances above and on the main walls all tend to exclude any suggestion that once the Temple may have had a roof. If this Temple was formerly, as

many scientists insist, with complete justification, a place where Nature (Phallic) Worship even in a crude and degenerate form, was practised, then it could not have been roofed over. It is a matter of knowledge that light, whether natural or artificial in its source, was regarded as symbolic of Phallic Worship. Sacred hawks, emblematic of Venus (the Star of Maternity), were utilised by the ancient sun and star worshippers. Let it be noted that this was not the religious cult of the Bantu people. At Zimbabwe similar birds of soapstone, crudely carved as one might expect among colonists who included the engineers but not the sculptors of the nation, have been found in profusion at Zimbabwe ruins. The sun engenders the fruitfulness of the earth, and so also became an emblem of the sensual Nature Worship of those ancient days, being represented by symbols of the generative power similar to those once carried in the Bacchic processions of the Greeks. The interior Cones—the large representative of the male generative power, and the small one that of the female—correspond to the Sacred Cone in the ruins at the Phœnician Temple at Byblos ; and it possesses similarities also with the ' two very large Phalli, about thirty cubits high,' described by Lucian as standing in the Temple of Hieropolis in Mesopotamia." *

* "Zimbabwe," published by the Town Management Board, Fort Victoria.

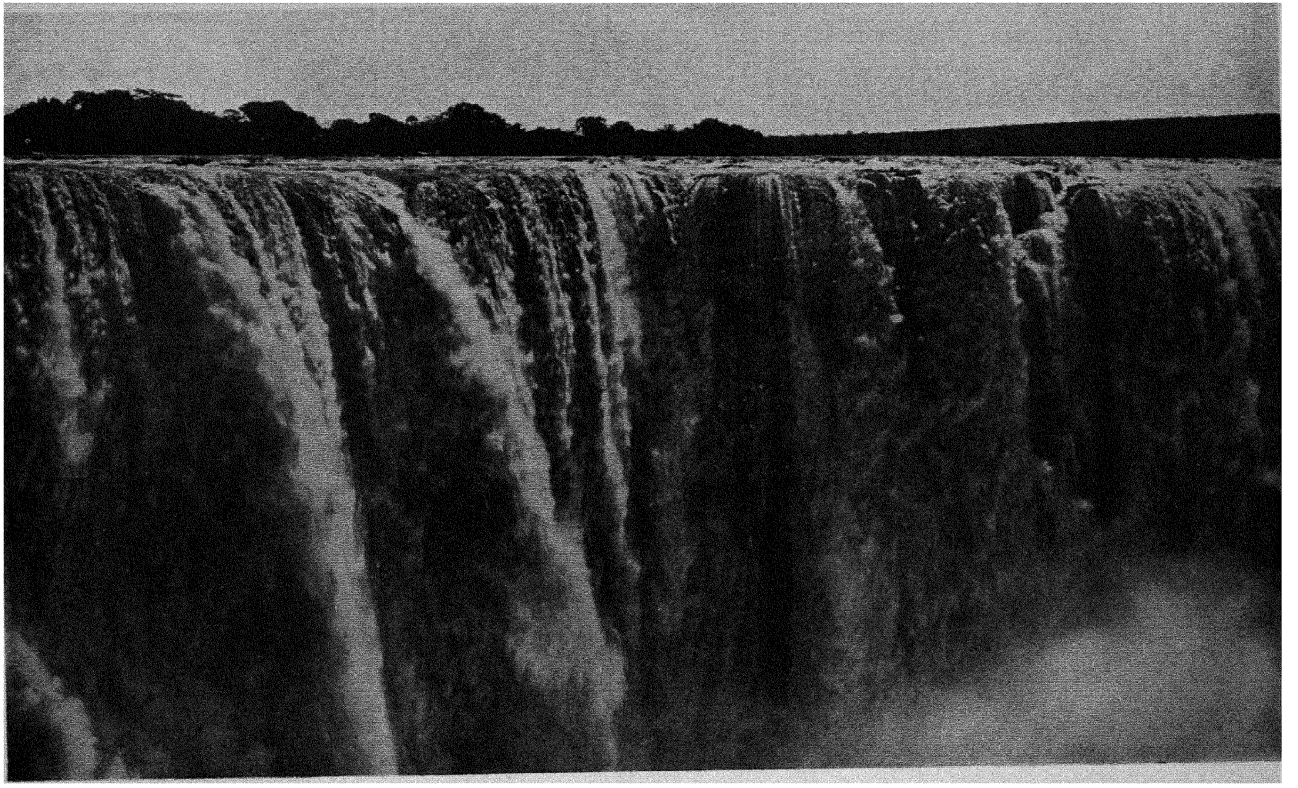


1ST STREET AND STANDARD BANK—SALISBURY



GRAVE OF CECIL RHODES—MATOPO HILLS

Facing page 112—3.



VICTORIA FALLS

CHAPTER XV

SMOKING WATERS

GREATEST of all the sights of Rhodesia, and to be numbered among the wonders of the world, are the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River. Journeying north-west by railway from Bulawayo, I crossed many turgid African rivers and passed through the great forest region beyond the Gwai. No longer was it a land of broad vistas. The veld had been left behind and the region of Equatorial jungle entered. Here were mahogany and maponi trees, these latter often twisted into extraordinary shapes by the elephants, who at one time were numerous in this region, and so frequently bent and trampled on the saplings as to cause the deformities now evident in the adults of the forest.

During the 280 miles' journey from Bulawayo the elevation drops from 4,600 feet to under 3,000 feet before half the distance across Southern Rhodesia to the Zambesi River has been accomplished. With a steadily decreasing altitude and a rapidly mounting latitude, it is but natural that the surrounding scenery should gradually assume a tropical aspect. Then comes the falls, which remain practically as they were when David Livingstone first saw them in 1855. During this explorer-missionary's travels through mid-Zambesia he had

often heard the natives refer to the "*Mosi-oa-tunya*," which, broadly interpreted, means, "the smoke which sounds." The graphic story of Livingstone's great discovery in the then quite unexplored forests stirred the imagination of the world, and greatly stimulated the work of exploration in "Darkest Africa."

In both size and grandeur the Victoria Falls far surpass those of Niagara, and it will always be a matter of opinion as to whether they eclipse in spectacular effect the great Falls of Iguazu and Guayra in the silent depths of the little-known South American interior. After journeying to all these great water-leaps I came to the conclusion that each possessed its own peculiar form of awe-inspiring magnificence. Niagara in mid-winter, with its draperies of frozen water, is a scene which impresses itself upon the memory for life. Iguazu and Guayra are remote, uncanny, mysterious, and even spirit-destroying; while those of the Zambesi River, in Rhodesia, are grand, almost beyond the powers of description.

Although far too much is made of the actual size of falls the world over—for who can tell at a glance the quantity of water passing over any of these rents in the surface of the earth—it does, perhaps, stimulate the imagination to know that the estimated flow over the Victoria Falls varies from one hundred million to sixty-two million gallons a minute, that the drop is 420 feet, or slightly greater than the height of the cross on St Paul's Cathedral in London and the half-way floor of the Woolworth Building in New York, the width about 6,000 feet, a distance equal to that between Trafalgar Square and the

Mansion House, and twice the breadth of the Niagara Falls.

The most extraordinary thing about these falls of the Zambesi is that the level of the land above the drop is the same as that below this point. The whole water-flow of this great African river falls precipitately into a deep and narrow fissure in the surface of the earth. It is, undoubtedly, one of the most spectacular works which Nature has accomplished. During full flood, which occurs about the middle of April, the water pouring over the lip of the abyss forms a mile-wide line of green and white foam, broken only by the two islands, Livingstone and Cataract, some portions of which are high above the flood-line. The spray is very dense and often rises to a height of over 2,000 feet. During this period it is impossible, when gazing down into the chasm, to see anything but whirling spray.

My own visit coincided with the end of the early rains in December, and a somewhat smaller volume of water was actually descending into the "boiling pot," but the tropical jungle around was fresh and green, in vivid contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the falls. A clear rainbow, formed by the sunlight penetrating the mist of spray, hovered for hours over this great commotion of the waters, and, looking down the 400 feet to the bottom of the chasm, I could clearly see the fleecy foam, the great splash, and the swirling eddies, in the dim, greenish-white light.

The moist heat of the forest was considerable during the daytime, and I found the service of trolleys, pushed by native boys over railway lines laid along tracks cut through the jungle, which connect the excellent hotel with the principal points of interest,

by far the easiest way to cover the miles necessary to see the whole expanse of this great cataract. It did not take me long to discover that the best plan to adopt when visiting certain places within range of the spray was to wear old flannels and shoes. In a waterproof or oilskin the heat soon becomes unbearable when one is moving about, and neither of these garments prevents a complete drenching when curiosity overrules caution.

Some of the most beautiful views of the falls are obtained from amidst the luxuriant tropical vegetation of the Rain Forest, but great care has to be taken against slipping in the wet grass along the edge of the abyss. At Danger Point one is opposite the greatest height of the fall, and in a position to see the whole volume of water make a right angle turn and enter the narrow gorge by way of the cauldron-like boiling pot. Then comes the Whirlpool, below Palm Kloof, the lofty railway bridge, and the Grand Canyon which extends for over forty miles.

Directly opposite Livingstone Island I stood at the edge of the Rain Forest, on the brink of the abyss, and gazed with every sense strangely stirred at the tumbling waters of the Rainbow Falls on one side and the Main Falls on the other. The top of the chasm at this point being less than 200 feet broad, I could distinctly feel the cool breeze and the spray given off by the waters as they take the downward leap.

So far as could be discovered from the native guide it is possible to descend to the foot of the falls only at the eastern end of the chasm. Here the way down is difficult and slippery, but the view, looking up at the leaping waters, the rainbow, and the shafts

of sunlight through the spray, amply repays for the effort entailed in the drenching mist and oppressive heat.

The way to Livingstone Island, which stands on the brink of the abyss and divides the river into two sections just before the plunge, is by canoe from the left bank. It was on this island, in 1855, that Dr Livingstone landed when he discovered the Victoria Falls. He thus obtained for his first impression the finest view which these falls afford. Crossing a portion of this river above the chasm by a canoe with four native paddlers, I landed on Livingstone Island and found the tree on which this great explorer cut his initials. " This is the only instance in which I indulged in this piece of vanity," he said, when describing the historic incident in his " Travels in South Africa."

During a journey by motor boat on the Zambesi River, above the falls, we passed several herds of hippopotami swimming about on the surface in the warm sunshine, and eventually made Kandahar Island, with its beautiful palm groves. The risk of using a canoe in these waters is greatly enhanced by the nervousness of the native paddlers, especially after sunset, when they hear the grunts or see the black outline of the immense heads of hippopotami. This is not due to any fear of these ungainly animals themselves, but to the very real possibility of their rising under the canoe, especially in the dark, and upsetting its occupants into the crocodile-infested waters. On the west bank of the river I was shown an immense *baobab*, or cream of tartar tree, which measured sixty-six feet in circumference at the base. Towards sunset the orange glow illuminated the

cloud of spray which for ever hovers over the falls, and for a brief ten minutes converted it into an uprising cascade of flames.

Beautiful as they are at all times of the day and at all seasons of the year, there is one period when these great falls of the Zambesi River become one of the finest sights of Nature. With a full moon sailing in a clear sky, the palms of the shore-line silhouetted black against the white waters and the pale colours of lunar rainbows arranged in arches over the tumbling iridescent foam, I think the Victoria Falls unequalled in all the length and breadth of this still wild continent.

CHAPTER XVI

MADEIRA AND THE CANARY ISLANDS

TO descend by toboggan from the summit of a mountain clothed in sub-tropical flowers and trees sounds a rather impossible proposition. Yet it was in this way that I spent an exciting morning in the island of Madeira. After the moist and often oppressive heat of the African forest, the still, warm and yet sea-refreshed air of this garden-island of the South Atlantic soon revived the human energies which had been somewhat exhausted by fever.

Viewed from the sea, Madeira looks like an island of dolls' houses rising up a green slope to where such mountains as one expects only to see in a stage background form a jagged line against an azure sky. Directly the ship which had brought me the 4,672 miles from Cape Town dropped anchor in the deep waters of Funchal Bay, crowds of small boats, brightly painted, and laden with fruit, wicker furniture, lace, embroidery work, parrots and canaries, hastened out from the shore and formed a floating market in the sea around.

The method for the receipt of custom and the delivery of goods was a simple one. In spite of the great height of the liner's decks, a rope was thrown to any prospective customer. A basket was then hauled up with the desired tea-cloth of Madeira work or miserable-looking parrot safely inside. If considered

satisfactory the purchaser placed the payment, which had been the subject of much bargaining by shouts and signs, into the same basket, and lowered it down to the boat riding on the heavy swell below.

Most interesting of all, however, are the diving boys, who not only descend in the clear water almost to the bottom in order to recover *silver* coins thrown into the sea by passengers on the steamer's decks, but also climb up the forty or fifty feet of the steel sides by means of ropes, and plunge back into the sea. There is, however, an element of tragedy in the lives of these children. Quite a number of them have white skins, which speak of a degeneracy which has been handed down from father to son. Time was when these sea-urchins of particularly low intellect lived night and day on the beach and had no homes to which they could return. This state of affairs no longer exists, however, but Madeira, like Egypt, has been somewhat spoiled by the indiscriminate charity of an annual army of travellers.

The people of Madeira are largely of Portuguese descent, and the majority live upon the proceeds of an all-the-year-round tourist traffic. Many of them are swarthy, and a few are picturesquely attired in a dress which can only be likened to the pirates of the old days in the seas around. It often consists of a bright silk handkerchief tied tightly round the head, a dark, fierce-looking countenance, huge silver ear-rings, a bright-coloured waistband, slit trousers, and a white or coloured shirt. Such, in fact, was the peculiarly appropriate attire of the two brigands who pulled and guided my toboggan down the miles of cobbled road from the summit of the Terreiro da Lucta.

The exotic flowers and rugged mountains of Madeira cause this lovely little island, only thirty miles long and fourteen miles broad, to be one of the most picturesque in the world. These mountains, which make such an impressive sight from the waters of Funchal Bay, rise to a height of over 6,000 feet, and are clothed to their summits with luxuriant vegetation. It is the vivid colouring of the palm, prickly pear, tulip-tree and pine, combined with that of the geranium, fuchsia, arum lily, myrtle, rose, honeysuckle and banana, which gives the traveller, often emerging from the grey landscape of a northern winter, his first impression of the dawning tropics. Mangoes, custard apples, guavas, bananas, pine-apples, grapes, oranges and figs, are all grown in abundance, and so plentiful are the flowers that the island children throw large bunches of them into passing *carros* and cars with the hope of receiving a few coins in return.

The little town of Funchal, which has 40,000 inhabitants, and is the only place of importance in the island, is situated on the south-east coast, and is a picturesque chaos of gleaming white hotels and villas, green-balconied bungalows, pink, blue and yellow stucco cottages with brick-tinted roofs of fluted tiles, cobbled streets and sunlit walls covered by the lilac of wistaria, the purple of bougainvillæa, and flaming begonia. One climbs either uphill or downhill while walking along any of its quaint little streets. These are mostly flanked by lace or curio shops, pavement cafés, hovels with open doorways in which birds or fruit are exhibited for sale, and gardens with a profusion of exotic flowers.

About these streets I drove in an awninged *carro*, or

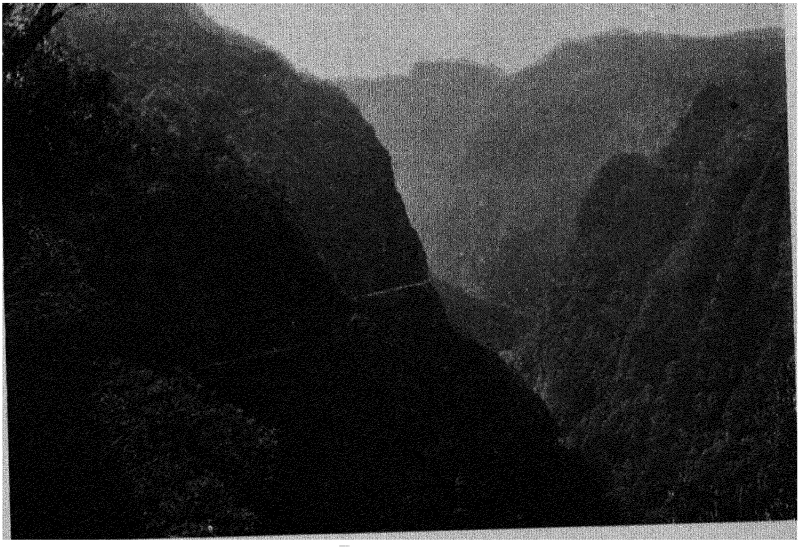
immense sledge, drawn by two sleek oxen, which were guided, as well as goaded, by imprecations and prods from two olive-skinned ruffians, whose ideas of remuneration would place the extortions of even the Cairo dragoman in the shade. Other days were spent lazing on creeper-clad verandas, bathing in the crystal-clear but often rough waters beyond the rocky but fashionable platform, reached by lift from Reid's Hotel, and in exploring on horseback the magnificent mountain scenery to be found in the interior of the island. Perhaps the finest of these mountain rambles, which can also be made by motor car or in hammocks carried by natives in the most approved West African jungle style, was that which led through the Grand Curral, with tropical vegetation all around in a circle of jagged peaks.

Madeira days are so often warm and sunny that it seems almost unnecessary to mention that this was the climatic condition on the February morning when, in the little open car of the funicular railway, I mounted the flower-spattered slopes of Bella Monte. The line passed through banana groves, vineyards and wonderful gardens. At several little wayside stations, high up in the mountains, olive-complexioned children ran out from adobe and stucco huts to present armfuls of the most perfect blooms to almost every passenger on the train. Although these attentions were not entirely philanthropic, they confirmed the evidence to be seen around of the bounty of Nature in this favoured isle.

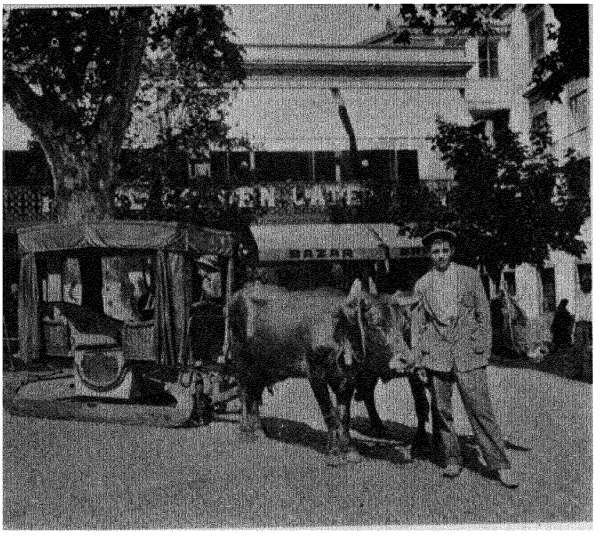
Passing over the Little Curral, a deep growth-filled cleft in the mountain wall, we reached the summit of the Terreiro da Lucta, 3,000 feet above sea-level. The view extended over more than half



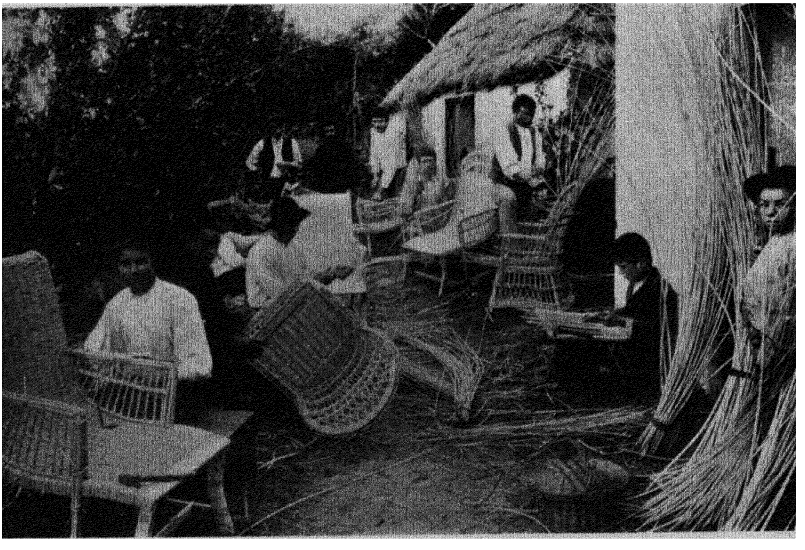
FUNCHAL—MADEIRA



VALLEY OF SANT' ANA—MADEIRA



BULLOCK CARRIAGE—MADEIRA



NATIVES MAKING WICKER CHAIRS—MADEIRA

Facing page 122—3.

the entire island, far below the red roofs of Funchal nestling in misty green foliage, and reached to the very edge of the blue bay. All around was a semi-tropical Switzerland.

There was once a philosopher who declared that the best view in the world was all but worthless unless there was a restaurant near by. Although I do not agree with this gastronomically minded assertion, the *Monte*, as it is called locally, possesses this essential for the *full* enjoyment of beauty, and I patronised it before making the descent to the town of Funchal in a mountain sledge.

These peculiar vehicles are really double arm-chairs made of wicker and mounted on wooden runners. A drag-rope is attached to each side. After taking a seat in one of these sledges, two gaily dressed pirates of olive hue and fierce mien placed a lump of tallow under each runner in order to grease it as the vehicle moved, then they seized the traces and jerked me away down the steep cobbled incline. If one man pulled harder than the other I twisted round and descended sideways for some yards. Every now and then we skirted uncomfortably close to the edge of steep cliffs, and my only consolation was the thought that one of the ruffians, whose sole object it seemed was to get down the three or four miles as quickly as possible, would share any fate which might befall me.

I was wrong, however, regarding the primary motive of these gay charioteers. When we had descended about three-quarters of the distance the creaking, swaying sledge came to a sudden and suspicious standstill. So far I had been able to do little more than hold on. Beautiful scenery had slid by unnoticed, except when I suddenly turned

sideways and found myself looking down a tree-filled chasm with two shouting maniacs, dressed like mediæval cut-throats, hauling me back from the brink of disaster by both ropes. Somehow I never questioned the strength of the tow-lines, nor the security of the fastenings to the runners.

The reason for the abrupt halt became apparent directly I felt sufficiently secure to look up. We had stopped exactly opposite the door of a little wine tavern in the mountains, and two hands were eagerly thrust out towards me. Thinking that sober pirates would at least be better than drunk ones, I declined at first to supply the necessary funds for the slackening of their thirst until the town below had been reached. After fifteen minutes of argument, accompanied by much wiping of perspiration, many guttural imprecations—which they did not think I understood—and several views of two dry tongues extended for my inspection, I came to the same conclusion as, no doubt, many others have done before me on this Cresta Run of the Madeira mountains.

There could be no doubt that it was a hold-up—more or less polite, according to one's proficiency in Portuguese slang. Giving in with the best grace possible, I sat, fuming with anger, in the rickety chair on the road for a further period, which seemed much longer than it really was. Refreshed and apparently invigorated by the drink obtained in the dirty-looking hovel, my charioteers shot me down into Funchal at all angles. The end came suddenly on approaching the main street. A *carro* appeared from a narrow side turning, and the brave pirate on that side stopped suddenly and braced himself to hold back the toboggan in which I was endeavouring to remain seated. The

alleged guide on the opposite side had different views on the traffic problem and continued to pull hard on the traces. The sledge spun round on its greased runners, and I came to a standstill facing the wrong way and looking up into the mild, expressionless eyes of two oxen with the most gigantic horns I have ever seen—quite so close.

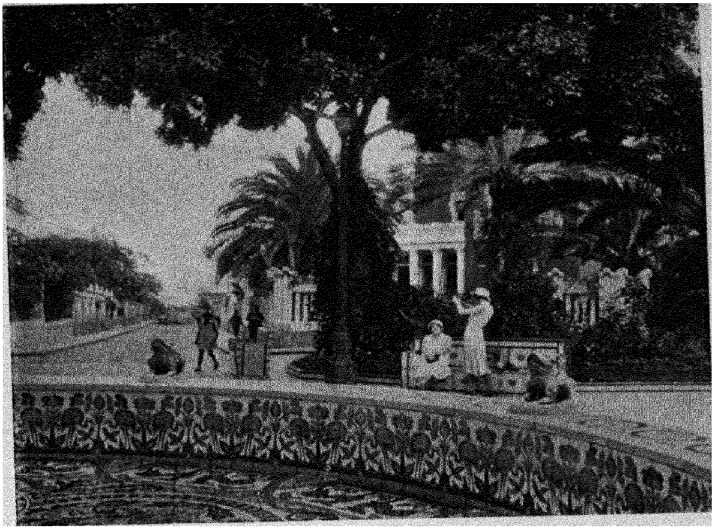
There is much divergence of opinion regarding the origin of the name by which the Canary Islands are now known. To Plutarch and Ptolemy they were "The Fortunate Islands," a happy mixture of dry African sand and tropical fertility. The popular idea that this volcanic group, lying about sixty miles seawards of the western extremity of the great Sahara, was the original home of the canary, is certainly not substantiated by the dull, greenish-yellow plumed birds of this variety, which seldom sing, now to be seen there.

Crossing by small local steamer the narrow stretch of sea from Madeira, I landed in Las Palmas on the island of Grand Canary. What struck me most was the sudden change from an essentially Portuguese to a typically Spanish possession. Although Madeira is decidedly the most beautiful of these Atlantic Islands, the winter temperature of both air and sea around the Canaries is several degrees higher, and bathing becomes more constant and pleasant. Grand Canary is the driest island of the group, the rainfall for the whole year being only eight inches, against nearly twelve inches in the neighbouring island of Teneriffe.

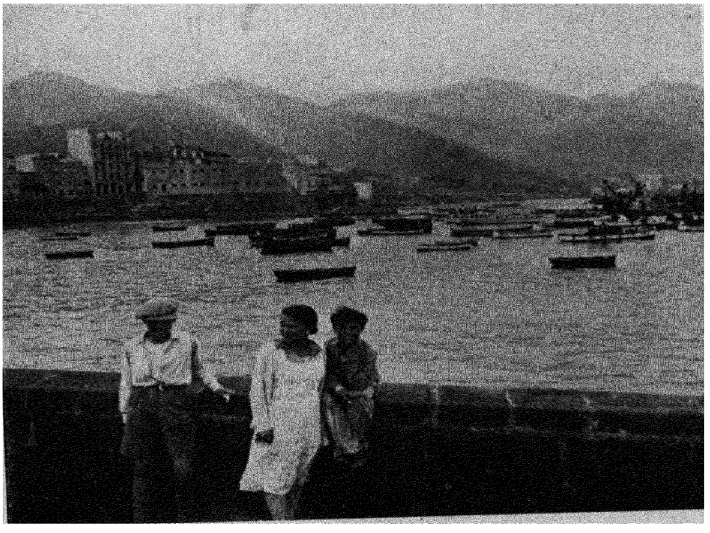
Near to Las Palmas there is much sand, blown across the intervening sea from the Sahara. Nevertheless the western half of the island is covered with

luxuriant vegetation. Apart from the palms and flowers, which are similar to those of Madeira, there are large plantations of bananas, sugar-cane, tomatoes and indian corn. The town itself is typically Spanish, and in this respect differs from the Portuguese-Colonial style of Funchal. There are many foreign residents in Las Palmas, especially English, who have their own club and sports grounds. It is the starting-point for the lovely scenery of the Tafira Valley, the lofty *Cumbres*, and the crater of the extinct volcano Caldera, which is over 1,000 feet deep. Although the town is a busy one and possesses an imposing cathedral and a most picturesque little plaza, in which a military band plays quite frequently, it did not appeal to me in the same way as colourful Funchal.

Grand Canary is the third largest island in the group, and has an area of 634 square miles. From the coast the land rises steeply until it reaches a height of over 6,000 feet towards the centre of the island. Deep and picturesque ravines, with many ancient caves, are its principal topographical features. It was while exploring the cave dwellings of Atalaya that I had my second Gilbertian hold-up in the Atlantic Islands. Starting out early in the morning from Las Palmas, which certainly possesses one of the finest climates in the world, I drove up the winding road to the cave village. Seeing that it would be impossible to inspect closely these unique dwellings by motor car, I started on foot over the chaos of rock and roughly hewn paths to where white stucco walls, gleaming in the sunshine, enclosed the entrances to many caves. Circling half round the hill, on the slope of which this queer village has been built, I entered a deserted

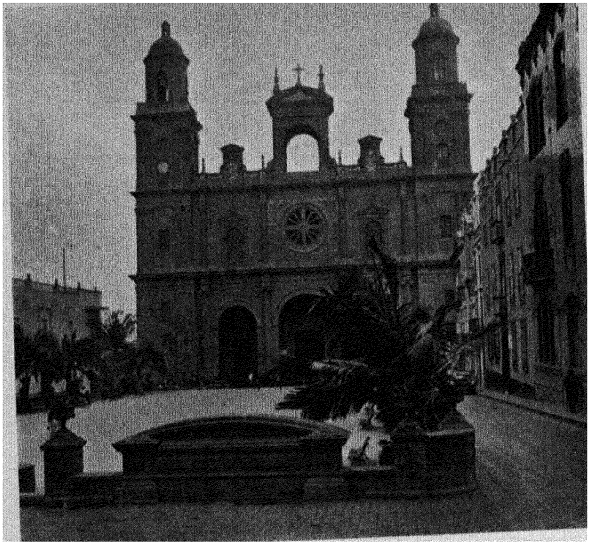


TESSELLATED FOUNTAIN IN PUBLIC GARDENS—
SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE



THE HARBOUR—SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE

Facing page 126—3.



THE CATHEDRAL—LAS PALMAS, GRAND CANARY



CAVE VILLAGE OF ATALAYA—GRAND CANARY

tunnel with many little passages leading back into the rock. Within a few minutes the exit was crowded with men, women and children, who seemed to have come up out of the ground, because previous to their appearance the whole village had appeared deserted.

At first they were abjectly polite, but nevertheless always managed to bar my way out of the cave. Hands were thrust out at me from all sides, my coat was pulled by ragged and appallingly dirty children, and hideous faces peered eagerly forward. In the half-light and somewhat fœtid atmosphere of the cave dwelling the position was by no means pleasant. I knew that if I gave alms to one or two it would be construed as a sign of weakness, and that until I had distributed every *peseta* with which I had come provided, I should be unable to make a peaceable exit.

My Spanish was sufficiently good to enable me to explain that they would receive nothing until I got outside, but still they blocked the entrance. Deciding that only a physical effort would get me out of the predicament with any dignity, I seized one man, and using him as a shield, forced my way through the group and out into the pure air of the mountain slope. As I walked along the narrow and rocky path for nearly a mile to where the car and driver were waiting, this little crowd of angered cave dwellers followed close upon my heels.

From Las Palmas I went to the neighbouring island of Teneriffe, landing at Porto Orotava, on the coast. This quaint little town is a favourite resort for foreign visitors, and possesses a British club. It is decidedly preferable to Las Palmas. Teneriffe is the largest of the Canary Islands, with an area of 919 square miles, and it has the famous peak, 12,189

feet high, and capped with eternal snows, for a background to almost every tropical view which the coastline affords.

It is this island, more than any other, which provides a reason for the belief that Madeira, the Canaries and the Azores are the remains of the once great continent of Atlantis. The Peak of Teneriffe is in correct alignment with the Atlas Mountains of the African mainland. Many geographers consider that previous to its submergence, Atlantis extended from the Canaries to the Azores, and as far south as the island of Fernando de Noronha, off the easternmost point of Brazil.

Teneriffe has small towns at several altitudes, so that almost every variety of climate can be obtained. The principal sea-coast places are, however, Orotava and Santa Cruz, the capital. This latter town is quite a busy maritime centre, and has a population of over 50,000. Though I preferred Orotava, the town of Santa Cruz has a picturesque little casino and moderately good facilities for sea-bathing.

Although in no sense an experienced mountaineer, it had been my intention when coming to this island to climb the famous Peak of Teneriffe. I had been told that it was possible to ride on mules for the greater part of the distance up this extinct volcano. Although this is the case, at least one night must be spent high up near to the snows. The Peak is so often enveloped in cloud or mist, owing to the warm lower current of air, which follows the Gulf Stream, condensing when it is brought into contact by the mountain slopes with the cold upper strata of the atmosphere, that a clear view from the summit is more the exception than the rule. These facts com-

bined to make me think that it was not worth the exertion entailed, although I regretted the decision when I saw the glittering snows, like a diamond in the sky, for a few brief minutes between the rings of white vapour as the homeward-bound vessel, which I had boarded at Orotava, carried me away from this island of perpetual summer towards the cold, blue North.

CHAPTER XVII

EXPLORING IN EQUATORIAL BRAZIL

FROM out of the tropical haze of the South Atlantic appeared a low shore. It was my first glimpse of Brazil, of the mysterious Amazon. The water of the world's greatest river had already changed the colour of the surrounding sea from deep blue to pale yellow-green. A queer craft approached the liner which had brought me from Liverpool, and the pilot came aboard. The low coast-line disappeared and then reappeared. Jungle-fringed beaches could just be discerned. Away to starboard was little-known Marajó Island, and on the opposite side the dense green wall of the Equatorial forest, which only occasionally parted to disclose vast distances veiled in hot mist. Between the ship and the jungle-covered shore, curious native catamarans with vivid blue sails, and raft-like *balsas*, were moving over the yellow, turgid flood.

We were in the Para River, one of the mouths of the great Amazon, here nearly 200 miles broad, but filled with forest-clad islands. Small settlements of white, pink and yellow bungalows and palm-thatch native huts became numerous, then the river narrowed down as we came to rest opposite the city of Para, an amazing medley of stucco and palms, of white-dressed but black and brown faced people, congre-

gated on the very edge of the great unexplored forests of the dead heart of Equatorial South America.

Having spent much time travelling along the highways and in the byways of the world, I had been approached by a powerful international group regarding a reconnaissance in Amazonia. This, then, was the reason for my first entry into this field of exploration. Keen personal interest resulted, and in more recent years I again penetrated into these still wild lands on a variety of missions. Here it must be pointed out that the immense unexploited areas of forest, *campos*, or open prairie, river and swamp, known by the comprehensive name of Amazonia, although owned very largely by Brazil (over one million square miles, unmapped and all but unknown), also extend far beyond the frontiers of that nation, into the states of Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, to say nothing of the three Guianas, owned by European countries, adding another million square miles of unexplored territory, and making what has been aptly termed " The Lost Continent."

The difficulties of reaching these remote areas of forest were often very great, and much that is of little general interest must be passed over lightly, or even left out entirely, in the following narration of events, in order to make room for closer descriptions of the distant forests and the wild tribes inhabiting them. In former books, especially the one entitled " Among Wild Tribes of the Amazons," I dealt fully with my work of exploration in these little-known regions ; and in " Modern South America " I gave a very comprehensive survey of the past, present and future of the rapidly developing states of the southern half of the

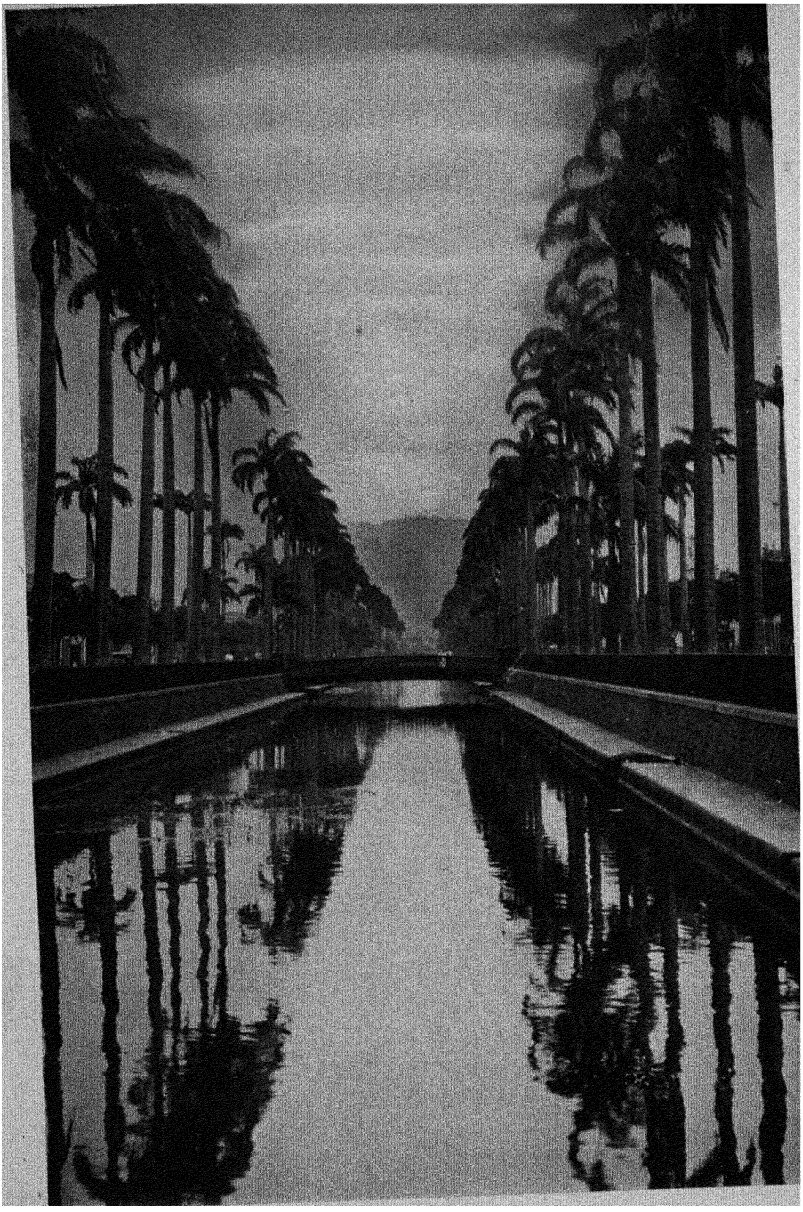
New World. Little or nothing was known of vast tracts of country when I first set foot in Amazonia. Although powerful nations had grown up around the 10,000 miles of South American coast-line, these great central forests of Equatoria, seldom less than a thousand miles from civilisation, with their naked anthropophagous tribes and head hunters, remained a land veiled in the deepest mystery.

Travel off the beaten track, whether undertaken in the Arctic or the tropics, requires far more careful thought, experience and preparation than would, perhaps, appear necessary to the uninitiated. No reliable topographical maps can be purchased for a few shillings in a geographical establishment ; no guides who have " been before " can be hired ; food of a special kind, and carefully packed, must be carried for the whole estimated time to be spent away from civilisation, with a good margin for safety. To ignore these difficulties, so far as this story of events is concerned, and to plunge straight into the forests of the remote Amazons, would be utterly misleading.

A study of any ordinary map might give the impression that the fifteen days' sea voyage across the South Atlantic from either Liverpool or New York to Para, the city and port at the entrance to the maze of waterways known generally as the Amazon, lands the traveller and his baggage within week-end distance of wild tropical jungles and savage Indian tribes. So far is this from being the case, that the real journey towards the unknown only begins at Para, and may end anywhere within 3,000 miles of this port. It is true that areas of wild tropical forest can be easily reached in a few hours from this city, but the only

WORLD TRAVELS

VOL. III.



THE MANGUE CANAL—RIO DE JANEIRO

Frontispiece to Volume III.

savage tribes likely to be seen are those portrayed in the fine Indian museum.

To parody the geographical reader: There are three regions in Amazonia—the *known*, the *little-known* and the *unknown*. The first of these includes the lands, *albeit* tropical forests, bordering the delta and Lower Amazon, with its numerous islands, which have the city of Para as their emporium; also the very numerous plantations and small settlements on both banks of the main stream, and at certain points on its principal tributaries. Within the category of the little-known are the more or less accessible forests visited by *seringueros*, or gatherers of wild rubber. These are principally confined to strips of jungle bordering rivers navigable by launches and shallow draught steamers. To gain access to the unexplored, the traveller has to pass through the two foregoing belts of territory, often a distance of several hundred miles, and enter the vast areas of forest situated around the head-waters of almost every Amazonian river, or between these thread-like fluvial highways.

No arbitrary line can possibly be drawn that would adequately indicate the limit reached by the outposts of civilisation, which seldom extend more than a few miles beyond the immediate vicinity of the numerous small settlements. Although this applies to the primeval forest, with its fevers, beasts, birds, reptiles, insects and swamps, it does not always apply to the native tribes. On the upper reaches of the remote Amazons, however, and in the heart of the great semi-dark forests, many savage tribes still live in complete ignorance of the world beyond the seemingly endless sea of tropical growth. To reach these far-distant jungles from such centres as Para,

on the Lower Amazon, Manaos, on the Upper Amazon, and Iquitos, on the Marañon (Peruvian Amazon), usually involves a journey of anything from 200 to 2,000 miles by shallow-draught river steamer, then by canoe, and finally on foot into the dark forest.

While the preparations for my up-country journeys were being completed I had ample opportunities of getting acquainted with Para and the *Paranese.* This city is not situated on the Amazon proper. It is built upon the low flat country on the right bank of the river from which it derives its name, and is approximately eighty-two miles from the Equator. Although malaria still comes within the category of likely complaints after prolonged residence, the once-dreaded yellow fever has been entirely stamped out, and the provision of a leper asylum has done much to clear the streets of disease-ridden natives. It is now quite a healthy tropical city.

There is something indefinable in Para which reminded me of similar scenes in the African East—beggars showing their deformities, naked children with mops of dark hair, negro labourers chanting while they worked, and white walls against tall waving palms. It is not the East, however, but "Amazonia," a land with an atmosphere peculiar to itself.

It is a town of electric tramways, a good European hotel, and of morning and afternoon journals, the popularity of these being due largely to the perpetually warm atmosphere, especially during midday, which causes a slack feeling to invade the majority of the 100,000 inhabitants until the cool winds, which blow from the sea, setting in about 4 P.M. and lasting until

some time after nightfall, make the last hours of the day preferable for exercise. When darkness has, however, closed over the white houses and waving palms, the land breeze of the night brings a moist freshness from the great forests to the parched earth and foliage of this beautiful tropical city. The buzz and hum of beetles and insects increases with the passing of daylight. Fire-flies flit about like tiny floating stars against the dark foliage in the Praca da Republica, and in the beautiful but more distant Bosque.

In the bright sunlight of the tropical morning old Para, with its narrow streets and coloured houses, is glaring and somewhat listless, but in the more modern quarters there are several nice avenues and squares, with palm-embellished central gardens and statues. Near to the river front is the fine Frei Caetano Brandão Square and gardens, prettily laid out with tropical foliage, the broad pathways being planned in circles round the statue of the worthy bishop after whom the square is named. The centre of the evening life of the city is the Praca da Republica, near to which is situated both the favourite café and theatre—fine stone buildings of classic architecture. This theatre is not open every week, with a change of company, as is usually the case in Europe and the United States, but only at intervals, when a travelling concert party or an Italian opera company pay a visit. Drama is seldom seen. The Brazilian, Portuguese, Italian and half-caste population of this city are lovers of the musical. Frequent proof of this is afforded even in the remote settlements and on the rubber estates, where the strains of the viola are usually heard after sundown. The two rendezvous

of the English colony are the club and the boulevard restaurant of the Grand Hotel. Here one may sip iced drinks or dine sumptuously while watching all types of native colouring and humanity promenading in the shade of the giant mangoes.

The Bosque is Para's natural forest park. This area of tropical vegetation, which was left untouched when the thick growth was cleared from the river banks to make room for the expansion of the city, served as my introduction to the great Amazon jungle. It affords some beautiful and curious sights. In one part there is a forest pool in which lives a manatee, or cow-fish, a mammal characteristic of many of the Amazonian waterways. Near by is a weird cave, in the semi-darkness of which hundreds of vampire bats flew restlessly past my head. Outside this rocky tunnel the frail *assai* mingles with the slender bamboo, and countless other species of palms, tall grasses, bright flowers, and buttressed forest giants, forming a riot of vegetation.

Passing from the shade of the Bosque into the tropical sunlight, one traverses the mango avenues of modern Para and enters the old town. Here is the market and quayside, with queer river craft and natives of every shade, from the coffee-coloured Indian to the coal-black Barbadian negress. In this Amazonian bazaar many quaint examples of native work may be purchased : painted calabashes, snake and jaguar skins, alligators' teeth and curious pottery, together with a wealth of tropical fruit and strange fish. Close by are the shopping centres in the Rua S. Antonio and João Alfredo, where the inlaid woodwork stores are to be found. Then there are the Zoological Gardens. Here are macaws, egrets and

many other Amazonian birds of beautiful plumage. Cages of the fauna of the jungle, from the baby coati to the larger denizens of the forest, are artistically placed among the palms. In these gardens is a museum of Indian curios, which range from war canoes to wonderfully decorated antique burial urns, and other ceramics from the mysterious island of Pacoval and the tombs of the Counany River, places which I visited in later travels.

Back once again in the old town, the fort, built on the site where the Portuguese explorers first landed, the palace of the Governor of the state, with its wonderful inlaid floors and furniture of Amazonian woods, and the curious old cathedral and churches were exceedingly interesting. Then came a day when, with preparations completed, I left civilisation behind and entered the mysterious region of twilit forests.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE GREAT AMAZON

THE Narrows of the Amazon commence about 150 miles inland from the port of Para. Here the river suddenly contracts to a width of about 200 yards. Every turn and twist of the yellow, swiftly moving flood in its passage between palm-enveloped isles reveals new scenes of tropical beauty. The delicate *assai* mingles its feathery fronds with the broad-leaved banana and the curious fan-palm. Great buttressed roots rise up from out of the pit of lesser growth, and in the glades and small *igarapés*, or creeks, the brilliant sun-glare is reduced to a dim green twilight. Here and there the palm-thatch dwellings of *caboclos*, or half-Indian rubber gatherers, stand on thin poles above the flooded banks. These crude huts seem overshadowed by the great Equatorial forest, and the poverty of the river families is often pitiable. The naked children, playing in the crude dug-out canoes, which form the only means of transport, as even walking is denied by the thick jungle, exhibit all the signs of bad feeding. Farina is the principal food, and this causes distension of the stomach, combined with anæmia. It is said that 90 per cent. of these children have either hook-worm, malaria or anæmia. Fish caught in the river and fruit obtained from the forest make up the only other

foods of this curious race of Indian-*cum*-Portuguese, who inhabit the banks of nearly all the accessible Amazonian rivers. Living along the banks of the Narrows are also many Indians, who are the semi-civilised descendants of the once great Tupi nation. They can be distinguished from the *caboclos* by their short stature, brown skins, and square, muscular frames. They speak the " Lingoa Geral," or language which forms the medium of communication between the Portuguese, the *caboclos* and the Indians. It is a corruption of the Tupi dialect.

During the last days of June in each year the *caboclos* celebrate the festival of S. Juan (St John the Baptist). There are dances and curious ceremonies, which culminate in a great carnival on the night of our Midsummer Day. Almost every family, scattered far and wide over the 20,000 miles of navigable waterways in the Amazon Valley, make a bonfire, and have a scented bath at midnight. Those who congregate in the many small settlements along the banks of the rivers decorate themselves to represent bulls, with head-dresses and horns, and wild Indians, with toucan feathers, bows and arrows. Barbaric music and dancing occupy the hours between sunset and midnight, then comes the scented bath.

Outside almost every *caboclo* hut one sees, on the raised platform above the river and swamp, herbs growing in earthenware pots. These are used for scenting the bath on this great festival of the half-breeds, who form a thin fringe of semi-civilisation along the banks not only of the main stream but also of many of the navigable Amazonian tributaries. Although the palm-thatch huts are nearly always built on piles, these river-folk frequently have to

spend days on the roofs during unusually heavy floods. The dwellers along the banks in the Narrows are mostly *Cearaetze*, or inhabitants of the state of Ceara, who have been compulsorily deported during one of the droughts to which that part of Brazil is subject, and brought into the thick Equatorial forests of the Lower Amazon. They are comparatively fair-skinned and often have yellow hair, while those on the Upper Amazon and on the more remote rivers are darker skinned, and more closely resemble the civilised Indian. It is, however, impossible to generalise, because negroes—freed slaves and their descendants—are numerous, and the mixing of the different races has produced some curiosities in both colour and type.

Owing to the gloom beneath the giant forest trees, dry land is seldom seen, and this, to some extent, accounts for the absence of fauna. In the early mornings, before the thin white mist has cleared from the river and jungle, the screech of parrots and the chattering of monkeys can frequently be heard. Close to the bank, macaws, egrets, cormorants and ducks are often seen flying between their feeding grounds and roosting places. The movement of the little river steamer at times disturbs a kingfisher or a heron, and occasionally one sees the hoatzin, living representative of the intermediate stage between the pterodactyl and the bird, clawing its way up a tree with the aid of a hook on the corner of each wing. Monster fish with bulldog jaws and bulging eyes rise up from the yellow depths to devour the refuse from the galley ; and high above the lofty forest trees may be seen the clumsy flight of the black, vulture-like urubus, and the slow circling of

the Amazonian eagle. River dolphins occasionally break the shining surface, and an alligator basking in the noon heat is a common sight.

When the sun goes down in a typical setting of brilliant yellow, carmine and purple cloud—tinting the lanes of placid water, the sombre green walls of the forest, and the tall fan palms—a mysterious hush broods over the scene. At night there is mystery in the eerie silence: the flashes of vivid lightning, unaccompanied by thunder but illuminating the darkest recesses of the forest aisles, the huge moths which are attracted from the shadowy banks, the distant glow of forest fires, and the occasional weird cries of the *guaribas* and the *onca*—sounds which travel great distances in the stillness of the Equatoria lnight. When Nature is in a more gentle mood, the large tropical moon turns the dark river into a pathway of light and silhouettes the tall and ghostly palms. During the daytime gorgeous butterflies flit about the decks, and birds of brilliant plumage, disturbed from their afternoon siesta, cross the river or fly along the forest-covered banks.

When we emerged into the main stream, the river was as wide as the English Channel at Dover. But it is so crowded with large and small islands, and steamers have to pass so close to them and to the shore, that one fails to recognise the immense width of the stream. Distinctly weird are the floating islands. During the flood season small strips of land, two or three feet square, break away from the banks. Dangling from them are the roots of many aquatic plants. They quickly anchor themselves to the bottom of the stream, and the little moving patch of earth with its vegetation is brought to a standstill.

It is soon joined by others, while all the time it is being added to by the mud and particles of vegetable matter being carried down by the river. Thus, in time, an island is formed, its only anchorage consisting of a mass of fibrous roots. Big bushes and even trees make their appearance, and then suddenly the anchorage fails to hold, and an island an acre or more in extent, covered with jungle growth, starts on its voyage down the stream—the " icebergs " of the Amazon, as the captains call them.

Then I noticed a curious phenomenon : the yellow river was streaked with patches of darker hue, caused by the greenish waters of the Tapajos emptying themselves into the main stream. This is another peculiarity of the great river, the varying colours of its waters. Some of the streams are a jet black, others are almost white, green, or a deep olive tint. Yet the water is actually as clear as crystal. Place it in a bottle, and it quickly loses its colour or sediment. Among the curious features of the Tapajos are its roars and rumblings—the spirits of the river as the natives term them. They are caused by the waters rushing through underground passages and caverns.

These were some of the impressions I gained while traversing not only the Narrows—a mere 150 miles of island-choked stream in a land where 1,000 miles is only an ordinary journey—but also during the infinitely longer voyage up-stream to the isolated town of Manaos, the hidden city of the jungle.

Into the picture of seemingly endless forest and desolation eventually there comes a change. A sudden turn in the broad river, or, rather, a nine-mile voyage up a tributary, brings into view a modern city, a

wonderful panorama of white walls and red roofs on a brown bank in a setting of green forest. Gleaming like a ball of fire in the Equatorial sunshine there is a golden dome, the cupola of an opera house constructed in the halcyon days of wild rubber—the sylvan gold of Amazonia.

CHAPTER XIX

THE HIDDEN CITY OF THE JUNGLE

A THOUSAND miles from the sea, where the blue-black waters of the Rio Negro meet but do not mingle with the yellow floods of the Amazon, stands this city of Manaos, an oasis of civilised life in a sea of barbarism two million square miles in area. Around lies the great and largely unknown forest of Brazilian Equatoria, and the particular area upon which the city now stands was once the happy hunting grounds of the Manaos tribe of Indians. It is the incongruity of this situation which makes Manaos one of the most remarkable cities in the world. It is a modern town, well laid out with broad avenues, public parks and gardens ; boasting a white marble palace of justice, a large cathedral, an opera house, built at a cost of £400,000, a beautiful Governor's palace, and numerous other fine buildings, which, however, give it no special claim to superiority over the rest of its kind. But when such a town is placed, with consummate audacity, in the very heart of the primeval forest, it compels attention by the startling contrast. Because of its isolated position in the tropical heart of the continent, it has been called "The Hidden City."

One modern building which is found in nearly every other city, and which, indeed, has been the real

foundation stone of many, is lacking in Manaos—a railway station. No iron road has penetrated the forest in which it has its home. On the other hand, it has one advantage over most other inland cities. Although 1,000 miles from the sea, it is a port visited by ocean steamships. Outside the borders of the city there are no green pastures, no orchards, no fields of corn. In the place where these should be is only forest, of a density and richness of variety which those who have not been in the tropics can scarcely imagine. Stand with me upon a roof-top in Manaos and you will see almost beneath you tracts not yet traversed by the white man. In these Equatorial jungles are the fabled mysteries of the Amazons. Vast areas of flooded forest adjoin fields of those great water-lilies, the *Victoria Regia*, whose leaves support the weight of a man; unnamed waterfalls splash and play in the twilit aisles of the forest recesses. The largest fresh-water fish in the world churn the waters of the Amazon into foam, birds build their nests upside down, and the insect life is more powerful than man.

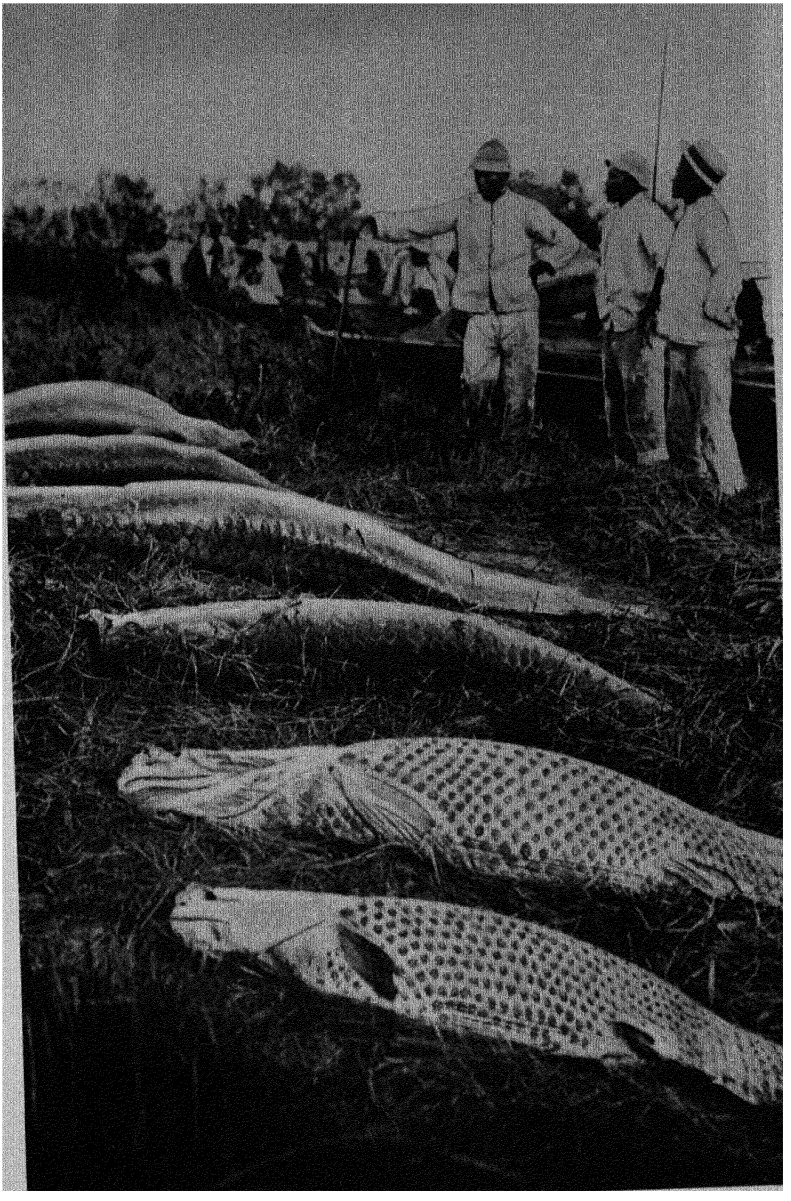
Some idea of what life in this isolated city is like will be gained from the story of a tragedy which occurred while I resided in this amazing town of the wilds. A native woman washing clothes at the river edge, in that part of the town known as S. Raymundo, saw her child, who had been bathing, in the jaws of an immense alligator. Rushing into the water, she thrust her fingers into the brute's eyes, and the little brown body was released, but unhappily the child's injuries proved fatal. Just beyond Flores, on the only country road anywhere around, jaguars have attacked lonely pedestrians within rifle-shot of the tramway line. From the cathedral tower, far away across

the great river, wild, unexplored, black-green forests extend in an unbroken line into the violet mist which obscures the horizon.

Yet Manaos possesses a fine tramway system, which, not content to serve the town, runs out into the jungle to a restaurant at Flores. An electric lighting system also supplies current for fans and cooking. It has a pure water supply, several well-informed journals which print news from all parts of the world, and a museum of coins, the fifth largest collection in the world ; but, nevertheless, from any part of the town, the wild jungle can be reached by a twenty minutes' walk.

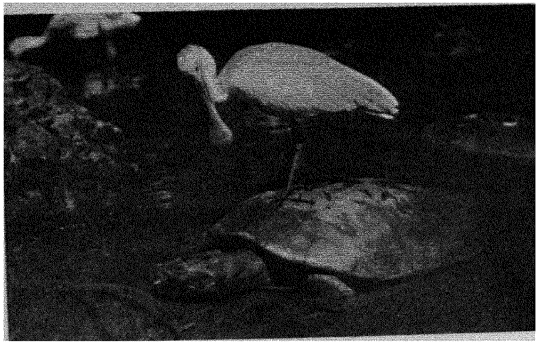
In the hectic years round 1910-12 this outpost of civilisation resembled a gold city in the throes of a rush. It was the Klondike of the Amazon, and rubber was king. Wealth, lavish display, unutterable poverty, famine prices and sudden death were the order of the day. The talk of its cosmopolitan thousands was of mysterious rubber forests, weird happenings, hostile Indians, slavery in subtle form, disease and wealth. Fortunes were made in a few weeks. The price of rubber in the world's markets rose until it touched eleven shillings a pound, and there were thousands of tons awaiting collection from the countless wild trees in the leagues of forest around. Vice flourished amazingly, and every street had its night orgies. Chinese and other Eastern races made their way in, but all around lay the leagues of silent, sombre jungle.

To-day, Manaos is a city living in the past. In the narrow *igarapes*, or creeks, that strange aquatic plant, the great water-lily, or *Victoria Regia*, abounds. The leaves measure seven to eight feet in diameter,

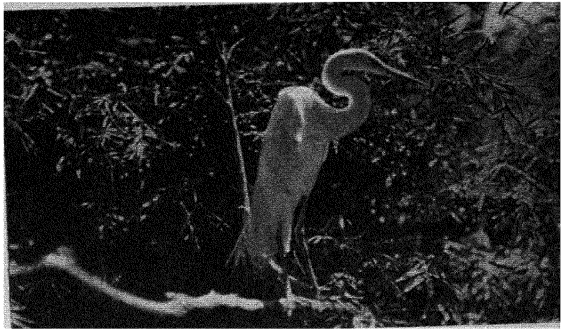


PIRARUCÚ

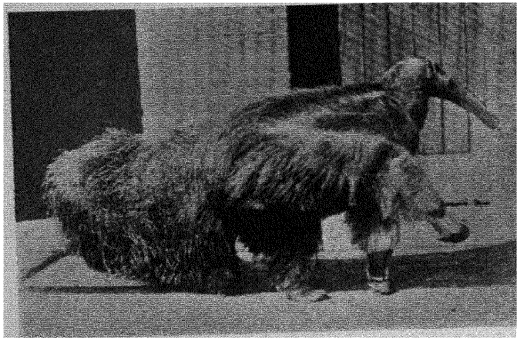
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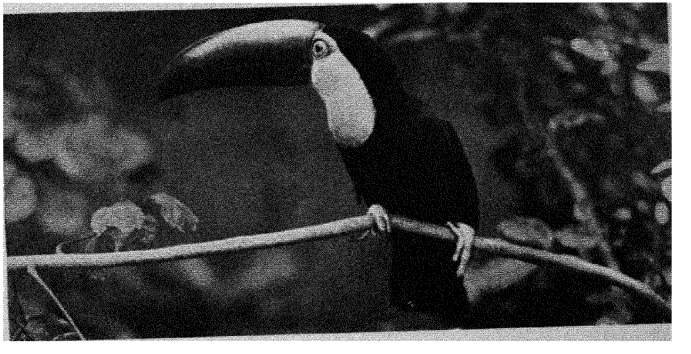
SPOONBILL ON BACK OF A TURTLE



EGRET



ANT-EATER



TOUCAN

and, with their stiffly upturned edges, have the appearance of huge trays. They can easily bear the weight of a full-grown man. The flower is not less marvellous than the leaves. When fully expanded, the bloom measures from fifteen to eighteen inches across. It has numerous petals, and when the bud first opens the colour is pure white, changing during its brief existence of three days to a rich crimson. It exhales a very pleasant perfume, and I found rowing in a boat in and out among acres of these plants a novel experience.

Just above Manaos, on the west bank of the stream, would appear to be one of the best spots to see the alligator at home. Here, at sunset, I found hundreds whisking their ponderous tails, or floating idly with the tide. So close is it possible to approach, that their luminous green eyes and the double eyelid can be distinctly seen without taking undue risk.

What is, undoubtedly, the largest fresh-water fish so far discovered is the *pirarucu*, which ranges from seven to fifteen feet in length and weighs anything from 150 to 600 lbs. This huge tiger fish of the Amazonian waterways is known in Brazil as the *pirarucu*, and to the natives of Peru as the *paiche*. It is of a blackish-brown colour, and is covered with large hard scales, about three inches in circumference, and outlined in red. Its head is long and snout-like, but looks somewhat incongruous because of its small depth from crown to base. The eyes are red and bulging ; the tongue is hard and bony with a rasp-like surface, and when dried it is used as a file by the Indians and pile-dwellers of the Amazon.

The *pirarucu* is hunted with an eighteen-foot lance, having a barbed head which becomes detached from the

shaft on piercing this immense fish. Attached to the spear-head is a short but very strong line, on which the *pirarucu*, which fights hard for its life, is played until it is exhausted and can be given the *coup de grâce* with a short spear.

No more exhausting water sport can be imagined than hunting these big game of the rivers. The element of danger is provided by the possibility of the canoe, or *balsa*—a light-wood raft—being capsized and the hunter thrown into waters infested with fierce cannibal fish, electric eels, sting rays and alligators.

On one occasion I set out from Manaos in a small canoe, accompanied by two *caboclos*. Standing in the bow of this little craft, when well out in the broad river, I waited with the heavy lance poised ready to be plunged into the blue-black waters of the Rio Negro, directly the immense fish rose to the floating bait.

Suddenly, when my arms ached from holding the heavy lance, a tell-tale line of bubbles appeared on the surface. This trail slowly approached the meat which had been tied to a float. I caught a fleeting glimpse in the dark waters of a monster with bulging red eyes and horrible foreshortened head, and I drove the harpoon deep into the swirling current.

For a few seconds nothing happened, then the long wooden shaft floated to the surface, the water around swirled and eddied, and the line attached to the barbed head, now deeply embedded in the scaly creature below, began to run out over the bow.

Only a short line is carried, and before I had realised what was happening one of the *caboclos* had made the end fast round the notched stem-post. The next minute the canoe seemed to be jerked from

under my feet. Luckily I saved myself from falling overboard, and also managed to prevent upsetting the frail little craft.

For a minute or two we were towed by the huge fish in its effort to escape, then the line slackened, and we drifted for a considerable time. Suddenly there came a sharp pull on the line, which had been slowly hauled in. The canoe tilted and then turned round almost at right angles to the previous position. It came very close to capsizing but, perhaps fortunately, the line gave way, and what must have been a 400 to 500 pound fish was lost.

Usually, however, a struggle of twenty or thirty minutes is sufficient to bring the *pirarucu* either into shallow water or close enough to be given another thrust with a peculiarly sharp spear. Even then the battle is not always over, for a large fish will often fight for an hour or more, even when severely wounded. The art of *pirarucu*-hunting is to plant the lance well into the scaly back so that the barbed head will hold, then to keep such a pull on the line that the fish soon tires and is unable to dart off at a sharp angle to his previous line of advance, and finally to kill instantly with the first thrust of the sharp spear.

Simple as all this may sound, I know of few white men who can be called expert at this difficult and dangerous sport, and can certainly lay no claim to personal proficiency. It is, however, often possible to obtain a fish without much skill, providing one's boatmen know their work. The flesh of the *pirarucu* is salted and cured by the natives in a similar manner to that of codfish, and is an important article of food among all the river dwellers. The rasp-like tongue, when dried, is used as a substitute for a file.

The *piranha*, or river shark, is quite a small fish, seldom measuring more than nine or twelve inches in length, but it is exceedingly ferocious, and can apparently smell blood from afar. *Piranha* usually operate in shoals in the black water rivers rather than in the yellow Amazon itself. They rise suddenly from the depths, sometimes lunging out of the water or right up to the surface, and with their strong jaws and razor-like teeth bite off a finger, toe or piece of exposed flesh.

In appearance this fish is bluish-grey, with fierce bloodshot eyes. The jaw is heavily undershot, and the teeth are conspicuously large and very sharp. Whether singly or in shoals—as is more usual—they do not hesitate to attack both animals and men. In the town of Manaos are to be found many natives who have had one or two fingers or toes bitten off by these cannibal fish.

Some years ago, in the Rio Negro, cattle were being landed from a river steamer moored about twenty or thirty yards from the bank. It was not then considered possible that these small fish would attack cattle during such a short swim. Scenting blood, however, they collected in thousands from the surrounding depths and tore the animals literally to pieces before they could reach the river bank.

During a regatta at Manaos two Englishmen were sailing a cutter which capsized in a squall. One of these men was hauled on board a motor boat, but his companion became entangled in the sail. Before he could be extricated his body had been partly devoured by cannibal fish. Similar stories to these could be multiplied almost indefinitely, for, notwithstanding its small size, the *piranha*, which can be caught by hook,

line and stout wire, seems to possess an almost insatiable appetite for flesh.

Those readers who would follow in detail my various journeys into the remote forests of Amazonia must be referred to at least one of my previous books, wherein these explorations were allowed to occupy their natural space. Travel off the beaten track in a vast region like Equatorial South America cannot be fully described in the restricted compass which can be allotted to it in a uniform outline of world-wide wandering. These journeys occupied in point of time, however, such a relatively long period, and yielded so much that has been considered of world-wide interest, that to pass them over entirely in this work would be to fail in the main purpose of giving an account of all the lands and peoples seen during travels which had their being over a period of many years. So far as Amazonia is concerned, therefore, the purpose will be best served if I confine attention to the final results of what were, more often than not, long and weary journeys through fever-ridden forests and swamps. The fact that fifteen attacks of malaria reduced me to a weight of seven stone in nine months will give some idea, perhaps, of the hardships involved in penetrating into the unknown heart of the South American jungle.

CHAPTER XX

AMONG THE HEAD HUNTERS

THE Huambisa people are of Mongolian appearance, and do not seem to be either constitutionally or physically strong. They average about five feet four inches in height, and have abnormally long and thin arms. They do not go about completely naked, like the savages of the Tapajós, Madeira, Aripuanan and other rivers in Brazilian Amazonia, but partly cover themselves with a kind of sash round the loins. This has a fringe of bright feathers on the lower edge. The women wear a one-piece garment suspended from the right shoulder. Both sexes use ear ornaments of cane, decorated with the wings of beetles. The men wear bracelets of lizard skin, while the women also adorn themselves with necklaces of coloured seeds.

They paint the face, arms and body with either the red dye of the *achiote* or the blue of another plant (called, I believe, *piau*). A few of the unmarried girls wear anklets of cane. It appears that the painted marks on the face indicate the tribe to which they belong, and is the native equivalent of the white man's passport, while the decorations on the body indicate valour in battle, in much the same way as medals on the breast of a soldier or sailor.

The women are far better looking than the men.

Their jet-black hair is cut short in front but allowed to grow long at the back, where it is bound with braid, and either twisted round the top of the head or allowed to hang loosely down. A few of the younger girls have small plaits, bound with braid, on each side of the head and tied under the chin. This ugly custom, however, does not seem very popular with the Huambisa maidens.

This tribe seem to be very clean in their habits. After beating the surface of the river with canoe paddles, about thirty men, women and children bathed and gambolled in the water for nearly an hour. No doubt much of the splashing was done to keep hungry alligators at a respectful distance. Several of these Indians were fairer-skinned than I had at first supposed, and although I could not account for it at the time, I have since learned that in 1849 they descended by night upon several large settlements, murdering the men and carrying away a considerable number of Spanish girls who were never recovered. Doubtless these few white Indians now existing among the copper-skins are the descendants of the unfortunate captives.

The Huambisa hunt and fish with the aid of poison. By pounding a certain root and placing the flour so made in a bag, which is suspended by a cord in the river, the fish coming near to it are rendered insensible and float to the surface, where they are easily speared. This curious narcotic does not in any way spoil the fish for eating. Tapir, monkey and wild pig are killed by poisons in a similar way. The weapons used are long, thin spears of *pona* wood, bows, blow-pipes, arrows and darts steeped in poison.

The blow-pipes of the Huambisa are usually about nine feet long. They are made in two halves, which are joined together after the centre has been carefully scooped out to allow of the passage of the dart. A mouthpiece is fitted at one end, the two halves are bound together with grass, and the whole is covered with a kind of gum. The darts are very thin, sharp and poisoned. A wad at one end acts as a plunger, and they are carried in a quiver, which is fitted with monkey's teeth in such a way that when each dart is withdrawn for use the poisoned head is half severed. This is done so that when the point enters the victim it breaks off short and does not drop out of the wound with the weight of the dart itself. The quiver is made of a section of cane with a poison gourd attached, and is slung from the shoulder.

In addition to the fishing carried on with the aid of poison, the Huambisa shoot the larger denizens of the rivers, including the *vaca marina* (cow-fish) and turtle, with arrows fired from their seven-foot long bows, made of a hard, dark brown wood something like unpolished mahogany. These arrows are tipped with the teeth of animals and feathered for flight. When shooting turtles, and also large fish, the arrow is pointed up at an angle and is made, with wonderful skill, to descend perpendicularly on to the fish or the thick shell of the turtle, which would otherwise cause it to ricochet.

The huts of this tribe are built of chonta palm, and accommodate about ten families. They are seldom less than sixty feet long by forty feet broad and twenty high. Inside, the sleeping platforms of cane are arranged round the walls, and the centre is occupied by a ring of fires, together with the earthen-

ware pots and pitchers. As polygamy is the general rule, and no sleeping accommodation seems to be arranged for the second or third wife, it is to be presumed that these unfortunate individuals sleep on the mud floor on each side of the couch of their lord and master. This couch is a curious erection. The cane bedstead extends only as far as the knees, then comes a space, a foot-rail and a fire. When lying upon this, the body, as far as the knees, is suspended upon the thin, springy canes, and the feet are prevented from hanging over the end by a separate support or foot-rail. Just beyond this is the fire, used to warm the soles of the feet.

Attached to one of the huts in this village was a kind of fighting platform. It was erected on tall palm-stems and raised about eighteen feet above the ground. Reached by a notched tree trunk and raised like a tower over the entrance to the hut, there can be no doubt as to its purpose, that of protecting the communal house from a raid by neighbouring tribes. This lofty little platform was walled, roofed and loopholed for firing arrows and darts. Suspended from the branch of a tree which could be reached from this platform was the *tunduy* (*manguaré* in Brazil), or tocsin of battle, which, when struck with a small club, can be heard for miles through the surrounding forest. Under this lofty platform the domestic chickens, pigs and dogs seemed all to congregate.

Although there were several dug-out canoes, made from a single cedar log, the favourite mode of transport on the river was the raft, or *balsa*, and the journeys performed in these primitive craft are truly wonderful. Whole families voyage for weeks

on distant and unknown rivers and lakes, taking with them their few family belongings.

When making a fire the Huambisa either rub two sticks together in a similar way to natives the world over, or by hitting one stone with another and causing sparks to descend in a shower upon a small mound of dry, powdery substance obtained from the pith of a palm dried in the fierce sunlight. During my sojourn among this tribe, I saw only one attempt to make a fire by the latter method. Once a fire is lighted inside the hut it is tended by the women, and is seldom allowed to die out.

Both men and women imbibe large quantities of a highly intoxicating drink called *masata*, which is made from the yucca in a way which will give some idea of the psychology of the Huambisa. After being peeled, the yucca is chewed for about ten minutes by the women and spat into a large pot. Water is then added, and the foul mass allowed to ferment. When this has gone on for some time, it is strained through thick, hand-woven cloth and then drunk in considerable quantities. On one occasion I saw three young Huambisa girls drinking this filthy concoction while chewing the yucca, and expectorating into the pot ready for a fresh brew ! I could not help contrasting the repulsive habits and customs of this tribe with the cleaner bodies of others whom I had met. The diseases which appear to be rife among the Huambisa are consumption, leprosy, syphilis and malaria.

Girls are promised in marriage, or really sold as slaves, when they are about six years old, and their beauty or ugliness can be more or less determined. Although promised at this early age, they do not live

with their husbands until twelve or thirteen years old, by which time they are, of course, more fully developed than a European girl of about sixteen or seventeen.

Having noticed a small hut standing alone, about thirty yards distant from the large communal palm buildings, I inquired its purpose, and, not being able to understand the signs made, was led across the clearing to its screened entrance by the chief, who wore a helmet of monkey skin. The interior was full of acrid smoke and semi-dark, but a low groan came from beside a smouldering fire, and for a moment I thought my quest had led me into a house of pestilence.

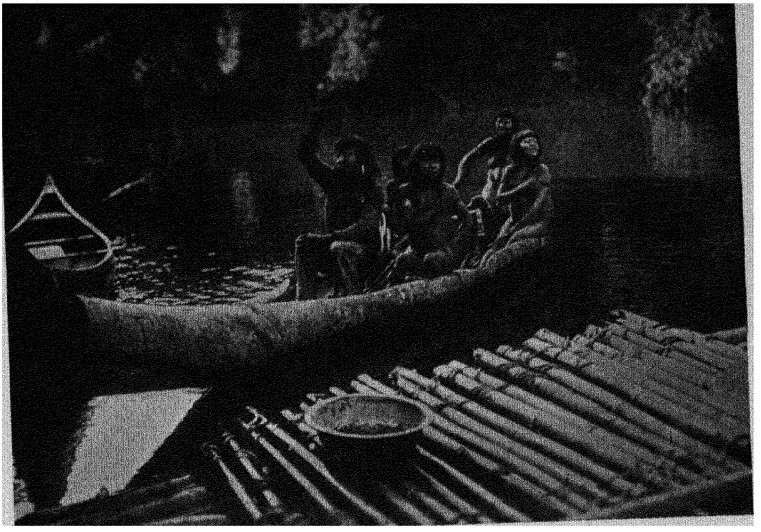
In the dim firelight I could just discern two shrunken and naked forms deposited on a low cane platform. Their features were, however, indistinct in the smoke-laden atmosphere. Then I realised with a start that they were corpses, and that the groaning came from the relatives squatting on the mud floor. The bodies of the dead are carried to this house and placed on platforms. The witch doctors then drain the blood from the bodies by a method which cannot be described here, and the fires, made from a wood which gives off chemical fumes, are then lighted and kept going until the shrunken body becomes mummified. It is then covered with bark and buried beneath the floor of the hut in which it dwelt during life.

Here, at last, was the secret death-house of the Huambisa. The floor was hard with congealed blood drained from human bodies for unknown years. At frequent intervals this fierce tribe attacks neighbouring villages, capturing the women and girls, and killing the men. The bodies of those slain are then

decapitated, and the heads brought back in triumph. These ghastly trophies are stuck on lances, and the tribe assembles round them for a wild night orgy. Drinking, feasting and unnameable debauchery continue until dawn, when the heads are removed by the witch doctors to the death-house, and it is here that the process of reduction takes place in secret.

Almost every writer on travel and exploration in Amazonia gives the process by which these human heads are reduced to the size of a small orange without distortion of the features, and nearly all of these processes either differ in essential details or are too vague to be scientifically understandable. It is very doubtful if the actual process has ever been witnessed by a white man during recent times. Cases are known of the *reduced heads of Europeans* finding their way into collectors' knapsacks years after the deed was perpetrated ; and from my own association with Amazonian natives, I am inclined to believe that this would probably be the fate of any white man who witnessed the process against the wishes of the tribe concerned should he be caught in the act. However, it may be of interest to give here the generally accepted method of reduction. The heads are left for several days in the death-house, and when sufficiently dried, the bones are extracted through the back and base of the skull. Hot stones are then introduced to harden the skin. The lips are re-formed on a piece of wood, or sewn up with cotton thread, and the skin slowly dried and shrunk in the same fumes as those which mummify the corpses of the dead.

However this may be, I do not claim any exclusive knowledge, because no tribe with whom I came into contact could be persuaded to divulge the process.

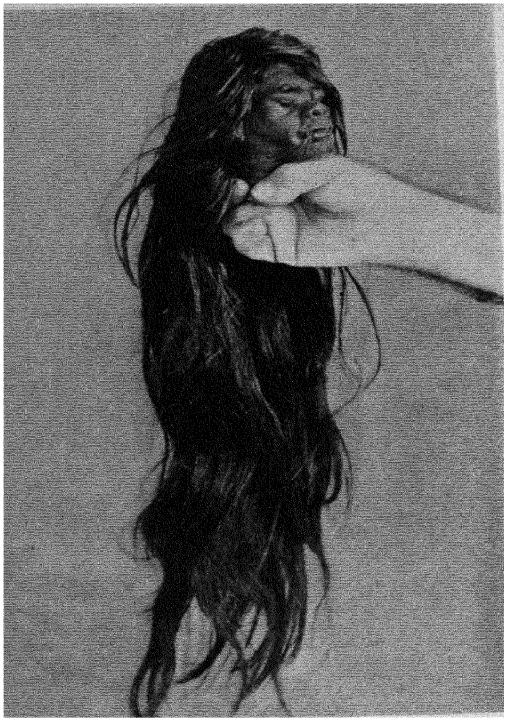


WILD INDIANS ON THE MADEIRA RIVER



OCAINAS INDIAN GIRLS PREPARING FOR A TRIBAL DANCE

Facing page 158—3.



A SHRUNKEN HUMAN HEAD



CHIEF OF THE ITOGAPUKS

Those who know of the death penalty exacted by the Peruvian authorities for the possession of a dried head by an Indian are naturally reluctant to admit anything, and those who are still too savage to have any communication with the Government officers or traders regard these horrible trophies as their most treasured possessions. One thing I learned from this tribe, however, was the spirit which animated the possessor of a shrunken head. It appears that these trophies are worn either round the waist or suspended from the back of the neck of a warrior when going into battle, as a warning of the fate of anyone who opposes him, and that in peace, satisfaction is felt at having the head of the vanquished for ever tied by the lips to girdle or necklace—a frenzy of uncontrollable savagery and hatred. It should be remembered in this connection that tribal blood-feuds are the main cause of the internecine warfare constantly being waged by almost all savage tribes of the remote interior.

Among other cruel customs this tribe flog their male children for the sole purpose of testing and increasing their powers of endurance, and with the same object in view young girls are strung up over a smoky fire in a hammock to drive out evil spirits, and to enhance their powers of resisting pain before taking their place in the household of their husband. Before a feast each member of the tribe takes a strong emetic to enable him to indulge more freely in the orgy. Women remove all superfluous hairs by twisting them round a small piece of split cane, and childbirth is rendered painless, and without danger, by a series of exercises imposed upon children. Some very thin and fragile pottery is made in large quantities

by the women without other tools than a small piece of wood shaped like a pestle.

After some time spent among the Huambisa I considered it advisable to return to Iquitos. Although a white man can, with comparative safety, get into friendly contact with and reside for a few days among almost any savage Indian tribe, providing tact and assurance are employed, to outstay the welcome and novelty means almost certain death by arrow, spear or poison. During the first few days among a really savage tribe the natural curiosity of the Amazonian Indian, combined with his distrust of every human being, acts as a fairly sure shield. Reasoning in a limited way from his own cramped experience, he first desires to obtain presents, or a knowledge of things which will give him power within his own tribe or against his enemies ; then he reasons that no man, unless sure of his own fighting capabilities or magic, would venture alone among an unknown tribe. In this way the two chief characteristics of the real savage enable explorers and scientists to carry on investigations which would otherwise be impossible. It is the true psychological explanation of many famous feats performed by white travellers among the still savage races of mankind.

CHAPTER XXI

A TRIBAL DANCE IN THE PUTUMAYO COUNTRY

SOON after my arrival at Chorrera I heard of a great tribal dance which was to take place among the Ocainas at one of their villages in the forest, near to a station called Fititia. A launch carried me downstream to this little trading depot, well fortified against attack, and then a short walk through the forest brought me to the immense thatched huts of this curious tribe.

Preparations for the great dance, which was to take place on the following day, were already in progress. Completely naked girls and children were being elaborately painted with vegetable dyes of vivid colouring, and some of these seemed rather to resent the premature intrusion of a white man, so I confined my attention to the huge and perfectly made huts of this tribe. One thing, however, I could not help observing was the fine physique of the Ocainas compared with other tribes of the forest.

The communal huts of these Indians are immense palm-thatch erections, which could only have been made with infinite labour. Tent-shape, they are at least twenty-five feet high by thirty feet broad and over a hundred feet in length. The doorway is six feet high by five feet broad, and the eaves of these

family dwellings come right down to the ground. The whole interior is semi-dark, and until one's eyes become accustomed to the subdued light, bumps and falls are frequent. Naked bodies brush unconcernedly past, and dimly glowing fires are the only spots of light. Earthenware pots and pans stand about on the hard mud floor, and these, I noticed, are provided with handles, and some are ornamented with curious designs. There are also wicker baskets full of fruit, pestles and mortars for grinding farina, and little palm-leaf fans. Of beds, however, there was no sign beyond some piles of dry leaves, upon which children were sleeping.

On the following morning I left camp early and walked into the little square in front of the huts to watch the final preparations. Some of the men were clothed in jackets and trousers, others considered a small apron sufficient for both needs and appearances. The older women wore a loose white robe, but the younger girls were, however, entirely naked, and the finishing touches to the elaborate painting of their bodies were being given by the older squaws. Most of them were comparatively well formed, with all the superfluous hairs on the body removed. In colour they varied from smoky bronze to almost white. One child, whose only adornment was a curious necklace of white stone discs, had the palest skin, for an Indian, seen during my travels in Amazonia. The Ocainas women wear their hair either long and hanging loose over their shoulders, or else cut quite short. The hair of the children of both sexes, as well as that of the men, is cut in this way.

The fantastic designs, principally on the legs and

body, must have taken hours to paint, and would prove difficult afterwards to remove. Several of the older girls wore curious leg-dresses with tassels, others had anklets, and a few coloured straw waist-belts formed and worn like a loose corset. Apparently the legs of some had been coated with the sticky latex of the rubber tree, and then dipped in the fluff from a palm. The men carried dancing-sticks in each hand. The whole scene was bacchanalian.

The dance commenced with the swaying line of gaily painted but otherwise unadorned girls slowly advancing and retreating in the little palm-encircled clearing. The men linked arms, and advanced into the arena to the accompaniment of wild cries. Catching hold of the hands of their partners they began a curiously monotonous series of weird contortions of the body. Those with the dancing-sticks stamped the ground with their feet as well as with the long poles, and every one chanted and shrieked, while the older women sat on the ground beating a kind of tomtom. When it was all over, the girls walked about in their finery without the least embarrassment, but never once was there anything savouring of indecency or vulgarity. This dance was photographed recently by the Brazilian explorer and cinematographer, Señhor Silverio Santos, and the pictures illustrating it were kindly given to me by that gentleman while on a recent visit to the region.*

This dance of the Ocainas was more bacchanalian than barbaric, and did not in the least resemble the

* Since our meeting in Amazonia, Señhor Santos accompanied Dr W. Montgomery M'Govern, of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, during his explorations and was unfortunately drowned in the rapids of the Uapes River.

weird ceremonies I had witnessed in the moonlit forests 1,000 miles to the south. This tribe is now comparatively peaceful, although quite uncivilised, and most of them are employed to hunt wild rubber in the dark forests of this vast region.

CHAPTER XXII

THE SACRED ISLAND

PACOVAL is not a real island but an artificial mound, resembling a turtle in shape, which rises from the shallow water of the sacred Lake of Arary in the large Island of Marajó, at the mouth of the River Amazon. It has long been recognised as a place of seemingly impenetrable mystery, which recent discoveries by a Brazilian collector of ceramics have tended to deepen rather than to elucidate.

Before describing the archæological excavations and surprising discoveries made during recent years in this beautiful but out-of-the-way corner of the world, something must be said here, by way of introduction, about the mysterious green stone of China, which is believed to possess talismanic virtue, and is known to the celestial by the mystic name of "Yu." So hard is this curious stone that only a skilled lapidary can cut or polish it, and yet amulets, discs and ornaments made of it have been discovered at various times and places all over the world. In appearance the stone is akin to jade, and objects made of it have been found in places as far apart as China and Europe. Specimens, mostly in the form of decorated amulets, are preserved in several archæological collections, and are generally considered to have been fashioned in China about 2,000 years ago.

In what manner and in what remote period these curious ornaments, all much alike in form and decoration, were distributed over the world is still largely a mystery.

There can be no doubt that in and around South and Central America history pauses in wonder upon the threshold of an almost untraceable past. Several famous ethnologists have endeavoured to demonstrate the similarity which exists in traditions, symbols and even appearance, between the various tribes of South America and the inhabitants of Japan, China and Polynesia. One of the connecting links has always been the legend of the *Muira-kitan*, or green stone of Amazonia. The native name is derived from two Tupinamba Indian words, meaning " sacred knot."

Some years ago one of these stones, in the form of a fish, was discovered in an antique burial urn on Pacoval Island, and while I was in Amazonia came the news of a fresh discovery there of a green stone amulet believed to have, both in regard to figuring and ornamentation generally, its exact counterpart among Chinese antiques.

The vast tract of tropical country where these startling discoveries have been made forms a portion of the extreme north-eastern corner of Brazil, from the mainland of which it is divided by the Para and Amazon Rivers. The former stream is thirty miles wide in many places, and is really the navigable mouth of the Amazon, while the true mouth of this mighty river, which flows round the coast of Marajó Island, is, for the first few hundred miles of its course, almost completely blocked by forest-clad islets.

For descriptive purposes Marajó may be divided into two halves, although the whole island is com-

paratively flat. The eastern and northern part is covered with low vegetation, while the southern and western half is occupied by dense Equatorial forest. Situated near the centre of this large island—the exact area of which is still unknown—there are several lakes, from which small rivers flow in many directions. One of these central sheets of water, known as Lake Arary, is twelve miles long, three miles wide, and varies in depth from three to eighteen feet. Near to the eastern bank is the sacred Island of Pacoval.

This hill, rising from the shallow lake, is entirely artificial and is really a huge sepulchre. Made of row upon row of clay burial urns, one tier above the other, and covered by layers of hard mud obtained from the bed of the lake, it is now only about ten feet above the surface of the water, but is, nevertheless, 300 feet in length and a hundred feet in breadth.

In appearance, when seen from a distance, it resembles a turtle, the emblem of peace and plenty among the early inhabitants of Central and South America. This symbol is also known in the East. Pacoval Island is a vast and compact cemetery : the place of burial of a race of potters whose ceramics can still be considered among the great works of art.

This curious mound consists of layers of different material. The most artistic objects have so far been obtained exclusively from the lower terraces, just above water-level. There have been found beautifully decorated and coloured male and female burial urns, vases, jadeite ornaments, dishes, labrets and fragments all tightly packed together. Inside many of the large clay urns, some of which are from two to

four feet in height and two to three feet in diameter, human bones were discovered ; and the finding of skeleton structures, in vessels much too small to have ever contained a human body, provides one of the many unsolved mysteries of Pacoval.

Among the objects recovered in a good state of preservation, *tangas*, or pudic aprons, of decorated clay, were by far the most numerous, and this has led to the belief that the potters were women, or, as seems more likely, that certain portions of this great sepulchre were reserved for the burial of women. This is certainly curious in view of the early Spanish discoverers' assertions that they were attacked during their passage down the " Sea River " by Amazons, or women warriors.

A large variety of vases, idols, ornaments and burial urns of yellow clay finely marked with red and white, or a bluish-grey with indented black lines, were also unearthed. It has been suggested that before being placed in these urns, the bodies were first buried in the wet clay of the lake shore to get rid of the flesh, and were afterwards disinterred and placed in the urns. It would, however, seem more probable, in view of the surviving practice among some of the still wild tribes of the Amazon Valley, that the bodies were either exposed to the birds of prey or submerged in the lake, after being encased in wicker baskets, so that the cannibal fish might clean the bones preparatory to their being placed in these beautifully decorated sarcophagi.

A curious factor is the entire absence, in the decoration of the specimens so far discovered, of any representation of fruit, flowers, trees or leaves. This is, perhaps, especially noticeable because of the

tropical vegetation which now covers considerably over half of this large island. The authorities of the National Museum of Rio de Janeiro have been able to discern, however, classical designs, such as grecques, spirals and geometric patterns.

It would seem that the art of sculpture came before that of painting among this unknown race of mankind. The figures of men, women, children and animals, which ornament many objects, are mostly in bas-relief, and almost every type of physiognomy is represented in the face-urns and figures. In this respect these discoveries have some of the characteristics found in the relics from Chan-Chan—City of the Great Chimu —on the opposite coast of the continent, and also in the Aztec monuments in Mexico.

The explanation offered is that the potters were migrants who, on their way south, passed down the American isthmus into the southern half of the New World. Here, again, we find a connecting link, not only with the early civilisations of Central America but also with those of the Far East.

Apart from the two discoveries of the *Muira-kitan* itself, perhaps the most interesting objects found are the face-urns. These huge receptacles for human bones generally exhibit the sex signs, and are richly decorated by fine red lines on a yellow base. Although there seems to be no definite connection, many of these objects are strangely reminiscent of Egyptian antiquities.

Among the Marajó ceramics there are a large number of small statues representing human figures in a sitting position. These are believed to be the idols, and, from certain of the designs, it would appear that the potters were sun-worshippers. In

many of the faces portrayed, the prominent feature is the nose, and the head is frequently surmounted by a dress in which can be recognised the beak and head of a parrot. A few of these statues contain small clay spheres—an article still used in some form of native fetishism.

Other discoveries in this mysterious mound include ornaments of jadeite, beryl and rock crystal—materials so hard that the objects fashioned must have taken a lifetime to shape and pierce. The labret, or lip ornament, still used by the Butocudos Indians farther south, seems to have been the principal form into which these hard stones were worked. It may well be that the potters were induced or forced to make these savage ornaments—which contrast so strangely with their delicate ceramics—by the wild tribes around. Nothing of a warlike character, nor marks or symbols from which can be traced the origin of this dead race, have so far been unearthed, and it is important to note that other discoveries in the Amazon region all show the existence of a very inferior state of culture to that which must have existed among the builders of Pacoval.

A curious feature about the ceramics so far recovered is that, although a uniform scheme of decoration prevails, no two pieces are alike. From this it would seem that the work was individualistic and not in any way imitative.

Equally as remarkable as the sacred Island of Pacoval has been the discovery of two tombs, with sealed entrances, on a hillside in the Cunani River region, on the mainland to the north of Marajó Island. These caves are entered through a vertical shaft, four feet in diameter and from eight to ten feet deep.

Each entrance was sealed at the top by a massive slab of granite covered with earth.

The semicircular chambers at the bottom of the vertical tunnels were occupied by finely decorated burial urns, eighteen of which were found. There were, however, no ornaments, utensils or implements, except a single green diabase axe. The ornamentation of these urns is similar to that of the Pacoval ceramics, and on each there are raised figures denoting the sex.

The earliest reference to this portion of Brazil gives the inhabitants during the sixteenth century the generic name of "Aruans," but no such tribe has existed either in Marajó Island or the Cunani River region since the dawn of recorded discovery in the territory to the north of the Amazon River. The caves are the only known examples of artificially made subterranean tunnels in Cisandine South America, and it is generally believed that they were made—like the Island of Pacoval—in some remote period by a people who had slowly migrated south from the north or the middle of the continent.

There can be little doubt that Pacoval Island is, in reality, the tomb of a great race that brought from the northern regions of the American continent, and probably at a still earlier period from Asia, a far higher artistic culture than that which prevailed among the aborigines of the Amazon region. Exactly who these people were, or whether they came from the north to the south of the continent by way of the Isthmus of Panama or by sea, cannot at present be told.

Some authorities consider that the Aruans were driven from their original country, and, after passing through Florida and the Antilles, finally established

themselves in and around the Island of Marajó. Here they were surrounded by hostile tribes, and in the continual struggle for existence lost their artistic skill, and finally became absorbed by their numerically superior foes who were in a far lower state of civilisation. The sepulchre-island of Pacoval and its outpost on the mainland to the north, therefore, possess considerable interest as the last resting-place of a lost race, whose history, were it fully known, might solve the great secret of the connection between the native races of the Far East and those of the Far West.

CHAPTER XXIII

RIO DE JANEIRO

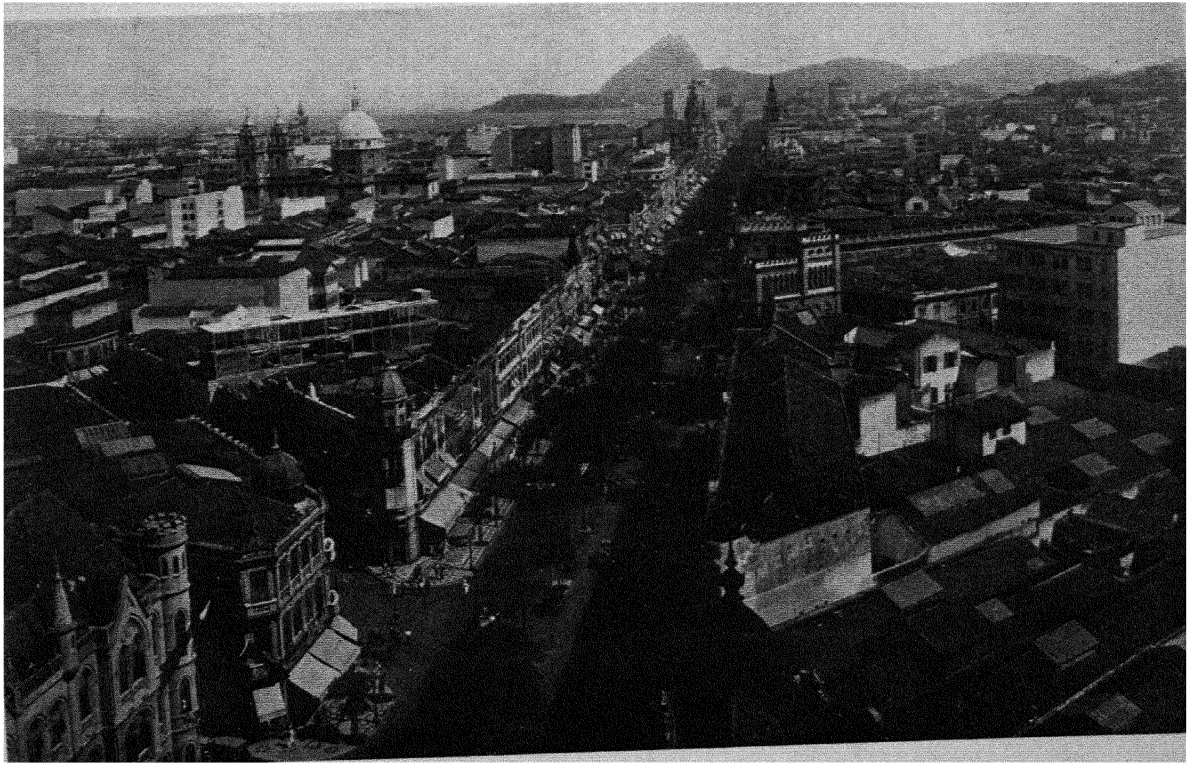
I ROLLED down to Rio in the approved style of old-time sea romance. The reason was a small coasting steamer from Para, plus a heavy swell coming inshore from the china-blue wastes of water below the doldrums, which had been roused to pretty white-capped fury by the strength and persistence of the south-east trade winds. Then came a day when a lofty cone-shaped mountain appeared among the chaos of peaks forming the picturesque coast of Brazil, framed in sapphire sea and sky. It was the Pão do Assucar, or Sugar Loaf, marking the entrance to the Bay of Rio de Janeiro. From the sea little indication is obtained of the glorious views beyond the huddle of ranges. Then the lofty greenish-brown cone slid by and Nature unfolded its masterpiece. Naples, the Golden Horn, Hong Kong, the blue isle-dotted Bay of Panama, the Alps, the Andes, the Inland Sea of Japan, the Himalayas, Fujiyama and St Elmo have all passed before my gaze, and yet I can remember nothing more beautiful than the view obtained of the Brazilian capital from this bay of the River of January.

"Rio de Janeiro is a splendid stopping-place," said Captain Cook, during his voyage round the world more than 150 years ago. Darwin, too,

remarked, "What a superb sight meets the eyes." And travellers ever since have acclaimed the capital of Brazil, when seen from its bay, to be the world's most perfect view. I cannot describe Rio better than in the words I used in a former book, "Modern South America," although I am conscious that without the infinite varieties of colour, light, shade, and the moving panorama of southern life, this city cannot be invested with its proper share of either scenic beauty or human interest.

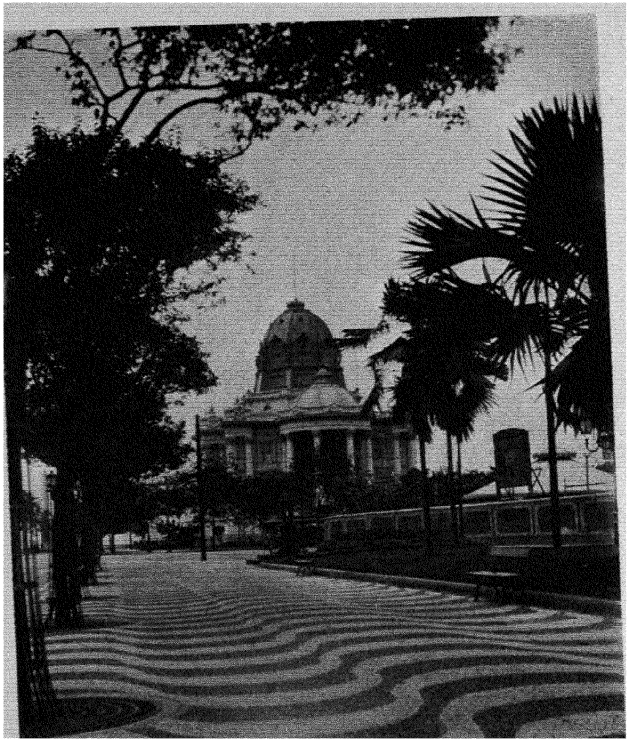
No mean city is this federal capital of one of the largest homogeneous countries in the world. It covers an area of sixty square miles, and has a promenade by the waterside constructed of white marble, and over five miles in length. Sky-scrapers rising from the busy streets are dwarfed by the surrounding mountains. The main thoroughfare, the Avenida Rio Branco, is about two miles in length, and is lined by trees, tessellated pavements, and magnificent buildings. The Rua Ouvidor is the principal shopping street, and its establishments compare favourably with those of Bond Street, Regent Street, Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix.

Its population of about one and a half millions has for its pleasure and entertainment fifty sporting clubs, fifteen theatres, one hundred cinemas, casinos, innumerable bathing beaches, cabarets, fine hotels, a race-course, zoological and botanical gardens, several mountain railways, and twenty daily newspapers. Yet, with all this modernity, Rio de Janeiro retains its unmistakable Portuguese-Colonial atmosphere, its light-hearted gaiety, its blue-water bays, its hundred-feet high royal palms, its sixteenth-century churches, its giant *Victoria Regia* lilies, and its amazing tropical

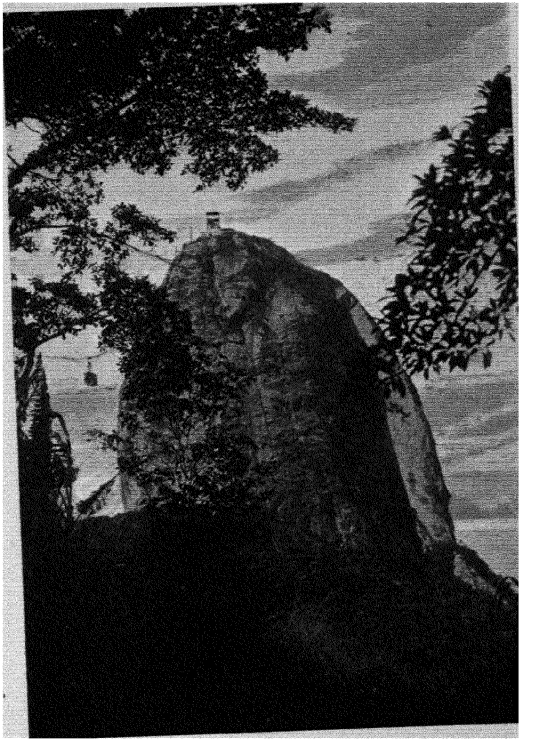


AVENUE RIO BRANCO—RIO DE JANEIRO

Facing page 174—3.



BRAZILIAN SENATE—RIO DE JANEIRO



SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN—RIO DE JANEIRO

growth. It is a picture city, mountain-girt, water-encompassed, full of colour and gaiety which even the starry night does little to veil. Between the hours of sunset and sunrise it is a fairyland of twinkling lights.

Although its palaces of stone cover a wide area, and are often masterpieces of creative art, the amazingly fertile soil in the tropical sunshine—for Rio enjoys almost perpetual summer—cannot be altogether suppressed. From every corner and crevice sprout patches of flowers, fruit or exuberant foliage. The encircling hills are clothed to their summits in jungle, and waterfalls splash down the granite hill-sides. All is colour, sunlight and animation in this wonderland beneath the Southern Cross.

Not only has this city of the " River of January," discovered on New Year's Day, 1531, the distinction of being the most picturesque of the world's capitals, but it is now one of the healthiest cities in the tropics, with a death-rate of only twenty per thousand. Perhaps the best view over Rio and its inimitable bay is obtained from the top of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, which is reached in a great steel carriage slung below aerial cables. With the sensation of flying, one is transported in two stages to the summit of this conical rock, over 1,000 feet above the city. All around are the curiously shaped Organ Mountains, with their lower slopes covered with tropical vegetation and their peaks a jagged outline against the blue-gold sky. Below, there is an amazing panorama of land, water and ornamental—one might almost say Oriental — buildings. For fifteen miles the sapphire bay winds between vivid green-clothed hills, several of which have, however, been levelled to

make room for the growing city. Half-encircling one side of this bay is the white marble promenade of the Beira Mar, over five miles in length, a gleaming line drawn between the aquamarine waters and the green of tropical foliage. Avenues of royal palms, one-tenth of the height of the Sugar Loaf Mountain, line some of the principal districts, one of which, the Mangue, was a vast swamp until drained, and now has an ornamental canal, flashing like molten gold in the sunshine, running through its centre for about two miles.

The city itself is a medley of the ancient and the modern. There is Cinema Avenue, with its eight and ten storey buildings, and, at night, its garish blaze of electric signs ; then, like a great gash across the city's trunk, comes the Avenida Rio Branco, over a mile and a half in length, literally hewn out of the old colonial city when Rio was being remodelled in 1904. It is a hundred feet wide and is lined by trees, and over six miles of mosaic pavements, each block having its own design. The lights in this " Great White Way " of Rio are visible at night for over thirty miles seawards. Where this central avenue joins the Beira Mar stands the Monroe Palace. Other fine buildings are the Municipal Theatre, modelled after the Opera House of Paris, the Central Hotel, the Military, Naval and other clubs, and the great banks and commercial houses of the Brazilian capital.

By way of contrast, out of the eleven streets which cross the Avenida Rio Branco, there is one of particular interest and antiquity. This is the Ouvidor, narrow, and lined by the fashionable shops of the capital. Everywhere gold, silver and precious stones gleam behind the plate-glass windows. It is, above all, the

street of the jewellers, for which this city is famous. So narrow is the old Rua do Ouvidor that no vehicles are allowed in it, and the pavements are of coloured tiles.

Away behind the Sugar Loaf stands an even more lofty giant, which is scaled with the aid of a funicular railway. This is Corcovado, or the "Hunchback," 2,329 feet above the bay. When one has become tired of mountain views in this tropical Switzerland there is the beautiful drive through the forest on the slopes of Tijuca, with its waterfalls and its "Indian Caves." Here, also, there are viewpoints famous for the scenes unfolded, such as "Chinese View" and the "Emperor's Table"—a reminder that Brazil was once an empire.

Descending once again into the town it becomes apparent that Rio is a city of the sun, and that its inhabitants are all worshippers of this deity. On the silver sands of Copacabanca, beneath the Lido-like parasols, lounge the bathers from the sparkling sea, the beaux and the belles of this pleasure city of South America. Everywhere along the miles of sea-coast promenades, such as Beira Mar, Flamingo, Botofogo, and Copacabanca, there are bathing beaches patronised by thousands. Below the magnificent Copacabanca Casino and Hotel there are, during the morning and late afternoon, when the heat of midday is over, lines of motor cars waiting for owners who are splashing the hours away in the tepid water, or playing on the amazingly white sand.

At night the casino, with its *salle des jeux*, its cinema, its crystal dancing floor, its illuminated terraces overlooking the tropical moonlit sea, and its spacious and cool dining-hall, will again be the scene of a gay

pilgrimage. For some years gambling was, however, prohibited, and Copacabanca's evening star waned considerably, while the cabarets of Cinema Avenue, in the heart of the city, increased their dazzling lights—and incidentally, their prices.

A glimpse of yet another Rio is afforded by the market, covering seven acres and divided into blocks of stalls, each given over to the sale of a single kind of merchandise. In one of these quarters are the live animals from the jungles of the interior: tiny marmosets, bright-hued parrots and parrakeets, humming-birds, leopard cubs, armadillos and snakes.

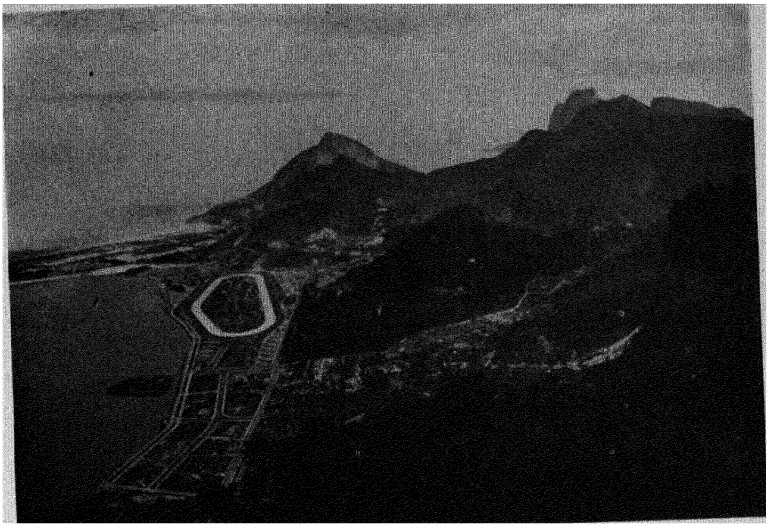
Although the traveller may have lived for years in other parts of South America, here, in Brazil, he will be a tongue-tied stranger in a strange land. Of no other part of the sub-continent can this be said. The reason is that the three and a quarter million square miles forming this union of states is not Spanish-American but Portuguese-Colonial in language, tradition and custom. About 422 years ago Amerigo Vespucci sailed from Portugal to form the first European Colony in this portion of the New World. For 322 years it remained as a Crown Colony—at least so far as the coast was concerned, for even to-day there are over two million square miles of little-known interior—and shortly after King John of Portugal had sailed for the Brazils, a fugitive from Lisbon before the Grand Army of the great Napoleon, it became a separate empire. Some thirty-three years later the Constitution was changed to that of a Federal Republic, and to-day it is both Portuguese and prosperous, although independent, with a population of about thirty millions, of whom nearly forty per cent. are coloured.

In the curiously picturesque mountains behind Rio are the hill resorts of Petropolis and Therezopolis. The former is not only a favourite place of residence for the more wealthy inhabitants of Rio, but is also the summer headquarters of the President and his ministers. Situated at an altitude of about half a mile above sea-level the climate is comparatively cool, and the town nestles amid luxuriant foliage and flowers in an amphitheatre of forest-clad hills. Many of the avenues have running through them miniature streams of water with ornamental cascades. Petropolis may be described as the Simla of Rio. It is reached by express train in under two hours from the Federal capital. The first half of this journey is across the comparatively flat country of the tropical sea-coast, then a rack locomotive hauls the carriages up a particularly steep incline into the heart of the mountains. On both sides of the track, in the vivid green jungle, tall, feather-like bamboos and giant tree-ferns sway in the gentle trade wind, and orchids of all types and colours peep from the branches of great trees.

Therezopolis, some fifty miles inland from Rio, is also a favourite hill resort during the summer months from December to May. Standing at a greater elevation it enjoys a much cooler and more bracing climate than Petropolis, and it is the best starting-point for motor tours to the slender spire of the mountain called by Brazilians " The Finger of God."

Some miles across the blue waters of Rio Bay, beneath a line of green hills, stands the rose-pink town of Nictheroy, which has a population of over 100,000, and is the provincial headquarters of the state of Rio de Janeiro. Many English and American

families reside there, and the bathing is particularly good. This picturesque little town of the Brazilian Riviera is reached by steamboat from the capital, and is much frequented by boating and bathing parties during the long summer months. The houses, like many of those in the capital, are painted delicate shades of pink, blue and green, and have white marble steps and columns.

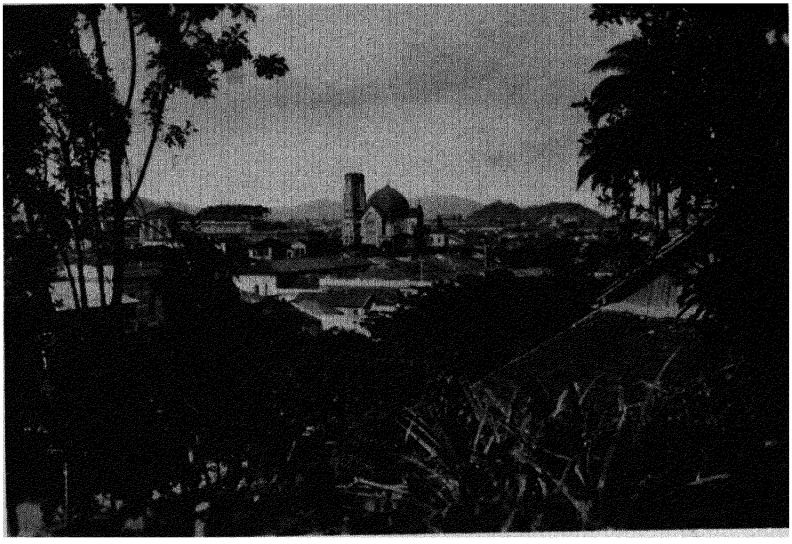


RIO DE JANEIRO
From the Summit of the Hunchback Mountain



RIO DE JANEIRO
At Night, from the Sugar Loaf Mountain.

Facing page 180—3.



SANTOS
Coffee Port of Brazil.



SUNSET ON COAST OF BRAZIL

CHAPTER XXIV

SÃO PAULO TO THE RIVER PLATE

AFTER leaving Rio I travelled by sea down the coast of Brazil to Santos, the great coffee-shipping centre for the state of São Paulo. Although this place is over 400 years old, little of historic interest is now to be seen. Notwithstanding the fact that this city was once the dreaded abode of "Yellow Jack," it is now quite a healthy place. The river by which it is approached from the sea affords some interesting glimpses of native life and jungle growth, but the principal attraction of the town itself lies in the coffee warehouses which stretch for miles along the quayside.

Santos was once the most unhealthy city in the whole of South America. During one epidemic of yellow fever, over forty British and ten foreign ships were lying idle in its harbour, with their crews either dead or dying. Then came the miracle, which is almost without parallel in the history of the world. Sanitation, the drainage of swamps, a pure water supply, the destruction of the mosquito larvæ, and, behold, first a healthy city and then a favourite pleasure resort of Central Brazil—all within thirty years.

To-day, Santos has a population of over 100,000. There are several fine bathing beaches, such as those of Guaruja and Praia Grande, seaside hotels,

casinos, a funicular railway to Monte Serrat—a local hill crowned by a cabaret, a restaurant and a cinema—fine motor roads and all that goes to make up a modern pleasure resort. One of the most interesting buildings is the theatre, which has a roof made in sections, each of which can be opened by electricity. The simple pressing of a button converts this theatre into an open-air auditorium.

Above all, however, Santos has the railway line to the Alta da Serra and the great city of São Paulo. A journey over this line affords some of the most beautiful views to be obtained anywhere in South America. The line passes first through jungle and banana groves, then, in the short space of about six miles, the train—from which the engine has been detached—is pulled upwards by cables from station to station, each section being operated by 1,000 horse-power engines, to a height of over 3,000 feet, passing *en route* through banks of cloud, then patches of sunshine illuminating a panorama of mountain, forest and sea, which is almost without equal in the New World. Some thirty-two tunnels and bridges are traversed, and so heavy is the rainfall and so prolific the vegetation that the permanent way is lined with gutters and drains from top to bottom, and these have to be heavily coated periodically with tar to prevent the vegetation from forcing its way between the bricks and concrete.

When the summit of the Serra do Mar is reached there is the vast and fertile table-land, swept by cool breezes, on which stands prosperous São Paulo. The story of this city is very largely the history of its surrounding coffee-lands, five million acres wide and covered with red soil, the *terra roxa*, often six or seven

feet deep, in which the coffee plant grows so luxuriantly that there are now 1,000 million trees on 45,630 different plantations, some of which are almost equal in size to an English county. The invigorating air of these highlands, which have an average altitude of about 2,000 feet, has also played a part, giving it a delightful climate although situated geographically on the southern edge of the tropical zone. During recent years this state, which has over one-eighth of the entire population of Brazil, has developed other staple industries besides coffee, foremost among which are the cultivation of cotton and sugar and the manufacturing of various commodities. It is crossed in all directions by railways, and is being given many thousands of miles of fine motor roads. It has more cities possessing their own electric light, water and drainage systems than many countries of Europe.

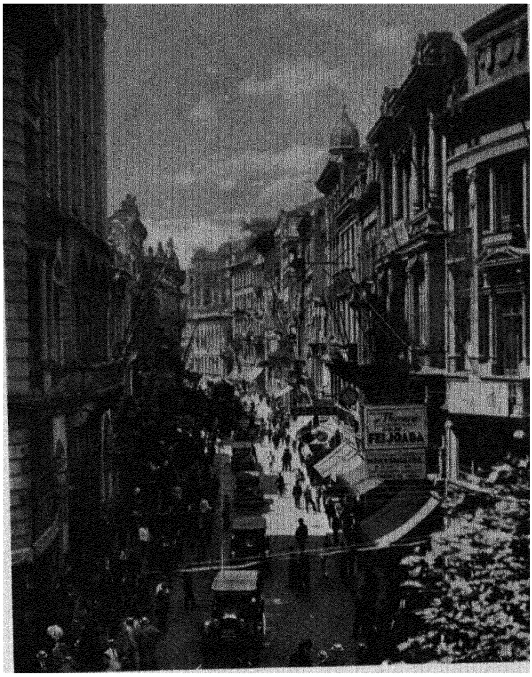
Its capital, the city of São Paulo, has been called "the Manchester of Brazil" and "the Metropolis of the Coffee-lands," both of which titles it deserves, but it is also the second most important city in Brazil and the economic and financial centre of the whole country. São Paulo is a city of palaces. It is astounding to walk through its busy streets, filled with energetic people, electric trams, and lines of speeding motor cars, and to observe the number of magnificent buildings which rise up on all sides. Although statistics convey little, it is interesting to note that over 6,000 new houses are built every year to keep pace with the city's rapid development, and that there are over forty parks and public gardens within the municipal area.

To catalogue the principal buildings here is unnecessary, but mention must be made of the marble

and bronze municipal theatre with its seven tiers and 2,000 seats; the fine Avenida Paulista, which has a garden extending throughout its entire length of several miles; and the Ypiranga Museum, which stands on the spot where Brazil declared her independence from Portugal in 1822.

Perhaps the most unique feature of São Paulo is the Snake Farm. Here, on the outskirts of the town, is a city of reptiles, divided into two sections, according to the venom of its inhabitants—poisonous and non-poisonous. Attached to this farm is the world-famous laboratory, presided over by Dr Vital Brazil, who has devoted his life to the study and cure of snake-bite, which, previous to the establishment of this institute, accounted for many hundreds of deaths every year in Brazil alone.

The snakes live in little beehive-like houses, each with its own division, or room, to which it invariably returns after a morning's wriggle in the sunshine. Each township is enclosed by concrete and steel to prevent the escape of its population of hundreds of snakes. The system is, briefly, to extract the poison from each variety of snake, and to inject this into horses, who are given minute doses, upon which they appear to thrive, until their blood is full of the venom of one particular kind of snake. The horses are then bled and a serum made, which is sent all over Brazil, ready to be injected into a human being who has been bitten by the variety of snake for which the antidote has been prepared. A general serum, made from a large variety of poisonous snakes, is also manufactured for use when the origin of the bite is in doubt. There are similar institutions in India and Japan.



STREET IN SÃO PAULO



BEACH SCENE—MONTEVIDEO

Facing page 184—3



HOUSE OF CONGRESS—BUENOS AIRES



BUENOS AIRES

The coast, going south from Santos by sea, is often illuminated at night by continuous flashes of lightning, which, however, disappear when Montevideo, the seaside capital of Uruguay, is reached. I arrived in this fine town, almost European in aspect, during the summer months, which coincide, it must be remembered, with the mid-winter season in the Northern Hemisphere. My tour of Montevideo commenced at the Legislative Palace, and continued through the somewhat narrow but busy commercial thoroughfares, then along the broad seaside road facing the peculiar golden-brown waters of the River Plate, to Ramirez and Pocitos, both gay little bathing resorts. The whole of this stretch of coast is called the Riviera of the River Plate. Afterwards I rambled farther afield along a newly made seaside road, called the Rempla, to Carrasco—the Monte Carlo of Uruguay. Besides a wonderful sandy beach and invigorating sea air and bathing, this place possesses a fine hotel, one of the best on the east coast of South America. There is also a casino, where the hours and the *pesos* can be delightfully spent in supreme luxury, amid palms, chalets, flowers, jewels and gowns, arc lights and an indigo vault ablaze with stars—all strangely reminiscent of another *Côte d'Azur*.

The fine, almost luxurious, river steamer left Montevideo—"A Mountain I See"—in the evening, and my journey up the River Plate to the capital of Argentina was accomplished during the night.

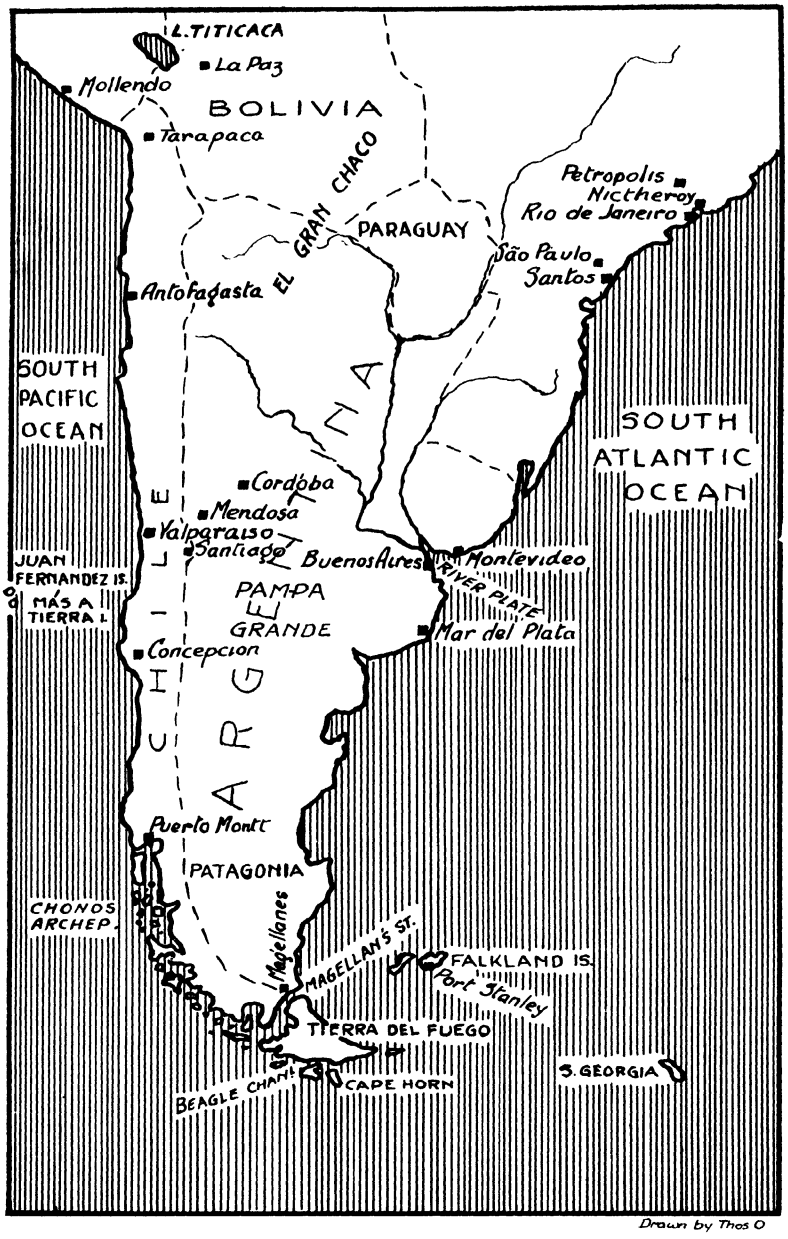
CHAPTER XXV

LOOKING AT BUENOS AIRES

BUENOS AIRES is, certainly, a revelation to anyone who sees it for the first time, probably expecting a typical South American city of patios and palms. There is, however, little that is either typical of Argentina or, in fact, of anything except a modern cosmopolitan metropolis. It is gigantic, rich, clean, comfortable, expensive, somewhat ostentatious, but neither quaint nor particularly interesting.

The Buenos Aires equivalent of London's " East End " and New York's " East Side " is to be found in the Boca, which has a somewhat heavy record of crime. The nightly murders of the eighties have, however, given place to more subtle forms of crime, among which white slavery, and other concomitant evils of big cities, find a place. The water-front of Buenos Aires, however, has completely changed during recent years. The notorious criminal district lying just behind the River Plate shore is no longer to be found. A broad river-side promenade, with pleasure-gardens and bathing establishments, extends from the harbour entrance away towards the old disreputable end of the city.

Here are a few modernities which Buenos Aires treats as a matter of course. A motor-car racing



SOUTH AMERICA, SOUTHERN HALF

Facing page 186—3.

track on the top of a commercial building, a bathing pool surrounded by a covered tea-garden, within fifteen minutes' motor ride of the city, underground tube railways, automatic traffic signals in the principal thoroughfares, one-way traffic in the commercial streets, and the complete prohibition of motor and other vehicles in the great shopping centre, known as the Florida, between the hours of four and eight in the afternoon, to enable the *bonarense* to promenade and purchase in complete comfort and safety. Even the quays have been laid out to form public gardens instead of the more usual garbage heaps.

There is only one steep incline in the whole city, and that leads down to the docks, the remainder is flat. There are few of the old-time *azoteas*, or roof-gardens, except in the suburbs, and many of the business thoroughfares are only thirty-three feet wide. The Plaza de Mayo—which forms the centre of the commercial and political city—is, however, a fine "lung," and the Avenida de Mayo, which leads out of it, is a boulevard about 120 feet in width and is lined by shady plane trees. The street of fashion is the narrow Calle Florida.

Buenos Aires has over two million inhabitants, and that which struck me most while walking in its streets were the cosmopolitan crowds and the number of lotteries which were being advertised. These now take the place of bull-fights, providing all classes of the community with the necessary excitement demanded by the Latin temperament. Contrary to general belief the Argentine capital is not an idle pleasure city. There is very little night life, especially in the centre of the town. Many of the cabarets are

situated in the inner ring of the suburbs. Although much business is done in club, café and theatre, the hours of work are generally far longer than in most European capitals. Buenos Airens may be amorous, as anyone can prove by leaving a pretty wife or daughter alone for a few minutes even in a busy thoroughfare, but they are hard-working, and life there is decidedly expensive.

Although founded in 1535, there is little that is antique or exceptionally picturesque ; the buildings have all been reconstructed many times, and are steadily rising in height. It is approximately ten or eleven miles from the Plaza de Mayo to the suburbs in all directions, except, of course, towards the river. It may possibly interest the statistician to point out that it is the finest modern town in the whole of Spanish America, stands tenth in the list of the world's great cities, and, in area, is beaten only by London, New York and Marseilles. The death-rate is only two per thousand more than London, which is surprising when the cosmopolitan nature of the population is considered. There is no doubt, however, that this " City of Good Air " is thoroughly healthy.

My wanderings in and around Buenos Aires took me from " The Chicken House," where an excellent lunch is served to city men at a price quite reasonable for this expensive town, to the fine Plaza Hotel, which is the equal of similar establishments in the European and American capitals. Here one meets the makers of this young nation and the more prominent foreign visitors. Dining there one evening as the guest of an international banker and a captain of Chilean industry, both of whom were, however, of British nationality, I chanced to arrive about the same time

as a prominent and then unpopular member of the Argentine Government of the day, who, on entering the vestibule, smilingly handed the revolver he was carrying for protection to the hall porter. The weapon would be returned, together with his hat, on leaving!

On another occasion, while in Buenos Aires, I was conducting some negotiations with the Argentine Government and called one morning on the Foreign Minister. Although I disregarded the stories told by my associate—of government supporters who were nominally employees and called once a week at the office to which they were attached, as a reward for party loyalty, in order to receive their salaries—there was the evidence of sight that even in this highly developed and really extremely rich country of the New World there existed considerable apprehension of unrest. After much preliminary waiting, and the scrutinising of credentials, I was passed from room to room, and secretary to secretary, by armed guards. On each change of apartment the door was locked behind me until I finally reached my objective, only to be told that the Minister in question had departed suddenly at midnight for the Cordoba Hills!

It must not be assumed from this that Buenos Aires, or any part of Argentina, is particularly subject to revolution. I have crossed this country from east to west and from north to south, and invariably found it peaceful and prosperous; but even this young nation, with a heterogeneous population and ample room for expansion, is not immune from the spirit of discontent, largely the work of paid agitators, and the concomitant political storms. It is only fair to say that the events described above occurred during the régime of President Irigoyen.

CHAPTER XXVI

ACROSS THE PAMPA

THE Pampa of Argentina is the land of the wide horizon. Almost as flat as a billiard-table, and practically devoid of natural trees or bushes of any size, it is the southern extension of the forest-covered Brazilian interior and El Gran Chaco. A region of varied climate and boundless possibilities, it leans against the Andes on one side and the economically developed Argentine littoral on the other. It extends from the semi-tropical north to the Antarctic south in wild and windy Patagonia. Beyond an occasional ridge and many useful rivers, there are but few breaks in this enormous stretch of prairie land.

" Provinces " and " territories " are but politics in disguise, and can therefore be ignored, for here is the *pampa grande*, not the little " million-acre farm " which goes by that name, but is really only a small and choice portion of the plains which lie immediately to the west of Buenos Aires. So great is the area of the real pampa, that while the climate of the north is decidedly warm, the southern area is usually covered with snow for several months in the year. Below the fortieth parallel of latitude the traveller passes out of the South America of the imagination, a land of warm sunlight, vivid orange and purple colouring and picturesque life, to enter an austere, inspiring

land of Antarctic wind, rain, snow and winter twilight.

Here is a pen picture of the northern pampa: a horizon-wide expanse of grass, faintly blotched with the yellow of corn, the bright blue of linseed flowers, the purple of alfalfa blossom, the green of ripening maize, and the grey ring of distant grass. This is the "camp" of the Argentine. Across its ocean-like surface move trails of dust, created by the hoofs of beasts or the wheels of motor cars, but appearing like the wind-blown smoke of tramp steamers on a blue-grey sea. Even the gulls are deceived by its resemblance to the broad ocean, for they wheel and plane above its levels in thousands, although hundreds of miles from their native element.

Here lies the wealth of the wealthiest country in South America, and it ends not with the horizon of one day, nor twenty, unless the Transcontinental Railway coach is the platform of observation. There is always the maddening knowledge, while travelling across it, that the same view will greet the eye until at last the faint outline of the Andes, on the opposite side of the continent, appears to break the monotony, like a greyish-brown wall in front of the westering sun.

Its very sameness is its unique characteristic. Only on the prairies of Canada can anything similar be found in the New World. In Europe there is the Hungarian *Puszta* and in Asia the Siberian *Steppes*. The change comes, however, when the black clouds rise up swiftly from the grey horizon, cutting off the bright sunlight from thousands of visible acres. An ominous sighing comes from afar, growing rapidly into a low moan. Thunder rolls across the levels,

and lightning darts downwards from a dozen different masses of purple cloud. Then comes the wind, a shrieking blast which scatters hayricks when insufficiently weighted, destroys houses if there is a single flaw in their construction, and tears crops from the ground when of more than usual violence. It is the *pampero*, or storm wind of the South American plains. Not a chance acquaintance, met once or twice in a lifetime, but a regular visitor on some thirty or forty occasions every year. Happily the damage done is usually very small, otherwise the camp would not have become one of the largest mixed farms in the world.

The *pampero* is far less dreaded than the movements of the armies of locusts which occasionally come south from their unknown retreats in the unexplored Chaco. These pests appear like clouds in the sky, and where they settle not a single leaf or shoot remains undevoured. The ruthless war made upon them by the estancia owners and colonists thin their ranks as they pass from north to south—from unknown to unknown—but each army consists of so many millions that although trench after trench, for a thousand miles, is filled with dead bodies left in the traps by the way, nothing has so far succeeded in either appreciably diminishing their numbers, limiting their voraciousness, or of staying their progress. Mr Thomas A. Edison was, at one time, said to be contemplating their destruction, with electric flashes, by the thousand million.

This, then, is the pampa, which lies to the westward of the Province of Buenos Aires. What of its inhabitants ? First comes the estanciero, or owner of an estate, which may cover only a few hundred

acres, but more probably will measure many square miles. "It is the eye of the master which fattens the stock," say the peons, gauchos, or cow-boys, whichever you prefer to call them; therefore, the estanciero does no manual work, confining his attentions to supervision and administration. To assist him with this, each estancia has a *capataz*, or foreman. Gauchos do the boundary riding, rounding up, and general work of cattle and horse breeding. Aged shepherds watch their flocks by day as well as night, and much of the land, suitable for agriculture, is let off to immigrants and their families on a kind of feudal system. Colonies of coal-black mud huts, in which Italian, Russian, German, Polish, Austrian, and Spanish families live, are scattered over the broad domains of these barons of the pampa, many of whom are English, German and Spanish. Their life is by no means a hard or dreary one, and they take every opportunity which comes their way for pleasure and amusement. There are black sheep among these ewe-lambs, and sometimes their doings in Buenos Aires, and also on the pampa, is more than a little irregular. They are, however, isolated from civilisation for several months in the year, and seldom develop into absentee landlords.

The gaucho, or cow-boy, is the most picturesque figure of the camp. Around him all the romance of these southern plains has developed in song and prose. No longer is the pampa an unmapped, lawless land, however; the glamour of the wilds has departed before the fencing of the fields, but in the "Outer Camp" the gaucho still retains his ferocious aspect and his picturesque dress. Really, he is the most amiable of fellow-creatures, unless, by unwise

chaff or domineering manner, his sympathies are alienated while imbibing immoderately of some beverage stronger than the wonderful *maté*, which is the mainstay of his existence. Then a slash with the *machete*, which he carries like a short Japanese sword at his waist-belt, may end the career of his tormentor.

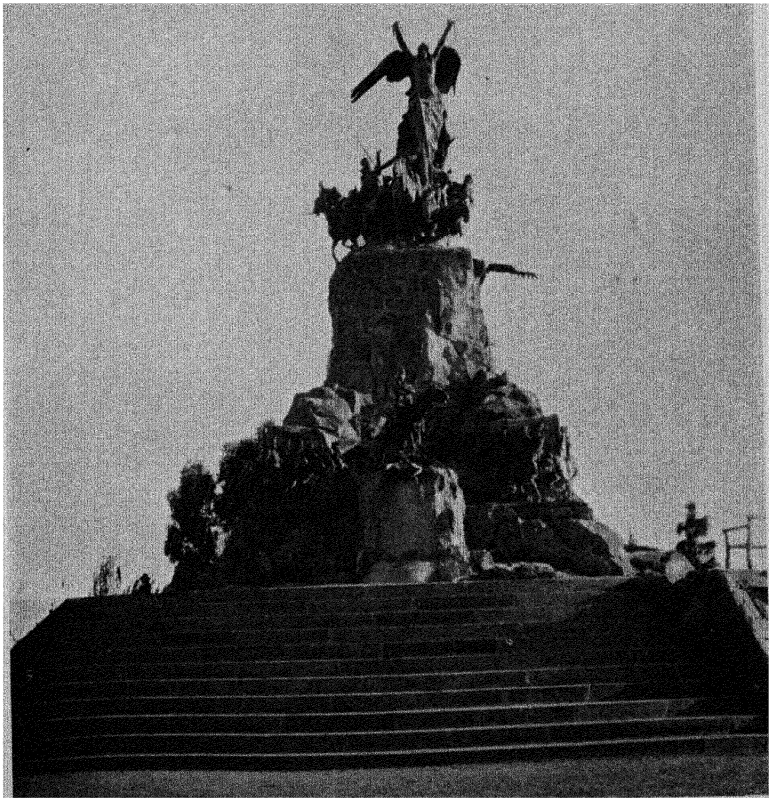
The dress of the gaucho is most picturesque—until it becomes unrecognisable with dust and black mud. A wide sombrero, a shirt tucked into broad Turkish trousers, which may be white, blue, brown, black, or even of more vivid colour, falling in just above the ankles and enclosed in a pair of light boots with big polished spurs and high heels. Round his shoulders will be the poncho, formed of a piece of blanket cloth of bright colours, in the centre of which is a hole for the head, and falling from shoulder to knee like a huge cape. His pastime is the *baile* or dance, his hobby the throwing of the lasso or *bolo*, and his lore the avenging of an insult.

Beside these wild-looking horsemen of the plains, the poor colonist from Central Europe cuts a shabby figure in mud-spattered rags, but it is from these people that the gaucho chooses a bride, for there are no women of his own kind. The result is a half-breed gaucho of indifferent morals and temper. On the few holidays which the newly arrived immigrant can afford, the bright-coloured dresses of Italian peasants and Slavonic maids blend with the then clean but barbaric attire of these cow-boys of the Argentine pampa.

Although I have been to Mendoza, at the foot of the mighty Andes, on more than one occasion, this old city, which is typically South American, never

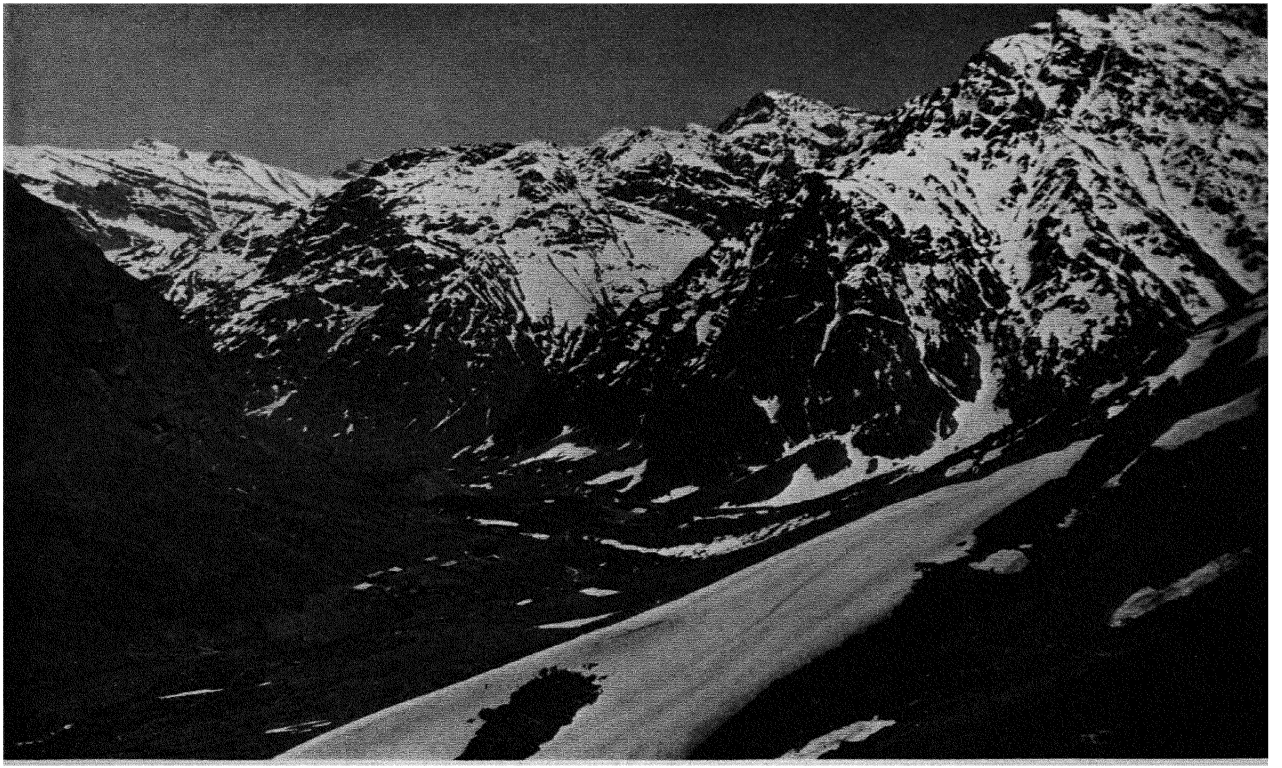


IN THE WILDS OF THE ARGENTINE CHACO



STATUE OF SAN MARTIN—MENDOZA

Facing page 194—3·



THE SILVER ANDES

loses its charm. In the early Spanish-Colonial days it was merely a post-house on the route over the Andes, and now it includes a population of about 82,000, and has grown wealthy from its vineyards, wine lodges and artificially irrigated fruit farms. It is reached after a journey of 655 miles from Buenos Aires across the seemingly interminable prairies of the Argentine.

Here is what I said about this far western town in "Modern South America": "At noon its sunny streets are silent and seemingly almost deserted, for the inhabitants adhere to the old South American custom of the midday siesta. At night, however, it is gay and full of interest. Chairs are brought out of the houses, and all Mendoza gossips and sips wine, or listens to the music in the electrically illuminated park on the first slope of the Andean heights.

"Many houses have windows covered with ornamental iron grills, and the inside patios of these one-storey buildings, when seen from the street, afford delightful glimpses of flowers, palms, arches and sunbeams. The pride of Mendoza is, however, the long Avenue of San Martin—everything in this city appears to have some connection with the Liberator—and certainly there is every reason for its citizens to be proud of this picturesque thoroughfare. It is lined with shady poplars, has an ornamental canal running down a portion of its length, and leads to the Cerro San Martin, where one goes after the heat of the day is over to see the famous statue and the sunset."

Rambling about Mendoza, I came one day in the pinkish-mauve after-glow of sunset to a dance-hall in the Avenida San Martin. Girl musicians were

playing in a gallery above the floor, around which Argentines, Italians, Spaniards, negroes and representatives of other races and of both sexes were gathered at small tables drinking the wine of this glorious country. Tangos and fox-trots were danced with a verve typical of the fiery South, and yet this scene awoke memories of early days in the dance-halls of the old Alaska. There was, however, little similarity between the glittering sequins and mirrors, the shawls and the mantillas, the hot air and the heady wine of this Mendoza café and the parka-clad, unshaven men, the painted ladies, the white puffs of frozen dust which fell from the furs of newcomers, and the log walls of the Yukon and Alaska in the first years of the nineteenth century.

Walking up the long slope between the trees of the West Park one still, sub-tropical evening, with the continual cis-is-cis-is-cis-is of singing insects ringing in my ears, I came to the rose pergolas, the festoons of coloured lights, the police band and the artificial bathing and boating pool—over half a mile in length—all thronged with well-dressed people. Mendoza may have retained some of its old-time South American characteristics, but it is nevertheless thoroughly up to date. Taking a car from this park, I drove up the several miles of zigzag road to the Cerro San Martin. This hill, which has been planted with trees, is a projecting spur of the great Andes. On the summit there is the magnificent statue commemorating the "Army of the Andes." Four floodlights illuminated the groups of bronze and stone, which can be seen, like pictures in the sky, from the city, 2,000 feet below.

The place to dine in Mendoza is on the open-air

terrace of the Plaza Hotel, amid sun-like electric globes and palms. Then from midnight to dawn there are the gambling-tables of the adjoining casino. It is a strange life that one lives in this sub-tropical Argentine city beneath the snows of the Andes.

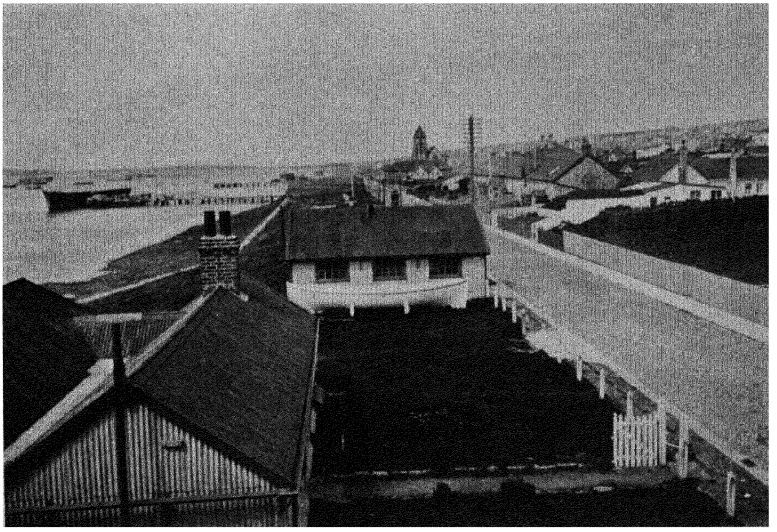
CHAPTER XXVII

ANTARCTIC OUTPOSTS

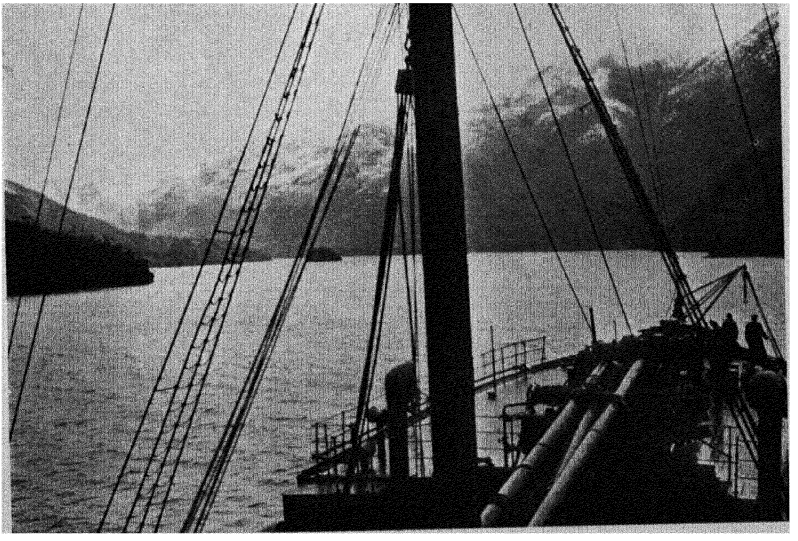
WITHIN forty-eight hours of leaving the River Plate, bound for the lonely Falkland Islands, the temperature began to drop rapidly. The characteristics of these seas are blowing whales and gigantic icebergs, both of which came into view on the afternoon of the second day. We were now in the Roaring Forties, latitudes where, in the days of sail, heavy seas, flying spume, and frozen rigging made the lot of the sailorman a hard one. I can remember my grandfather, whose voyages of discovery in many seas had only once taken him into the Antarctic, composing some verses to emphasise his dislike of these lonely wastes of wind-lashed ocean.

Both sea and sky changed their colours from blue to a greenish-grey, and the wind commenced to sigh ominously through the sparse rigging. A thousand miles of ocean lay between the River Plate and the Falklands, isolated outposts of civilisation, which have figured largely in all sea romance, from the days when they were a refitting ground for the ships, barques and brigantines, after the buffetings experienced while rounding Cape Horn, to more recent times when their rocky coasts sheltered the victorious British squadron of Admiral Sturdee.

Having reached high latitudes in the Arctic, that

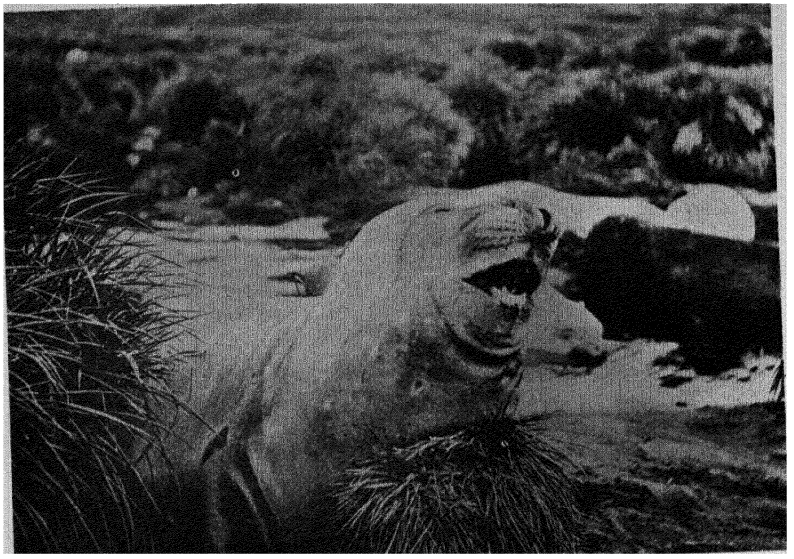


PORT STANLEY—FALKLAND ISLANDS

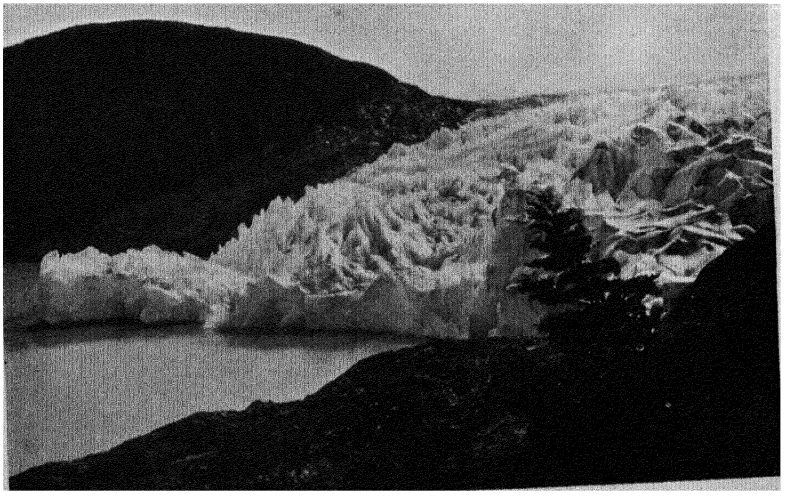


NAVIGATING IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

Facing page 198—3.



A SEA ELEPHANT—FALKLAND ISLANDS



GLACIER IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

which surprised me most was the severe climate of these southern realms. Here, in a latitude of only fifty degrees south of the Equator—the equivalent of London in the Northern Hemisphere—we were experiencing, *in midsummer*, the cold, the wind and the gloom of the Greenland Sea. The explanation of this lies in that great ocean current, the Gulf Stream. No such beneficent influence extends south from the tropics towards the Antarctic, and cold begins to assert its mastery at a greater distance from the Pole.

We sighted the first iceberg about 600 miles south of the River Plate. It was only a small one for these seas, where the bergs are formed by masses breaking off from the immense ice-cliffs about 1,500 miles away. Just as the ship was passing this little berg—a mere acre or two of ice about 150 feet high—the topmost pinnacle broke off and plunged into the sea, forming that dangerous mass of half-submerged ice called a "growler." An hour or two later the first real berg came into full view, and we passed it at a distance of about five miles. This time it was a fine Antarctic specimen, measuring about seven miles long and 300 feet high, with what appeared to be a perfectly flat top. For nearly an hour this gleaming line continued to divide the green of the sea and the grey of the sky. Then darkness closed over the waste of waters. The look-out on the fo'c'sle head was doubled, and the speed of the ship reduced because of the presence of other bergs.

At Port Stanley, the clean little capital of the Falkland Islands, there was a strong wind that whisked the surface off the water of the harbour and sent the spray flying in showers over the motor boat

which conveyed me from ship to shore. In spite of the severe climate, however, there is something peculiarly attractive in this remote outpost of Britain on the fringe of the Antarctic.

The houses on the slope facing the anchorage are mostly constructed of weather-board, and there is really only one paved street which extends along the harbour-front. The population numbers about 900, and the few shops are mostly little general stores. The arrival of a ship is an event of great local interest, although Port Stanley has several whalers and their supply vessels always in its harbour.

I learned much concerning whaling, exploring and research work in the Far South from the exhibits in the little museum. The natural pride with which the collection of Antarctic specimens and relics of the great naval battle were shown to me by the woman curator, made me wonder why some overflowing institution in the midst of the living world did not send some of its superfluous specimens to this little scientific institution, where everything new is a source of so much joy to both the adult population of hardy whalers and sheep-station hands, with their wives, and also to the rosy-cheeked children, nearly all of whom are of Scottish descent.

These islands are situated 480 miles north-east of Cape Horn—the Antarctic extremity of the American continent. They consist of East and West Falkland, several small adjacent islets, and some dependencies in the Antarctic wastes. The total area of the Falklands themselves is 7,550 square miles, the principal portion of which is an almost barren waste of moorland and bog, on which graze 700,000 sheep, producing five million pounds of wool a year.

The Falklands were discovered by John Davis, the famous Arctic explorer, in 1592, but were not annexed or colonised by Great Britain until 1832. The whaling industry in the dependencies of the Falklands (South Georgia and the South Shetlands) is the most important in the world. The companies owning the fleets of vessels engaged in these operations are mostly Norwegian, and the value of the catch varies from £700,000 to over £1,200,000 a year.

There is a small cathedral, a race-course, a wireless station, and a well-equipped school. One of the most interesting places I visited during my stay in these islands was the Penguin Beach, reached by launch across a particularly rough stretch of water, often much encumbered by kelp, or thick seaweed. The penguins are so unafraid of man that I was able to walk among these queer birds without disturbing their quaint, waddling serenity. On the outer islands there were many sea-lions, and occasionally the rocks were black with these sleek denizens of the Antarctic waters.

At last the time came to cross the 550 miles of sea to Magellan's Strait, the bleak South American mainland of Patagonia, and the almost Polar archipelago of Tierra del Fuego. Although the summer temperature in the Falkland Islands seldom drops below thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, in winter the long-continued snowstorms alternating with hail squalls and fierce gales create a particularly rigorous climate without an unduly low thermometer. At sea these gales are responsible for the well-known phenomenon, "Cape Horn Spume." Curiously, however, the winds of the summer months are often more fierce than those of the long dark winter, and,

on leaving the shelter of the five-miles broad waterway between East and West Falkland, we caught the full blast of a Cape Horn gale. The wind shrieked and howled, immense foam-capped seas hurled themselves against the ship, flooding the decks with icy water. So blinding was the spume that it was almost impossible to face to windward, and vision was limited to the grey, white-streaked mountain which rose up to alarming heights ahead. It needed no vivid imagination to picture the discomforts of such a voyage in the days of sail. Towards late afternoon a sudden blinding snowstorm leapt out of the greyness ahead although it was still late summer, and the wind rose to a crescendo. I knew then what is meant by the Roaring Forties !

CHAPTER XXVIII

PATAGONIAN PANORAMAS

HERE in Magellanes, the southernmost town in the world, there are few days in the year when it does not either blow or snow. Often both these climatic pleasantries occur together, even during the brief summer. Although a mere fifty-miles-an-hour gale welcomed me in this Polar city of the last lands of America, the flurries of blinding snow, for which it has achieved international fame, came later, while threading our way through the dangerous channels and islands of Tierra del Fuego, with Sarmiento, grim and ghostly, in its spotless surplice. I remembered then the opinion of these Antarctic lands expressed by the pirate-like Norwegian whaler whom I had met keeping store at Longyear City, in icy Spitzbergen, at the opposite end of the world.

Perhaps it is these memories of other lands and peoples, the sudden kaleidoscopic mental pictures which often come unbidden at the sight of something remotely familiar, a chance conversation, a news paragraph, or a book, which form the most valuable and permanent acquisition of travel far afield. It sharpens the edge of so many things in life. Scarcely had I landed at the wooden pier, which juts out into the green waters of Magellan's Strait before the weather-

board buildings, the light which seems to come up from behind the world, and the sight of pelts hanging in a bunch in the window of a little shop, brought vividly to mind the timber town of Hammerfest on the rim of the Greenland Sea.

Magellanes, which will be better known by its old name of Punta Arenas, is a finer city, however, than the northernmost town in the world. It possesses several well-made streets and squares, some good shops, a cinema, and, above all, one of the best of the many British clubs in South America. Wandering into this oasis of civilised life, which is largely inhabited by sheep-station owners and managers who happen to be in " town " from the bleak Patagonian pampa, I was immediately confronted by a signed portrait of Sir Ernest Shackleton. This was, I believe, given to the British Society of Magellanes by the famous Antarctic explorer, after his famous journey in an open boat from Elephant Island to South Georgia, and then by whaler to Magellanes, in search of help for his marooned comrades. Just before leaving England on his last voyage of exploration in the Antarctic, Shackleton mentioned to me the joy it had given him to reach fellow-countrymen in this very club after the terrible experiences of that famous boat journey. Years later he died in these southern seas, and the lonely grave in South Georgia is not so far away in this region of vast distances.

Here is a description of Magellanes, written shortly after my sojourn at the bottom of the world : " So isolated is its position that the only method of reaching or leaving it is by a sea voyage of at least 1,000 miles. It is the only place in the whole of South America where skating and sleighing can be enjoyed during

the winter months. The town, although much improved during recent years, is still a mixture of stone, wood and corrugated iron, standing on a slope. It has one large and prettily laid-out square, surrounded by some of the more important Government offices and buildings. The population of this place is about 27,000, and, owing to the amount of wood used in the construction of its many buildings, there are no less than six fire-brigades. Magellanes possesses a golf-course, and horse-races are held every Sunday during the brief summer. In winter the whole town is often deep under snow for many weeks at a time.

The history of this lone settlement on the *ultima thule* of the American continent—the one civilised spot in thousands of square miles of little-known mountain, forest and pampa—provides a record of the early exploration of the surrounding regions. The first navigator to enter the famous strait, which was then thought to be the only waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific, the route round the Horn not having been discovered, was Magellan, who passed the "Cape of Eleven Thousand Virgins" (now Cape Virgins) in October 1520. He was followed by other Spanish adventurers, and by Sir Francis Drake in 1578. Then came Sarmiento, who founded the ill-fated colony at Port Famine, some thirty miles distant from Punta Arenas. All except two of the unfortunate early Spanish colonists perished after terrible privations, owing to the failure of Sarmiento to bring them relief in time. Several efforts were afterwards made to found colonies in this desolate region, but with little success. For many years it became the resort of buccaneers during the summer months, and was the scene of many murders, mutinies,

massacres, and unrecorded sea-fights. Eventually the wind and cold triumphed, driving all away who tried to make their homes in this wilderness. In the year 1843 the Chilean Government established a naval station to assist explorers of this forsaken region of the earth, later converting it into a place of exile for prisoners—a Siberia of the South. There was mutiny, death and disease in this land of transportation, and again the elements conquered. At last, in 1877, the raising of sheep was introduced, and these animals prospered exceedingly. In 1889 Punta Arenas was a tiny settlement of wooden shacks buried in the wastes of the Far South. Its population numbered only 1,580. Then came the steamship and the use of the Magellan Strait as a near cut from Atlantic to Pacific. For sailing ships this waterway has proved a dangerous one, as the old wrecks and lonely sailors' graves on some of its bleak islands testify. The discovery of gold-bearing sands and coal of low grade were the next events to assist this heroic little outpost, thrust boldly out into Antarctic seas.

Apart from Magellanes, which is situated on the north or Patagonian shore of Magellan's Strait, there are no towns of any importance in the whole of this vast region of nearly a quarter of a million square miles. On Tierra del Fuego—the large island which gives its name to the whole archipelago—there is the small settlement of Povenir, a wooden township inhabited largely by gold-washers and station hands of Slavonic origin. In the Far South, on the Beagle Channel, in that portion of Tierra del Fuego belonging to Argentina, there is the small settlement, Ushuaia, which is principally a penal station—the Argentine Siberia. Northwards in Chilean Patagonia, the only

settlements of any importance besides Magellanes are Puerto Natales, with about 4,000 inhabitants, and Ultima Esperanza, situated in the midst of some of the finest scenery in this bleak land. It is estimated that over twenty-five per cent. of this whole region is either owned or rented by sheep-farmers, who are generally of Scottish descent.

One of the most interesting of Magellane's residents whom I met was the venerable Editor of the *Magellan Times*, which has the distinction of being the southern-most journal in the English language. Another of its inhabitants recalled the days when the savage natives of Tierra del Fuego were shot on sight by the pioneer farmers because of their stealing and marauding propensities. One bitterly cold evening, towards the end of the brief summer, I spent in the local cinema. Here, raised on a kind of balcony, divided into open " boxes," with the auditorium in full view, I found the audience of many nationalities, including a large number of negroes and a few Chinese, more interesting than the films being shown.

Before leaving Magellanes I motored into the Patagonian pampa, which can only be pithily described by a series of " W's," for it is wide, wild, wind-swept and watery. In summer, a broad horizon of flat or undulating prairie, covered by coarse tussocks and short blades of nutritious grasses, stubby white-blossomed *fachin* bushes, bogs, and innumerable patches and streaks of steel-like water, with far-away lines of blue hills. In winter, just a vast snow-field, with only the hummocks of white held up by the taller grasses, and the lines, miles in length, of barbed-wire boundaries and sheep-pens, to break the monotony. Of farm-houses—if a term of such homely meaning

can be applied to these outlying stations scattered very sparsely over these far southern plains—there is no sign; binoculars will, however, reveal perhaps one in every fifty or a hundred square miles; well-built wooden bungalows surrounded by great shearing sheds, barns, dips, and all the accessories of a big sheep station. The blue columns of smoke from their fires form the best guide to their location.

An exhilarating ride along the boundaries reveals the sheep. Flocks varying from 1,000 to 3,000 in the thin snow, or on some wind-cleared patches nibbling the long grass unceasingly while waiting for the time when the snow will melt and expose the nutritious shorter blades beneath. Possibly they are dreading the painless but decidedly cooling process of mechanical shearing and dipping, but the wool they possess is their principal value and pays annually for their maintenance.

CHAPTER XXIX

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD

LEAVING Magellanes I voyaged through the strait into Admiralty Sound, and landed for a brief space in one of the many Antarctic islands. Here are the impressions I gained of this wild and inhospitable land. Tierra del Fuego is an almost unknown region of innumerable islands, fjords, snow-fields, mountains, glaciers, thick forests and boggy pampa, inhabited by a few lonely gold-washers, sheep-farmers, and families of half-wild Indians with curious propensities—the Eskimo of the South. The name " Tierra del Fuego," or land of fire, was derived partly from its volcanic origin, but mainly from the numerous signal fires with which the many families of natives used to communicate with each other across the intervening waterways, combined, no doubt, with their cooking operations. These blazing logs dotted all over the dark forbidding mountain-sides, and reflected by the snow-fields, glaciers, and in the still waters of the fjords, must have deeply impressed early explorers. In these by-gone times the Fuegians were numerous, but contact with civilisation, combined with ruthless massacres, have reduced their numbers so considerably that before many years have passed they will, doubtless, become extinct.

These Indians belong to three distinct races. On the mainland of Tierra del Fuego there are still some families of the old *Onah* tribe, who are far less treacherous and bloodthirsty than either the *Yahgans*, who inhabit some of the more remote semi-explored islets, and the *Alaculof*, or Canoe Indians, of the fjords and Magellan's territory. In former days many of the tribes, especially the Onahs, lived by hunting the guañaco. When the few white settlers brought sheep to these wild lands, and killed the former denizens of mountain and pampa, the Fuegians regarded the sheep as fair game for their spears and arrows. This led to continuous warfare with the white settlers, and the rapid thinning of the native ranks by magazine rifles.

All these tribes live in small family groups, and are nomadic, moving their camping grounds at least every third day. They still roam the inexpressibly damp and desolate forests and pampa armed with bows and arrows, the latter being tipped with stone or fish bone, worn to a suitable size and point by a coarse sandstone found in the mountains. Their food, since the almost total extinction of the guañaco, except in the heart of the unknown cordillera, consists principally of shell-fish and wild geese. A terrible stench from the remnants of these always marks their camping places. Otters, foxes and seals provide them with clothes, oil and covering for their tepees, which are usually erected in a small clearing in the forest, where the weird, ghostly light streams through the branches and forms patterns on the snow.

The tepee is a curious structure. Branches are bent over to form a dome, which is thickened by others cut from the trees, and the whole erection is

covered with skins—mostly of sheep—and is banked up the sides with mud or snow. Dirty blankets are arranged across the entrance. It is low-roofed, very small, and utterly poverty-stricken, dirty and pitiful. It must form but a poor shelter against the almost continuous rain, wind and snow. A sluggish fire of damp wood crackles and splutters on the lee side of the clearing, but of cooking utensils there are very few, and absolutely no ornaments or visible stores of provisions.

The *Onahs* are by no means repulsive in appearance. Some of the younger girls and boys might even be considered good-looking compared with the low type of Amazonian savage. They have the characteristic high cheek bones of the American Indian, cruel mouths, narrow-slit eyes, with flat noses of Mongolian appearance. Their dress consists principally of a single-piece garment of heterogeneous skins, and a poncho, or coarse and very dirty blanket. Some of the women have a kind of full skirt, but the majority dress in the same way as the men, and, were it not for their long, greasy black hair, could easily be mistaken for them. The dress of the children varies from nothing to a bundle of furs, according to season. Among the natives of no other land is there such a strong resemblance to the popular conception of the prehistoric man as the pale bronze figure of an Onah Indian clad in skins and armed with stone-headed spears.*

A bitter wind coming from the south-west, off the not-far-distant Polar ice, blew in fierce gusts accom-

* From "Modern South America," by Charles W. Domville-Fife. Published by Seely Service & Co. Ltd., London, and the Lippincott Co. of Philadelphia.

panied by snow squalls as I voyaged along the 320 miles of Magellan's Strait towards the South Pacific. The channel varies in width from one to seventeen miles. The snow-laden Andes come down in a chaos of peaks and glaciers to the almost blue-black strait, forming the stark end of the great American continent. Away to the south lies the maze of islands, channels and lonely mountains known by the generic name of Tierra del Fuego, an area extending about 500 miles from north-west to south-east, and about 200 miles wide. The western and southern parts of this archipelago are exceptionally rugged and mountainous, some of the peaks rising to a height of 8,000 feet above the surrounding boisterous sea. Undoubtedly Tierra del Fuego owes its formation as a group of Antarctic islands to the partial submergence of the extreme southern end of the great continent, which extends from Point Barrow, Alaska, in latitude 71° 10′ N. to Magellan's Strait, in 53° S.

Cape Froward, the last of the Americas, a frowning black headland projecting from the Patagonian, or northern shore, into the icy waters of the strait, passed by in a haze of driving snow. A great white and blue glacier came down to the edge of the sea-channel a few miles farther on, and for a brief space the virgin snows of Sarmiento's lofty peaks gleamed dully white against one of the most stormy skies I have ever seen.

An Indian canoe containing several miserable-looking beings huddled round a bucket full of glowing charcoal were the only living things to be seen during the long voyage through these tortuous channels and islands. When the snow thickened and obscured the view, the steamer which was taking me north to

warmth and civilisation stopped her engines and drifted with the tide. So dangerous are the many rocks that great care is taken while navigating this short cut from Atlantic to Pacific.

At last came the shrieking wind, which for ever blows from the west through this flooded canyon, then the Evangelistas Rocks—a wild chaos of jagged spines and islands rising from a foaming sea veiled in flying spume, and, finally, the broad, heaving bosom of the Pacific. Steaming northwards up the west coast of South America the sun had cleared away the heavy clouds within forty-eight hours, and was dappling the sea with patches of silver light.

CHAPTER XXX

THE CHILE OF TO-DAY

THE blue Pacific sparkled in the brilliant sunshine or stretched away to the horizon like a sheet of frosted silver in the moonlight as we steamed northwards up the west coast of South America towards Valparaiso. I have twice passed through these waters—on one occasion voyaging by local steamer in the narrow channels and fjords of the Patagonian archipelago. Here is the impression obtained of this inner passage, as recorded in my diary : " The broad expanse of sea is literally covered with islands both large and small, each of which is clothed with dark green foliage, usually so thick that only an occasional rock can be seen. Many rise steeply out of the peculiar indigo depths, and here and there an impressive snow-capped mountain stands up gaunt with its base in a smother of wind-blown foam. It is the atmosphere, the lights and shades in these Patagonian channels which give them such a forbidding aspect. Great masses of cloud sweep across the stormy sea, bringing with them a fog of snowflakes, while away in another direction a pale but intense sunlight is turning an area of colourless water into a silver sheen, and the islands with which it is studded into olive-green hummocks. Far away to the eastward a line of glaciers is catching the light

from a patch of blue sky. They are Andean summits on the mainland, where the snow-line, even in summer, is but little over 3,000 feet."

Out beyond this maze of islands, rocks and channels, the Pacific rolls in from world-wide stretches of Antarctic Ocean. Although the wind remained strong in the Roaring Forties it died away rapidly, and within fifty hours of leaving Magellan's Strait the sun had asserted its mastery. The colours changed as in the transformation scene of an old-fashioned pantomime. That which had been a study in black and white became a beautiful seascape of blue and gold. Almost as quickly as it had fallen between the River Plate and the Falkland Islands, so the temperature rose again on turning north from the inexpressibly savage-looking Evangelistas Rocks.

Here, in warmth and sunshine, we are rolling gently in Valparaiso Bay. This great Chilean seaport has been called " the Liverpool of the Pacific," and it is certainly very English in aspect. It is built on a series of hills, access to the summits of which is gained by a series of electric elevators. For nine months in the year the climate is one of almost perpetual summer. Coming from the Equator, the northerly winds prevailing during the so-called winter prevent these months from being really winterly, but give to Valparaiso a fairly warm but wet season. When the hot weather returns the wind also obliges by changing direction to south, and coming from off the Antarctic ice materially cools the temperature.

Valparaiso is a city of steep inclines, cactus-covered hills, sharp curves, and abrupt rock walls with tufts of green, red and purple in lofty crevices. There is a magnificent marine drive cut out of the

solid rock and facing the blue Pacific. It extends from Valparaiso to the little seaside resort of Concon. Connected with Valparaiso by a portion of this road is Viña del Mar, with its Lido-like beach of golden sands, coloured umbrellas, black rocks, lines of snowy surf rolling in from the sapphire bay, its modern bathing-pool, race-course, and its English-like clubs and hotels. Viña, as it is usually called, is a portion of the Riviera in a South American setting. Almost every road is an avenue, every house is embowered in bougainvillea, wistaria, begonia, flame trees and palms.

Having watched from the little esplanade and bathing station of Recreo the colourful and spectacular Sunday morning display of diving through the immense Pacific breakers, I decided no longer to be merely an interested spectator—and so began my adventures in Chile. Expressing a desire to enjoy a week's bathing before going up country, I was kindly offered a private tent at the neighbouring little resort of Concon. The sea looked intensely blue, with lines of snowy surf rolling forward enticingly. I plunged joyously in with the assurance of an adequate knowledge of swimming gained in each of the seven seas. But I had overlooked the wicked operations of the Humboldt current, which passes up the west coast of South America on its way from the Antarctic, and I understood immediately why the sea looked so *blue* and the surf so *snowy*. This great ocean stream causes the water along the Pacific coast to be icy cold when compared with the warmth of the atmosphere and the almost tropical heat of the sun.

The same Sunday afternoon, in chastened mood, I sought the sunlit patches on the tree-encircled

race-course, and watched the gay scene of Valparaiso at play. Then in the evening I ascended one of the hills by electric lift, and watched the tiers of lights, like tiny floating stars, blink and flame all over the dark slopes facing the moonlit bay. Yes, Valparaiso and its consort Viña del Mar are certainly fortunate cities in more ways than one, but there is nothing typically South American about either of them. And yet, not so very long ago, things used to happen in this now sophisticated city. Ships in the bay were compelled to keep sailors armed with rifles on the decks to prevent cargo-thieves climbing up the anchor chains, and arranging all sorts of devices for transferring bales and barrels into boats which drew swiftly alongside in the darkness of the night. Some of the hills and streets ashore were also unsafe. I could not help thinking that there must be a large number of assassins still at large in these towns of the Pacific slope. Less than forty years ago there was scarcely a dawn which did not reveal a knifed body in the roadway.

A gruesome story was told me of old Valparaiso. In the darkness of the night a belated traveller was climbing one of the lofty flights of steps which then led to the residential heights above the commercial and maritime quarter along the bay-front. Not being certain of the turns at the top, he was about to ask the direction from a passer-by whose footsteps he could hear approaching. It is not difficult to imagine this presumably good citizen's horror on finding himself confronted by a drink-crazed Chilean-Indian holding in his hand the severed head of his wife !

A little knife-slashing is still carried on in the lower quarters of these towns and in the more remote

country regions, but the Valparaiso of to-day is so westernised as to print the names of its principal streets and squares in *English* as well as Spanish ; to publish an excellent English newspaper, the *South Pacific Mail* ; and to provide tea-rooms, which are crowded in the afternoons. Then, at Viña del Mar, there are fine schools, owned and managed by either American or British masters, so its lure is more residential and commercial ; and I left for Santiago.

That which strikes one most in the capital of Chile is the entire absence of the *manaña* habit. Notwithstanding periods of severe trade depression, Santiago seems clean, prosperous and confident. After journeying to and fro over Chile, I came to the conclusion that upon this stately city is focused the commercial energy of the nation, shared, perhaps, with the port of Valparaiso.

It is a curious fact that every important South American capital, with the exception of Buenos Aires, possesses a lofty hill which is laid out as a public garden. Rio de Janeiro has the famous Sugar Loaf Mountain ; Caracas, the chief city of Venezuela, has Calvario ; Lima, the capital of Peru, possesses the Cerro de San Cristobal ; and Santiago has Santa Lucia, which, although by no means the highest—it is only 400 feet—is certainly the most beautiful of them all.

It is a public garden with winding paths bordered by flowers, trees and miniature waterfalls, and ornamented with rockeries, old iron gateways, bastions and turrets. These paths and broad stone steps lead to the summit. From this eminence beautiful panoramic views can be obtained over the city and plain, which is 1,760 feet above sea-level and eight

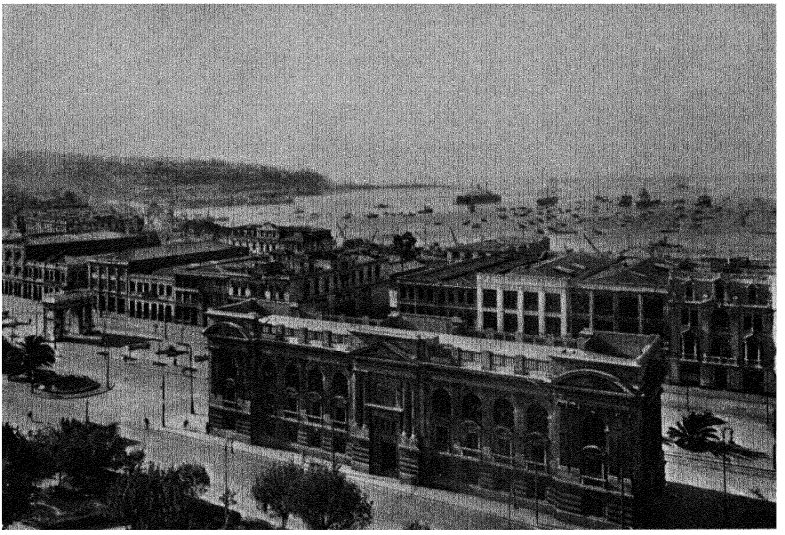


SANTIAGO
View from Santa Lucia.



FLOWER MARKET—SANTIAGO

Facing page 218—3.



VALPARAISO BAY CHILE



STREET SCENE IN VIÑA DEL MAR CHILE

square miles in area. It is closed in on one side by the lofty Andes.

Why Santa Lucia, which is situated in the centre of the city and played an important part in its early history, should have been called *Huelin*, or " Sorrow," by the Indians of former days is difficult to conceive. I mounted to the top of this hill when the sun was dipping behind the broad Pacific, and could think of few scenes more productive of joy in the human breast. The whole plain was flooded with orange light, and the flat roofs of Santiago gave the appearance of an immense city in flames. Away in the opposite direction the great cordillera, usually ethereal, white and yet faintly blue, seemed to have moved closer and to overhang the city. When the purple shadows of early evening crept over the streets below and myriad lights twinkled in lines and groups, both far and near, the opalescent Andean peaks, two and a half miles above the plazas and avenues, still caught the ruby fires of the departing day.

Near to the base of this hill, and leading through the " West End," runs the tree-bordered Alameda de las Delicias. Here is the beautiful flower market, an oval of artistic stalls, and here also is the two miles long main artery of the Chilean capital, which has a population of over 600,000. Although Spaniards and Araucanian Indians formed the ancestors of the Chileans of to-day, it should be pointed out that the existing race, due to the great influx of German, French, Slavonic, Italian and British immigrants, who came when the country had achieved independence, is whiter than any other in the whole of Latin America. This is especially the case with the

better class of Chilean, whose descent is nearly always pure Spanish, or else a mixture of the predominant race with other European peoples. There is no negro blood in Chile; nevertheless, this country is a veritable melting-pot. The census has disclosed as many as forty different nationalities. Many of the Chileans of the present time have English, Scottish or Irish blood in their veins. In Southern Chile there are, however, the large and prosperous German colonies, which have their centre in the important city and port of Valdivia.

Wandering about Santiago, I came upon some fascinating traces of an earlier day in the arcades and palaces of the Plaza de Armas. Here is La Moneda, the old residence of the Viceroy and now the Presidential Palace. In the Foreign Office, at which I called, it struck me how English-like were the chiefs of this state in both their appearance and their manner. The carabineers, who act as a kind of mounted and armed police, are a really fine body of men. They are, however, the *corps d'élite* of the Chilean Army. In the naval base of Talcahuana I had an opportunity of seeing something of the Chilean Navy, and came to the conclusion that it was decidedly the best armed and most efficient force in the whole of South America. Subsequently I had a long talk with a member of the British Naval Mission, who was loud in his praise of the Chilean sailor and officer, but considered that politics were allowed to enter too deeply into the life and work of the fleet.

The home of one of the finest sporting clubs in the world is situated at the back of the grand stand on the Santiago race-course. It is the Club Hipico, which might well serve as an inspiration to architects

in other parts of South America ; and, of course, the Union Club is the social rendezvous of the capital. Through the kindness of members I was granted the privileges of the Prince of Wales Country Club, situated just outside the city. This delightful social centre possesses a fine open-air swimming-bath surrounded by a shady tea terrace, tennis courts and a golf-course.

Although Chile possesses a large number of medium-sized towns scattered throughout its enormously long territory, there is really only one other city in the southern, or temperate, portion of the country which is of outstanding importance. This is Concepcion, the commercial centre of the agricultural region, which I reached by one of the comfortable express trains of the state railway. Here, again, one has only to climb the Caracol Hill in order to obtain a bird's-eye view of this old town. What Santiago and Valparaiso lack, Concepcion is able, in a certain measure, to supply—the less efficient but more romantic atmosphere of the South America which exists away from the cosmopolitan coast-line. To define it in words is difficult.

It consists of glimpses and impressions—an old arcade, a flowering patio, a big black sombrero, a cloud of dust and mules, a number of nondescript people asleep beneath the palms of a plaza, all add their quota to produce that atmosphere which, when carried a little further, enables the traveller of the twentieth century to walk suddenly into the eighteenth. In a totally different category is the town of Temuco, still farther south, which can boast of no history at all. In 1882 it was just a military post in the wild Arauco country ; to-day it is a city. Its interest

for the non-commercial traveller lies in the little village of the Araucanian Indians, just across the bridge which spans the Bio Bio River.

Here the descendants of this warrior race still retain many of the old tribal customs and wear the peculiar marks and insignia. In the Indian cemetery there are the fantastic tombstones, carved out of tree trunks to represent the figures of men and animals. Somehow these Araucanians resemble both the Maori of New Zealand and the Indians of northern British Columbia. Their gravestones are similar to the more familiar totem poles.

Everywhere in this cemetery of a dying race are garlands of flowers on trees and images. The characteristic work of the Araucanian Indians is beaten silver in the form of articles of personal adornment and household utility. Then there are the genuine *chaopinas* of hand-spun vicuña and alpaca wool. Since the introduction of sheep, however, the blankets and ponchos are often made of the wool of this animal.

Lying between the live heart of this long and industrious country and its half-frozen, but sheep-covered, Antarctic extremity, there is a middle kingdom. It is a region of lakes, forests and snow-capped mountains—a South American Switzerland and Norway combined. Beginning at Puerto Montt, it extends eastwards across the Argentine frontier. It is the new playground of the Pacific coast—the Chilean Lakes.

CHAPTER XXXI

IN THE ISLE OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

THERE is a curious fascination about the lonely little island of Juan Fernandez, which I reached after a 300 miles' voyage out from Valparaiso between the inimitable blues of Pacific seas and skies. Away from the track of ships, almost unchanged by the centuries, it is the tropical island of boyhood romance—the home of " Robinson Crusoe." Here I found the cave, the forest paths, the palms, the look-out, and the golden sand in which Defoe's castaway first saw the footprints of " man Friday."

Juan Fernandez is about twenty-two miles long and eight miles wide at the broadest part. It is so well described in Defoe's immortal story that there can be no doubt that he made the easy error of placing it on the wrong side of the continent. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was a refitting ground for buccaneers. Their vessels rode safely at anchor in a sheltered cove, while foraging parties collected water, timber and fruit in the jungles ashore. Many a wild orgy by these lawless pirates must have taken place in snug, cliff-encircled Cumberland Bay. So like the written descriptions of their haunts is this remote little islet that one can almost smell buried treasure, and see the galleys, with their tall sterns, battle lanterns, rakish masts and guns,

resting in picturesque disorder on the still blue waters.

I landed in Cumberland Bay, and had my first meal ashore in the little wood facing the sandy beach in which Crusoe first saw the footprints of Friday. Over two and a quarter centuries have now elapsed since Alexander Selkirk, whom Defoe called "Robinson Crusoe," landed on this island, which is merely one of the little Juan Fernandez group, and is named Más a Tierra. The great romance, as written by Defoe, does not exactly correspond with established fact. Selkirk was not a shipwrecked mariner, but the quartermaster of the *Cinque Ports* galley, an English vessel forming one of Dampier's piratical squadron. He could no longer endure the inhuman treatment of the brutal Captain Stradling, and voluntarily left the ship with a sailor's few belongings and a small stock of food in 1704.

According to his own story, Selkirk was left upon the beach with only a Bible, a gun, a pound of gunpowder, an axe, a package of tobacco and a box of clothing. When he saw the boat, which had brought him ashore, disappearing on the return journey to the *Cinque Ports*, he shouted for it to come back, but he was not heard. The vegetables he found on the island were those planted forty years before by a Spanish friar, Father Rosales, and the goat meat he obtained from the wild descendants of the animals landed in 1580. These wild goats are still to be seen wandering over this and the adjacent islets.

The *Cinque Ports* then sailed away into the uncharted seas of the South Pacific. Doubtless many pitying glances were cast at the lonely figure on the beach astern as the island slowly receded into the

tropical haze, but little did those aboard this small buccaneering ship of only ninety-six tons and sixteen guns realise that the commonplace little drama enacted on the high seas would provide the world with a story which was to prove immortal.

One of Selkirk's greatest anxieties was not to lose the power of speech as the years passed, and to dispel this fear he carved on his wooden drinking-cup the following inscription: "Alexander Selkirk. This is my cup, and when you take me on board fill it with punch or wine." On three occasions Spanish ships arrived at the island, but, enemies of all who dared to sail into the Pacific, they tried to catch Selkirk, "as if he were a wild beast." On each occasion, however, he succeeded in escaping.

After a short time of complete solitude, Selkirk was surprised to discover the existence of a single Indian on this desert island. He saw the marks of a human foot imprinted in the sand. The Indian, whom he eventually discovered and named "Friday," was a native of the Mosquito Coast of Central America who, under the name of "Robin," had, while ashore in search of food and water, been abandoned on Más a Tierra by the buccaneer Sharp about twenty-two years before. From 1704 to 1709 these two lived in solitude upon this lonely Pacific island.

Más a Tierra is a lovely sub-tropical island far out in the blue waters of the South Seas. It has green hills, palm jungles, and one misty-peaked mountain, called the Anvil, over 3,000 feet high. It has altered little since the days of Crusoe, and after reading the famous romance on the scene of the actual adventure, I was able to find the cave, the water-hole, and the look-out. The climb up the rough track to this lofty

point entails considerable effort in the great heat, but the view extends far and wide over the small hazy, tree-covered island to the open sea beyond.

Fixed to the rock at this lofty point there is a tablet, erected by the officers of H.M.S. *Topaz* in A.D. 1868. The inscription reads :—

> In memory of Alexander Selkirk, a mariner, a native of Largo, County of Fife, Scotland, who lived upon this island in complete solitude for 4 years and 4 months. He was landed from the "Cinque Ports" Galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the "Duke" Privateer, on February 12th, 1709. He died Lieutenant of H.B.M.S. "Weymouth"; 47 years. This tablet is erected upon Selkirk's Look-out by Commodore Powell and the Officers of H.B.M.S. "Topaz," A.D. 1868.

Time and weather have rendered this inscription a little difficult to read, but it remains undamaged, a lasting reminder to wanderers in these little-frequented seas of the glorious age of adventure and of boyhood days.

It was here that Selkirk spent most of the four long years watching for a sail, and the centuries between then and now seem to fall away with surprising ease as one follows the jungle path leading downhill to the sandy shore where the castaway first saw human footprints, then along a rocky portion of the coast to where the cave is situated. The tall grasses, with which he thatched and wove, still rustle in the warm trade winds. There is the sunlight, the blue sea, the palms and the silence—for it is still an almost desert island far out in the broad ocean.

Then came the long-awaited sail. While approaching the island towards sunset, Captain Rogers, of the English privateer *Duke*, noticed a fire

burning on the shore, and on the following day a man was observed coming down the mountain slope dressed like a savage, and followed by a flock of animals. With much difficulty, and with promises that he would be allowed to return to the island if he desired, Selkirk was eventually taken on board the English ship. It so happened that Dampier was the acting pilot of the *Duke*, and immediately recognised the castaway of former years. Selkirk was made quartermaster of the privateer, and in that capacity was able to satisfy his early ambition to voyage round the world.

On returning to England, with his share of the booty obtained in the capture of the treasure-laden Spanish ship *Acapulco*, Selkirk told his tale of adventure to Daniel Defoe, who published his fascinating story in 1719. Back in civilisation, this Scottish mariner was granted a commission in the King's Navy. He died a Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Weymouth*, although only forty-seven years of age. About the subsequent career of "Friday," nothing seems to be definitely known. It is said that he became a body-servant to his old master. In later years Selkirk exclaimed, "Oh, my beloved island! I wish I had never left thee!"

CHAPTER XXXII

A STORM IN THE NITRATE FIELDS

FROM Juan Fernandez Island I voyaged along what is called the "Flaming Coast" to the ports of the Chilean nitrate fields. Although these towns are isolated from the world by vast stretches of arid desert, and have little of interest to offer, there is one period of the day during which the scenery can be considered peculiarly beautiful. With the setting of the sun behind the Pacific horizon, the gigantic cliffs, brown-earth hills, bird islands, sand-dunes and towns are all tinged with vivid orange and crimson flame, which, immediately after sunset, gives place to a purple mist.

The city and port of Antofagasta is quite a fine place, with well-made streets, shops, hotels, and, what is even more remarkable, quite a pretty public garden in the midst of sterility. All around are the almost waterless and sun-scorched deserts. Here three gods reign supreme on the cracked and dusty earth; these are nitrate, copper and borate, which about half a century ago awakened this Sahara of South America from its primordial sleep. To-day they are the mainstay of the cities which have sprung up between the deserts and the sea, of the railways which cross the mirage-haunted pampa, and of the wealth and happiness of a quarter of a million people

of all nationalities who dwell on these burning plains of alkali.

When travelling across these immensities of desert, even the track of the railway appears to sink into the great vapour lakes of the mirage or to rise suddenly to the brazen sky. Nothing is real except the dry, thirst-producing heat and the occasional whirling " dust-devils " which rise up like waterspouts from an ethereal sea. The wind, which never fails to blow during the late afternoon, is used to propel railroad sailing cars. These " ships of the desert," with heavy loads, move with billowing sails across the limitless and horizon-wide plains.

I visited the Chilean nitrate fields for the first time as a young man during the early years of the nineteenth century, and stayed with the manager of an *oficina*, or nitrate works, on the Atacama Desert. In those days the diggers were paid in tokens instead of currency, which they could exchange for necessities at the store belonging to the concession. At certain periods, however, the tokens not sacrificed in this way were converted into Chilean *pesos*, and on these occasions a strong force of carabineers were always in the close vicinity. Drunkenness, riots, murders, and the burning of administrative buildings and bungalows were frequent happenings.

There are certain incidents in life which survive in the memory with remarkable clarity of detail, and my last night on this desert is one of them. For days beforehand there had been trouble with the hundreds of wild, thirst-and-heat-crazed and often criminally inclined men of twenty or more nationalities who shovelled the *caliche*, or raw nitrate, from the open

beds beneath the layers of sand and disintegrated rock into the iron trucks which were used to convey it to the *oficina*, or refining works. A small but sufficient body of Chilean cavalry had been promised by telegraph for the pay-out. It was known that many of the men would leave for the coast directly they had changed their tokens into currency because of the dissatisfaction produced, first, by a rumour that more money was being received by the diggers in the Tarapacá fields farther north, and secondly, through drink having been smuggled into the camp by renegades who were prepared to wait for payment until the miners exchanged their tokens.

When all was ready for the payment of many thousands of pesos in return for the little tokens, neither money nor carabineers arrived. The infuriated diggers waited until dusk, and the first sign of trouble came when we saw flames bursting through the windows of the store. The women and children had already been sent down to the coast as a precautionary measure, and three miles away in the desert an engine and trucks, with steam up ready, was waiting for eventualities. These came soon enough. After setting fire to the store, the mob of diggers, most of whom were armed with a knife or a revolver, went from one bungalow to another with flaming torches. Nothing but a strong force of troops would now hold them in check, and we had learned at the eleventh hour that it was impossible to send these, as a serious revolt had broken out elsewhere, to which all the military and police available had been immediately dispatched.

There were four of us in the manager's bungalow, and resistance was out of the question because, even

if it had been possible to hold the frenzied men in check by rifle-fire for a short time, there was no possibility of relief arriving for some days. The supply of precious water would also be cut off by the mutineers, who knew by experience the one vital necessity of desert life and work. The setting fire to the store, which was now blazing furiously, had increased the difficulty of getting away unseen, because the flames illuminated the plain over a wide area. It had to be attempted, however, and we made our way outside, not daring to run or even hurry, because this would have rendered us conspicuous.

Relying upon the diggers being fully occupied with the stores of liquor and food left in the vacated bungalows, we resisted, with an effort, the desire to run, and made our way in twos towards the nitrate railways. Luckily a line of buildings housing the refineries soon intervened, and we stumbled in the darkness across the open desert. Never, either before or since, have three miles seemed such a long distance. The nights are comparatively cold after the scorching heat of the day, and we shivered in our white duck suits. At last we reached the engine and open trucks. Squatting in these jolting vehicles, numbed and cramped, we travelled through the night to Antofagasta, and safety. It should be said that the mutineers suffered severely at the hands of a Chilean naval detachment when they entered the town a few days later and endeavoured to create a revolution there.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ON THE BOLIVIAN TABLE-LAND

THE new and the civilised are left behind when the old Sierra of the Incas rises in chaotic confusion around. It is the home of the Sun Worshipper, the region of the hairy vicuña, alpaca and llama, the lonely retreat of the great condor. What little there is of modern development is lost in the immensity of the mountains. All is different—race, life, custom, scenery and climate. The tropics can be seen 10,000 feet below, in the dim valleys leading down to the flickering nitrate pampa ; but the Arctics are nearer at hand, in the glittering line of Andean snows, from which the chill winds blow down on to this *Altaplanici* of Bolivia.

It is the roof of the New World, like Tibet is that of Asia. A region of 66,000 square miles raised 12,000 feet above sea-level. Unlike its equivalent in the Eastern Hemisphere, however, this remarkable table-land, in a loop of the Andes, supports cities, inland seas, and still loftier mountains, possesses rich mines, and affords food for nearly three millions of people, as well as for the queer, long-necked animals who live only in the rarefied air of great altitudes. Cereals are grown at an elevation unequalled in any other part of the world. Some of its mountains are capped with snow and ice, but emit boiling water from their

base. One of its lakes is almost equal in size to Lake Erie and is larger than the Straits of Dover. It is, in fact, although but little known, one of the wonder regions of the earth.

There are curious people on this lofty plateau of the Pacific slope. The Bolivian is of Spanish descent, unless he be *Chola*, or full-blooded Indian. The Aymara and the Quichua have been accustomed to toil unceasingly and without question for centuries past. Twenty thousand of them dedicated their lives to building a great mountain road 500 years ago, which still exists to-day. Their temples and palaces of mortarless masonry were constructed by the unremunerated labour of thousands. They were then the all-powerful Children of the Sun, whose dominion extended over a million square miles of the great Andean sierra. To-day these descendants of the Incas form about forty per cent. of the three millions comprising the Bolivian nation. They are the despised peasantry of the highlands.

About eighty per cent. of the population of Bolivia live at an altitude of not less than 10,000 feet, where the conditions of life are difficult and the climate rigorous. What this lofty nation owes to its patient, toil-worn and coca-poisoned Indian population it is impossible to estimate. An Aymara can loop along in front of a trotting horse for sixty miles without a halt ; pain is almost unknown to him, and food is of little importance compared with his lime gourd and bag of coca leaves. It is this latter drug which enables these really poor specimens of humanity to become the greatest athletes in the world so far as locomotion is concerned.

There are here quite a number of *Cholas* or

Indians with a strong mixture of Spanish blood in their veins. They are, however, to be pitied, for, although they often enjoy considerable wealth and dress in a somewhat exaggerated European style, there is the inevitable difference in their accepted status, not perhaps so marked as in other lands, but nevertheless existent. The full-blooded Aymaras are agriculturists, and their women, in numerous and bright-coloured skirts and shawls, bring in the produce of the stony fields for sale in the town markets, where both temperate and tropical fruits and flowers can be purchased quite cheaply. All around this lofty table-land lay the unmeasured leagues of tropical forest and plain, which is still the dead heart of South America.

It is a topsy-turvy land, in which the custom and procedure usual in other hemispheres and lower altitudes are reversed. During certain seasons of the year it is far colder indoors than out, and the only way of keeping comfortable is to remove one's overcoat on leaving the house and don it upon entering. Chills are as dangerous in the rarefied air of 12,000-feet elevation as typhus fever in Europe. *Soroche* is an ailment more distressing than neuralgia. Short human necks are there considered to be indicative of short life, and all the animals of these highlands have curiously long necks, which apparently prevents them ever becoming acclimatised to the lowlands. On Titicaca, the sacred lake of the Incas, all sight of land can be lost, but it is situated high up above the normal cloud-line in the midst of one of the greatest mountain ranges in the world. All these curiosities of life are around, but it is, nevertheless, a distinct nation that owns and inhabits this lofty table-land.

Coming up by railway from Antofagasta, on the hot desert coast of Chile, to this lofty Andean table-land was like emerging from the pit of Tophet. The altitude had changed in a few hours from sea-level to 13,487 feet, and the temperature dropped from 110 degrees Fahrenheit to freezing-point, and even lower when the violet shadows of night crept over the bare brown earth and grey rocks.

The line from Antofagasta, on reaching the lofty table-land some 500 miles from the coast, after passing over bridged torrents, through tunnels, under snow-sheds, and along the edge of precipices, during its climb through the passes of the cordillera, runs out on to the barren plateau, high above the clouds, and skirts the shores of Lake Poopo. This immense sheet of water, which is about fifty miles long and thirty miles broad, is merely the outlet for the superfluous snow-waters of Titicaca, an inland sea of 5,200 square miles, situated on a mountain top over 12,000 feet high.

It was during this climb up to Bolivia that I felt most the effects of altitude. A slight shortness of breath was followed by a sensation of choking, accompanied by severe headache. Luckily I had not eaten heavily, and the symptoms soon passed away without the aid of the oxygen carried on all the trans-Andean trains. It was the onset of *soroche*. This curious malady of high altitudes is brought on by eating a hearty meal before heart, lungs and digestion have accommodated themselves to the rarefied air. *Soroche* is a Spanish translation of the Aymara word *Sorojehe* by which this very distressing ailment is known to the Indians of the Altaplanici. It is more generally called, by explorers of high altitudes, "mountain fever."

During the 150 miles' journey across this table-land to the capital, I obtained my first glimpse of Illimani. Eternally clothed in snow and ice, it glittered in the cloudless blue of space. Although distant only forty miles south of the great city of La Paz, it remains to this day almost unexplored, a pyramid, 21,140 feet high, composed of rock, glowing snow-field and glacier, situated only seventeen degrees from the Equator.

Then crest after crest, all like icebergs floating in an azure sea, stretched away into infinity, their bases obscured by mists and only the peaks visible in the sky. It was the glacial zone of the Cordillera Real, or main Andean chain, a marvellous succession of summits running north-west to the second most lofty mountain of the New World, Illampu, on the shores of the mysterious Lake Titicaca.

In the upper ranges of these wild and desolate mountains, vicuñas and guañacos, sure-footed and covered in valuable wool, have their much-loved homes and pastures. So far they have resisted all efforts at domestication, and die in captivity, or when transported to equally cold regions of lower altitude. They live only on the more lofty summits and passes, and are seldom seen below 10,000 feet. These animals are rapidly becoming extinct, owing to the value of their wool, which can be obtained only by killing its possessor. On the lower ranges, from 10,000 to 5,000 feet, the alpaca and llama thrive on the stunted shrubs and short white grass. These animals can be tamed and their wool sheared. This, combined with the lower value of the clip, has prevented their wholesale slaughter.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN

"LA PAZ, Señor," and dark eyes looked at me expectantly.

This announcement made with dramatic emphasis by a railway official left me wondering whether the recent attack of *soroche* had affected sight as well as heart, for all around was the barren table-land, encompassed by range upon range of mountains veiled by the shadows of early evening. My attention had been concentrated upon snow-capped Illimani, still catching the sunset fires and glittering like a ruby in a golden sky. It took some minutes for the eyes to become accustomed to the heavy shadows lying over the bare earth. Slowly the brownish-violet mist cleared and the land ahead appeared to open. From the hollow into which the train was plunging appeared dull grey and red roofs, white towers, and dark patches of green trees. It was the sierra town of La Paz, 12,000 feet above sea-level but nevertheless in a ravine at least 1,400 feet deep, and for some time the train—operated by electricity since leaving the little station of Alto—glided down the steep incline with the aid of many loops and curves to the most lofty capital in the world.

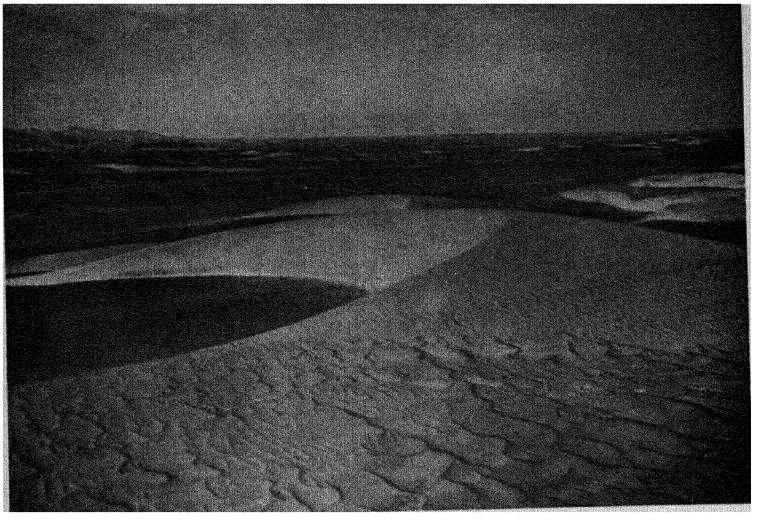
My first impression of La Paz was that here, at

last, I had found a city which was different from anything seen before, and when the steep streets and markets were entered, this opinion was at once confirmed. One of the finest buildings in the capital is the cathedral, the largest in South America, and constructed on the lines of St Peter's, Rome. Although commenced over one hundred years ago it is not yet completed, and the workmen employed on it have inherited their positions, being of the third generation to assist in its erection. Among the interesting features of this fine building is the roof of Bolivian copper, the altar of local marble decorated with gold and silver, the massive granite walls, and the enormous statue of the Internuncio Caroli—known as the " Friend of the Indians "—which is five times life size.

It should not be assumed from this and the other old churches that La Paz—" City of Peace "—obtained its name from the tranquil course of its history. Here is another type of edifice which corrects any such impression. It is the renovated Government Palace, perhaps the most historic building in the capital, for it stands on the site and is partly composed of the old " Palace Terrible." The list of crimes committed within its walls can scarcely be surpassed, even by the Bastille. Here are a few of them. The assassination of Major Candido in 1661, the massacre of citizens in 1781, the murder of three of the city's leaders in 1814, the shooting of hundreds of demonstrators in 1816, the bacchanalias, rivalling those of ancient Rome, which were held a few years later, the murder of two Presidents on the same spot, and the eventual destruction of much of the old building by revolutionists after a further massacre.



BOATS MADE OF TOTORA FIBRE ON LAKE TITICACA



DESERT OF MOVING SAND CRESCENTS PERU



DESCENDANTS OF THE INCAS IN FESTIVAL DRESS—LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

Facing page 238—3.

The principal streets of La Paz are now paved and lighted by arc-lights. It has for its centre the Plaza Murillo, a pretty public garden, surrounded by the Palace, the Congress, the unfinished cathedral, the principal hotel and the leading club. The finest thoroughfares are the Prado, with its continuation, the Avenues Villazon and Arce, lined with eucalyptus trees, and the Avenida Tarapacá ; while the chief commercial streets are the calles Socabaya, Comercio, Recreo and Mercado. Many of the older streets are so steep that neither motor cars nor trams are able to climb up or down them.

The most interesting sight in La Paz is undoubtedly the market. The stalls are usually tended by native women and children in picturesque costumes. Here will be found the tall, light straw hats worn by the *Cholas*, or half-castes ; the hand-woven blankets, ponchos, shawls and jackets of gay colours ; the rugs of alpaca wool and, occasionally, of real vicuña wool ; furs of various kinds ; quaint dolls, pottery and wood carvings. Much bargaining is, however, necessary to prevent being wickedly overcharged in this Indian mart on the roof of the New World.

In order to understand the Bolivia of to-day one must study the life of the Aymara Indian. All over the sierra, narrow, stony paths and streets with steep inclines have defied the advance of modern transportation. Waggons and carts are almost unknown. Away from the railway line, merchandise of every kind is transported in and between the villages and countryside on the backs of men and llamas. The burden which barefooted Indians can carry up and down the steep and rough mountain tracks is almost unbelievable. The price at which they do it is too

low for any imported vehicle with its costly motive power to compete with them. It is no uncommon event for a load to weigh anything up to 300 pounds, and consist of bags of cement, sheets of corrugated iron, boxes of merchandise, or sacks of coal, all of which are seemingly handled with ease. Perhaps a better idea will be obtained of the frightful labour endured by these Children of the Sun if the method of providing ice to the towns on the table-land is given here. Although not essential in the usually cool air of these high altitudes the sun is sometimes extremely fierce, and ice then becomes a readily obtainable luxury in many of the best restaurants. It is secured and distributed, not from an artificial freezing plant by the familiar ice-cart, but it is supplied regularly by Indians who climb up to the glaciers, there hacking off large cakes of natural ice, and carrying these enormous loads on their backs down the steep slopes in the darkness and freezing air of the night for morning delivery in the towns; and this at a price lower than that paid for the heavy frozen water in the great cities of Europe and North America.

These curious Indians are the farmers of the table-land, and still employ the primitive and yet resourceful methods taught to their ancestors by Manco Capac, the founder of the Inca Empire. They guard their flocks with stones hurled with remarkable precision from slings, and are masters of the art of crude irrigation. Terracing the mountain-sides and drilling the seed into the hard soil with infinite patience, they often secure quite good crops from precipitous slopes, cut into step formation, at altitudes up to 14,000 feet.

Examples of Aymara ingenuity appear at almost every turn of the trail across this forbidding land, not only in the piteously small patches of cultivation wrung from an unwilling soil, but also in the form of low-pitched huts, constructed of mud-bricks, thatched with *totora*, carpeted with the same grass-fibre, and furnished with beds, baskets, curtains and mats made of it, the only utensils or clothing being the bright and curiously patterned native cloth blankets, petticoats, scarves, queer hats and earthenware pots. Apparently the Aymaras use *totora* for almost as many purposes as other races in other lands use the bamboo, banana and coconut palm, for on Lake Titicaca a type of catamaran, which is called a *balsa*, is almost completely fashioned of this fibre. This curious reed-like substance grows in shallow water round the shores of this mysterious mountain sea.

The national dress of these dwellers on the roof of the New World bears a certain resemblance to that worn by the natives of equally lofty but distant Tibet. The Aymara women wear several skirts, or petticoats, one over the other, made of a curious hand-woven native cloth of bright colours, some of which are obtained from secret dyes handed down from the gorgeous past. Their shawls, also, are of equally vivid hue, and the hats of both men and women are of sober felt or light straw, with tall crowns and narrow brims. The latter are, however, more often worn by the *Cholas*. During the winter months, woollen caps made of llama fleece, with ear-flaps, are worn beneath this quaint head-gear. The trousers of the men are slit at the back as high as the knee, and a kind of coarse embroidered jacket and shirt completes the attire for full-dress occasions. They are, however,

seldom seen without the poncho, or striped blanket, which is used as a wrap and also as a sleeping bag. In appearance they are decidedly ugly, with deeply lined faces of a yellowish-bronze colour, high cheek bones, broad, flat noses, thin lips and a prematurely aged appearance.

The Aymaras never wash themselves, unless the torrential rain, sleet and hail of the wet season, from December to May, does it for them. The children are usually alive with vermin from the most tender age to the time of their death. One of the curious habits of these people is to sleep with all their clothes and hats on during the cold months, and to strip naked during the short, hot season. Privacy is unknown among them, and in this respect they still retain some of the characteristics of former centuries. One family has one hut, and any wanderer is welcome to spend a night therein ; but he would be a hardy white man who accepted such hospitality, for, although comparatively safe from molestation or robbery, many nights of torment would pay for the shelter so obtained. Their food consists very largely of roots and of similar greasy messes to those enjoyed by the Tibetans.

At certain seasons of the year, especially before and after the meagre harvest, these queer people hold festival—a curious mixture of Christianity and paganism. With hats decorated with leaves, and wearing long, flowing robes of quaint design, they walk in solemn procession, to the weird music of flute-like instruments, through the fields and mud villages. Although nominally Christians, they still worship the Sun as the Giver of Life, and on Lake Titicaca, there is an Island of the Sun and an Island of the Moon,

with some wonderful ruins of palaces and houses. It was here that Manco Capac and his sister-wife founded the old Inca Empire.

During a long journey in the sierra, the staying powers of the Aymara guide are fully appreciated. These coca-chewers of the Bolivian plateau will trot in front of a horseman, warding off the dangers of the trail, for days, with very little food or rest, but all the while chewing the pain-deadening leaves of the coca plant, obtained from the temperate slopes of the mysterious Montaña.

The little bags of leaves pass among these natives of the table-land for currency, one who has a year's supply being considered a rich man. The habit is centuries old, and so poisoned are their bodies with the cocaine extracted by masticating the leaves in combination with the lime that to be without it for any length of time would probably mean death. The leaves are picked and dried in the sun before being chewed.

The coca plant, or shrub, is found growing wild nowhere but in the eastern foothills of the Andes, and the alkaloid known as cocaine is largely manufactured in the small towns on the continental slope of the plateau leading down to the mysterious Equatorial forests of the Upper Amazon. Owing to its value, both to the natives and, in the manufactured form of cocaine, to the medical world, it is also extensively cultivated.

A supply of the mixture from coca pouch and lime gourd, taken in the morning and chewed *en route*, enables one of these extraordinary natives to maintain a kind of swinging trot throughout the whole day. The stifling heat of the deep valleys, the bitter

cold of the snowy passes, the damp heat of the Equatorial jungles, the fatigue of long journeys, the pain of blistered feet, nor the hunger of the average human being seems to affect him in the least. Even prolonged sleep appears to be superfluous. Since the dawn of history the Aymara has always been quiet, industrious and fairly honest, preserving many of the characteristics which built the old Inca Empire.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE SEA ABOVE THE CLOUDS

WHILE journeying by mule across the Bolivian table-land, I learned something of the difficulties of travel away from the beaten track in this lofty country. When the high 'sierra, about thirty-five miles south of La Paz, was entered, the track became very narrow, and was covered with loose stones and boulders from the mountain sides. Deep clefts cut across the mule path, and many of these were at least 90 feet wide and 200 feet deep, with a foaming torrent filling the narrow bed.

These chasms had to be negotiated by means of the *oroya*, which consists of a rough wooden box hanging from a wire by a pulley. The method of crossing is crude and very unstable. The box is entered, and with many ominous creaks is hauled across by the pulley and double cable. If the apparatus was occasionally greased this means of transport would not be too bad, but being rusted by the wind and rain the box starts on its aerial voyage with a jerk which nearly capsizes it, and hanging to a corroded cable over an ugly chasm amid the desolation of a semi-dark defile is well calculated to try the nerves, and cannot be recommended for the novice in travel off the beaten track. The box, even when once started, does not travel smoothly

but in a succession of vicious jerks, which increase to such an extent when the upward slant of the supporting wire has to be negotiated that every foot of progress is discounted by at least six inches of slip-back. These wires remain unattended for years, until one or more of the supports from the four corners of the box to the pulley snap in mid-air, and instantly tip the contents of the cradle into the abyss if either physical or mental grip of the situation is even momentarily lost.

The so-called bridges are really little better. They consist of two stout wires stretched across both chasm and flood, with a decking of wooden ties, grass fibre and mud. These arrangements, which also pass under the generic name of *oroya*, have no hand-rails, are about two feet wide, and sway giddily. When transporting horses and mules it is advisable to dismount and lead the animals fearlessly over, having previously examined the decking for faults. An animal at once detects hesitation or nervousness, and becomes restive when in the middle of the swaying bridge. A preliminary survey of the decking is necessary because, owing to the rotting of the wooden ties, it is no unusual happening for the legs of the animals to break through, when nothing can save them except a rapid recovery of foothold through the presence of mind, fearlessness, and physical strength of their human leader.

Owing to the fact that neither riding nor pack animals can be transported by the box *oroya*, whenever one of these erratic conveyances is encountered in the South American wilds there is sure to be a beaten track leading to a ford, and for the timid, during the dry season, it is safest to take the longer

route round the obstacle. The box *oroya* is usually a short cut to a *posada*, the leader of the pack-train crossing by this means while the muleteers take their animals round and swim them across, often arriving on the opposite bank several hours later.

A *posada* in the sierra may mean a small but comparatively comfortable rest-house, kept by a half-breed family, with a penchant for frigoles and garlic, and a dislike for superfluous washing or undue cleanliness, or it may mean a mud hovel surrounded by a corral for horses, mules, llamas and a few alpacas, with a single and verminous guest-chamber, inhabited nightly by rats, tarantula spiders, flying cockroaches, scorpions, fleas, bugs, lice, native muleteers snoring in their *ponchos*, or *chola* guides chewing coca leaves. At these posts, however, a service of mules and drivers is maintained for travellers who do not come provided with their own pack-trains. Animals taken in the morning at one post are exchanged on arrival at the next *posada* for fresh beasts of burden with which to continue the journey.

In the Bolivian sierra there are two periods of the day when the riff-raff of bare rocks and vast, virgin snow-fields are rendered unusually beautiful by the varying lights and shades. The nip of frost is in the air when the rim of the moon rises above the dark cordillera. For some minutes the peaks are outlined by a halo of pearly light. Then the pale orb rises above the jagged white cones and their ice-cornices, flooding the bare rock-strewn valley with soft yellow light. Rocks sparkle and gleam; every black crag, and more lofty white pinnacle, stands out sharply defined against the luminous

blueness of the night. Distant glaciers and snow-fields glow like heavenly fires in the starry sky.

The air grows rapidly colder after the setting of the sun, forcing the traveller into the *posada*, and a night of torment begins. The kicking and biting of the animals in the corral, the smoky kerosene lamp, the cold of the clay floor, the insect pests, and the stench of unwashed humanity, combine in an all-night offensive against the needed rest which follows a strenuous day. At first these discomforts can be laughed at, but it is a hardy European who does not come to loathe the sight of a *posada* off the beaten track by the end of a week or two. In the real South America, distances are too vast for the understanding of intelligent but untravelled people, and there is a local proverb exhorting patience in the fleas and other blood-suckers of the *posada* on account of the length of the night.

Dawn comes at last, and with it the noise of departing Indians and half-breeds with their heterogeneous animals. Outside the fetid chamber the mountain air is cold but deliciously pure. Light, coming up from behind the world, tinges the more lofty peaks with pale rose and saffron, but the valleys are filled with heavy violet shadows. In the courtyard all is confusion. The breath of man and beast forms a thick mist in the freezing air ; and steaming, kicking animals are being loaded with packages, which make it a cause for wonder that their backs do not break under the strain. Shivering muleteers, with their striped ponchos still around their shoulders, their dark eyes gleaming, and their tall-crowned hats fastened under their chins by ear-flaps, are struggling with *cinchas*, cross-ties and girth ropes. The sun



SOUTH AMERICA, NORTHERN HALF

Facing page 248—3.

rises above the eastern line of the Cordillera Real, flooding its vast untrodden snow-fields with golden light. The pack-train departs, with much kicking and slipping on the bare rocks lightly frosted by the night wind, and the *posada* of the wild sierra lapses into its daytime sleep.

In the lap of the Andes, far above the normal cloud-line, and across the frontier of Bolivia and Peru, lies mysterious Lake Titicaca, the Galilee of the Incas. Of obscure birth and romantic life, it has no counterpart in the world. Its waters were once sacred, and its shores the heart of an ancient empire more remarkable than any other that has ever been. As large as the Straits of Dover and 12,000 feet in the air, it was the mountain-sea of the sun-worshippers, whose *quasi* political-religious dominion extended over the length and breadth of the Andes, down to the sea and inland to the edge of the great Equatorial forests, holding beneath its sway unknown millions of servile races when Henry VIII. ruled England and America was on the eve of being discovered by one who called himself Christopher Columbus.

The journey from La Paz to the shores of Lake Titicaca is a curious but comfortable one. This portion of the barren-looking rocky roof of the New World I traversed by a railway possessing saloon and dining cars, but it is a journey high above the clouds, for the line is seldom nearer to sea-level than two and a quarter miles, and is, in places, above the average Alpine summit. In Peru it is positively asserted that many interesting archæological stones and Inca relics are passed unobserved, because they were used for making the road-bed of this lofty railway. However

this may be, when three hours out from La Paz the coaches skirt the famous ruins of Tiahuanaco, masses of stonework, huge arches, and portals of pre-Inca origin, but very much worn and broken.

At the little Bolivian port of Guaqui the great lake bursts suddenly into view — a sunlit sea in a cradle of shadowy, snow-covered mountains. Titicaca is the most elevated sheet of fresh water in the world, being 12,488 feet above sea-level and 5,200 square miles in area. It is believed that in some remote period of the world's history it formed part of a great mountain-sea which covered the whole of the Bolivian and Peruvian table-land—probably 100,000 square miles of water raised above the clouds by the loop in the earth's greatest mountain range. Since those dim ages of long ago, the surface of the water has dropped 400 feet, leaving a smaller Titicaca in the lap of the giant peaks Illampu and Sorata.

Over 120 miles in length, and a twelve hours' voyage by steamer, it is nowhere more than fifty miles broad ; but this does not prevent voyagers on its surface from losing sight of land although actually in the middle of the continent and the Andean cordillera. If the air is clear of vapour sweeping over the sierra, both Illampu and Sorata, capped by eternal snows, can, however, usually be seen rising over 21,000 feet into the central blue.

When the narrow Tiquima Straits have been navigated, and all round is the shining bosom of the lake, with the reflected sun-rays from Sorata's ice-fields playing on the waves, the little steamer, which crosses in twelve hours to the Peruvian shore at the town of Puno, passes close to the projecting Copacabanca Peninsula. Here there are some remarkable ruins of

pre-Inca origin about which little is known. They consist principally of monoliths with undecipherable hieroglyphics, and, together with the ruins of a fine old Spanish church, form an interesting reminder of two great empires which have passed with the centuries.

Near by, but out on the wind-ruffled surface, stand the Islands of the Sun and Moon (Titicaca and Coati) from whence, according to tradition, in those dim, unhistoried ages of long ago, came Manco Capac and his wife and sister, who, together, established the famous Inca Empire, which held undisputed sway over the highlands of the sub-continent for nearly 500 years. They claimed to be direct descendants of the Sun, who had come to the world to civilise it, and to establish a reign of peace and goodwill. While Manco Capac taught the men to cultivate the soil and his wife instructed the women in the art of spinning and weaving, later emperors bent the energies of their subjects on super-conquests and the construction of immense palaces, fortresses and temples.

On the Island of the Sun there still exist some wonderful Incaic monoliths, and on Coati, or the Island of the Moon, the remains of what appear to be doorless dwellings, which are quite in keeping with historical record, for no subject of this curious empire was allowed to screen his actions behind doors or curtains. Even the private life of the family had to be open to official inspection, and an adverse report was punished by the loss of a child.

The sun sinks over the island named in honour of it. The heathen descendants of the all-powerful Incas, in many a wild sierra pass, turn solemnly to

the west and bow low to their deity—a golden globe, dipping behind the coast range only a short time before it dawns on the new empire cities of the Thames and Hudson. Then comes a brief twilight, with a rapidly darkening and starry sky. Notwithstanding the great but unknown distances of outer space, the planets seem larger and the heavens nearer on the night-enshrouded waters of mysterious Titicaca, wherein, it is said, golden images were cast as peace-offerings at sunrise and sunset.

Lights twinkle from distant shores and a cold wind sweeps across this lofty sea. Steep little slapping waves come from out of the darkness to chide the steamer while profaning its holy waters, and between the lighting of a cigar and the fall of the last ash a pale gleaming rim rises over the now receding Cordillera Real, silhouetting its jagged peaks with a silver thread, which broadens and then glows until the sentinel peaks of the Incas—Illampu and Sorata—are indelibly outlined on this Galilee of another creed.

CHAPTER XXXVI

CUZCO, CAPITAL OF THE INCAS

THE interest of Cuzco, the capital of the old Inca Empire, lies not so much in its surroundings, for a mountain-girdled plateau of bare rock with a few fields of waving alfalfa cannot be called particularly attractive, as in its picturesque native population, typical sierra life, elaborate religious processions, and, above all, in its wealth of historical buildings. The relics of two great empires are here intermingled. It is difficult to conceive from whence came the labour which built the colossal stone palaces and temples of the Incas, and the wealth which gave the many fine churches, with their altars of gold, silver and precious stones, to the succeeding Spanish régime. Art, too, there must have been from the dawn of the Inca rule, side by side with religious fervour; and, in later years, bigotry, torture, oppression, slavery, pomp, glory and death. All are depicted in what remains of the two epochs and in the surviving customs of the mingling races.

Taking first the earliest of these civilisations, one of the principal relics remaining is the fortress of Sacsahuaman, situated behind the city on a hill about 700 feet above the old fluted roofs, spires and narrow streets. Generally considered to be one of the marvels of the universe, this fortress covered the

entire hill-top. There remains to-day three series of stone walls, made of immense blocks, some of which are over twenty feet high and more than twelve feet thick. Each block of stone is cut and fitted with great accuracy. In front of the principal wall of the fortress there is a level space, which, it may be presumed, was a parade-ground or place of general assembly, because on the opposite side to that of the fortress there are a series of seats, carved in the solid rock, which is known as the "Incas' Throne." What glory and what agony this little level plateau must have witnessed in bygone centuries! Here, also, is the Sliding Rock, or *rodadero*, which is said to be of glacier formation. The perfectly formed grooves drop away at an easy slope about fifty feet in length. This is, of course, a favourite spot among the children of Cuzco.

At another corner of this open space there is a large rock, about forty feet high and sixty feet in diameter, up which a winding flight of stairs about two feet wide is carved from base to top. The summit of this rock is cut away to form a number of seats, one of which is larger than the rest and has a particularly small seat on either side of it. Whether this curiously carved rock served the purpose of a grand stand or, as seems more probable, of a kind of altar and place of sacrifice, is, of course, impossible to say. All that is left of the Incas are, unfortunately, walls without roofs. No statues, designs or hieroglyphics remain to tell the tale of the past. There are ruins, also, of pre-Inca origin, and it is difficult to tell the work of the different races and centuries; all are mysteries of the unhistoried ages about which so little is definitely known.

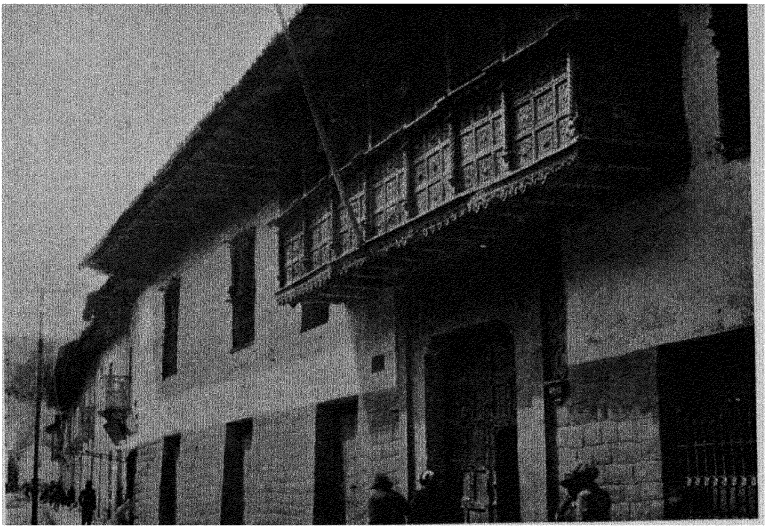
Not far from the great rock is the " Inca Bath," beautifully cut out of the solid stone and surrounded by finely carved seats. In many places there are the openings of the tunnels, into which it is possible to crawl in the darkness for several hundred feet. Some of the passages lead into semicircular chambers, and it is said that these subterranean galleries originally led down the hill-side into the Temple of the Sun and towards other buildings in the city below. Beneath the whole town of Cuzco there is said to be a labyrinth of such passages. Many have been opened up for considerable distances. Grim stories are told of those who have hunted for buried treasure in these catacombs. In one case the sole survivor of a party of eight appeared above ground many days after the search began, almost starved and partially insane, but bringing with him an ear of corn moulded of solid gold. No living man knows either the history or the ramifications of these mysterious passages.

In almost every street of Cuzco there are Inca or pre-Inca walls, arches and doorways. Surrounding the whole town there was once a great wall, parts of which still remain and are used as the foundations of crude adobe structures which still shelter, in dirt and wretchedness, the descendants of this great race. Although many of the old Inca structures were destroyed in order to build on their magnificent foundations the many churches, monasteries and nunneries of a later age, by some lucky chance the main wall of the Temple of the Sun was preserved. On it is now built the monastery of Santo Domingo. Here, again, we see the marvellous work of the stonemasons of this lost civilisation. Every Inca wall is battered in the most approved manner and every

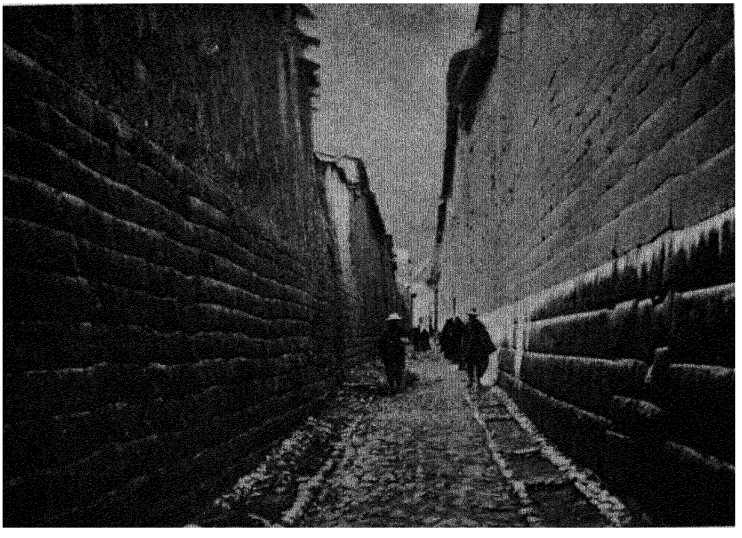
corner is nicely rounded. Here and there may be seen carved animals, serpents, and a few characters which apparently have no significance to-day.

The buildings of the colonial period are equally as numerous. Facing the broad central plaza there is the old cathedral. Here there are some beautiful paintings and carved choir stalls, but those who prefer wealth to art will, however, linger near the altars of gold and silver. After the glare of sunlight on stucco and bare rock, these dim aisles of musty odour come as a welcome relief. Then there is the quaint little university, established in 1692, and built on the foundations of the Inca Palace. It is one of the oldest universities in the New World, and to-day is an important seat of learning for the youth of the Peruvian highlands. Cuzco has more churches, monasteries and other religious buildings than any other city of its size in South America. The stone-work of these is, however, not to be compared with the massive masonry of the Inca period. Owing to the enormous labour involved, it is believed by many that the so-called Inca relics of the Peruvian highlands are in reality the work of many centuries, and consequently date back to a very remote period.

Among other places of interest in and around Cuzco must be mentioned the gold altar of the Church of Campania ; the Inquisition relics of Santo Domingo, built on the foundations of the Temple of the Sun, with its Christian altar on the exact spot where the sacred emblem of the Sun God was guarded by the high priests ; the stone cloisters, carved stairways, and Murillo of La Merced ; the wonderful pulpit of San Blas ; the lectern of San Francisco ; and the

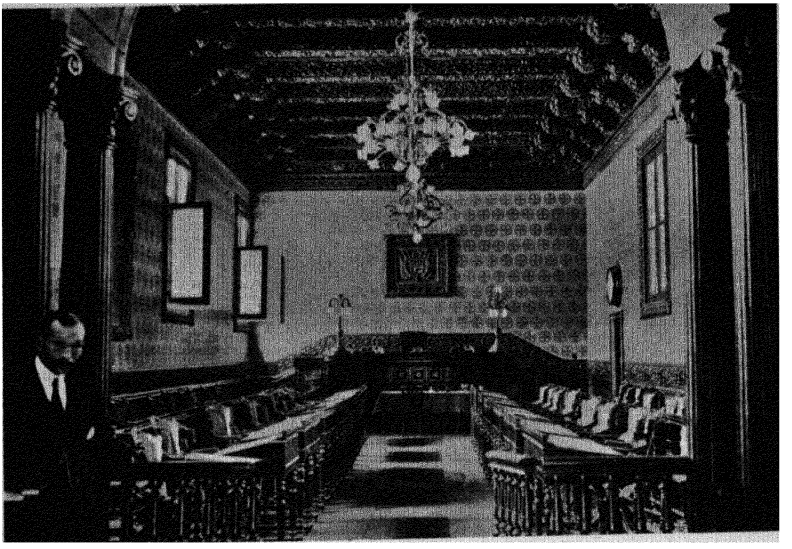


STREET OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD—CUZCO

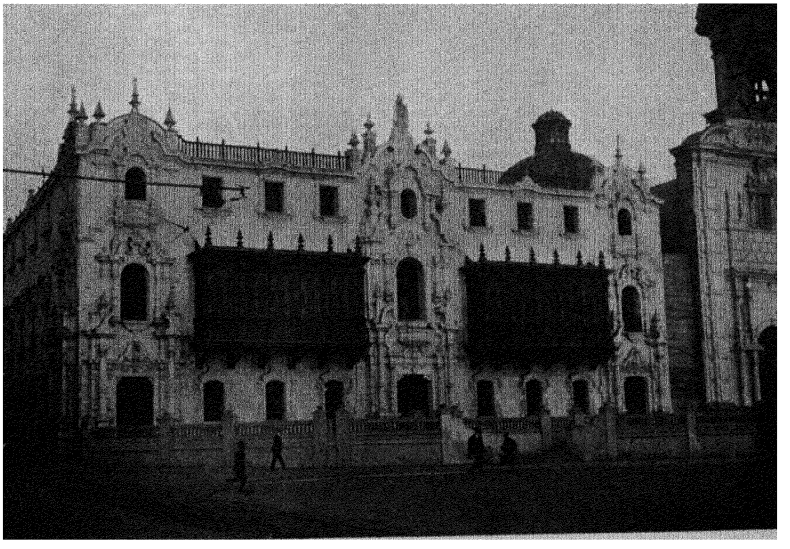


AN OLD INCA PASSAGEWAY—CUZCO

Facing page 256—3.



INTERIOR OF THE SENATE—LIMA
Once the Court of the Inquisition.



OLD PALACE OF THE ARCHBISHOP—LIMA

peculiar Inca fortress, beyond the city, of Ollantaitambo—the same massive stone walls destitute of illuminating figures or inscriptions.

Cuzco is one of those capitals of past empires which still retain some of their earlier glory and many of their former customs. This is especially noticeable on one of the many feast-days organised in honour of local saints. A concourse of several thousand brightly dressed Indians almost fills the white plaza, around which the houses with red fluted tiles recede in tiers up the barren rock side. Moving about everywhere there are sombre monks, plump priests, and, perchance, one or more fully robed cardinals or other high ecclesiastical dignitaries, the governor, and a few soldiers. The centres of attraction are the gaudily decorated street altars, the relics of holy men, gold and silver crucifixes, festooned balconies and queer effigies. In the midst of all, crackers and small fireworks will be banging and buzzing to the more appropriate chants of surpliced choristers or the wails of a coloured band.

Hilarious "Vivas!" come from thirsty throats, and more pious exclamations from the black-robed monks and nuns marshalling bevies of starched schoolgirls, looking thoroughly uncomfortable, and whose white frocks and coloured sashes contrast strangely with their skins of varied brown. The air is full of aroma from burning incense. Priests, in lofty pulpits of ancient workmanship, extol the virtues of the saintly man in whose honour the celebration has been arranged, and processions carrying elaborate figures, pictures and flags march over the rough cobbled streets. Seen from a point of advantage the *fiesta* is Oriental and bizarre. This, however, cannot be

altogether depreciated from the spectacular point of view, and, moreover, it appeals to the sierra folk who enter into the spirit of the celebrations wholeheartedly and enjoy the pomp and circumstance—apparently they have not yet forgotten all the departed glories of their race.

CHAPTER XXXVII

LIMA—AND PIZARRO

IT is a curious fact that nearly all the passenger and goods traffic along the Pacific coast of South America is carried by sea. Therefore, the approach to most cities and towns is by way of the nearest port, and so it is with Lima. To reach the capital of Peru from the old Andean town of Cuzco, without undertaking a long and difficult journey by mule across the high sierras, I came down from the uplands to the coast at the little port of Mollendo. One of the peculiarities of this place is the method of landing at, or embarking from, its harbour. Owing to the heavy Pacific swell it is often impossible for launches or lighters to get alongside the little quay, although sheltered by a breakwater. From this it must not be imagined that the sea is perpetually rough. On the contrary, it is one of the few stretches of ocean where calm waters are more the rule than the exception. It is a peculiar swell, scarcely noticeable far out, but which, when it reaches the shore, causes immense waves to beat on the rocky Peruvian coast. Into a sturdy motor boat, heaving on a sparkling sea, I was dropped, while sitting in an easy chair which had been whisked from the quay into the air by a crane, like a bundle of merchandise. After an exciting trip over the rolling waves, the same amusing but undignified

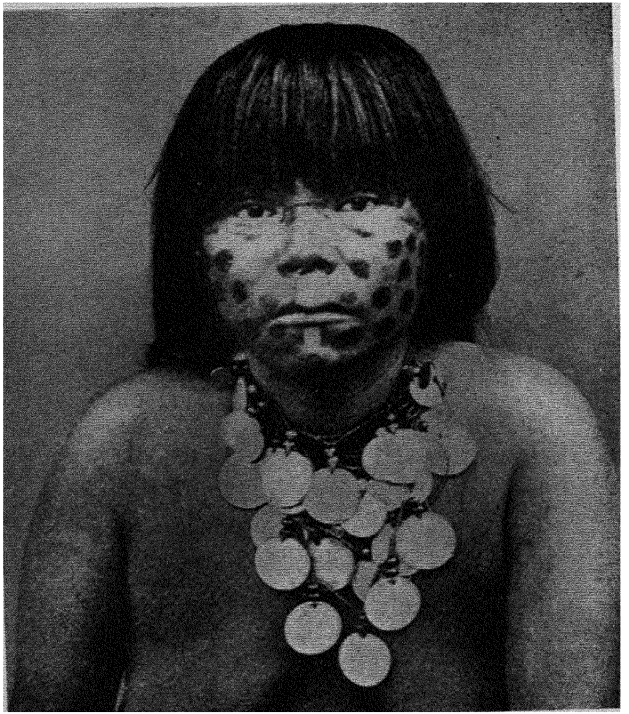
procedure was necessary to effect my safe transfer from the boat to the steamer rolling in the bay.

The voyage north was an interesting one, because it afforded a wonderful insight into the life and commerce of the Peruvian coast. To those who are in a hurry, however, these coastal journeys are made somewhat exasperating by hours spent in innumerable bays while the steamer tries to place its passengers and goods into the holds of lighters instead of in the sea.

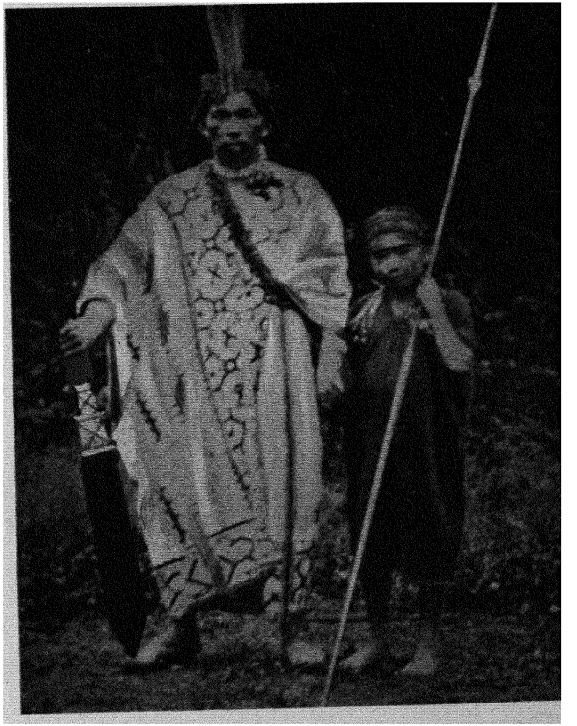
The islands, which are particularly numerous, are nearly all covered with deep layers of guano. Their flat tops are rendered either white or grey by thousands of sea-birds. The coast is both rocky and desolate. It was entirely due to the deposits of guano, or bird manure, on these islands that Peru was saved from absolute bankruptcy. The exportation of this natural fertiliser was commenced in 1846, and when the country got into financial difficulties through external and internal strife, it was the revenue obtained from this source—converted into a monopoly and granted to a private corporation—which enabled this immensely rich but for long mismanaged country to weather the storm.

We entered Pisco Bay and found the sea full of gigantic jelly-fish with long trailers reaching down into the water. These repulsive-looking creatures of many colours were often six feet across and ten feet long. They are not as harmless as their inactivity would suggest. A swimmer in these waters would soon be stung to death by the mere touch of their poisonous tentacles.

Callao, the chief Peruvian seaport, is well sheltered by the La Punta Peninsula and the Island of San Lorenzo. It used to be a wicked city, and some



AN INDIAN BELLE OF THE PERUVIAN AMAZON

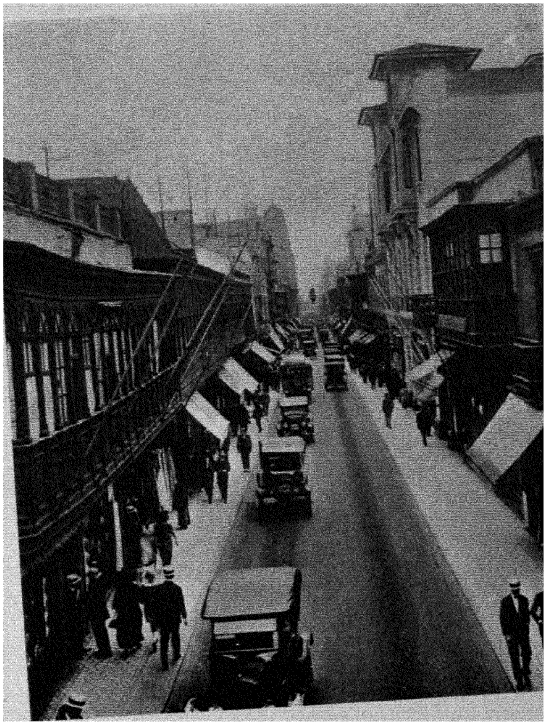


CHIEF OF THE PIROS INDIANS—PERUVIAN AMAZON

Facing page 260–3.



THE CATHEDRAL—LIMA



EL GIRON UNION—LIMA
The "Strand" of the Capital.

queer stories are told about it in the smoke-room of vessels plying up and down the coast. Times have changed, however, and Callao is no longer the hot-bed of crime and vice it was at one time. There is now little of interest, although it possesses all the amenities of a town with 53,000 inhabitants. The feature which attracts most people is the fine motor road to Lima, generally explored throughout its eight miles of macadamised beauty. On this road there is a statue *appealing* to all lovers of speed and reckless driving. It consists of a lofty stone pedestal, on which is exhibited the latest car to be smashed by collision or otherwise on the road below. A tablet records the injuries, fatal or merely maiming, of its occupants, and points a moral to users of this highway.

Lima is generally considered to be one of the most fascinating capitals of Spanish America. Although there are not the same number of fine buildings and boulevards as in the larger cities of Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, there is an indefinable picturesqueness in the town itself, in its people, in its quaint old buildings, and amid its tropical foliage and flowers. Lima, although modernised during recent years and possessing 220,000 inhabitants, still retains much that is of historic interest.

To awaken in this city is to feel the glare of the sun reflected from white walls into the large bedroom with its parquetry flooring, before one's eyes are sufficiently open to see beyond the obscuring mist of the mosquito curtain. Unlike Buenos Aires and Santiago this city is decidedly tropical. Surprises come early, however. The first is the information, usually given by an "old resident," that Lima,

contrary to expectations, has a somewhat murky, damp and oppressively hot climate. The second comes when you wander out among the foliage and flowers of the Plaza Mayor, to admire the famous cathedral, founded, according to the local guide-book, in 1540 ; and are promptly told that, owing to earthquakes, very little of the old building is now visible. No city on the Pacific coast, with the possible exception of Concepcion and Valparaiso in the neighbouring republic of Chile, has suffered more from earthquakes, violent or mild, than gay, light-hearted Lima.

The stately home of the Peruvian Senate was once the seat of the Spanish Inquisition, and the torture-chamber is now a retiring-room for the senators. In the old Council Hall is a beautifully carved mahogany ceiling, presented to the Holy Office by Spanish monks nearly five centuries ago. The entrance to the Senate building is now adorned by massive Corinthian columns. The method of parliamentary procedure is somewhat unique. When a senator records his vote he does so by pressing a button on his desk, and the vote is electrically registered on a disc near the Speaker's chair. The San Marcos University is the oldest institution of its kind on the American continent, and the pavilion of the Jockey Club is where one meets many of the foreign residents and certainly all the English and American dwellers in the Peruvian capital. Then there is the Palace of the Viceroys, now housing the governmental departments, with its many crests and halls of antiquity.

Of the sixty-seven churches, the cathedral is undoubtedly the finest, although very largely of modern construction. The old edifice was founded

in 1535 by Francisco Pizarro, whose shrunken and mummified remains can be seen in a sealed glass vault. The wonderful carved mahogany and cedar pulpits and stalls, the painting, "La Veronica," a Rembrandt copy of Murillo, the beautiful organ, and the interior of the building itself make it, with the possible exception of the cathedral of Mexico City, the finest in Latin America. Undoubtedly the most interesting building in Lima is, however, the old palace of the Marquis de Torre Tagle, now a portion of the Foreign Office. Here is a complete mansion of the old colonial period. To describe it would be impossible. Having coats of arms, quaint tiles, balconies, a private chapel with a golden altar, the table on which the death warrants were signed, one is led out of the present into the gorgeous past, which is depicted on its walls. Down through the ages of strife to the day of the severance from Spain in 1821, calm and untouched amid the wild orgies of revolution in the young republic, came these few beautiful old buildings with their wealth of art and romance to lend colour to the more prosaic city of to-day.

In the Zoological Gardens there is a fine collection of animals, reptiles and birds from the vast equatorial forests of the Montaña; and the Botanical Gardens are a paradise of tropical flowers and foliage. One of the principal boulevards is the Paseo Colon. Although this thoroughfare, which is one of the finest in the capital, is popularly called *Paseo Colon*, it is officially entitled the Avenida 9th de Deciembre. Then there is the Palacio Pericholi, which has been aptly termed "the Versailles of Lima," and the bathing resorts of Ancon, Miraflores, Barranco, Magdalena, and La Punta.

"Lima, the beautiful City of the Kings, survives as the most glorious work of his creation, the fairest gem on the shores of the Pacific," thus wrote Prescott, when referring to Pizarro, and so does it appear from the summit of San Cristobal, with the city 1,300 feet below. There, in the centre of old-time Lima, is the second largest bull-ring in the world; it had yet another tier of seats, removed during recent times. During the "Fiestas de Toros" of to-day, some of the famous *toreros* fight bulls which have been specially imported from Spain because of their fierceness. Unfortunately, all the glamour is destroyed by a brief glimpse into the horse-hospital, where the old and almost useless animals used for bull-fighting have their wounds stuffed with straw and their ripped bodies quickly strapped and sewn up, so that they can again enter the ring.

The principal and most historic thoroughfare in Lima is, of course, the famous El Giron Union. It is the "Strand" of the Peruvian capital, and it is said that every one resident in the city passes through this old thoroughfare at least once every day of their lives. Although cosmopolitan, and without actual reminders of its historic past, this street has seen centuries of history made. Pizarro and his Conquistadores have ridden their mail-clad chargers over its stones; cowled Inquisitors have lurked in its shadows; carriages—such as those of the Viceroy, still to be seen in the Museum—have rattled over its cobbles. El Giron Union is one of the most historic thoroughfares in the Americas.

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