

Timber, Rice, & Wine. PASSENGERS—Mr. Buckley, Wife, & Child.—did not anchor.

EMILY, English bark, 580, W Wilson, from Whampoa 4th Nov. to London. Cargo, Tea. PASSENGERS—Mrs. Wilson and Child. Off Anjer, signalised the English ships St. Michael, and John Gray, from Batavia.—12 hours.

Vessels passed.

Jan. 24.—American ship, and a Bark.

25.—GERTRUDE, American ship; American bark; and a Bark.

26.—Dutch ship.

27.—COMET, English bark, from Mauritius to London, out 37 days.

Local News.

CONFIRMATION.—On Thursday last the Lord Bishop of Cape Town administered the rite of Confirmation at St. James' Church to 32 candidates.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.—Mr. F. GALTON, the distinguished African traveller, whose late researches in the country chiefly inhabited by the Damaras, and lying between the sea and the Lake from 23 degrees south latitude northwards to the 18th degree, have attracted much attention in England, has lately arrived in the *Emma*, from Walfisch Bay. We are indebted to the kindness of this gentleman for a very interesting account of the expedition organized by him. It will be found below, and is peculiarly valuable, as furnishing the first authentic published report of the result of Mr. GALTON's journey.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.—Dr. NOVELLA, Vicar Apostolic of Pataris *in partibus*, &c., arrived here on Sunday Morning in the bark *Stately*, from Shanghai. It appears that this prelate is by birth an Italian, and has been engaged in the Chinese Mission for the last 10 years, during which period he has travelled through a great portion of the interior of that vast Empire. His extended and familiar intercourse with the natives has rendered him fully conversant with the language, manners, and customs of a people whose remote antiquity and perverse isolation alike render the most detailed information respecting them as valuable and interesting, as it is for the most part vague and uncertain. We are therefore glad to hear that the results of an experience which can but fall to the lot of few, will be embodied in a work which Dr. NOVELLA is preparing for publication. May its style be after the simple and most pleasant fashion of good old Father Ripa's "Residence at the Court of Peking." Dr. NOVELLA is also engaged on a copious Chinese Dictionary, which is to be published in Europe, whither he is now returning in quest of lost health and strength. He was attired in the full costume of a Chinese Mandarin.

Original Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ST. HELENA GAZETTE.

Sir,—In reply to your request, I send you with great pleasure the following account of the journeyings in South Africa, which I have just completed, and hope that my adventures may interest or amuse some of your readers.

The part over which I have travelled, is to the southward of Benguela, and my route began at Walfisch Bay, the very point where Sir James Alexander's ended, so that now the whole of that large tract which intervenes between the Cape

Colony and the Western Portuguese settlements has been pretty thoroughly explored. Easterly, I also travelled about one-third across Africa, indeed, until I fell into the track of other travellers who had gone from the South directly to the Great Lake.

A more than usual interest attached itself to geographical research in the parts which I have just explored, because it appears probable that a successful and extended intercourse with Central Africa could scarcely ever exist except through the country about Walfisch Bay. From Cape Town or Algoa Bay, to the far interior, the distance is very great, and the more so, owing to the circuitous routes that travellers seem obliged to take to keep clear of the great Karri Karri deserts: Sofala, Unhambani, Delogoa Bay, and even Quillimaine, are exposed to the ravages of fever as fearfully as our Sierra Leone settlements, which would render these unsuitable ports for European traffic; and on the West Coast of Southern Africa, going from the Cape northwards, there is, with the exception of Angra Pequena, no road whatever across the sand-desert that borders the sea until you come to Walfisch Bay; and indeed, the Angra Pequena route to the interior, after winding for a two months' journey through the most barren of inhabitable countries, ultimately joins in of necessity to the straight road from Walfisch Bay. Hence it is, that it is probable that Walfisch Bay will ultimately prove a harbour of some importance, for it can hardly be supposed that so fertile and so immense a tract as that of Central Africa will not, hereafter, afford a valuable field for commercial enterprise.

For my own part, the hostile attitude of the Boers when I was at Cape Town, principally induced me sail to Walfisch Bay, instead of taking the usual land-route by Colesberg and Laftakoo, and I landed there in August 1850.

The whole tract of country lying south of a line that runs east and a little north from Walfisch Bay, has now been known some years. The most northerly part of this tract was first explored by Sir James Alexander, and at his recommendation many missionaries have settled there;—it is now entirely inhabited by tribes of partly civilised Hottentots, called in the aggregate the Namaguas. North of this line, live Damaras and dispersed tribes of perfectly savage Hottentots; the Namaguas call these "Saen" (or Bushmen)—look down on them with the greatest contempt, and catch them, as they do the Damaras, for slaves. They are not so diminutive as the Bushmen, commonly so called, neither are they quite so low in the scale of humanity, though in every other respect they exactly resemble them.

Again, living together with these Bushmen, and hunted down in the same way as they by both Damaras and Namaguas, are another and a very peculiar race, called the Ghou Damup; they are blacks, speaking no other language than Hottentot, and who have retained no tradition whatever of their origin; they used to be despised and made slaves of, even by the Bushmen, but of quite late years community of misfortune has much equalised the two races, and they now intermarry.

The Ghou Damup appear to be the aborigines of Damara land, and indeed, of a country extending much more to the south than it, about as far as Angra Pequena.

Ages ago, I presume that the Bushmen entirely conquered them, so that they then lost their own language, and about 70 years ago the Damaras came like a swarm from their original home (some 10 days east of Cape Cross) and overran the whole country, driving both Bushmen and Ghou Damup

together to the hills and other uninhabited places, where they now live together.

The line which I have supposed to be drawn easterly, and a little northerly from Walfisch Bay, and with part of which the Swakop river very nearly coincides, is the present frontier between the Damaras and the Namaquas; on this frontier there are and have been for some time, three missionary stations, the oldest of which has been established about seven years, and the Rev. Mr. Hahn who occupies it, has made himself thoroughly master of the Damara language; still, up to the time of my arrival there nothing, whatever was known, even of the country of the Damaras immediately adjacent, and no European foot had ever trod 20 miles to the northward of the 22nd parallel of latitude.

Recurring once more to the above mentioned line, after it reaches the 19th degree of longitude, both Damara land ceases to the north, and Namaqua land to the south of it, and in their place a broad tract of Bushman country stretches north and south, beyond which lies the lake and its bordering inhabitants.

When I landed at Walfisch Bay I had with me two waggons, a mule cart, 9 mules, two horses, with a whole pack of dogs. I had eight servants as waggon drivers, leaders, and so forth, and one black servant, whom fate had taken over a large part of South Africa, and who, I hoped, would be able in some degree to act as an interpreter. He proved to be of the greatest value, for the language of the Damara was very like his own, and in two months he could speak it quite well. Mr. Anderssen, a Swedish naturalist, who now remains in the country, accompanied me. I had with me everything that could be wanted for a two year's expedition; for in a country so utterly destitute of all resources as that where I was about to travel, nothing, except possibly at the Missionary stations, could be replaced. I had never travelled in waggons before, and therefore was but a bad judge of what was required, so that it was with some anxious feelings that I saw the ship sail away, and prepared myself for the first start. At Walfisch Bay there is no fresh water or pasturage whatever; three miles off, water, but most horrible stuff, can be got, with a little pasturage, and about twenty miles off is a missionary station, occupied by Mr. Bam, with excellent water and fair pasturage. To this Missionary station I first got all my things, partly with the kind help of Mr. Bam, and partly with my mules and cart—and excessive labour it was too—for half of the road is as deep sand as could anywhere be found, and it took a very great many trips to carry off all that I had. In September it was done, and I bought an admirable ride ox, whom, besides going loose during all my waggon travelling, I also rode sixteen hundred miles, and yet he came back with me to the Bay, at the end of my journey, quite fresh. I also got two pack oxen, and then leaving all behind except immediate necessities and various things of exchange, chiefly of iron, to buy oxen with, (money of course is unknown among the natives) I started with all my men for the Damara mission station; the cart was cram full of luggage, and had eight mules to draw it. I rode one horse, Mr. Anderssen the other; three oxen were packed, and we started with a person who had been a cattle trader, for guide, he riding his ox, and having two more also packed. In the commissariat department was a bag of biscuits, coffee, tea, and a little sugar, and four or five wretchedly thin goats—I could buy no more—but felt so sure of knocking over plenty of game, that I cared little, but in this I was grievously disappointed. I had made a very lucky debut in the shooting way, for a well known old lion had just at the time of my arrival paid a visit to Mr. Bam's station. He had been hunted some twenty times, and wounded occasionally, but seemed to lead a charmed life. He had killed 50 oxen, 3 horses, 1 donkey, with calves and dogs without end. Now he was getting old and weak, and therefore a really dangerous beast—for a lion that is not strong enough to kill game, always goes to the cattle kraals and huts, being made bold by hunger. It was, I think, the second night that I was at Mr. Bam's station, when the lion showed himself;

the huts and houses of the place lie in something of a circle under large trees, and in the midst of them the oxen lie down at night. I was fast asleep, when of a sudden everything was in an uproar, the oxen galloping wild, dogs barking, men and women halloing, and guns firing, for the lion had come amongst them all. It was pitch dark, nothing whatever was to be seen, and soon all was quiet—one nice little dog only was missed. In the morning we went after the marauder, with a whole posse of natives. They say that an old lion knows perfectly well when he has done wrong, and expecting to be hunted, always runs far before he stops. My friend certainly did so, but the natives tracked him beautifully, making casts with the greatest judgment when they were at fault, so that his spoor was followed at a running pace. We started him in about an hour and a half, and in an hour more I got up to him, and put a bullet very nicely through his hip, at which he waxed extremely savage, and turned to bay under a bush. There was a little sand hill just opposite, so we went round it, giving the cross old creature a good berth, and then walked up behind it, and poked our guns over. He saw us of course, and worked himself into a perfect fury. We could not get a very nice aim at first, but after we did, the first bullet killed him. He was a fine fellow, but very thin, and the little dog was in his inside. He had only given it two bites and then bolted it at once. After this my gun was destined to remain almost idle.

To return to my journey—the first stage was a long one, 16 hours without water. We got well across it, with a little perverseness on the part of the pack oxen, and reached the Swakop River bed. The next stage was under a burning sun; the mules knocked up, and so did we, for the climate had now changed considerably; we were beyond the cool sea breezes, and the air felt burning. However, leaving two mules that were exhausted behind, the cart came on at dark. It was trying work for the mules; the weight they drew was enormous; grass there was now no more, nothing but reeds, and all animals feel a change of food like that extremely. I knew nothing of the country, and my guide recommended me to let the mules and horses feed loose in the river bed all night; there were certainly no tracks of lions. In the morning I sent a man to recover them, to his horror he found their tracks going full gallop, by their side were those of six lions, a little further on a lion was eating my best mule, and again close by lay my largest horse just killed. He scampered back, and we took our guns and went down, the other eight mules and horse were fortunately safe, and brought back in about five hours time. Mr. Anderssen and myself hunted the lions all the morning, but lost their spoor among the rocks.

We were now at the last goat, and no game whatever was to be seen, so the tit bits of the mule and horse were cut off, and put up for food, and in the evening we proposed watching the carcasses from a nice rock that looked quite inaccessible to lions. The mule lay in the midst of thick bushes at the foot of the rock, and though the night set in dark, yet there would soon be a moon by whose light we hoped to avenge ourselves. The evening closed in, and I was climbing up the rock looking out for the snuggest place; my guns were below; when of a sudden, the men who carried them with my cloak called out, and I saw the head of one of these annoying creatures just over me, in the very place that I thought was so safe, and where I had intended myself to watch, so I got down a little nervous, and then we could see five lions, some standing still, some scampering about the rocks. I do not know where the sixth was. It would now have been madness to have sat up for them, so very crest-fallen we returned to the encampment. The rest of the journey lasted some ten days, and although we travelled very easily, yet the heat of the sun, the change of diet, the cold at night, and the trudging through heavy sand after a long sedentary life at sea, told very severely upon us all. My thermometers were packed up at the bottom of the cart, but on one day which felt very hot, I got them out; it was 130 in the sun, subsequently however, I have experienced many degrees greater heat, so much so that it was not until a comparison was made of all the instruments at my disposal, seven in number, that I could satisfy myself there was no mistake. We lived from hand to mouth, fortune favoured us, and at length we came to a missionary station.

Here I heard bad news. It seemed that the Namaquas, who have with but little intermission, been always plundering and massacring the Damaras, but, who from a mixed feeling of dread and respect to the missionaries, had hitherto left them in peace, of a sudden attacked a large werft, encamped by the Schmelen's Hope station, and then fired on the huts of the station itself, it was broken up, and the missionary and his wife themselves, escaped to Mr. Hahn's at Barmen. This attack, which had been a very murderous one, had thrown the whole of Damara land into confusion. The attacked tribe was in great part broken up, and bands of natives were wandering about in search of plunder in all directions. I could of course find no oxen to buy, for they had been driven away into the far interior, out of reach of the Namaquas. The head chief of these Namaquas, is a man well known over much of South Africa, by name Jonker Africauer, he was born a British subject, and having lived some time in the colony, gradually rose from a petty-captain to a chief of some importance. At the present moment, he has about 700 guns under him, and he exercises a great influence on the neighbouring tribes also, who altogether possess between 3000 and 4000 guns. This was a formidable force for a traveller like myself to be embroiled with, and I heard many rumours which afterwards were confirmed, of Jonker intending to attack me, he had long had great jealousy of all whites remaining in the country, and once when the Rev. Mr. Hahn was on the point of making a journey into Damara land, he drove away and kept his ride oxen, so that he could not start. It was therefore clear, that I must quickly come to some understanding with the man, or I should have little chance of getting on in my journey. I ought to mention, that when I left Cape Town, His Excellency Sir Harry Smith gave me instructions to establish if possible, friendly relations on the part of the British Government, with such black tribes, as were presumed to be exposed to the attacks of the emigrant Boers, and to disavow strongly all sympathy on the part of England, with any body of men who might rob the natives of their cattle and territory. For it was evident that such conduct was sure to exasperate them, to the great hindrance of any traffic and intercourse with the far interior.

I therefore wrote to Jonker and explained the whole matter to him, and pointed out how the English government would, of necessity, look upon his conduct, being one of their subjects, in exactly the same light that they did upon that of the Emigrant Boers. However, my letters produced no effect, except that, as a bravado I presume, he made another most sweeping attack in Damara land, murdering and robbing to a greater extent than he had ever done before. This made me very wroth, and I took three men, armed myself to the teeth, and travelling to Jonker's werft, rode my ox right up to his hut in defiance of all etiquette, until the animals head and horns blocked up the door, and I rated him soundly; this proceeding produced considerable effect upon his half-savage mind, for he really became quite tallen. I made him apologise most humbly to Mr. Kolbe the missionary, whose station he had attacked. He got the other Namaqua chiefs together, and entered into an understanding with them that the Damaras should be left in peace, and that they should use their old pasture grounds, &c. The chiefs also made me umpire in their own disputes; they were very civil to me, so that on the whole I spent a rather pleasant week among them. Jonker, I may add, kept his promises right well the whole time that I was in Africa, restraining his men at all hazards and with great difficulty. He had himself travelled, plundering and looking out for plunder through a large part of Damara land, but in answer to all my questions, cleverly contrived to avoid giving me any information about it.

I was fortunate enough to be able to buy 50 oxen from Hans, a Dane, who had in different people's employ, and latterly on his own account, kept cattle for some seven years in the Swakop; I engaged him and an English boy who was with him, in the place of two thorough scoundrels amongst my men whom I dismissed. These two, especially Hans, were invaluable to me; he was of immense muscular strength, long inured to the climate, scrupulously honest, an excellent shot, and able to do anything. I therefore put the whole management of the oxen and waggons under him; made him responsible for everything, and all got on well. It was

with real regret that I parted from him when I left Africa. He is now trying his hand at trading, and will travel in part together with Mr. Anderssen.

I will pass over the excessive labour that was gone through in breaking in two spans of oxen; however, that at last was done, others were bought, and I started in February from Schmelen's Hope with two waggons, 100 and odd oxen, several of whom were ride and pack, and some 70 sheep. My remaining horses and three mules had died of distemper, so I left the cart and the other mules behind, for they would have required two people to manage them, and from the difficulty of inspanning my half broke oxen, I had not hands enough to spare. Of natives, there were a great posse, so that we numbered between 30 and 40 persons in all, and were right well armed. I directed my course, in the first instance, for Omanbondè, a reported lake somewhere in N. N. E. direction, and four hours travelling took me to the beginning of a land hitherto unknown to Europeans.

The country was execrable for waggon travelling,—craggy rocks, dense thorn forests, and it was only after some anxious exploring excursions that a road was at length found where we could tear the waggon through and get clear of the deep bed of the Swakop, in which we had long been travelling. In four days time we met a messenger from Kahitchenè, the great Damara chief whom the Namaquas, as I mentioned above, had attacked at Schmelen's Hope. He sent me the usual present of oxen, and expressed his desire to have an interview with me. The next day I arrived at the water where he was temporarily encamped; he had about forty picked men with him—magnificent specimens of savages, well greased, well ornamented, and well armed; he received me very courteously and kindly. He, Kahitchenè, was on the point of fighting with a rival tribe who had taken advantage of the defeat he had just sustained from the Namaquas, and who had robbed him of nearly everything; and besides that, had taken two children prisoners. He said he knew that he was about to proceed on a forlorn hope, but there was no other alternative left for him, and the ceremonies previous to fighting were being gone through. Poor Kahitchenè! he was a thorough chief; and during a stay of several days at his werfts, we, all of us, became quite attached to him. He had been a ~~professed~~ robber like all his neighbours for his whole life, and his naked body was a mass of scars. A few years ago he was the most powerful of the Damaras, but now fortune had declared against him. He intreated me not to go on, assuring me that so small a body of men as mine would be attacked and murdered as soon as we were away from his immediate protection, and earnestly requested me to be very cautious in allowing many Damaras at a time to go freely about my encampment, as they would certainly take immediate advantage if they saw us unarmed, and not on the look out. There was a great deal of truth in what he said, but I always adhered to the plan of not shewing any suspicion towards the savages I was amongst, in the belief that the appearance of a frank and careless behaviour is the best way of getting on amongst them. Kahitchenè had been a great traveller, and told me much of the country ahead, for which, in spite of his remonstrances, I again started. He himself went to fight, and was killed at the first attack. Very little rain indeed had fallen this season, so that, although I had taken the road in the best time of the year, water was far from plentiful.

The guides were of no use, and we had to struggle on as we best could ourselves. Occasionally, a Bushman was caught, who shewed us a little of the road, and enough information got to help us on a little way further. Sometimes a Damara werft was met with, and so, with perpetual labour and anxiety, and by rather a roundabout way, Omanbondè, the reputed lake, was reached in April, exactly a year from the time that I left England.

We had heard every imaginable account of this place—some saying it was an enormous sheet of water; others, that it was often perfectly dry; but every person persisted in its being a great place for hippopotami. How these should live without plenty of water we could not see, and so our hopes were raised to a very high pitch of finding another large inland sea; the more so, as one under the name of Lake Demboà, is found in some old maps not very far from the position of Omanbondè. Anyhow, it was perfectly dry when we got there, but still it was a very remarkable spot, for it is part of a watershed, rather than a river-bed, that

runs easterly, and is the drain to a broad plateau of table land, besides a great extent of mountainous country; this watershed, the Omoramba, is strangely broken up and intercepted by natural dams, which run quite across it, through which the water filters in the rainy season, so that the Omaramba is, at that time, a succession of long pools or reaches, extending to a distant river, from which hippopotami have travelled on several occasions; and these not being able to get further than Omanbonde, stopped there till they were assailed by the Damaras, or destroyed by drought. However, at that time, I did not understand the geography of the country as I did after, and the course of the Omoramba appearing to be utterly impracticable for waggons, I thought it better to continue going northerly until I had entirely passed the Damara frontier, and had visited a particularly interesting nation the Ovampo; this I did. Eleven hours beyond Omanbonde brought us suddenly into a belt of palms; they were, it is true, wild ones, and their fruit was uneatable, still they were palms, and the harbingers of a richer vegetation than that of the thorny and unpicturesque country through which we had so long been travelling. Three more days took us to a very large werrit on the Damara frontier; the chief was civil, and I tried to get guides from him onwards; at this he demurred, so I started at once, trusting as usual to my good fortune. An accident then occurred which I regretted but little; just as we were off, the fore-wheel of one of my waggons came with a heavy blow against an old stump, and crash went everything. I made an encampment immediately, divided my party, left half to mend the waggon, and got all ready to go on ride oxen to the Ovampo.

The waggons had given me inconceivable annoyance throughout the journey, and never again will I attempt to explore when tied to such cumbrous affairs as they. There is certainly great comfort in one, all sorts of odds and ends can be put in it loose, which have to be carefully packed, when on an oxen's back, but then the delays that waggons cause are intolerable. The crashing over rocks, up hills and down precipices, and the pioneering through woods is the most harrassing of works, often long journeys have to be ridden to look out for a road, and then the same distance has to be gone over again with the waggons. They can carry very little over a broken country 2000 lbs. is, I am convinced, as much as you can with safety put into one that has to make its own road over a rocky ground.

We started on oxen for Ovampo land, lost our way, and wandered about the hills, very badly off for a week, at the end of it, we most unexpectedly met a party of Ovampo traders, who had come down into Damara land, to buy cattle with beads. These they get from the Portuguese, who trade with them at the great river, which forms their northern boundary, and sell their beads for Damara cattle, and some ivory. I believe for many reasons, that no slave dealings are carried on there. I was very much struck with the bearing and the behaviour of these Ovampo, they were very civil, but peremptory insisting upon our not going on, until they themselves were ready to return, and to escort us. They were only 24, and we were 5 guns, besides 3 blacks, and so I could have easily forced my way, but had I done so, the whole of Ovampo land would have been in arms when I arrived, and therefore with as good a grace as I could, I submitted to what they said, and went back with them. It was a very natural proceeding on their part, they could of course not tell who on earth we were, or whether we were friends or foes, we might have been the advance guard of a large force, or spies, so they wished to hear all about us. I am sure too, that we should have never found our way without them, and so it was well that we returned. Unfortunately the stock of slaughter cattle was getting very low, and we could buy none from the Damaras; we had with careful husbanding, only four months provisions, and supposing that the Ovampo affair should take us, as it did three months from the time that we turned back with the traders, we should have some difficulty even in getting back to the missionary stations. That sort of risk a traveller must however run, but I regretted every ox that was slaughtered. The chief of the Ovampo traders, who had a long name of seven syllables, by

the first of which Chick, I will for convenience call him, was most implicitly obeyed by the others; all was done with the greatest method and quietness; the Damaras were dreadfully afraid of their guests, but liked them extremely, and looked up to them with all reverence. I never heard a Damara or a Bushman speak ill of the Ovampo, they always spoke in the warmest terms of their hospitality and honesty, and I cordially add my testimony to theirs. Chick made my encampment his head quarters—he spoke Damara perfectly, and spent the day abusing the Damaras to me, and in telling stories of Nangoro the king of the Ovampo, and of all the wonders we should see in his country, so that we became great allies. At length the trading was over, and for the second time we were on the road. We made a large party, for, besides the Ovampo, were about 80 Damara women—horrid hags, nearly all of whom had babies tied on their backs, they were chiefly widows, the old ones wanting work and food, the younger looking out for husbands. They all walked in file and sang perpetually, one lady improvising a stanza, and then all the others shrieking in a shrill female chorus, a burden something like *tirri-tirri-tirri*. They sang about everything, and as my name, or rather the Damara version of it, was an easy one to rhyme to in their language, my adventures formed a favourite subject with them. All these 80 women had only some 10 Damara men to take care of them, and accordingly on my return from the Ovampo, the unsuccessfully female candidates were very anxious to have the escort of my party, but I regret to say that I ungallantly bolted straight away and never stopped until too far to be overtaken. The Ovampo had bought 200 and odd oxen, my party consisted besides myself of Mr. Anderssen, three mounted men, and five Damaras. I packed some four oxen going up, each carrying about 130 lbs., and intended to bring back as much corn as I could possibly carry. All my smart presents and beads I took with me, jews-harps, accordions, bird-calls, looking-glasses, ring-bracelets, &c. &c., quite a pedlar's store, and I may add, that excepting the beads, these were perfectly useless to me. I got together, under Chiks superintendance, a good present for Nangoro, such as an old French dragoon's sword, which I carried myself in North Africa, the steel scabbard of which greatly astonished all these iron-loving natives who saw it; yards of picture chain, great armlets with bells to them, and so forth; and last, not least, a huge theatrical crown that I bought in the purheus of Drury Lane.

Seven days steady travelling, through barren Bushman country, brought us to the first Ovampo cattle post; we were regaled there in every way, and then six days more of barren country, and in the evening, emerging out of the perpetual thorn bushes, of a sudden the charming Ovampo corn country spread like a sea before us. There were groves of palms and pasture grounds, and huge park-looking trees of the densest foliage; and I never received a kinder welcome than there. Old Netjo, one of the traders whose house was nearest, took me at once there, showed his granary and thrashing floor, and his busy wives, and wonderfully large family of children, with the utmost pride and pleasure. Mr. Anderssen and myself sat down with him in the cool of the evening, with a huge dish of boiling hot dough, flanked by a great bowl of sour milk, and we chatted, pulling out bits of dough with our fingers, dipping them into the milk, and then bolting them, till we almost overeat ourselves. That night we slept at Chiks, and twenty miles more through the heart of the corn country took us to Nangoro's. The old king kept us, as a point of etiquette, two days before he would see us, and then made us blaze away our guns to hear them and see the effect; and we had to pull off our shoes, and indeed much more, to satisfy the royal mind that we were white all over. Then I explained to him that a crown was the usual head dress of great captains in my country, and put my specimen from Drury Lane on his head, and patted it to make it sit tight, while the old negro looked every inch a king. Many amusing little incidents took place while we were there, but the tale is too long to tell now. Days passed by, and I found my oxen sadly out of condition. It was a great object to me to get on to the great river which I have mentioned before; it was described at four very long

days off. I did not know what to do. I had sad misgivings about the diminished store of slaughter cattle left, and I much doubted if ever our own oxen could carry us back. In the midst of this a message was brought, saying that we must return to Demara land and not go on—some things had occurred which had made Nangoro rather cross; and to make a long story short, the result was, that we had no alternative but to return. It was with a heavy heart that I did so, and we came back safely to the waggons. All there, thank God, was well, though there had been disturbance among the Damaras. Plenty of sheep had been bought, and the waggon well mended, we returned by an excellent road, got plenty of game, and after not much trouble arrived at Mr. Hahn's station in August.

This completed the first excursion. I stayed three days, sent a messenger with letters overland to the Cape, to arrange about a ship coming to take me away from Walfisch Bay in January or February. Sent one waggon down there to fetch up what stores were left, and with the other waggon very light, and what ride and pack oxen I had to spare, started due east, to see if it was possible to cross the Bushman desert and reach the Lake.

I travelled with my waggon to a now-deserted Missionary station, Elephant Fountain, the most easterly of any; it is one of the head-quarters of a Namaqua tribe, under a very gentlemanly old chief—Amiral. He came there to meet me, and gave me good news about the onward journey. Hitherto, the easterly Bushman track had been considered impassible, but water from place to place had been found in some hunting excursions by the Namaquas. The Bushmen were willing to take them on if they liked it to the great lake, and a large body of Bechuanas had just come over to Amiral country to pay their respects. It appeared also that news had arrived of waggons having gone to the lake from the south. Old Amiral was on the point of starting for a shooting excursion; I persuaded him to try for the lake, and to come on with me, and as his ammunition was short, he very readily assented to my request, that I and my party should have the fun of shooting to ourselves, while he might take as much meat as he liked, jerk it, and send it back on oxen to his people. I therefore left my waggon at Elephant Fountain, and started with Mr. Anderssen, two black servants, and a few natives. We travelled with Amiral and his party a six days' journey, but found hardly any game, only shooting two or three rhinoceroses; that was the farthest point that the Namaquas had reached. Quantities of Bushmen came to us; I hired a guide; they said that the next stage was a very long one, but I insisted on going; my few oxen were sadly tired, but we started. Twenty-one hours of quick travelling brought us to the water, by name Tounobis; two of my pack and ride oxen had to be left on the road to die; another was on his last legs; but to my satisfaction I had arrived on the tracks of people who had been to the lake. It was at the very driest season of a most unusually dry year. The further road was quite impassible; one stage would have taken us to a line of fountains, but that stage was said to be twice the length of the one we had just come, and therefore one utterly out the question to attempt.

I remained a week there, and glorious shooting we had, thirty Rhinoceros' were bagged without the least trouble, and every night enormous herds of Gnuus and Zebras came to drink. I received the fullest information about the Lake country, and I have no doubt of being able to connect by route, quite satisfactorily in the map with that of others, when I return to England. I travelled very quickly back to save the expected ship, so that two and a half spans of oxen, with only a light waggon to draw, were utterly exhausted.

I waited a month at Walfisch Bay, taking a good rest; and several vessels coming into the Bay, I got biscuits, &c. and vegetable diet feeding, which I was much in need of. In January she came, with my long expected letters, and has brought me here to your hospitable Island.

I am, &c.

FRANCIS GALTON.

P.S.—Mr. Anderssen remains in Africa, and will, by now, have started to explore the course of the Omoramba downwards.

St. Helena, 29th January, 1852.

Extracts from *Magazines*.

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

Several spirited ladies of the United States have made their appearance at the head of a movement for the reform of the female dress. A Mrs. Bloomer of New York is the literary advocate of the party, and from her it seems likely to take an appellation. Other ladies have begun to act as apostles of the cause, not merely by writing and lecturing, but by exemplifying the new costume on their own persons, appearing as a sign to the people, to use the phrase of Robert Barclay of famous memory, when he walked into the streets of Aberdeen without any dress at all.

The Bloomer reformation has not been well received in this country. By association and otherwise, it excites too much merriment to be held in much respect. Accordingly, some of the apostles have been treated in a manner rather martyrly. This is all very natural. First, there is a great standing absurdity which provokes the wrath of all rational minds. Some one starts off in a crusade against it, and goes to the opposite extreme. The public, tolerant of the first error from habit, hoots the second because it is new, failing to observe the good which is at the bottom of it. So it is that our people see women every day defying common sense and good taste by the length of their skirts, and say little about it, but no sooner observe one or two examples of a dress verging a little too far in an opposite direction, than they raise the shout of a persecuting ridicule. We say there may be some little extravagance in the Bloomer idea, but it is common sense itself in comparison with the monstrous error and evil which it seeks to correct.

That some reform is wanted all the male part of creation agree. Many of the ladies, too, admit the inconvenience of the long skirts which have been for some years in fashion, though they profess to be unable to break through the rule. Why should not some compromise be entered into? In order to avoid trailing through mud and dust, it is not necessary to dock petticoats and frocks by the knee, or to assume a masculinity in other parts of the attire. Neither is it necessary to connect a rational length of skirt with certain unhappy foolish notions about equal privileges of the sexes, which seems to be one of the mistakes made by the Bloomer party in America. Let there simply be a reduction of the present nuisance, an abbreviation of those trolloping skirts by which even a man walking beside the wearer is not unfrequently defiled. When the hem of the garment is on the level of the ankle, which once was the case, it answers all the purposes of decorum, and is sufficiently cleanly. A return to that fashion would do away with all objection. Or if one or two inches more be taken off, and the void filled by such trousers as are generally worn by young girls, 'it might be as well, or better. Such changes might be brought about with little fracas, like any of the ordinary changes of fashion.

If the question is between the present skirts and Bloomerism then we are Bloomerites; for we would rather consent to error in the right direction than the wrong one.

We have alluded to fashion and its slavery. It is a curious subject, not unworthy of even a philosophic attention. In the late wondrous exhibition of the industrial arts of the civilised world, how many admirable devices were presented for articles of utility and ornament! What an idea did it in its general effect give of the amount of ingenious intellect exercised on such matters! Yet we never see any of the same taste and ingenuity exercised in the