

# DU CHAILLU BELLONI

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND  
JUNGLE

Paul Du Chaillu  
**In African Forest and Jungle**

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# Paul B. Du Chaillu

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### CHAPTER I

A CANOE-VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF ROTEMBO THE CHIEF  
– A TOILET OF CEREMONY – ROTEMBO'S GROTESQUE COSTUME –  
A FORMAL RECEPTION – SPEECHES OF ROTEMBO AND MYSELF – A  
DANCE IN MY HONOR – MY PRESENTS TO THE CHIEF – WE BECOME  
GOOD FRIENDS

The canoe that took me from King Mombo to Rotembo the Chief was a dug-out made of a huge tree, and was of great length. On its prow was carved the head of a growling leopard. It was paddled by forty men. Rikimongani, the nephew of King Mombo, steered, and had the stick Omemba (the snake) with him to show that he carried the message of his uncle King Mombo to Rotembo the Chief.

Near the prow were two men who beat two tomtoms furiously almost all the time, which was to show that they were on an important mission.

The sun was very hot, and the heat was intense. The black oily skins of the men shone as if they had been eelskins. The river banks were lined with mangrove trees, supported on their tall roots, and as the tide was low, we could see multitudes of oysters growing round them.

We passed at last the region of the mangrove trees, which only grow where the tide is felt and where the banks of the rivers are flat. Then the banks of the Ogobai river became hilly and clad with the trees of the forest to their very top. Here and there a flock of gray parrots with red tails were feeding on fruits, or a troop of monkeys was seen.

The following day, as we were approaching the village of Rotembo the Chief, we landed, and the men made their toilet so as to appear at their best when they arrived at the village of Rotembo.

Rikimongani put a shirt on, and a high silk hat – this was the costume he wore on state occasions. He was the best dressed man of the company.

Then we re-embarked, and as we paddled the men began to sing, and to beat the tomtoms furiously. Soon the village of Rotembo came in sight. Then the men sang louder than before, and their song was —

"We come with the great Oguizi,  
The great friend of King Mombo,  
To Rotembo the great Chief;"

and they repeated these words over and over. They began to fire guns, thus showing that they were on a great mission and that it was an occasion worth wasting powder for.

As we came opposite the village of Rotembo, we suddenly turned towards the land, with the head of our canoe facing the village. Rikimongani stood up now so that the people on shore could recognize him. We landed in the midst of singing, tomtom-beating, and gun-firing.

As my paddlers jumped out of the canoe, they shouted to the great number of people that had come to look at us: "We are men! We are men! We have come with the great Oguizi." Then all became silent, and we passed through the people walking until we came to a large structure with a roof supported by pillars. There we waited for Rotembo the Wise, surrounded by hundreds of villagers.

Soon we heard the noise of the kendo, a rude iron bell, the emblem of chiefs. Rotembo was coming. As he rang it, he invoked the spirits of his ancestors to be with him, and soon I saw his tall erect form walking towards us.

He kept beating the kendo, and at last came under the great shed and walked towards the stool that was next to mine, then looked at me without saying a word and seated himself.

Rotembo was dressed with a waistcoat, a shirt, and an old silk hat, which to judge by its shape and shabbiness must have been at least twenty-five years old. He was covered with mondahs, or charms, that he believed had the power of preventing any harm from coming to him.

Then Rikimongani, with Omemba, the stick of King Mombo, in his hand, delivered the words of King Mombo to his uncle, saying:

"My uncle King Mombo, who loves you dearly, sends the Oguizi to you. You must take care of him, give him food and water and all he asks of you. Let him go into the forest and hunt, and give him the best hunters that you have. Let him have his own way, and when he gets tired of the country, give him people, as I have done, to take him where he wants to go."

Upon this Rotembo got up and said: "It was kind of my kinsman King Mombo to send to me the great Oguizi. I will do what King Mombo has told me to do." Then addressing me, he said: "Oguizi, we have heard of you. Your fame is great all over the land. You are known as the good Oguizi. I want you to love me as you love King Mombo."

"Rotembo, great Chief," I replied, "I wish to go and live in the forest. I desire to kill all the wild beasts I can and stuff them. I want to kill three or four of every kind of all the birds of the country and stuff them. I want to catch all the butterflies and insects I can and keep them. I wish to take them to the land of the Oguizis, and show there the creatures seen in the great forest where the black man lives."

Rotembo's eyes seemed to become twice as large as they were before when he heard me speak in this manner. He looked at me with wonder and awe.

I said to him: "I mean what I say, and when you see me return from the forest you will find that I told you the truth and several canoes will be required for the skins of the animals I shall collect."

"You shall go into the forest," said Rotembo, "and stay with my slaves or people that are living there."

Then, in presence of all the people of his village, he presented me with a goat, six chickens, and nine eggs, and a number of bunches of plantain. Here an egg has the same value as a chicken, for, as the people say, out of the egg comes the chicken. These presents showed that I was welcomed.

Rotembo was the chief of one of the clans that composed his tribe, and in case of war his people, scattered in a goodly number of small villages, could muster many warriors.

Rotembo was tall, walked very erect, and had a commanding appearance. His hair was white; several ugly scars told of his warlike character and experiences in days gone by. When young he loved war, and the people feared him. Now that he had become old he loved peace, and his neighbors and people were happy on that account.

In the midst of vociferous cheers he put his kendo, the emblem of a chieftain, upon my left shoulder; then said with a loud voice: "During the time you stay with me you will be our chief; we will all obey you." After these words the tomtoms beat furiously, and guns were fired.

The speech-making being over, my men went to our canoe and brought back the goods I had with me. I had come to Rotembo rich, for I had brought twenty brass kettles, one hundred copper rods, a goodly number of bunches of beads, looking-glasses, fire steel and flints, files, and my "precious box," which I valued more than everything else I possessed, for in that box were the instruments and books which helped me to know my latitude and longitude, and the days of the week and of the month when I had forgotten them, which was not uncommon after attacks of fever.

That evening we had a great dance, given in my honor. Rotembo himself danced before me in a most eccentric manner, making great contortions. His people applauded him vociferously. The women danced also.

The following evening, when every one was asleep, Rotembo came with Oyaya, his head wife, to get the presents I had for him. He also, like all the other chiefs to whom I made presents, implored me not to tell anyone of the things I gave him.

After a few days' feasting, King Mombo's people returned to their country. Rotembo and I became very great friends in a short time. He came often to see me, for he was always delighted to hear my musical box and Waterbury clock talk to me. He liked to see my matches start fire suddenly, and he always wondered at my magnet. Once in a while I would give him little presents which he put in the bag he carried on his shoulder and which contained his small idol. No one ever thought that in the bag were bunches of beads and various other trinkets.

## CHAPTER II

I PROPOSE TO GO INTO THE FOREST TO HUNT – ROTEMBO PROMISES ME THREE GIFTS – ROGALA, THE FAMOUS HUNTER, THE FIRST OF THEM – DESCRIPTION OF ROGALA – ANDEKKO, THE DOG, THE SECOND GIFT – NDOVA, THE MONKEY, THE THIRD – HOW NDOVA WAS CAPTURED AND REARED – I GIVE ROTEMBO SOME OF MY HAIR.

One day after I had been in the village some time, being in the house of Rotembo, I said to him: "I have been with you quite a while, and I wish now to go far into the forest. I wish you to give me a man whom you trust, a great hunter, who is not afraid of danger and who can face with his gun the most ferocious beasts of the country. He and I will live together in the forest."

Rotembo looked at me with great astonishment, for he wondered why I wished to go and live in the forest by myself with only one man.

He remained silent for a minute or two, thinking deeply; then he said: "Oguizi, I will give you three gifts to go with you in the forest."

"What are they?" I asked.

"I will not tell you now," he replied, "but you will know when they are before you."

Then we separated, I wondering what were to be the three gifts Rotembo was to give me.

Four days passed by, and on the fifth, while I was seated by the side of Rotembo, a strange-looking man came before him, and bending very low took hold of his foot and said: "To do your bidding your faithful slave has come."

I looked at the man with great curiosity, and learned that his name was Rogala and that he was one of the most famous hunters in the country.

Rogala was of medium height and exceedingly well proportioned. His legs and arms were very muscular and as hard as wood. His chest was broad, and his hands and feet were small, – a very common occurrence among the people of the forest. His eyes were full of fire and daring. He had a fighting chin, and he appeared to be about forty years old. Scars upon one of his legs told where a leopard had once wounded him. He wore a huge head-dress of eagle's feathers. His eyelids were painted red, and a red stripe from the nose upward divided his forehead in two parts. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. He was covered with mondahs, or charms. One of these protected him against witchcraft; another made him invulnerable against bullets, spears, or poisoned arrows – in a word, every one of them protected him against some evil or other.

Rotembo said to me: "I can trust Rogala more than any other man in the country. I bought him when he was quite young, and he has forgotten the language of his tribe. He faces without fear the ngina (gorilla), the elephant, the leopard, and the fiercest bear of the country. He has killed during his life more than one hundred elephants and he has kept all their tails as proofs. The number of hippopotami that have fallen under his gun is very great; the necklace I wear round my neck is made of the canines of some of the leopards he has killed."

I counted forty-eight of them; so Rogala had killed twelve leopards for the chief's necklace. He himself wore one with twenty-four canines; so before me were the witnesses of eighteen leopards that he had killed.

As I looked at Rogala, I said to myself: "He is just the kind of man I should like to take into the forest with me."

"Rogala is one of the three gifts I have promised you," said Rotembo.

I thanked the chief for the gift of Rogala, whereupon he said to him: "You know that I have always treated you well. Several times when I wanted to marry the daughters of chiefs they said,

'Only upon one condition can you marry my daughter, and that is, that you give me Rogala.' I always refused them, for I would not part with you."

I did not wonder at it, for if Rogala had killed over one hundred elephants, the barter of their tusks had brought wealth to Rotembo.

"I have given you to the Oguizi while he is in my country," continued the chief. "You must take care of him as you do of me. You must follow him in the forest. You must sleep by his side. You must face the wild beasts with him, and show him that Rogala's heart knows no fear. Put no shame on me by running away before danger; if you do you might just as well die in the jaws of a wild beast, for I myself will kill you. He is my Oguizi, and I love him. See that he is never hungry or thirsty."

While the chief was talking, Rogala listened reverently. When Rotembo had done speaking, Rogala said: "Chief, the best of masters, Rogala always does what you order him to do. I will do all you say, and follow the Oguizi wherever he goes, and live with him in the great forest and hunt with him. I will take care of him just as if he were my sweetheart."

"Rogala," said I, "I will be your friend. When we get into the forest, we will be like two men who are born the same day." Among the Africans of the great forest, when two men are born the same day, they are foster brothers.

"Good indeed you are, Oguizi," replied Rogala. "I will obey you in everything."

Then I presented him with a big hunting-knife, which pleased him greatly.

The following day, while I was seated by Rotembo under the veranda of his house, I saw Rogala coming towards us. He had with him a very strange-looking dog.

Rotembo said to me: "Look at this dog. His name is Andekko. He is fearless and always in the thick of the fight. He is not afraid of any wild beast. In war he always warns us of an enemy hiding in the jungle. He is the best of hunting dogs. He goes into the forest all alone in search of game, and will drive the antelope or gazelle up to Rogala or the hunter he knows, even if it takes him the whole day to do so. He has captured several young nginas and nshiegos after their mothers were killed, and gone into the lair of leopards and killed their young. The wonder is that he has not been killed by a gorilla or leopard long before now or been gashed in two by a boar or disabled by monkeys. Many times he will prevent you from being hungry while you are in the forest."

I gazed at Andekko with wonder, he looked so very ugly. He was covered with scars, marks of the wounds he had received in his conflicts with wild animals. One of his ears was split in two. His upper and lower lips were also cut on the left side. These two wounds had been made by a large monkey, called a mandril, which often walks on the ground and had been surprised there by Andekko.

Rotembo, seeing that I was looking at the scars of Andekko, said: "Oguizi, when wounded, this dog becomes even fiercer and more courageous than before. He is famous for his courage."

Andekko belonged to the same family of dogs as those that had gone gorilla-hunting with me at King Mombo's plantation. His hair was of yellowish color, and he had a white spot on his throat. His tail could not have been more curly, and he was quite lean; his legs were somewhat long.

Then Rotembo said: "Oguizi, Andekko is the second gift I promised you."

The next day Rogala came again, but this time with a monkey called Ndova. He was a fine creature, with a nice coat of hair and a white nose. The chief, pointing to the monkey, said: "His name is Ndova, and he has the intelligence of a man. He goes with Rogala into the forest. We have given him the name of Ndova because the species of monkeys to which he belongs is so called. You will not often be hungry in the forest when Ndova is with you, for he will call upon other ndovas to come to him while he stands close to you and Rogala, and when these come you will shoot them. You will have plenty of monkey meat to eat. When monkeys are fat," he added, "they taste fine, especially if they are broiled on a bright charcoal fire. While living on my plantations, I often take Ndova with me. He can only call on his fellow ndovas, for the other species do not understand his talk.

"There will be days," added Rotembo, "when you will find no monkeys or other game and hunger will come upon you. Then Ndova must follow you. There are many kinds of fruits, berries,

and nuts in the forest; these look very tempting, but several of them are very poisonous, and people die if they eat them. So when you see any fruit, berries, or nuts you do not know, do not eat them until you give them to Ndova first. If he eats them, these are also good for you."

"Monkeys never make a mistake; they have a gift which no man possesses. By the sense of smell they can tell if a berry, nut, or fruit is poisonous. They always smell a thing they do not know before eating it, and when it is poisonous they throw it away. If it is not poisonous, they give it a bite. In that case what is good for the monkey is good for the man. But I must tell you that often the nuts, berries, or fruits a monkey likes men do not like, for monkeys and men have not always the same taste."

After hearing the words of Rotembo I looked with renewed curiosity at Ndova. He was almost as large as Andekko. His nose was white, which contrasted strongly with the color of his dark hair tipped with whitish gray. He had long canine teeth. I was glad to hear he was gentle, for I should not have liked to be bitten by him.

"Oguizi, I give you Ndova," Rotembo said. "He is the third gift I promised you. I think you will get on well in the forest with Rogala, Andekko, and Ndova. There are two other of my slaves who are also great hunters. Their names are Shinshooko and Alapai. These three men live close together in the forest and spend their lives in hunting; they have their families with them.

"I got Ndova in the following manner," he continued. "I and my slave Rogala were hunting together near the plantation where you are going. We were lying in wait for boars, when finally we heard their grunts. We heard at the same time the chatter of monkeys above our heads. The boars came in sight and we fired. Then, to our astonishment, a little monkey fell from the tree above our heads. The firing of our guns had frightened his mother, who dropped him. He did not have the strength to hold on to the branches. I seized the little fellow and put him into my bag. The mother followed all the way back to the plantation, uttering cries of distress and anger. Sometimes she would come down to the ground, look at us, and go up into the trees again. She did not dare to approach too near us. After coming to the house we fed the little monkey with the milk of a goat and called him Ndova. His mother at the same time remained on a commanding tree close by, calling the little fellow. Soon she was joined by her mate, who added his calls to hers. They slept on a tree near the plantation that night, and we kept the baby in the house. At daylight the two big monkeys were still on the same tree, and uttered cries of anguish and distress, calling for the little fellow, but did not dare to come down.

"Three days passed and we thought little Ndova's mother had got tired and gone away for good into the forest, leaving her offspring to his fate, for we no longer heard her cries.

"We made a little bed of leaves and used to leave Ndova upon it in the sun. We had gone into our huts one afternoon. After a while I came out of the house and just in time. For Ndova's mother had apparently been watching from a tree and seeing nobody had come down and had taken hold of Ndova and was carrying him away into the forest as fast as she could. I shouted with all my might, and Ndova lost his hold and dropped to the ground.

"We went into the forest and made a trap to catch the mother, and brought the little monkey and put him in the trap. We were then sure that she would come and see him and try to get him away. When everything was ready, we hid and waited. After a time we saw a monkey quietly coming down a tree. It was the mother; we recognized her by her white nose. She uttered a sound of joy as she approached Ndova. Then she got into the cage, and the trap-door closed behind her.

"When we came towards the cage, the big monkey was much frightened. We took the cage with us.

"The mother nursed the little one for over ten moons (months), and after that she stayed with him until she died. By that time Ndova could take care of himself, and had learned the language of the ndova monkeys from his mother.

"After the death of his mother, Rogala took Ndova, who had grown fond of him, into the forest every day, to find food for himself, leading him by a string. Often the monkeys of his kind would

come around above his head and talk to him, and Ndova would answer them. After a time Rogala tied a long rope to Ndova, so that he might go higher up the trees after fruits. Then came the time when Ndova could talk very loud and call other ndovas to him, and Rogala found that Ndova had become very useful. Rogala, Ndova, and Andekko are now three inseparable friends. Ndova and Andekko are great chums, for they love to play together."

I thanked Chief Rotembo for his valuable gifts, and said that they would be of great service to me, and promised that when ready to leave the country I would return Ndova and Andekko to him.

When Rogala heard these words, a broad grin of satisfaction overspread his face. He was the keeper of Andekko and Ndova, both of whom were his constant companions. He was afraid that Rotembo had given them to me for all time.

I gave a bone to Andekko, who was inclined to growl at me at first, and a ripe plantain to Ndova, who gave a peculiar "*Oh oh*" to show his joy. I found afterward that Ndova was very fond of ripe plantains and bananas.

"I will feed Ndova and Andekko often," said I to Rogala, "so that they may get accustomed to me."

I often think that if it had not been for Andekko and Ndova I should probably have died of starvation in the great forest.

A few days afterwards Rotembo came to me and said: "Oguizi, I want you to give me some of your hair. I shall consider this the greatest gift that I have ever received."

My hair had become very long and hung over my shoulders. I had let it grow, for it excited great wonder among the natives. It was very black and silky. So I pulled out half a dozen hairs and presented them to Rotembo. As soon as he received the gift, he muttered words I could not understand, then took his little idol from the bag that always hung by his side, and wound two of the hairs round and round its neck. The four others he carefully put aside in a little wooden box. After this he looked perfectly happy, and said to me, "Oguizi, the six long hairs you have given me are more valuable in my eyes than many tusks of elephants, brass kettles, wives, or slaves."

I often wished I had had flaxen hair and blue eyes instead of black hair and hazel eyes, for I should then have appeared still more wonderful in the eyes of these wild and savage men.

## CHAPTER III

### PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE – OFF FOR FOREST AND JUNGLE – A HERD OF ELEPHANTS – WE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT – NDOVA CALLS MONKEYS OF HIS TRIBE WITHIN RANGE – WE KILL TWO OF THEM – FEEDING ON ROAST MONKEY – A DESERTED HOUSE – A STORY OF WITCHCRAFT

A short time after I received these gifts from Rotembo, I made preparations to enter the great forest, to live with Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai, and Andekko the dog, and Ndova the monkey.

I put all my things together, – the precious tin box containing my sextant, etc., matches, and a bottle containing my quicksilver, a little iron pot, a frying-pan, a small coffee-pot, three pairs of laced boots, some fire steel with flints, files, two axes, one machete, and some medicines. I took also a shot-gun, my rifle "Bulldog," and a lighter rifle, powder, and ammunition.

When everything was ready, I called Rogala, and showing him the "precious box," I said to him: "Of all the things I possess, I think most of this box. You alone shall carry it on your back, and no one must ever open it, for if he does, great misfortune will happen to him."

At daylight the following morning we loaded our canoe with my outfit, Rogala carrying my "precious box." Rotembo and his people followed us to the shore, and when we were ready to start, in a loud voice Rotembo invoked the spirits of his ancestors, Kombe and others, to follow me. After we had left I saw him seated on the ground before his little idol, talking to it. The last words we heard from him were: "Rogala, take good care of the Oguizi. Good-bye, Oguizi;" and after passing a bend of the river we lost sight of the village.

The prow of our canoe was a carved crocodile head with an open mouth holding a man between its jaws.

Ndova and Andekko had been tied near it. Ndova uttered the peculiar intonation meaning pleasure. Andekko was wagging his tail and looking at Rogala. Both seemed to know that they were going home.

During the day we saw swimming in the stream a number of elephants. They were playing and throwing water high into the air with their trunks. They swam hither and thither, and as we came nearer we saw that each elephant had a little baby elephant apparently standing on the back of its mother. Rogala was in a state of great excitement; he wanted to land and walk along the banks of the river and have a shot at the elephants. "No," said I, "each of these elephants has a little one to care for."

Further on we saw in the distance, near the other bank of the river, two canoes descending the stream. They were full of men in war-paint and armed with spears and war-axes. They were singing their war-songs and beating their tomtoms fiercely. Rogala's face became anxious. I asked who they were.

"I do not know, Oguizi," he replied.

Instantly we laid hands upon our guns ready to fight, but when we were near enough to hear the warriors' song of victory, Rogala recognized that they belonged to the clan of Rotembo. But we were paddling so near the banks of the river that they did not see us.

Towards evening Rogala, pointing to a spot near the river, said: "Oguizi, this is a place where I camp for the night when I am on the river. Close by is a beautiful little spring of clear water coming out of the earth, cool and delicious to drink. We never drink the water from running rivers when we can help it."

I answered: "All right, Rogala; we will camp where you say."

Accordingly we made camp here and passed the night. The following afternoon we entered a narrow river and left the large Ogobai. We had not been two hours on our way up the river when Ndova began to utter loud and peculiar sounds.

"Ndova is calling the monkeys to come to him," said Rogala. "If they come we shall have monkey meat for our evening meal."

As he spoke, he grinned with delight; but there were no monkeys within the sound of Ndova's voice.

After a while, however, the call of Ndova was answered by a troop of monkeys, and they seemed to have quite a conversation together, though the voices of the monkeys did not seem to come nearer.

"The monkeys are trying to make Ndova come to them," Rogala said.

Then came a pause, and the forest became still again. But soon Rogala's quick ears heard the noise made by the shaking of the branches of trees. The monkeys were travelling towards us, leaping from branch to branch, bending them by their weight as they alighted upon them.

Ndova was making an awful noise and was very excited. The monkeys answered him, and he kept on calling them. We were paddling silently along the banks of the river, and as soon as we saw the monkeys on a tree above our canoe we stopped. They were many in number, and looked at Ndova without uttering a sound, they seemed so astonished. We raised our guns and aimed at the two biggest white-nosed ones and fired. One fell into our canoe, the other dropped dead by the shore. The rest scuttled away in a trice.

"Good for you, Ndova," I said to him.

Ndova was in a great state of excitement. Rogala, holding his cord, took him towards the two dead monkeys. When he came near them he uttered other sounds, quite unlike those he had made when he called the monkeys to us. What he meant neither Rogala nor I could tell. But I said to myself: "Rotembo is right. Ndova will be the cause of our having food and we shall feed often on monkey meat. We shall not starve as long as Ndova is with us. Great, indeed, is the gift of Chief Rotembo!"

A few miles further on we landed. In a short time we were seated by a bright fire, and when it had been reduced to a great mass of charcoal we roasted one of the monkeys and with our roasted plantains made a delicious meal. Andekko fed on some of the bones, and Ndova on a ripe plantain.

At dawn of day we left our encampment. About two hours afterwards we came upon three little houses surrounded by plantain trees. The houses were in a dilapidated state and had been abandoned. The large bunches of plantain that were hanging from the trees were untouched, for the elephants and the big apes, the "men of the woods," had not found the plantation.

Some time before we had reached the place Rogala's face had become uneasy. He took to the opposite bank of the river. I could see fear on his countenance. He paddled faster than ever, and his mind seemed quite relieved when we had left the spot far behind us. Then he stopped, tied the canoe to a tree to rest a while, and said: "Two dry seasons ago there lived on the plantation we have passed a man by the name of Igala. His wife was called Yienoo. Both were sorcerers, and had been so for a long time, though the people did not know it. Near them was a village. One day one of the men of the village was trampled to death by a bull elephant, and there was great sorrow among the people. The day after a leopard came into the village at night and carried away a woman. The people began to think it was strange that those two deaths should occur one immediately after the other, and they became much alarmed, and believed that witchcraft was the cause of the trouble, but no one suspected who the sorcerers were. Some time afterwards a man disappeared and never came back. After this the people were so much excited that they sent a messenger to a celebrated 'medicine man' who was known all over the country for his skill in discovering sorcerers. They promised to pay him two slaves if he would come. The name of this great 'ooganga,' or medicine man, was Makoonga; he is living now. He sent word by the messenger that he would come after his return from another village where he was going to find out who had killed by witchcraft the brother of the chief.

"There was great joy in the village when the messenger brought back word that Makoonga was coming. Three days after the return of the messenger another man disappeared, and remains of his body were discovered, showing that he had been devoured by a leopard. Then all the people said that some one among them had changed his shape and turned into a leopard, that he had eaten up the three persons who had disappeared, and had also taken the shape of an elephant and trodden upon the man who had been killed in that way.

"There was no more sleep in the village. The people danced all night, and called upon the spirits of their ancestors to protect them from witchcraft. They made invocation to their idol and to the spirits Mburu and Abambo.

"Then Makoonga came, and the following day the people met, and he drank the 'mboundou' before them, and after drinking it he became possessed of the power of divination, and told them that Igala and Yienoo through witchcraft had taken the shape of leopards and eaten up the three people, and that Igala had taken the shape of an elephant and trampled the man.

"There was a great uproar amongst the people when they heard this. They went to the home of Igala and Yienoo and brought them to the village. They had to drink the 'mboundou' to prove their innocence in the presence of all the people. Makoonga made the potation, drank part of it first, and then handed the bowl to Igala and Yienoo. They had hardly tasted it when they fell on the ground. That was the proof that they were guilty, and the people surrounded them and cut their bodies into a hundred pieces and then threw them into the river. Oh, Oguizi," exclaimed Rogala, in concluding his story, "often witchcraft comes into people without their wishing it and against their will."

After this narrative he untied our canoe and we continued our ascent of the river. After a long pull he suddenly headed our canoe towards the shore, and after passing under the branches of trees that almost touched the water we came to a path which no one coming up or down the river could detect. This path led to Rogala's place. Ndova uttered grunt-like sounds of satisfaction; Andekko barked to show his joy. They knew they had come home; they were well acquainted with this spot.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE HOME OF ROGALA – HIS HUNTING-TROPHIES – A WEIRD SPOT – ASPECT OF THE SURROUNDING FOREST – SHINSHOOKO AND ALAPAI – LEOPARDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

After a few minutes' walk we came to a grove of plantain trees, and there saw the home of Rogala, which was composed of four small structures. The dwelling-house had a veranda in front. It was built of bark with a roof thatched with palm leaves, and was about eighteen feet long and twelve wide. It had only one door.

Under the veranda hung the tails of nearly all the elephants he had killed. I counted ninety-five of them. Some of the tails he had got went to Chief Rotembo. All along the roof were skulls of antelopes with the graceful spiral horns, two skulls of male gorillas, several skulls of nshiegos or chimpanzees, of wild boars, of buffaloes, of leopards and other wild animals.

Four elephant skulls stood at each corner of the house. These elephants had been killed near the plantations. Rogala was the greatest elephant hunter of his day.

One building was composed of a single roof merely, under which cooking was done. Here also people were received, and the space it covered was the dining-room.

A small house near by was for Mburu, a spirit, who sometimes came to rest there during the night. His bed lay on the ground, and was composed of dry leaves covered with a mat. His pillow was a smooth round piece of wood. In the fourth small house was the idol. There were also a chicken-coop and a goat-house.

"We have chosen this spot," said Rogala, "because at a certain time of the year the country is full of elephants. They come to eat the leaves of a tree that is more plentiful around here than in other parts of the forest."

A little further on I saw several other small houses; those belonged to Shinshooko and Alapai.

The place was entirely deserted, for all the people had gone into the forest, – the men to cut trees for new plantations, and the women to attend to the crops that had been planted and bring back bunches of plantain or cassava roots.

What a weird spot the hunters had chosen for their home! The little houses of bark looked small indeed compared with the tall trees that surrounded them. The plantain trees and the cassava grew in the midst of branches of the trees that had been felled and burned afterwards. Not far off was the river, flowing in the midst of the dark silent forest, which was only disturbed now and then by the shrill cries of parrots, or the chatter of a troop of monkeys or the tap of the woodpecker. In the forest surrounding the houses hung huge lianas which looked like gigantic swinging snakes. Some of the trees had gorgeous flowers, and orchids grew on the bark of many. The foliage was greatly diversified.

On the border of the clearing stood a gigantic elimi tree; along its trunk came out a soft sticky whitish gum, which the people use to make torches with. The forest seemed to be made of three or four layers of trees growing on the top of each other, while here and there, towering above all, rose an immense one that seemed to look down on the great forest from its own lofty height. Under all the trees was the thick jungle, in which roamed wild and often ferocious beasts.

Rogala brought a stool and invited me to a seat under the veranda of his house. Towards sunset Rogala's wife returned with three boys, their children. She carried an infant in a sling on her back. She looked at me in fear and trembling, and she and the children ran to hide. This annoyed Rogala very much, and he called her back in an angry tone. Then he became milder, and told her and the children not to be afraid of his friend the Oguizi.

Soon after two men and their wives, loaded with two large bunches of plantain, and their children made their appearance. These men were Shinshooko and Alapai.

Rogala bade them approach. Shinshooko was over six feet two in height, very thin, and brown in color. He came from a country called Ashango. Alapai was short, thickset, and very black. He came from a tribe called Apono. These two tribes had the same language. Shinshooko and Alapai looked at me constantly, but avoided the glance of my eyes, of which they were afraid. But Rogala allayed their fears by telling them that I was a good Oguizi and a great friend of their master Rotembo, who sent word by him that they must go and hunt with me in the forest.

The three then went away to our canoe and brought back my things with them. Shinshooko and Alapai were eager to hear what had occurred since Rogala had left them, and how it happened that I came with him.

Rogala told all that had taken place, how his master Rotembo had given him to me, that I was a great hunter, and that I came to hunt with them.

Shinshooko and Alapai and their families listened in profound silence to the wonderful story of Rogala, and when he had finished it was the turn of Shinshooko and Alapai to tell what had happened during the absence of Rogala. Shinshooko was the speaker, and began thus: "Leopards have made their appearance in the neighborhood since you left, Rogala. What has brought the leopards so suddenly into our neighborhood we cannot tell, but it must be that the bashikouay ants have invaded and scoured a great part of the forest and driven them away, and they have fled towards us. We have seen many tracks of their big paws. We must look out for these leopards and make traps and catch them and hunt them. Fortunately our goat-house is so strong and so secure that leopards cannot break through. But we must do all we can to kill them, for fear that some one of them might be a man-eater and devour some of us or some of our children."

That night numerous fires were lighted to scare away the leopards. I went into my little hut, but kept awake with "Bulldog" by my side, for I thought a leopard might easily come through the thin roof of palm leaves over my head. We all hoped that there was no man-eater among the leopards, for if there were we were sure that he would lie in wait for some one. When once they have tasted human flesh, they like it better than anything else. But no leopard paid us a visit during the night.

## CHAPTER V

WE BUILD A LEOPARD TRAP – A NIGHT ON THE WATCH  
– THE BEAST APPEARS AT LAST – CAUGHT IN THE TRAP AND  
SOON DESPATCHED – HER MATE KILLED THE FOLLOWING NIGHT –  
EXCITEMENT OF ANDEKKO AND NDOVA

Early the next morning the men went into the forest to cut poles, and after we had a sufficient number we built a trap to catch the leopard.

We constructed the trap in the following manner according to the plan of Shinshooko, who had the reputation of great skill and ingenuity in making all sorts of traps.

We built with the poles a long narrow funnel-like alley, which became gradually smaller and smaller towards the end, so that it was impossible for the leopard to go entirely through. At the entrance Shinshooko constructed a trap-door which was to fall after the leopard was fairly in. The end of this funnel-like structure communicated with the goat-house, which we surrounded with a double row of poles, so that the leopard could not get through. The roof was made entirely of poles strongly fastened together. The structure was about twenty feet long.

I said to Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai: "Tonight I shall not sleep, but will watch for leopards near the goat-house. Perhaps some of them will come when they scent the goats; so do not be afraid if you hear the detonation of a gun. I want all the dogs to be shut up indoors."

When evening came, I took a nap, for I knew that it was the habit of the leopards not to prowl before midnight, unless famished.

Towards eleven o'clock I awoke, and then made ready for the leopards. I took up a position opposite the goat-house under the veranda of a little house, where I was partly hidden from view. I surrounded myself with branches of trees I had gathered during the day. There I waited.

The moon, that was on the wane, rose and threw a dim light all around. It was an ideal night for lying in wait for a leopard.

One o'clock came and no leopard had made his appearance. Time went on slowly. Two o'clock, no leopard. I began to think that they would not call, when suddenly the goats began to bleat. They had scented the approach of a beast of prey and become terrified. Suddenly I saw from behind one of the houses and among three or four plantain trees something moving. It was the leopard. He was coming. His eyes shone as if they were burning coals. Then slowly he advanced towards the trap. I did not wonder that Rogala had admonished me to make no noise. The leopard was slowly crawling near, his belly almost touching the ground.

I watched him carefully to see what he was going to do. His long tail beat his flanks. He sniffed at the goat, and finding that he could not reach the frightened creature, he went round the trap. I watched with breathless attention.

Then he came to the opening, and entered. Soon after I heard the trap-door close behind him. That did not disturb him, for all he thought of was the goat. He went on until he got so jammed in that he could not advance further. Then he became excited as he tried to extricate himself, and roared with anger. He could not turn back, and I fired and killed him.

In an instant Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai were out of their cabins, guns in hand, running towards the goat-house. We lighted torches to frighten other leopards, and came out with them. The men gave a terrific war-cry, and shouted: "Leopard, you will not eat more of our goats!" In a short time everybody was around the leopard, looking at him.

I opened his mouth and looked at his terrible-looking canines. "These four canines," I said, "I will send to Rotembo. I hope we shall kill leopards enough to have canines for a big necklace for him."

"Yes," they all shouted, "let us kill all the leopards in the country."

Then all the people danced around the leopard, singing at the same time: "You wicked leopard, your days are over, you will not make any one now fear you. The antelopes and gazelles of the forest would be glad if they knew that you have been killed by the great Oguizi."

The dance lasted until daylight, when we skinned the beast. "Let us make a belt of his skin for Chief Rotembo," I said; and we accordingly did so. The tail I gave to Rogala. We divided the liver into several parts.

Later in the day Rogala, Shinshooko, and I went into the forest with Andekko in search of the lair of the leopard, which was a female, hoping to take the young ones. But we were not successful, and were obliged finally to return without accomplishing our object.

"When night comes," I said to my hunters, "I will lie in wait for the male leopard; perhaps he will come here in search of his mate."

To this the man replied: "Yes, a male leopard is more likely to come and seek for his mate than a female is."

That night as I was watching I suddenly saw a dark spot moving not far from where I stood. Suddenly I saw the eyes of a leopard looking like burning coals. He had come to look for his mate. But he had not advanced far towards the houses when I fired and killed him.

Andekko, who had been fastened inside Rogala's house, was let loose and came bounding towards us. He had heard the sound of the gun, and knew that something was up. At the sight of the dead leopard his hair stood straight up, and then before we knew it he was on the body of the beast with his teeth fastened in its throat.

In the morning I said to Rogala, "Bring Ndova to look at the leopard." He went after the monkey and soon came back with Ndova in his arms. At the sight of the leopard Ndova sprang from Rogala's arms, and in an instant was up a young tree, the hair all over his body standing upright. He glared at the dead leopard, uttering at the same time sounds of rage. We could not make him come down from the tree until we had taken away the leopard from the place. Then he descended and hid away in the house of Rogala.

## CHAPTER VI

MY HUNTERS AND I BECOME GREAT FRIENDS – ANDEKKO AND NDOVA GROW FOND OF ME – WE TAKE NDOVA INTO THE FOREST – HE CALLS MONKEYS TO US AGAIN – ANDEKKO'S PROWESS AS A HUNTER – A FEMALE GORILLA AND HER BABY – WE KILL THE MAMMA AND ANDEKKO KILLS THE BABY

After a few days of constant companionship with Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai, their fears of me had been allayed and we had become great friends.

The women had also become accustomed to me and had grown to like me, for I had given them beads, looking-glasses, and some other trinkets. They also showed much pleasure when they brought to my feet bunches of plantain, peanuts, or other food. They would fish in the river, and all the fish they caught they would bring to me, so that I might choose what I wanted. The children would snare birds and bring them to me. They were always delighted to follow me when I went out to shoot birds.

Andekko and Ndova, who were always fed by me, had also become accustomed to the color of my face and my long hair; they knew I was their friend, for when they were hungry I gave them food.

Ndova from his perch always watched for my return, and when he saw me he uttered peculiar sounds of joy, which were always the same, so that when he uttered them I always knew that he was glad. He knew that I generally brought to him nuts, berries, or fruits which he liked. When I was eating with Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai, Andekko was always by me, for he had learned that he fared much better by my side, as I had directed them not to feed him.

One day I said to Rogala: "Meat is getting scarce. Let us take Ndova with us into the forest tomorrow morning; perhaps he will succeed, if we meet monkeys belonging to his species, in making them come to him. Then, if we kill two or three, we shall have monkey meat to eat."

The following morning Rogala, with Ndova tied by a rope, and I set out for the forest. Once in a while Ndova would call for his friends, the monkeys of his species; but there came no answer to his call, – there were no ndovas in that part of the forest.

We kept on further and further; but though Ndova called for those of his species, there came no answer back, and finally we deemed it time to return home, as otherwise we should have to sleep in the forest.

On our way back Ndova began to chatter in his own language. What he meant we of course could not tell at first, but soon we found out that through some peculiar gifts only belonging to monkeys, perhaps with his keen sense of smell, he knew that there were monkeys of his own tribe near. His voice or utterances were answered by other sounds made by a troop of monkeys which Rogala and I knew to be ndovas, and before we realized their presence, they were all upon a tree above our heads. Ndova became dreadfully excited. I took aim at the biggest monkey, fired, and he fell on the ground with a great crash. The others gave a cry of alarm, and in less than twenty seconds were out of sight.

The next day I said to Rogala: "Let us go into the forest with Andekko. I want to see how he hunts, and if he drives the game within gunshot of the place where we are waiting for it."

"He will surely do that," replied Rogala.

The next morning, at dawn of day, we started for the forest, Andekko ahead of us. Suddenly he disappeared. Once in a while Rogala shouted to let the dog know where we stood. Then we waited and waited, Rogala now and then calling Andekko at the top of his voice. After a few hours we heard the barking of Andekko. The barking became louder, and Rogala said: "Oguizi, let us make ready, for Andekko is probably driving an antelope towards us."

In another instant a large antelope with long spiral horns passed near us, but not near enough for us to fire. Then the barking of Andekko died away in the distance, and Rogala said: "We must not go away. I think Andekko will bring back the antelope towards us." He was not mistaken. A short time afterwards we heard Andekko again in the distance; the barking became louder and louder, and at last seemed very near. An antelope came bounding by us. We fired and brought him down.

We returned home with our spoil, and the following afternoon I said to Rogala: "Where is Andekko? I have not seen him to-day. Has he perhaps been devoured by a prowling leopard?"

Rogala smiled at my question, and replied: "Andekko is a wide-awake dog, and seeing that we did not go into the forest with him, he has gone to hunt by himself, and I should not wonder if we heard his barking soon, telling us that he is pursuing game towards our little settlement and warning us to be ready for it."

Rogala was right; a short time afterwards we heard the barking of Andekko. He was running after some animal and giving us warning. But the barking soon became fainter, then could not be heard at all.

I said to Rogala, "The animal has escaped from Andekko."

"It is perhaps so," he replied; "but the dog will not give up the chase so easily."

A little while after we heard Andekko again far away; then the barking gradually became louder. We got ready with our guns. I had my smooth-bore loaded with buckshot. Soon after a gazelle passed by us, closely pursued by Andekko. We fired and killed the beautiful creature. We had great trouble in preventing Andekko from tearing the animal in pieces until I cut off the foreleg and threw it to him, exclaiming: "Great indeed is the gift of Chief Rotembo to me. We shall not starve while Andekko is with us."

The following day we went again with Andekko into the forest. This time Shinshooko, Alapai, and Rogala were all with me. They had seen footmarks of a gorilla and of her baby. So we took a net with us to throw over the little one and capture him in case we succeeded in killing the mother.

After a tramp of three hours we heard the fierce barking of Andekko on the right of the path, not very far from us. There followed loud, short yells of an ngina. We immediately left the path and entered the forest, being guided by the barking of Andekko and the yells of the ngina. We soon found ourselves in the presence of a mamma ngina on a tree, with a tiny baby holding to her and uttering sounds of fright. Andekko was in a perfect rage; his hair stood up, bristling like the quills of a porcupine.

Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai were by my side. The ngina was looking fiercely at us. Her big black face, wrinkled all over, was savagely wicked. The little fellow was hiding his face against her breast. She uttered sharp, piercing yells of anger, then a shout of "Whoa, whoa." I aimed at her, and fired. She dropped, but held on for an instant to the branch upon which she was seated with a firm hand, while the little one clung fast to her shoulders. Then she let go and fell down some twenty feet to the ground with a great crash. She was dead, and before we had time to rescue the little ngina, Andekko had strangled him, to my infinite sorrow.

Rogala and Shinshooko said: "We must look out for her mate; the big 'man ngina' may come upon us in a moment. Perhaps he is already coming silently to her rescue."

We were glad we had Andekko with us, for we were sure to be warned by him of the approach of the big beast. We cut off the heads of the ngina and of the little one as trophies, and then retraced our steps towards Rogala's and Shinshooko's home.

On our way back we heard, several miles away, the mighty voice of the male ngina calling upon his mate to let her know where he was; but no answer came back to him, and I found myself wondering what his feelings would be when he came to where she had been killed. We would have gone after him, but it was too late in the day.

There was great excitement on our return. The following day Rogala warned me to take no other gun but "Bulldog" if I went into the forest, saying: "The 'man ngina' is probably around looking

for the slayer of his wife." How I wished I could have been present when the big beast came before the dead body of his mate and saw her and her baby ngina headless! How he must have yelled and roared! How fiercely he would have come to the attack if some one had been near! How I wished I could face him with "Bulldog" in my hand! We expected to hear his roar that day, then go after him; but the forest was silent. He had gone wandering in search of another mate.

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